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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."

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Fifth Series, Volume XXII. No. 1764.—April 6, 1878. From Beginning, Vol. CXXXVII.

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MY WIFE.

My little wife is out beyond the burn,
I see her parasol behind the fir,
And here am I inditing verse to her
Ere she return.

That pretty bird is happy there conceal'd,
This fragrant chamber smiles a peaceful smile, —
What joy to sing the joys of home — the while
My joy's afield!

My spouse is mild — she's meek as any nun,
And yet her spiritual calm is such . . .
Somehow one's always feeling she is much
Too good for one.

She thinks I'm wise and handsome — 'tis her creed.
I wonder am I either! On my word
Sometimes I've wonder'd "an my bonnie bird"
Think so indeed:

Perhaps! for she my homage ne'er repels;
Perhaps I might have loved her half a life,
Perhaps — had she but been the little wife
Of some one else.

But why should I complain of cross or cares?
While entertaining her (who won't complain)
It may be I an angel entertain
—— And unawares.

Cornhill Magazine. FREDERICK LOCKER.

IN PALL MALL.

What do I see? — that face so fair,
My friend of years too bright to last,
Living again in beauty rare,
As yonder omnibus went past.

Amid surroundings rude and low,
Stood out the gem-like profile clear;
The mouth carved like a perfect bow,
The auburn curls that were so dear.

Can there be two with such a face?
The other, which I thought unique,
Lies 'neath the ivy's sheltering grace,
Since many a year and month and week.

Say shall I follow? Shall I try
To leave my death-in-life and live?
The picture lost, alas! I cry —
Some joy may not the copy give?

Nay, while so much of good and great
Is round thy path and at thy side,
Force not the hands of wiser fate
To give the joy supreme denied.

Yet am I thankful for the glance
Vouchsafed me at thy face divine;
That for one moment sweet of trance,
I lived the life that once was mine.

Adieu — thou fadest as a dream;
The work-day world is back once more:
Gone is that sudden rosy gleam,
And — here's the Athenæum door.

Macmillan's Magazine.

LONG AGO.

He gave me his promise of changeless truth,
(Down in the wood where the ivy clings);
And the air breathed rapture, and love, and youth,
(And yon tree was in bud where the throstle sings).

He said he was going across the sea,
(Far from the wood where the ivy clings),
And would bring back riches and jewels for me;
(But brown leaves shake where the throstle sings).

Hope made life like a summer morn;
(Sweet was the wood where the ivy clings);
Now my heart is cold, and withered, and worn,
(And the bough is bare where the throstle sings).

Days are dreary, and life is long;
(Yet down in the wood the ivy clings),
And the winds they moan a desolate song,
(And there's snow on the bough where no throstle sings).

Spring will come with its buds and leaves
(Back to the wood where the ivy clings);
But 'tis winter cold for the heart that grieves,
(And I hear not the song that the throstle sings).

Chambers' Journal. J. C. H.

I LOVE THEE.

I love thee; why, I cannot tell.
A thousand nameless winning ways
Around thee weave their magic spell,
And make words poor to speak thy praise.

I love thee; not because thine eyes
Are matched by heaven's celestial blue,
But in thy trustful look there lies
Th' unspoken promise to be true.

I love thee for some subtle charm
That seems to draw my heart to thine;
Thy voice and look my fears disarm,
And tell me thou art only mine.

I love thee; not for wealth or fame —
No worldly wish holds thought of thee;
And since thy heart reveals the same,
How bright with hope our lives may be!

Tinsley's Magazine. M. A. BAINES.

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From The Fortnightly Review.

FLORENCE AND THE MEDICI.*

II.

COSIMO had shown consummate skill by governing Florence through a party created and raised to influence by himself. The jealousy of these adherents formed the chief difficulty with which his son Piero had to contend. Unless the Medici could manage to kick down the ladder whereby they had risen, they ran the risk of losing all. As on a former occasion, so now they profited by the mistakes of their antagonists. Three chief men of their own party, Diotisalvi Neroni, Agnolo Acciaiuoli, and Luca Pitti, determined to shake off the yoke of their masters, and to repay the Medici for what they owed by leading them to ruin. Niccolo Soderini, a patriot, indignant at the slow enslavement of his country, joined them. At first they strove to undermine the credit of the Medici with the Florentines by inducing Piero to call in the moneys placed at interest by his father in the hands of private citizens. This act was unpopular; but it did not suffice to move a revolution. To proceed by constitutional measures against the Medici was judged impolitic. Therefore the conspirators decided to take, if possible, Piero's life. The plot failed, chiefly owing to the coolness and the cunning of the young Lorenzo, Piero's eldest son. Public sympathy was strongly excited against the aggressors. Neroni, Acciaiuoli, and Soderini were exiled. Pitti was allowed to stay, dishonored, powerless, and penniless, in Florence. Meanwhile, the failure of their foes had only served to strengthen the position of the Medici. The ladder had saved them the trouble of kicking it down.

The congratulations addressed on this occasion to Piero and Lorenzo by the ruling powers of Italy, show that the Medici were already regarded as princes outside Florence. Lorenzo and Giuliano, the two sons of Piero, travelled abroad to the courts of Milan and Ferrara with the style and state of more than simple citizens. At home they occupied the first place on all occasions of public ceremony, receiving royal visitors on terms of equality, and performing the hospitalities of the republic like men who had been born to represent its dignities. Lorenzo's marriage to Clarice Orsini, of the noble Roman house, was another sign that the Medici were advancing on the way toward despotism. Cosimo had avoided foreign alliances for his children. His descendants now judged themselves firmly planted enough to risk the odium of a princely match for the sake of the support outside the city they might win.

Piero de' Medici died in December, 1469. His son Lorenzo was then barely twenty-two years of age. The chiefs of the Medicean party, all-powerful in the State, held a council, in which they resolved to place him in the same position as his father and grandfather. This resolve seems to have been formed after mature deliberation, on the ground that the existing conditions of Italian politics rendered it impossible to conduct the government without a presidential head. Florence, though still a democracy, required a permanent chief to treat on an equality with the princes of the leading cities. Here we may note the prudence of Cosimo's foreign policy. When he helped to establish despots in Milan and Bologna, he was rendering the presidency of his own family in Florence necessary. Lorenzo, having received this invitation, called attention to his youth and inexperience. Yet he did not refuse it; and, after a graceful display of diffidence, he accepted the charge, entering thus upon that famous political career, in the course of which he not only established and maintained a balance of power in Italy, with Florence for the central city, but also contrived to remodel the government of the republic in the interest of his own family and to strengthen the Medici by relations with the papal see.

The extraordinary versatility of this man's intellectual and social gifts, his participation in all the literary and philosophical interests of his century, his large and liberal patronage of art, and the gaiety with which he joined the people of Flor-

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ence in their pastimes — Mayday games and Carnival festivities — strengthened his hold upon the city in an age devoted to culture and refined pleasure. Whatever was most brilliant in the spirit of the Italian Renaissance seemed to be incarnate in Lorenzo. Not merely as a patron and a dilettante, but as a poet and a critic, a philosopher and scholar, he proved himself adequate to the varied intellectual ambitions of his country. Penetrated with the passion for erudition which distinguished Florence in the fifteenth century, familiar with her painters and her sculptors, deeply read in the works of her great poets, he conceived the ideal of infusing the spirit of antique civility into modern life, and of effecting for society what the artists were performing in their own sphere. To preserve the native character of the Florentine genius, while he added the grace of classic form, was the aim to which his tastes and instincts led him. At the same time, while he made himself the master of Florentine revels, and the Augustus of Renaissance literature, he took care that beneath his carnival masks and ball-dresses should be concealed the chains which he was forging for the republic. What he lacked, with so much mental brilliancy, was moral greatness. The age he lived in was an age of selfish despots, treacherous generals, godless priests. It was an age of intellectual vigor and artistic creativeness; but it was also an age of mean ambition, sordid policy, and vitiated principles. Lorenzo remained true in all respects to the genius of this age: true to its enthusiasm for antique culture, true to its passion for art, true to its refined love of pleasure; but true also to its petty political intrigues, to its cynical selfishness, to its lack of heroism. For Florence he looked no higher and saw no further than Cosimo had done. If culture was his pastime, the enslavement of the city by bribery and corruption was the hard work of his manhood. As is the case with much Renaissance art, his life was worth more for its decorative detail than for its constructive design. In richness, versatility, variety, and exquisiteness of execution, it left little to be desired; yet, viewed at a distance, and as a whole, it does not inspire us with a sense of architectonic majesty.

Lorenzo's chief difficulties arose from the necessity under which, like Cosimo, he labored of governing the city through its old institutions by means of a party. To keep the members of this party in good temper, and to gain their approval for the alterations he effected in the State machinery of Florence, was the problem of his life. The successful solution of this problem was easier now, after two generations of the Medicean ascendency, than it had been at first. Meanwhile the people were maintained in good humor by public shows, ease, plenty, and a general laxity of discipline. The splendor of Lorenzo's foreign alliances and the consideration he received from all the courts of Italy, contributed in no small measure to his popularity and security at home. By using his authority over Florence to inspire respect abroad, and by using his foreign credit to impose upon the burghers, Lorenzo displayed the tact of a true Italian diplomatist. His genius for statecraft, as then understood, was indeed of a rare order, equally adapted to the conduct of a complicated foreign policy and to the control of a suspicious and variable commonwealth. In one point alone he was inferior to his grandfather. He neglected commerce, and allowed his banking business to fall into disorder so hopeless that in course of time he ceased to be solvent. Meanwhile his personal expenses, both as a prince in his own palace, and as the representative of majesty in Florence, continually increased. The bankruptcy of the Medici, it had long been foreseen, would involve the public finances in serious confusion. And now, in order to retrieve his fortunes, Lorenzo was not only obliged to repudiate his debts to the exchequer, but had also to gain complete disposal of the State purse. It was this necessity that drove him to effect the constitutional revolution of 1480, by which he substituted a privy council of seventy members for the old councils of the State, absorbing the chief functions of the commonwealth into this single body, whom he practically nominated at pleasure. The same want of money led to the great scandal of his reign

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— the plundering of the Monte delle Doti, or State insurance-office fund for securing dowers to the children of its creditors.

While tracing the salient points of Lorenzo de' Medici's administration, I have omitted to mention the important events which followed shortly after his accession to power in 1469. What happened between that date and 1480 was not only decisive for the future fortunes of the Casa Medici, but it was also eminently characteristic of the perils and the difficulties which beset Italian despots. The year 1471 was signalized by a visit paid by the duke Galeazzo Maria Sforza of Milan, and his wife Bona of Savoy, to the Medici in Florence. They came attended by their whole court — body-guards on horse and foot, ushers, pages, falconers, grooms, kennel-varlets, and huntsmen. Omitting the mere baggage service, their train counted two thousand horses. To mention this incident would be superfluous, had not so acute an observer as Machiavelli marked it out as a turning-point in Florentine history. Now, for the first time, the democratic commonwealth saw its streets filled with a mob of courtiers. Masques, balls, and tournaments succeeded each other with magnificent variety; and all the arts of Florence were pressed into the service of these festivals. Machiavelli says that the burghers lost the last remnant of their old austerity of manners, and became, like the degenerate Romans, ready to obey the masters who provided them with brilliant spectacles. They gazed with admiration on the pomp of Italian princes, their dissolute and godless living, their luxury and prodigal expenditure; and when the Medici affected similar habits in the next generation, the people had no courage to resist the invasion of their pleasant vices.

In the same year, 1471, Volterra was reconquered for the Florentines by Frederick of Urbino. The honors of this victory, disgraced by a brutal sack of the conquered city, in violation of its articles of capitulation, were reserved for Lorenzo, who returned in triumph to Florence. More than ever he assumed the prince, and in his person undertook to represent the State.

In the same year, 1471, Francesco della Rovere was raised to the papacy with the memorable name of Sixtus IV. Sixtus was a man of violent temper and fierce passions, restless and impatiently ambitious, bent on the aggrandisement of the beautiful and wanton youths, his nephews. Of these the most aspiring was Girolamo Riario, for whom Sixtus bought the town of Imola from Taddeo Manfredi, in order that he might possess the title of count and the nucleus of a tyranny in the Romagna. This purchase thwarted the plans of Lorenzo, who wished to secure the same advantages for Florence. Smarting with the sense of disappointment, he forbade the Roman banker, Francesco Pazzi, to guarantee the purchase money. By this act Lorenzo made two mortal foes — the pope and Francesco Pazzi. Francesco was a thin, pale, atrabilious fanatic, all nerve and passion, with a monomaniac intensity of purpose, and a will inflamed and guided by imagination — a man formed by nature for conspiracy, such a man, in fact, as Shakespeare drew in Cassius. Maddened by Lorenzo's prohibition, he conceived the notion of overthrowing the Medici in Florence by a violent blow. Girolamo Riario entered into his views. So did Francesco Salvati, archbishop of Pisa, who had private reasons for hostility. These men found no difficulty in winning over Sixtus to their plot; nor is it possible to purge the pope of participation in what followed. I need not describe by what means Francesco drew the other members of his family into the scheme, and how he secured the assistance of armed cutthroats. Suffice it to say that the chief conspirators, with the exception of the count Girolamo, betook themselves to Florence, and there, after the failure of other attempts, decided to murder Lorenzo and his brother Giuliano in the cathedral on Sunday, the 26th of April, 1478. The moment when the priest at the high altar finished the mass was fixed for the assassination. Everything was ready. The conspirators, by Judas kisses and embracements, had discovered that the young men wore no protective armor under their silken doublets. Pacing the aisles behind the choir, they feared no treason. And now the lives of both might easily have been secured, if at

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the last moment the courage of the hired assassins had not failed them. Murder, they said, was well enough; but they could not bring themselves to stab men before the newly consecrated body of Christ. In this extremity a priest was found, who, "being accustomed to churches," had no scruples. He and another reprobate were told off to Lorenzo. Francesco de' Pazzi himself undertook Giuliano. The moment for attack arrived. Francesco plunged his dagger into the heart of Giuliano. Then, not satisfied with this death-blow, he struck again, and in his heat of passion wounded his own thigh. Lorenzo escaped with a flesh-wound from the poniard of the priest, and rushed into the sacristy, where his friend Poliziano shut and held the brazen door. The plot had failed; for Giuliano, of the two brothers, was the one whom the conspirators would the more willingly have spared. The whole church was in an uproar. The city rose in tumult. Rage and horror took possession of the people. They flew to the Palazzo Pubblico and to the houses of the Pazzi, hunted the conspirators from place to place, hung the archbishop by the neck from the palace windows, and, as they found fresh victims for their fury, strung them one by one in a ghastly row at his side above the square. About one hundred in all were killed. None who had joined in the plot escaped; for Lorenzo had long arms, and one man, who fled to Constantinople, was delivered over to his agents by the sultan. Out of the whole Pazzi family only Guglielmo, the husband of Bianca de' Medici, was spared. When the tumult was over, Andrea del Castagno painted the portraits of the traitors head-downwards upon the walls of the Bargello Palace, in order that all men might know what fate awaited the foes of the Medici and of the State of Florence.* Meanwhile a bastard son of Giuliano's was received into the Medicean household, to perpetuate his lineage. This child, named Giulio, was destined to be famous in the annals of Italy and Florence under the title of Pope Clement VII.

As is usual when such plots miss their mark, the passions excited redounded to the profit of the injured party. The commonwealth felt that the blow struck at Lorenzo had been aimed at their majesty. Sixtus, on the other hand, could not contain his rage at the failure of so ably planned a *coup de main*. Ignoring that he had sanctioned the treason, that a priest had put his hand to the dagger, that the impious deed had been attempted in a church before the very sacrament of Christ, whose vicar on earth he was, the pope now excommunicated the republic. The reason he alleged was, that the Florentines had dared to hang an archbishop.

Thus began a war to the death between Sixtus and Florence. The pope inflamed the whole of Italy, and carried on a ruinous campaign in Tuscany. It seemed as though the republic might lose her subject cites, always ready to revolt when danger threatened the sovereign State. Lorenzo's position became critical. Sixtus made no secret of the hatred he bore him personally, declaring that he fought less with Florence than with the Medici. To bear the odium of this long war and this heavy interdict alone, was more than he could do. His allies forsook him. Naples was enlisted on the pope's side. Milan and the other states of Lombardy were occupied with their own affairs, and held aloof. In this extremity he saw that nothing but a bold step could save him. The league formed by Sixtus must be broken up at any risk, and, if possible, by his own ability. On the 6th of December, 1479, Lorenzo left Florence unarmed and unattended, took ship at Leghorn, and proceeded to the court of his enemy, King Ferdinand, at Naples. Ferdinand was a cruel and treacherous sovereign, who had murdered his guest, Jacopo Piccinino, at a banquet given in his honor. But Ferdinand was the son of Alfonso, who, by address and eloquence, had gained a kingdom from his foe and jailor, Filippo Maria Visconti. Lorenzo calculated that he too, following Alfonso's policy, might prove to Ferdinand how little there was to gain from an alliance with Rome, how much Naples and Florence, firmly united together for offence and defence, might effect in Italy.

Only a student of those perilous times can appreciate the courage and the genius, the audacity combined with diplomatic penetration, displayed by Lorenzo at this crisis. He calmly walked into the lion's den, trusting he could tame the lion and teach it, and all in a few days. Nor did his expectation fail. Though Lorenzo was rather ugly than handsome, with a dark skin, heavy brows, powerful jaws, and nose sharp in the bridge and broad at the nostrils, without grace of carriage or melody of voice, he possessed what makes up for personal defects — the winning charm of eloquence in conversation, a

* Giottino had painted the Duke of Athens, in like manner, on the same walls.

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subtle wit, profound knowledge of men, and tact allied to sympathy, which placed him always at the centre of the situation. Ferdinand received him kindly. The Neapolitan nobles admired his courage, and were fascinated by his social talents. On the 1st of March, 1480, he left Naples again, having won over the king by his arguments. When he reached Florence he was able to declare that he brought home a treaty of peace and alliance signed by the most powerful foe of the republic. The success of this bold enterprise endeared Lorenzo more than ever to his countrymen. In the same year they concluded a treaty with Sixtus, who was forced against his will to lay down arms by the capture of Otranto and the extreme peril of Turkish invasion. After the year 1480 Lorenzo remained sole master in Florence, the arbiter and peacemaker of the rest of Italy.

The conjuration of the Pazzi was only one in a long series of similar conspiracies. Italian despots gained their power by violence and wielded it with craft. Violence and craft were therefore used against them. When the study of the classics had penetrated the nation with antique ideas of heroism, tyrannicide became a virtue. Princes were murdered with frightful frequency. Thus Gian Maria Visconti was put to death at Milan in 1412; Galeazzo Maria Sforza in 1484; the Chiarelli of Fabriano were massacred in 1435; the Baglioni of Perugia in 1500; Girolamo Gentile planned the assassination of Galeazzo Sforza at Genoa in 1476; Niccolo d'Este conspired against his uncle Ercole in 1476; Stefano Porcari attempted the life of Nicolas V. at Rome in 1453; Lodovico Sforza narrowly escaped a violent death in 1453. I might multiply these instances beyond satiety. As it is, I have selected but a few examples, falling, all but one, within the second half of the fifteenth century. Nearly all these attempts upon the lives of princes were made in church during the celebration of sacred offices. These was no superfluity of naughtiness, no wilful sacrilege, in this choice of an occasion. It only testified to the continual suspicion and guarded watchfulness maintained by tyrants. To strike at them except in church was almost impossible. Meanwhile the fate of the tyrannicides was uniform. Successful or not, they perished. Yet so grievous was the pressure of Italian despotism, so glorious was the ideal of Greek and Roman heroism, so passionate the temper of the people, that to kill a prince at any cost to self appeared the crown of manliness. This bloodshed exercised a delirious fascination: pure and base, personal and patriotic motives combined to add intensity of fixed and fiery purpose to the murderous impulse. Those then who, like the Medici, aspired to tyranny and sought to found a dynasty of princes, entered the arena against a host of unknown and unseen gladiators.

On his death-bed in 1492, Lorenzo lay between two men — Angelo Poliziano and Girolamo Savonarola. Poliziano incarnated the genial, radiant, godless spirit of fifteenth-century humanism. Savonarola represented the conscience of Italy, self-convicted, amid all her greatness, of crimes that called for punishment. It is said that when Lorenzo asked the monk for absolution, Savonarola bade him first restore freedom to Florence. Lorenzo turned his face to the wall and was silent. How indeed could he make this city in a moment free, after sixty years of slow and systematic corruption? Savonarola left him, and he died unshriven. This legend is doubtful, though it rests on excellent if somewhat partial authority. It has, at any rate, the value of a mythus, since it epitomizes the attitude assumed by the great preacher to the prince. Florence enslaved, the soul of Lorenzo cannot lay its burden down, but must go with all its sins upon it to the throne of God.

The year 1492 was a memorable year for Italy. In this year Lorenzo's death removed the keystone of the arch that had sustained the fabric of Italian federation. In this year Roderigo Borgia was elected pope. In this year Columbus discovered America; Vasco di Gama soon after opened a new way to the Indies, and thus the commerce of the world passed from Italy to other nations. In this year the conquest of Granada gave unity to the Spanish nation. In this year France, through the lifelong craft of Louis XI., was for the first time united under a young, hot-headed sovereign. On every side of the political horizon storms threatened. It was clear that a new chapter of European history had been opened. Then Savonarola raised his voice, and cried that the crimes of Italy, the abominations of the Church, would speedily be punished. Events led rapidly to the fulfilment of this prophecy. Lorenzo's successor, Piero de' Medici, was a vain, irresolute, and hasty princeling, fond of display, proud of his skill in fencing and football-playing, with too much of the Orsini blood in his hot veins, with too little of the Medicean

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craft in his weak head. The Italian despots felt they could not trust Piero, and this want of confidence was probably the first motive that impelled Lodovico Sforza to call Charles VIII. into Italy in 1494.

It will not be necessary to dwell upon this invasion of the French, except in so far as it affected Florence. Charles passed rapidly through Lombardy, engaged his army in the passes of the Apennines, and debouched upon the coast where the Magra divided Tuscany from Lunigiana. Here the fortresses of Sarzana and Pietra Santa, between the marble bulwark of Carrara and the Tuscan Sea, stopped his further progress. The keys were held by the Florentines. To force these strong positions and to pass beyond them seemed impossible. It might have been impossible if Piero de' Medici had possessed a firmer will. As it was, he rode off to the French camp, delivered up the forts to Charles, bound the king by no engagements, and returned not otherwise than proud of his folly to Florence. A terrible reception awaited him. The Florentines, in their fury, had risen and sacked the Medicean palace. It was as much as Piero, with his brothers, could do to escape beyond the hills to Venice. The despotism of the Medici, so carefully built up, so artfully sustained and strengthened, was overthrown in a single day.

Before considering what happened in Florence after the expulsion of the Medici, it will be well to pause a moment and review the state in which Lorenzo had left his family. Piero, his eldest son, recognized as chief of the republic after his father's death, was married to Alfonsina Orsini, and was in his twenty-second year. Giovanni, his second son, a youth of seventeen, had just been made cardinal. This honor, of vast importance for the Casa Medici in the future, he owed to his sister Maddalena's marriage to Franceschetto Cybo, son of Innocent VIII. The third of Lorenzo's sons, named Giuliano, was a boy of thirteen. Giulio, the bastard son of the elder Giuliano, was fourteen. These four princes formed the efficient strength of the Medici, the hope of the house; and for each of them, with the exception of Piero, who died in exile, and of whom no more notice need be taken, a brilliant destiny was still in store. In the year 1495, however, they now wandered, homeless and helpless, through the cities of Italy, each of which was shaken to its foundations by the French invasion.

Florence, left without the Medici, deprived of Pisa and other subject cities by the passage of the French army, with no leader but the monk Savonarola, now sought to reconstitute her liberties. During the domination of the Albizzi and the Medici the old order of the commonwealth had been completely broken up. The *arti* had lost their primitive importance. The distinctions between the *grandi* and the *popolani* had practically passed away. In a democracy that has submitted to a lengthened course of tyranny, such extinction of its old life is inevitable. Yet the passion for liberty was still powerful; and the busy brains of the Florentines were stored with experience gained from their previous vicissitudes, from the study of antique history, and from the observation of existing constitutions in the towns of Italy. They now determined to reorganize the State upon the model of the Venetian republic. The Signory was to remain, with its old institution of priors, gonfalonier, and college, elected for brief periods. These magistrates were to take the initiative in debate, to propose measures, and to consider plans of action. The real power of the State, for voting supplies and ratifying the measures of the Signory, was vested in a senate of one thousand members, called the Grand Council, from whom a smaller body of forty, acting as intermediates between the council and the Signory, were elected. It is said that the plan of this constitution originated with Savonarola; nor is there any doubt that he used all his influence in the pulpit of the Duomo to render it acceptable to the people. Whoever may have been responsible for its formation, the new government was carried in 1495, and a large hall for the assembly of the Grand Council was opened in the public palace.

Savonarola, meanwhile, had become the ruling spirit of Florence. He gained his great power as a preacher: he used it like a monk. The motive principle of his action was the passion for reform. To bring the Church back to its pristine state of purity, without altering its doctrine or suggesting any new form of creed; to purge Italy of ungodly customs; to overthrow the tyrants who encouraged evil living, and to place the power of the State in the hands of sober citizens: these were his objects. Though he set himself in bold opposition to the reigning pope, he had no desire to destroy the spiritual supremacy of St. Peter's see. Though he burned with an enthusiastic zeal for liberty,

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and displayed rare genius for administration, he had no ambition to rule Florence like a dictator. Savonarola was neither a reformer in the northern sense of the word, nor yet a political demagogue. His sole wish was to see purity of manners, and freedom of self-government re-established. With this end in view, he bade the Florentines elect Christ as their supreme chief; and they did so. For the same end, he abstained from appearing in the State councils, and left the constitution to work by its own laws. His personal influence he reserved for the pulpit; and here he was omnipotent. The people believed in him as a prophet. They turned to him as the man who knew what he wanted — as the voice of liberty, the soul of the new *régime*, the genius who could breathe into the commonwealth a breath of fresh vitality. When, therefore, Savonarola preached a reform of manners, he was at once obeyed. Strict laws were passed enforcing sobriety, condemning trades of pleasure, reducing the gay customs of Florence to puritanical austerity.

Great stress has been laid upon this reaction of the monk-led populace against the vices of the past. Yet the historian is bound to pronounce that the reform effected by Savonarola was rather picturesque than vital. Like all violent revivals of pietism, it produced a no less violent reaction. The parties within the city who resented the interference of a preaching friar, joined with the pope in Rome, who hated a contumacious schismatic in Savonarola. Assailed by these two forces at the same moment, and driven upon perilous ground by his own febrile enthusiasm, Savonarola succumbed. He was imprisoned, tortured, and burned upon the public square in 1498.

What Savonarola really achieved for Florence, was not a permanent reform of morality, but a resuscitation of the spirit of freedom. His followers, called in contempt *i piagnoni*, or the weepers, formed the pith of the commonwealth in future; and the memory of their martyr served as a common bond of sympathy to unite them in times of trial. It was a necessary consequence of the peculiar part he played, that the city was henceforth divided into factions representing mutually antagonistic principles. These factions were not created by Savonarola; but his extraordinary influence accentuated, as it were, the humors that lay dormant in the State. Families favorable to the Medici took the name of Palleschi. Men who chafed against puritanical reform, and who were eager for any government that should secure them their old license, were known as Compagnacci. Meanwhile the oligarchs, who disliked a democratic constitution, and thought it possible to found an aristocracy without the intervention of the Medici, came to be known as *gli ottimati*. Florence held within itself, from this epoch forward to the final extinction of liberty, four great parties: the *Piagnoni*, passionate for political freedom and austerity of life; the *Palleschi*, favorable to the Medicean cause, and regretful of Lorenzo's pleasant rule; the *Compagnacci*, intolerant of the reformed republic, neither hostile nor loyal to the Medici, but desirous of personal license; the *Ottimati*, astute and selfish, watching their own advantage, ever mindful to form a narrow government of privileged families, disinclined to the Medici, except when they thought the Medici might be employed as instruments in their intrigues.

During the short period of Savonarola's ascendency, Florence was in form at least a theocracy, without any titular head but Christ; and as long as the enthusiasm inspired by the monk lasted, as long as his personal influence endured, the constitution of the Grand Council worked well. After his death, it was found that the machinery was too cumbrous. While adopting the Venetian form of government, the Florentines had omitted one essential element — the doge. By referring measures of immediate necessity to the Grand Council, the republic lost precious time. Dangerous publicity, moreover, was incurred; and so large a body often came to no firm resolution. There was no permanent authority in the State; no security that what had been deliberated would be carried out with energy; no titular chief, who could transact affairs with foreign potentates and their ambassadors. Accordingly, in 1502, it was decreed that the gonfalonier should hold office for life — should be in fact a doge. To this important post of permanent president Piero Soderini was appointed; and in his hands were placed the chief affairs of the republic.

At this point Florence, after all her vicissitudes, had won her way to something really similar to the Venetian constitution. Yet the similarity existed more in form than in fact. The government of burghers in a Grand Council, with a senate of forty, and a gonfalonier for life, had not grown up gradually and absorbed into itself the vital forces of the commonwealth. It was a creation of inventive intelligence, not of national development, in Florence.

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It had against it the jealousy of the Ottimati, who felt themselves overshadowed by the gonfalonier; the hatred of the Palleschi, who yearned for the Medici; the discontent of the working classes, who thought the presence of a court in Florence would improve trade; last, but not least, the disaffection of the Compagnacci, who felt they could not flourish to their heart's content in a free commonwealth. Moreover, though the name of liberty was on every lip, though the Florentines talked, wrote, and speculated more about constitutional independence than they had ever done, the true energy of free institutions had passed from the city. The corrupt government of Cosimo and Lorenzo bore its natural fruit now. Egotistic ambition and avarice supplanted patriotism and industry. It is necessary to comprehend these circumstances, in order that the next revolution may be clearly understood.

During the ten years which elapsed between 1502 and 1512, Piero Soderini administered Florence with an outward show of great prosperity. He regained Pisa, and maintained an honorable foreign policy in the midst of the wars stirred up by the League of Cambray. Meanwhile the young princes of the house of Medici had grown to manhood in exile. The cardinal Giovanni was thirty-seven in 1512. His brother Giuliano was thirty-three. Both of these men were better fitted than their brother Piero to fight the battles of the family. Giovanni, in particular, had inherited no small portion of the Medicean craft. During the troubled reign of Julius II. he kept very quiet, cementing his connections with powerful men in Rome, but making no effort to regain his hold on Florence. Now the moment for striking a decisive blow had come. After the battle of Ravenna in 1512, the French were driven out of Italy, and the Sforzas returned to Milan; the Spanish troops, under the viceroy Cardona, remained masters of the country. Following the camp of these Spaniards, Giovanni de' Medici entered Tuscany in August, and caused the restoration of the Medici to be announced in Florence. The people, assembled by Soderini, resolved to resist to the uttermost. No foreign army should force them to receive the masters whom they had expelled. Yet their courage failed on the twenty-ninth day of August, when news reached them of the capture and the sack of Prato. Prato is a sunny little city, a few miles distant from the walls of Florence, famous for the beauty of its women, the richness of its gardens, and the grace of its buildings. Into this gem of cities the savage soldiery of Spain marched in the bright autumnal weather, and turned the paradise into a hell. It is even now impossible to read of what they did in Prato without shuddering.* Cruelty and lust, sordid greed for gold, and cold delight in bloodshed, could go no further. Giovanni de' Medici, by nature mild and voluptuous, averse to violence of all kinds, had to smile approval, while the Spanish viceroy knocked thus with mailed hand for him at the door of Florence. The Florentines were paralyzed with terror. They deposed Soderini and received the Medici. Giovanni and Giuliano entered their devastated palace in the Via Larga, abolished the Grand Council, and dealt with the republic as they listed.

There was no longer any medium in Florence possible between either tyranny or some such government as the Medici had now destroyed. The State was too rotten to recover even the modified despotism of Lorenzo's days. Each transformation had impaired some portion of its framework, broken down some of its traditions, and sowed new seeds of egotism in citizens who saw all things round them change but self-advantage. Therefore Giovanni and Giuliano felt themselves secure in flattering the popular vanity by an empty parade of their own institutions. They restored the Signory and the gonfalonier, elected for intervals of two months by officers appointed for this purpose by the Medici. Florence had the show of a free government. But the Medici managed all things; and soldiers, commanded by their creature, Paolo Vettori, held the palace and the public square. The tyranny thus established was less secure, inasmuch as it openly rested upon violence, than Lorenzo's power had been; nor were there signs wanting that the burghers could ill brook their servitude. The conspiracy of Pietro Paolo Boscoli and Agostino Capponi proved that the Medicean brothers ran daily risk of life. Indeed, it is not likely that they would have succeeded in maintaining their authority — for they were poor and ill-supported by friends outside the city — except for one most lucky circumstance: that was the election of Giovanni de' Medici to the papacy in 1513.

The creation of Leo X. spread satisfaction throughout Italy. Politicians trusted that he would display some portion of his

* See *Archivio Storico.*

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father's ability, and restore peace to the nation. Men of arts and letters expected everything from a Medicean pope, who had already acquired the reputation of polite culture and open-handed generosity. They at any rate were not deceived. Leo's first words on taking his place in the Vatican were addressed to his brother Giuliano: "Let us enjoy the papacy, now that God has given it to us;" and his notion of enjoyment was to surround himself with court-poets, jesters, and musicians, to adorn his Roman palaces with frescoes, to collect statues and inscriptions, to listen to Latin speeches, and to pass judgment upon scholarly compositions. Any one and every one who gave him sensual or intellectual pleasure, found his purse always open. He lived in the utmost magnificence, and made Rome the Paris of the Renaissance for brilliance, immorality, and self-indulgent ease. The politicians had less reason to be satisfied. Instead of uniting the Italians and keeping the great powers of Europe in check, Leo carried on a series of disastrous petty wars, chiefly with the purpose of establishing the Medici as princes. He squandered the revenues of the Church, and left enormous debts behind him — an exchequer ruined and a foreign policy so confused that peace for Italy could only be obtained by servitude.

Florence shared in the general rejoicing which greeted Leo's accession to the papacy. He was the first Florentine citizen who had received the tiara, and the popular vanity was flattered by this honor to the republic. Political theorists, meanwhile, began to speculate what greatness Florence, in combination with Rome, might rise to. The pope was young; he ruled a large territory, reduced to order by his warlike predecessors. It seemed as though the republic, swayed by him, might make herself the first city in Italy, and restore the glories of her Guelf ascendency upon the platform of Renaissance statecraft. There was now no overt opposition to the Medici in Florence. How to govern the city from Rome, and how to advance the fortunes of his brother Giuliano and his nephew Lorenzo (Piero's son, a young man of twenty-one), occupied the pope's most serious attention. For Lorenzo Leo obtained the duchy of Urbino and the hand of a French princess. Giuliano was named gonfalonier of the Church. He also received the French title of Duke of Nemours and the hand of Filiberta, princess of Savoy. Leo entertained a further project of acquiring the crown of southern Italy for his brother, and thus of uniting Rome, Florence, and Naples under the headship of his house. Nor were the Medicean interests neglected in the Church. Giulio, the pope's bastard cousin, was made cardinal. He remained in Rome, acting as vice-chancellor and doing the hard work of the papal government for the pleasure-loving pontiff.

To Lorenzo, duke of Urbino, the titular head of the family, was committed the government of Florence. During their exile, wandering from court to court in Italy, the Medici had forgotten what it was to be burghers, and had acquired the manners of princes. Leo alone retained enough of caution to warn his nephew that the Florentines must still be treated as free people. He confirmed the constitution of the Signory and the privy council of seventy established by his father, bidding Lorenzo, while he ruled this sham republic, to avoid the outer signs of tyranny. The young duke at first behaved with moderation, but he could not cast aside his habits of a great lord. Florence now for the first time saw a regular court established in her midst, with a prince, who, though he bore a foreign title, was in fact her master. The joyous days of Lorenzo the Magnificent returned. Masquerades and triumphs filled the public squares. Two clubs of pleasure, called the Diamond and the Branch — badges adopted by the Medici to signify their firmness in disaster and their power of self-recovery — were formed to lead the revels. The best sculptors and painters devoted their genius to the invention of costumes and cars. The city affected to believe that the age of gold had come again.

Fortune had been very favorable to the Medici. They had returned as princes to Florence. Giovanni was pope. Giuliano was gonfalonier of the Church. Giulio was cardinal and archbishop of Florence. Lorenzo ruled the city like a sovereign. But this prosperity was no less brief than it was brilliant. A few years sufficed to sweep off all the chiefs of the great house. Giuliano died in 1516, leaving only a bastard son Ippolito. Lorenzo died in 1519, leaving a bastard son Alessandro, and a daughter, six days old, who lived to be the queen of France. Leo died in 1521. There remained now no legitimate male descendants from the stock of Cosimo. The honors and pretensions of the Medici devolved upon three bastards — on the cardinal Giulio, and the two boys, Alessandro and Ippolito. Of these, Alessandro was a mulatto, his mother having

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been a Moorish slave in the palace of Urbino; and whether his father was Giulio, or Giuliano, or a base groom, was not known for certain. To such extremities were the Medici reduced. In order to keep their house alive, they were obliged to adopt this foundling. It is true that the younger branch of the family, descended from Lorenzo, the brother of Cosimo, still flourished. At this epoch it was represented by Giovanni, the great general known as the invincible, whose bust so strikingly resembles that of Napoleon. But between this line of the Medici and the elder branch there had never been true cordiality. The cardinal mistrusted Giovanni. It may, moreover, be added, that Giovanni was himself doomed to death in the year 1526.

Giulio de' Medici was left in 1521 to administer the State of Florence single-handed. He was archbishop, and he resided in the city, holding it with the grasp of an absolute ruler. Yet he felt his position insecure. The republic had no longer any forms of self-government; nor was there a magistracy to whom the despot could delegate his power in his absence. Giulio's ambition was fixed upon the papal crown. The bastards he was rearing were but children. Florence had, therefore, to be furnished with some political machinery that should work of itself. The cardinal did not wish to give freedom to the city, but clockwork. He was in the perilous situation of having to rule a commonwealth without life, without elasticity, without capacity of self-movement, yet full of such material as, left alone, might ferment and breed a revolution. In this perplexity he had recourse to advisers. The most experienced politicians, philosophical theorists, practical diplomatists, and students of antique history were requested to furnish him with plans for a new constitution, just as you ask an architect to give you the plan of a new house. This was the field-day of the doctrinaires. Now was seen how much political sagacity the Florentines had gained while they were losing liberty. We possess these several drafts of constitutions. Some recommend tyranny; some incline to aristocracy, or what Italians called *governo stretto;* some to democracy, or *governo largo;* some to an eclectic compound of the other forms, or *governo misto.* More consummate masterpieces of constructive ingenuity can hardly be imagined. What is omitted in all, is just what no doctrinaire, no nostrum can communicate — the breath of life, the principle of organic growth. Things had come, indeed, to a melancholy pass for Florence when her tyrant, in order to confirm his hold upon her, had to devise these springs and irons to support her tottering limbs.

While the archbishop and the doctors were debating, a plot was hatching in the Rucellai Gardens. It was here that the Florentine Academy now held their meetings. For this society Machiavelli wrote his "Treatise on the Arts of War," and his "Discourses upon Livy." The former was an exposition of Machiavelli's scheme for creating a national militia, as the only safeguard for Italy, exposed at this period to the invasions of great foreign armies. The latter is one of the three or four masterpieces produced by the Florentine school of critical historians. Stimulated by the daring speculations of Machiavelli, and fired to enthusiasm by their study of antiquity, the younger academicians formed a conspiracy for murdering Giulio de' Medici, and restoring the republic on a Roman model. An intercepted letter betrayed their plans. Two of the conspirators were taken and beheaded. Others escaped. But the discovery of this conjuration put a stop to Giulio's scheme of reforming the State. Henceforth he ruled Florence like a despot, mild in manners, cautious in the exercise of arbitrary power, but firm in his autocracy. The condottiere, Alessandro Vitelli, with a company of soldiers, was taken into service for the protection of his person and the intimidation of the citizens.

In 1523, the pope, Adrian VI., expired after a short papacy, from which he gained no honor and Italy no profit. Giulio hurried to Rome, and, by the clever use of his large influence, caused himself to be elected with the title of Clement VII. In Florence he left Silvio Passerini, Cardinal of Cortona, as his vicegerent and the guardian of the two boys Alessandro and Ippolito. The discipline of many years had accustomed the Florentines to a government of priests. Still the burghers, mindful of their ancient liberties, were galled by the yoke of a Cortonese, sprung from one of their subject cities; nor could they bear the bastards who were being reared to rule them. Foreigners threw it in their teeth that Florence, the city glorious of art and freedom, was become a stable for mules — *stalla da muli*, in the expressive language of popular sarcasm. Bastardy, it may be said in passing, carried with it small dishonor among Italians. The Estensi were all illegitimate; the

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Aragonese house in Naples sprang from Alfonso's natural son; and children of popes ranked among the princes. Yet the uncertainty of Alessandro's birth and the base condition of his mother made the prospect of this tyrant peculiarly odious; while the primacy of a foreign cardinal in the midst of citizens whose spirit was still unbroken, embittered the cup of humiliation. The Casa Medici held its authority by a slender thread, and depended more upon the disunion of the burghers than on any power of its own. It could always reckon on the favor of the lower populace, who gained profit and amusement from the presence of a court. The Ottimati again hoped more from a weak despotism than from a commonwealth, where their privileges would have been merged in the mass of the Grand Council. Thus the sympathies of the plebeians and the selfishness of the rich patricians prevented the republic from asserting itself. On this meagre basis of personal cupidity the Medici sustained themselves. What made the situation still more delicate, and at the same time protracted the feeble rule of Clement, was that neither the Florentines nor the Medici had any army. Face to face with a potentate so considerable as the pope, a free State could not be established without military force. On the other hand, the Medici, supported by a mere handful of mercenaries, had no power to resist a popular rising if any external event should inspire the middle classes with a hope of liberty.

Clement assumed the tiara at a moment of great difficulty. Leo had ruined the finance of Rome. France and Spain were still contending for the possession of Italy. While acting as vice-chancellor, Giulio de' Medici had seemed to hold the reins with a firm grasp, and men expected that he would prove a powerful pope; but in those days he had Leo to help him; and Leo, though indolent, was an abler man than his cousin. He planned, and Giulio executed. Obliged to act now for himself, Clement revealed the weakness of his nature. That weakness was irresolution, craft without wisdom, diplomacy without knowledge of men. He raised the storm, and showed himself incapable of guiding it. This is not the place to tell by what a series of crooked schemes and cross purposes he brought upon himself the ruin of the Church and Rome, to relate his disagreement with the emperor, or to describe again the sack of the Eternal City by the rabble of the Constable de Bourbon's army. That wreck of Rome in 1527 was the closing scene of the Italian Renaissance — the last of the Apocalyptic tragedies foretold by Savonarola — the death of the old age.

When the Florentines knew what was happening in Rome, they rose and forced the cardinal Passerini to depart with the Medicean bastards from the city. The youth demanded arms for the defence of the town, and they received them. The whole male population was enrolled in a militia. The Grand Council was reformed, and the republic was restored upon the basis of 1495. Niccolo Capponi was elected gonfalonier. The name of Christ was again registered as chief of the commonwealth — to such an extent did the memory of Savonarola still sway the popular imagination. The new State hastened to form an alliance with France, and Malatesta Baglioni was chosen as military commander-in-chief. Meanwhile the city armed itself for siege — Michael Angelo Buonarroti and Francesco da San Gallo undertaking the construction of new forts and ramparts. These measures were adopted with sudden decision, because it was soon known that Clement had made peace with the emperor, and that the army which had sacked Rome was going to be marched on Florence.

In the month of August, 1529, the Prince of Orange assembled his forces at Terni, and thence advanced by easy stages into Tuscany. As he approached, the Florentines laid waste their suburbs, and threw down their wreath of towers, in order that the enemy might have no harborage or points of vantage for attack. Their troops were concentrated within the city, where a new gonfalonier, Francesco Carducci, furiously opposed to the Medici, and attached to the Piagnoni party, now ruled. On the 4th of September the Prince of Orange appeared before the walls, and opened the memorable siege. It lasted eight months, at the end of which time, betrayed by their generals, divided among themselves, and worn out with delays, the Florentines capitulated. Florence was paid as compensation for the insult offered to the pontiff in the sack of Rome.

The long yoke of the Medici had undermined the character of the Florentines. This, their last glorious struggle for liberty, was but a flash in the pan — a final flare-up of the dying lamp. The city was not satisfied with slavery; but it had no capacity for united action. The Ottomati were egotistic and jealous of the people. The Palleschi desired to restore the Medici at

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any price — some of them frankly wishing for a principality, others trusting that the old quasi-republican government might still be reinstated. The red republicans, styled Libertini and Arrabbiati, clung together in blind hatred of the Medicean party; but they had no further policy to guide them. The Piagnoni, or Frateschi, stuck to the memory of Savonarola, and believed that angels would descend to guard the battlements when human help had failed. These enthusiasts still formed the true nerve of the nation — the class that might have saved the State, if salvation had been possible. Even as it was, the energy of their fanaticism prolonged the siege until resistance seemed no longer physically possible. The hero developed by the crisis was Francesco Ferrucci, a plebeian who had passed his youth in manual labor, and who now displayed rare military genius. He fell fighting outside the walls of Florence. Had he commanded the troops from the beginning, and remained inside the city, it is just possible that the fate of the war might have been less disastrous. As it was, Malatesta Baglioni, the commander-in-chief, turned out an arrant scoundrel. He held secret correspondence with Clement and the Prince of Orange. It was he who finally sold Florence to her foes, "putting on his head," as the doge of Venice said before the Senate, "the cap of the biggest traitor upon record."

What remains of Florentine history may be briefly told. Clement, now the undisputed arbiter of power and honor in the city, chose Alessandro de' Medici to be prince. Alessandro was created Duke of Città di Penna, and married to a natural daughter of Charles V. Ippolito was made a cardinal. Ippolito would have preferred a secular to a priestly kingdom; nor did he conceal his jealousy for his cousin. Therefore Alessandro had him poisoned. Alessandro in his turn was murdered by his kinsman, Lorenzino de' Medici. Lorenzino paid the usual penalty of tyrannicide some years later. When Alessandro was killed in 1539, Clement had himself been dead five years. Thus the whole posterity of Cosimo de' Medici, with the exception of Catherine, queen of France, was utterly extinguished. But the Medici had struck root so firmly in the State, and had so remodelled it upon the type of tyranny, that the Florentines were no longer able to do without them. The chiefs of the Ottimati selected Cosimo, the representative of Giovanni the Invincible, for their prince, and thus the line of the elder Lorenzo came at last to power. This Cosimo was a boy of eighteen, fond of field sports, and used to party intrigues. When Francesco Guicciardini offered him a privy purse of one hundred and twenty thousand ducats annually, together with the presidency of Florence, this wily politician hoped that he would rule the State through Cosimo, and realize at least that dream of the Ottimati, a *governo stretto* or *di pochi*. He was notably mistaken in his calculations. The first days of Cosimo's administration showed that he possessed the craft of his family and the vigor of his immediate progenitors, and that he meant to be sole master in Florence. He it was who obtained the title of grand duke of Tuscany from the pope — a title confirmed by the emperor, fortified by Austrian alliances, and transmitted through his heirs to the present century.

In these two papers upon Florence and the Medici I have purposely omitted all details that did not bear upon the constitutional history of the republic, or on the growth of the Medici as despots; because I wanted to present a picture of the process whereby that family contrived to fasten itself upon the freest and most cultivated State in Italy. This success the Medici owed mainly to their own obstinacy, and to the weakness of republican institutions in Florence. Their power was founded upon wealth in the first instance, and upon the ingenuity with which they turned the favor of the proletariate to use. It was confirmed by the mistakes and failures of their enemies, by Rinaldo degli Albizzi's attack on Cosimo, by the conspiracy of Neroni and Pitti against Piero, and by Francesco de' Pazzi's attempt to assassinate Lorenzo. It was still further strengthened by the Medicean sympathy for arts and letters — a sympathy which placed both Cosimo and Lorenzo at the head of the Renaissance movement, and made them worthy to represent Florence, the city of genius, in the fifteenth century. While thus founding and cementing their dynastic influence upon the basis of a wide-spread popularity, the Medici employed persistent cunning in the enfeeblement of the republic. It was their policy not to plant themselves by force or acts of overt tyranny, but to corrupt ambitious citizens, to secure the patronage of public offices, and to render the spontaneous working of the State machinery impossible. By pursuing this policy over a long series of years they made the revival of liberty in 1494, and again in 1527, ineffec-

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tual. While exiled from Florence, they never lost the hope of returning as masters, so long as the passions they had excited, and they alone could gratify, remained in full activity. These passions were avarice and egotism, the greed of the grasping Ottimati, the jealousy of the nobles, the self-indulgence of the proletariate. Yet it is probable they might have failed to recover Florence, on one or other of these two occasions, but for the accident which placed Giovanni de' Medici on the papal chair, and enabled him to put Giulio in the way of the same dignity. From the accession of Leo in 1513 to the year 1527 the Medici ruled Florence from Rome, and brought the power of the Church into the service of their despotism. After that date they were still further aided by the imperial policy of Charles V., who chose to govern Italy through subject princes, bound to himself by domestic alliances and powerful interests. One of these was Cosimo, the first grand duke of Tuscany. J. A. SYMONDS.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

"ONLY JEAN."

CHAPTER I.

MINISTER of a parish in a densely-populated manufacturing town in the south of Scotland, and having suffered severely from fever, I gladly accepted an offer made me by a friend to go for a few months in summer to take charge of a parish in the west Highlands, a remote district on the seacoast.

In order to appreciate thoroughly the beauty of the scenery to which I went, and realize the sense of exquisite freshness given by the sea breezes, one must have suffered as I had suffered from the constant smoke and dirt which made open windows almost a forbidden pleasure. How I had longed and panted for fresh air! and here the very act of breathing was a pleasure. As health returned, I began to wander far and wide, and one day I found myself exploring a long stretch of moor, seemingly interminable. Heather, not yet in full bloom, and countless marsh-flowers were mingled together; piles of peat were drying in the wind; all this lay before me and around me, on the one hand, while, on the other, far below my feet, the sea lay sparkling as each wave caught the sunlight on its crest. On the opposite coast rose the beautiful hills of Skye; the breeze swept the clouds overhead fast, and their shifting lights and shadows made their forms seem ever new; myriads of sea-birds whirled high above me, screaming to each other in ceaseless uproar; larks sang joyously through it all; and all the time the grand monotony of the rolling waters breaking upon the rocks chanted an accompaniment.

After walking some distance, I came to one of those sudden breaks in the land forming a narrow glen. It was watered by a burn charged with the brown memory of the peaty soil through which it passed, and growing purer and clearer as it filtered through the stones, leaping over others as the descent grew deeper, till it fell in one lovely glittering shower into the sea.

The ground rose abruptly on either side of it, and on the banks all the way down primroses grew in utmost profusion — late primroses such as can hardly be found elsewhere, with such exquisite freshness, such long stems, and such luxuriant leaves; their very look brought a sudden sense of coolness and springtide. Beside them, in somewhat stately beauty, tall foxgloves reared their heads; just coming into bloom, and of every imaginable hue — pure white, delicate pink, with splashes of a darker color in their hearts, and beautiful crimson, with dainty brown pencillings. Ferns grew in their tenderest greens; club mosses showed every gradation of tint, from richest emerald to olive green; a few silver-stemmed birch-trees dipped and moved, swayed by the wind, and forming a lovely contrast to some sturdy stiff Scotch pines that stood at the head of the glen, as though they were its sentinels.

Near these pines, and sheltered by a rising ground behind it, stood a shieling or cottage, humbly built, but with evidences of unusual care in its surroundings. Nothing of the untidiness that speaks of a hurried life was there: a paling, almost concealed by honeysuckle and the common Ayrshire rose, fenced the little garden; more honeysuckle was trained against the wall; and the windows stood wide open. It was the only sign of man or his habitation I had seen in my walk, and as I sat down on the bank to rest and eat my luncheon, I wondered if the people living in this solitude were in any way influenced by the beauty which surrounded them, or whether they lived unappreciative lives, not knowing that their "lines" had fallen in such "pleasant places."

In a moment or two my thoughts were, in a measure, answered; the door of the cottage opened, and a girl came out with a dish under her arm piled with clothes

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she had been washing. She paused for a moment, as though a little dazzled by the sun, and looked round as if she thoroughly enjoyed the beauty that lay about her; and then, with a swift, light step, she came down the bank till she stood on a flat stone close to where the burn was imprisoned in a sort of pool. Setting down the clothes, she began to rinse them in the clear water and wring them out, then holding them up she shook them out, one by one, and threw them on the bank. It was the homeliest possible occupation, and her dress differed in nothing from the dress of most Highland girls — a short linsey petticoat, a jacket of some washing material, with the sleeves rolled high up above the elbow; but her gestures were full of grace, an her hair was of a rich ruddy brown, that shed a sort of light round her head, and reminded me of old pictures I had seen.

I was unwilling to remain so near her without letting her know of my presence, so I rose and went down the bank to speak to her. She answered me with the utter absence of self-consciousness and with the simple directness possessed by all fine natures; her manner was reserved but kindly, and her voice was low-toned and musical. She was not beautiful, if beauty depends upon feature and outline, but she had a most interesting and pathetic expression in her dark eyes; and when she smiled, her face lighted up wonderfully. She offered me refreshment, which I declined, but I accepted her invitation to rest for a little while in the cottage.

There is no use in trying to account for the interest claimed by one stranger when many pass by unheeded; but from the first, before I knew her, I felt that this girl had a history, and that in some way she had suffered, and borne nobly.

The cottage at first seemed dark after the sunshine, but as my eyes became accustomed to the subdued light, I saw the figure of an old woman lying on a bed at the farthest end of the room. I had never seen any one living so absolutely devoid of color as she was, — hair and face were bleached — nothing but the keen and restless look of her eyes, and the incessant movement of her long, thin hands busily knitting, spoke of life.

The girl went up to her, and told her in a low voice who I was, and then placed a chair for me by the bedside; and as I sat down, I felt conscious of a peculiar feeling, as though in the presence of some weird being, and I sat silent for a little by the side of this motionless figure, under the gaze of those piercing and questioning eyes. When she spoke, the impression was increased, as it was in a clear, shrill whisper that seemed to reverberate through the room in a manner absolutely startling.

I asked if she had been long lying there, and she said, "Near eleven years," with a little sigh.

"Does your granddaughter always live with you?" I asked.

She looked at me quickly. "Do ye mean Jean? She's no my granddaughter; she's only Jean."

"Only Jean." I thought it sounded a strange way of naming the active-looking girl before me, moving to and fro so quietly about household matters, but it was not said unkindly. Was it my fancy, or did a brighter color come into her face as she heard the words?

I stayed some little time there; and though the old woman (whose name I found was Elspeth, commonly called Widow Grant) did not ask me to return, she looked pleased when I offered to do so; and I left the place, interested in my new acquaintances, Jean showing me a quicker but not so beautiful a way home, across the moor.

CHAPTER II.

THE parishioners of whom I was now in charge lived in widely scattered houses, and I could not help often contrasting their lives with the lives of my own people in the south. There, everything was contracted and small — space was our most needed thing — families were huddled together in houses, made more dirty and wretched by what is called a "common stair," and which it was therefore no one's business to keep clean; and though an inspection was made now and then by sanitary commissioners, and charitable people did their best, there are a thousand ways in which sanitary laws can be evaded; and charitable people, with a few notable exceptions, have the most unhappy knack of assisting the wrong people. Who can blame them? As a rule, the deserving poor are exactly those who shrink from help, and who, with a handful of meal and hardly a potato left, show a brave face to the world, and allow no necessity to appear.

The very poor are everywhere deserving of pity; but in the country, fresh air, a little firewood, and, above all, pure water, are to be had for nothing. In towns, the first is often not to be got; the poor cannot afford to buy the second; and when I think of the water-rate—— I am no po-

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litical economist — I have a most unjust dislike to the man who collects the water-rate — and I never can see why God's free gift to man should be sold by spoonfuls at the cost of many lives! However, much is being done, and more will follow.

Here, in this beautiful place, space was quite unlimited: all down the hillside linen lay bleaching in the sun, and another contrast was not only in the way it was left out all night, but in the absence of bolts, bars, and shutters in the houses. Not even the shop had shutters, and theft was as unknown there as though a mounted guard watched incessantly over the place.

The shop (there was but one) sold every imaginable thing, from treacle and herrings to needles and cheese, and the widow who kept the shop was an autocrat in her way. She was licensed to sell spirits, and it would be good for humanity if all "licensed individuals" acted on the same firm principles. To some she positively refused to sell at all — to others she allowed only what she considered right for them to have. She knew the private affairs of each individual, and was guided by that. I have seen her refuse "a dram" to a lanky, shy-looking shepherd who asked for one, saying to him in the tone you might use to an unreasonable child, "Hoot awa', Sandy, ye ken weel your head is nae like ither heads, and a drap will set it spinning. Na, na, man, gang hame, and dinna compare your head with ithers!" and the man quietly withdrew with a look of sheepish resignation. To another man she said, "Surely I didna hear ye rightly; it's na a dram ye're seeking and your wife sae sober" (which did not refer to sobriety, as might be imagined, but to sickliness). When he showed temper she said, with a change of voice that would have suited an actress, "I'm sorry I've no spirit good enough for you, Mr. Cran, but you'll get it at the next shop," which was exactly eleven miles off. With this carefulness for the welfare of her neighbors she was not at all above making a close bargain; and I feel convinced (and indeed my housekeeper never lets me forget it) that I paid more than I ought to have done for some bandanas that I bought at her shop.

From this woman, who talked upon all subjects *con amore*, I heard a great deal about old Mrs. Grant and Jean, and everything I heard was to the credit of both. The old woman had been an excellent mother to a delicate daughter who died of a broken heart on the sudden death of her husband. The only grandchild, "Kenneth Malcolm," had been brought up by the grandmother, and, as was often the case in Scotland before school-boards came in the way, he had received a first-rate education, and had turned out by all accounts a fine young fellow, steady and clever.

Mrs. Grant had come to Burnside more than forty years before my first acquaintance with the place: no one knew *why* she had come there, or anything about her antecedents. It was supposed the old laird was acquainted with her story, but he had never told it to any one. He had requested his nephew and successor to allow her to live out her life rent-free, and, in addition to this, a small yearly sum was paid to her from some unknown source. She was incessantly busy, and her spinning and knitting were quite famous. Jean had gone to her when she was a well-grown child of ten, and the relations between them were more those of mother and child than of mistress and servant. When she had been there two or three years misfortunes began to come, and they never come singly. Widow Grant fell and hurt herself so much that she did not recover the injury; then she had a paralytic stroke, and by degrees sank into the complete state of helplessness in which she was when I first made her acquaintance. Jean's devotion was unceasing, and her spinning and knitting filled up the gap when the poor old woman was helpless. Very confused and various accounts were given of how and why Kenneth had gone away. All that people knew for certain was that Jean, for the first and only time since she had lived at Burnside, had gone to Skye, and returned only the very day Kenneth had left for New Zealand, and that they had not met.

Not long after his departure, the little sum of money which made the small household so comfortable suddenly ceased; and Widow Grant had refused, in an excited and determined manner, to allow any inquiries to be made about it. Jean acquiesced. Their wants were very few, but everybody said that since Kenneth's departure she had not looked the same; and it was evident that, as in all life's histories, a romance was woven through it all. Though why, as by all accounts Kenneth had been "sair set" on having her for his wife, she should have refused him, and have actually been the cause of his leaving the country, was beyond the comprehension of every one.

My visits to Burnside became of great interest to me. The old woman began to

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look forward to my arrival with much evident pleasure, and the freshness and originality of Jean's remarks were very pleasant. She had read nothing save the pages of nature so lavishly distributed round her; but everything came with such acute observance, and her mind naturally was so refined, that I used to feel when with her as if I had more to learn from her than she could learn from me.

CHAPTER III.

I SHALL always remember a certain autumnal day, not long before I left this Highland spot, — a day when the golden haze of an "Indian summer" filled the air. In a valley stretching away through the hills, some oats were ready to cut, and a neighboring farmer who had imported the first reaping-machine to that part of the country, had lent it for the occasion.

Every one turned out as though it were a festival. In harvest many a respectable married woman earns enough to clothe herself and her children for the rest of the year. The work is pleasant to them, and they are as proud of their quickness and dexterity as any London belle of her prowess in dancing. It was certainly one of the prettiest sights I ever saw; the many colors of the various dresses, the activity and merriment as the machine worked round the field, leaving the straight lines of prostrate corn in its track in regular rows. At stated intervals one woman and a man were placed; a dexterous little band, woven from the cut corn, was laid on the ground, and an armful of corn laid upon it; then the man's stronger fingers knotted the ends round it, and set the sheaf upright. The driver and his fellows hurried on the horses and tried to keep the workers busy; and the workers, with many a laugh and jest, exerted themselves with their utmost quickness, in order to stand ostentatiously idle before the machine came round again. Seated on the hillside, where the lingering gorse flowers and wild thyme attracted countless bees, I watched the scene, trying to distinguish the faces I knew.

After a little while I recognized Jean, her active and upright figure one of the busiest there. As usual, she was bareheaded, and her hair gleamed like red gold in the sunlight. As usual, too, her manner had the quiet reserve that she never laid aside; and a noticeable thing was the silent respect with which the man with whom she worked treated her. He followed her footsteps as though one wishing to serve her, not as an equal.

I sat long, enjoying the peaceful and happy scene — familiarity had only made me more fond of that secluded spot — and I thought I had learned to appreciate it better; sweet scents and sounds were all around me. The breeze swept past me as it rose and died away, ruffling the surface of the corn as it ruffled the surface of the sea, and hurrying the flight of the countless insects that rustled their wings among the wild flowers.

I was roused from my day-dream by seeing a little barefooted lad I knew run off to Jean and pull her gown. In a moment she had snatched up her plaid, spoken to the manager, and was gone, followed by the boy. I conjectured that the old woman was perhaps ill; but I was always afraid of intruding, and I knew that if I was wanted, Jean would send for me. I left the hillside, and wound my way up a steep path leading homewards. I paused at the top to rest a moment, and take one other look of the brilliant and busy scene, when a clear voice began to sing a lovely Gaelic air, with a mournful refrain in a minor key. It was quaint and wild with the pathetic sound that invariably accompanies beautiful music. Another voice joined in, and yet another; and as the voices swelled up in harmony, I thought no melody appeals so forcibly to our highest feelings as the untrained voices of a people, expressing in their own natural manner the untutored feeling of their hearts.

CHAPTER IV.

I HAD gone to bed late, and as usual had left my window open, watching as long as I could a most unusual sunset, when I was awakened by a noise that in my half-dreamy state seemed as though the sea had burst its bonds, and was rushing over everything. I never remember seeing such heavy rain. It came down in torrents, bending down the heads of the sturdiest flowers in the little garden below my window, and washing all the gravel off the sloping walks. Thunder reverberated round the hills, and vivid flashes of lightning shot across the sky. A thunder-storm is never so magnificent as among mountains; and the echoes, repeated again and again till they died away in the distance, seemed almost continuous. It lasted long. Peal after peal succeeded each other; the birds, frightened and bewildered, flew from branch to branch to seek the smallest shelter, and sent forth melancholy chirps, as though to reassure themselves.

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By breakfast-time the rain had moderated, and the thunder-storm was over; and I went out to enjoy the well-known pleasantness of the air after it, and to notice the damage my poor flowers had sustained. As I stood there, I saw a figure hurrying towards me, with a plaid thrown over her head. It was Jean. She was looking white, and spoke in a quick and agitated way. Mrs. Grant was ill, and would like much to see me. She had had news; and I saw that the news, whatever it was, had affected Jean equally. In a few minutes I was ready, and we walked the shortest way to Burnside. As we came near the cottage, Jean said, in a low voice, "Kenneth is married — he is coming home;" and, leaving my side, I entered alone. Whiter than usual Mrs. Grant could hardly look; but there was great distress in her keen blue eyes, and in the helpless beseeching way in which she stretched out her hands.

"Tell Jean she must stay," were almost her first words; and it then at once occurred to me that this coming home might bring about painful complications; and that if Kenneth had forgotten, Jean still loved.

Kenneth's marriage had been a surprise; but when Mrs. Grant put his letter into my hands, and begged me to read it, I quite understood the pain it must have caused her. He wrote in a sad and desponding way, — was evidently sorry for his young wife — found it impossible to remain there, surrounded by her relations — began several times to send a message to Jean, carefully scratching out what he had begun; and finally leaving all unsaid, he ended by hoping his grandmother would be kind, and make allowances. It was a letter written in such evidently low spirits, and the want of happiness was so painfully manifest, that it was quite sad to read.

I sat long, and talked with the old woman. She told me Jean never would listen to Kenneth; but even she did not know why. She was sure she liked him. She thought some one had made mischief. Altogether, it was a comfort to her to talk it over with me; and though I felt utterly incapable of giving advice, once the reserve she usually showed was broken into, she opened up to me more of her own thoughts and feelings than I had ever yet seen — and the confidence comforted her.

I went down by the burn side, intending to speak to Jean, but stopped when I saw her sitting, her face buried in her hands. As she heard my footsteps, she raised herself up. She had so sad, so despairing a look, that I felt I *could* not speak to her just then. Her lips parted, and, raising her eyes, she murmured, so low that I could hardly catch the words, "A day will come when we will know the reason of all," and went slowly up the bank, her head drooping, and her hands clasped together, as though endeavoring to suppress her excitement.

When I arrived at home I found a telegram summoning me south. The dearest friend I possessed had been severely injured in a railway accident; and within a few hours I was going to him, my thoughts too fully occupied to think of Burnside.

. . . .

Winter had come early. Storms had already caused havoc amongst the shipping, and brought distress to many a home. I was plodding my way through the daily cares and troubles of my large parish, when I one day received a letter from Jean, reminding me of a promise I had made her of doing her a favor, and entreating me to get her a place, ever so humble, it did not matter.

Her letter distressed me. It was written in such evident sorrow — not a word of Kenneth or his wife, and of Mrs. Grant only that she was much the same.

Perplexed by her letter, I still had it before me when I heard a bustle in the little hall, and my friend Mr. Macrae, the minister of the beautiful parish where I had spent those well-remembered summer months, stood before me, his coat sprinkled with snow, his color raised by the frosty air, and a look of quiet happiness that told me at once his long engagement was drawing to an end. He had come to try and persuade me to take his duty for one fortnight, and was delighted to find small persuasion needed.

Two days more saw me on my way. Not long after I started, a most violent snow-storm set in. So long as we were in the railway our progress was pretty good; but with something like forty miles of coaching, through the wildest scenery, and over a road that divided tremendous hills, it became a work of the greatest difficulty. Gangs of men had to accompany us, and every now and then we were obliged to get out and allow the coach to be cut out of the drifts. When night came, we had to spend it in a miserable little inn, where the peat-smoke, having no proper outlet, made the air of the room nearly intolerable; and the only provisions were oatcake, very hard cheese, and

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whisky. As this last was a thing I never touched, I was delighted to find that a spring of clear water rose near the house, and that, though surrounded by icicles, it was obtainable.

Next morning we pushed on, to find, as is often the case near the sea, that the snow had given place to rain, which was pouring down pitilessly; and never did I so rejoice over a welcome as on that weary day when I found myself greeted by a splendid fire, a cloth that rivalled the snow, and a most excellent tea, with bannocks, and all sorts of home comforts before me, from kippered salmon to home-made marmalade.

The next morning was one of unceasing rain. Early in the afternoon, the old servant, with evident reluctance, brought me a message a man wished to see me. It was Kenneth. As is usually the case, he was completely different from the idea I had in my own mind conceived of him, — tall and fair, with a sunburnt face, and the manner and appearance of a man who had seen a good deal of the world — one of nature's gentlemen, in outward semblance at any rate. He came to see me, and to tell me of old Mrs. Grant's evidently approaching end. Then, with a lowered voice, he spoke of Jean, and with frankness said that the position at home was intolerable to her. Without casting blame on his wife, he showed me that Jean could find no home with her if old Mrs. Grant died, and asked me what could be done.

I had often seen the sore need that existed in a children's hospital near me for just such a person as Jean, and spoke to him of it. He bent his head a little, and I saw that the idea of any service so far from him gave him an acute pang, and that he put force on himself, and was trying to think it was for the best.

Something I said brought out the fact that his wife's people in Australia were not very respectable, and a flash in his eyes showed that certain remembrances were not pleasing. All at once he flung back his hair, and standing up, said to me, "You are very kind, sir, and the truth is best. My wife's father is a ticket-of-leave man. She is very young, and does not know the shame."

I grasped his hand and, as he was leaving he said, "Do you know, sir, why Jean held out, — why Jean would not marry me? Her father is living; he is shut up for a crime, but they could not punish him, for he has not his wits. He is a criminal lunatic."

I could not speak for a moment; then I said, "Does Jean know? I mean, about your wife ——"

An angry look gleamed in his eyes, and he said, "She told Jean when she was angry the other day. She is very young," he said, in a tone of defence, and went out.

So this was the story — the higher nature felt the disgrace, and gave up her happiness and sacrificed herself, and then had to stand by and see that the sacrifice had been in vain; and I thought of her murmured words, "A day will come when we will know the reason of all." Poor Jean!

It was nearly dusk when the faithful old servant came into my little sitting-room. "Though yon man had the sense to leave you in peace," she began, "here's an urgent message for you. Mrs. Grant's dying, and would fain see you; and such a night!" she said, looking out at the never-ceasing rain.

Wrapping myself well up, I hurried off, contrasting the wet and dreary walk with my first walk there. Nothing could be more miserable than this one — in places almost ankle-deep in boggy mud, the heavy rain blotted out the hills, and the wind sent it in slaps against my face, and countermanded the use of an umbrella. Kenneth met me close to the burn, with the intelligence that the poor old woman had slept away peacefully; and we were talking together, looking at the torrent of water pouring down, when we saw the bank underneath the little plank bridge below the house suddenly give way. The plank remained treacherously in its place, supported by a sod of earth only a few inches thick. "This is terrible," said Kenneth, as he started off and ran up towards it. He was still on his way (it all passed in a very few minutes) when the door of the cottage opened, and his wife, a girlish-looking creature, with lint-white hair, ran down, and stepped on to the plank, just as her husband reached it. He was too late to save her; and, with a shrill scream I never shall forget, she fell, with the plank, into the foaming stream.

I can give no clear or connected account of that dreadful night. I remember seeing Jean, with a resolute face, wade in from below and reach her; and the memory still haunts me of the two figures struggling in the water, and Kenneth's face as he tried to breast the torrent and go to their assistance. I hurried for help, and help came. I saw Kenneth carrying one figure home, and others tended one

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lying on the bank, and in the still, white, upturned face, I recognized Jean.

Though I was shivering from head to foot, partly with excitement and partly with cold, I did not leave till I saw that her eyes unclosed and knew that Jean lived.

I paid the penalty of having been so long exposed to the damp, and was in bed for several weeks with rheumatic fever. When I recovered, I heard that Jean was with a neighbor, and that she and Kenneth had been almost daily to ask for me.

. . . .

Two summers came and went, and once more I was in that lovely Highland place. The cottage at Burnside was deserted, and the primroses and foxgloves realized the poet's idea, —

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

But some miles away there is a comfortable farmhouse, where flowers also bloom and linen lies bleaching in the sun. It is essentially a home of peace; and kindness is spread round, and is made to reach many far beyond its boundaries. Here Kenneth and his dark-eyed wife live, their happiness tempered by remembrance; and her welcome is as kind, and her smile far sweeter and brighter, than it used to be in the days when I knew her as "only Jean."

From Fraser's Magazine.

SPENSER'S IRISH RIVERS.

BY P. W. JOYCE, LL.D.

In the year 1580, when Edmund Spenser was in the twenty-seventh year of his age, he came to Ireland as secretary to Baron Grey of Wilton, the newly-appointed lord deputy. On the recall of the lord deputy in 1582, Spenser returned with him to England, and soon after he received a grant of three thousand acres of land in the county of Cork, a portion of the confiscated estates of the Earl of Desmond. He proceeded again to Ireland in 1586, to live on his estate, and selected for his residence the castle of Kilcolman, one of Desmond's strongholds, whose ruins are still to be seen two miles from the village of Buttevant.

It was about the time of his first visit to Ireland that Spenser began his "Faerie Queene;" and several books of the poem were composed during his residence at Kilcolman. That he studied the topography and social history of his adopted country, and to some extent inquired into its language and literature, is sufficiently proved by his essay, "A View of the State of Ireland;" while his poetry equally shows that his imagination had become deeply impressed with the quiet beauty of its scenery, and with its quaint and graceful local legends. Its sparkling rivers seem to have been his special delight; he recurs to them again and again with a pleasure as fresh and bright as the streams themselves, and they form the basis of some of his most beautiful similes and allegories.

There are in his poems three passages of special interest, in which Irish rivers are prominently mentioned. The first is the "marriage of the Thames and Medway," in the eleventh canto of the fourth book of "The Faerie Queene;" the second occurs in the first of "Two Cantos of Mutabilitie;" and the third in "Colin Clouts come home againe."

The spousals of the Thames and Medway took place in the house of Proteus; and the poet relates that all the sea and river gods were invited to the bridal feast. First came the continental rivers of the whole world, famous either for size or for historical associations; next the English rivers; and lastly those of Ireland. The following is the passage in which the Irish rivers are recounted: —

Ne thence the Irishe Rivers absent were;
Sith no lesse famous then the rest they bee,
And ioyne in neighborhood of kingdome nere,
Why should they not likewise in love agree,
And ioy likewise this solemne day to see?
They saw it all, and present were in place;
Though I them all, according their degree,
Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,
Nor read the salvage countries thorough which they pace.

There was the Liffy rolling downe the lea;
The sandy Slane; the stony Aubrian;
The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea;
The pleasant Boyne; the fishy fruitfull Ban;
Swift Awniduff which of the English man
Is cal'de Blacke-water; and the Liffar deep;
Sad Trowis, that once his people overran;
Strong Allo tombling from Slewlogher steep;
And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to weep.

And there the three renowmed Brethren were,
Which that great gyant Blomius begot
Of that faire nimph Rheüsa wandering there:
One day, as she to shunne the season whot
Under Slewbloome in shady grove was got,

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This gyant found her and by force deflowr'd,
Whereof conceiving, she in time forth brought
These three faire sons, which being thenceforth powrd,
In three great rivers ran, and many countries scowrd.

The first the gentle Shure that, making way
By sweet Clonmell, adornes rich Waterford;
The next, the stubborne Newre whose waters gray
By faire Kilkenny and Rosseponte boord;
The third, the goodly Barow which doth hoord
Great heaps of salmons in his deepe bosóme;
All which, long sundred, doe at last accord
To ioyne in one, ere to the sea they come;
So flowing all from one, all one at last become.

There also was the wide embayed Mayre;
The pleasant Bandon crowned with many a wood;
The spreading Lee that, like an island fayre,
Encloseth Corke with his divided flood;
And balefull Oure, late staind with English blood:
With many more whose names no tongue can tell.
All which that day in order seemly good
Did on the Thames attend, and waited well
To doe their dueful service, as to them befell.*

Of several of the rivers in this enumeration it is unnecessary to speak at any length, for there could be no mistake about their identification, and they are too well known to need description. Only it ought to be remarked how agreeably the poet relieves the dryness of a mere catalogue by his happy selection of short descriptive epithets, which exhibit such a variety that no two of them are alike, and describe the several streams with great force and truthfulness.

As regards several of these rivers, editors and others who have considered the subject have been in uncertainty or error from Spenser's day to our own; and there are a few which none of the editors of Spenser's works have attempted to identify.

The manner in which the Liffey is characterized — "rolling downe the lea" — is extremely just and natural; for this river, after bursting from the high lands of Wicklow through the haunted gorge of Pollaphuca, flows for more than half its course through the levellest lea land in all Ireland, the plains of Kildare, where its banks are a continued succession of verdant meadows and smiling pasture-lands. This was the old plain of Moy-Lifè, celebrated in ancient Irish writings, whose name is now remembered only in connection with the river — the Aven-Liffey, or Anna-Liffey, as it used to be called in times not very long past, that is, the river (*aven*) of the plain of Lifè.

In "the sandy Slane," the poet touches off the most obvious feature of the river Slaney. Geologists tell us that the bed of the river was once a fiord, when the sea was higher than it is now — long before the Milesian Celt contended with Anglo-Norman, Dane, or magic-skilled Dedannan; and during this primeval period the tide deposited at the bottom of the long valley great beds of sand and gravel, through which, when the sea retired to its present level, the stream cut its channel. The river is characteristically sandy in its whole length; from Stratford-on-Slaney to Wexford town there is scarce a rock sufficient to raise a ripple; its fords are all along formed of sand and gravel, and it flows into the sea below Wexford through a wide waste of sand.

Passing by for the present "the stony Aubrian" — farther on I shall have a word to say about it — we may just glance at the Shannon, the Boyne, and the Bann. Spenser's way of designating the first —

The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea —

pictures this great river very vividly to the mind of the reader; for during its passage from Quilca Mountain in Cavan to Limerick city it expands into three great lakes, or inland seas, as they may be called, besides several smaller ones; and below Limerick it opens out into a noble estuary fifty miles long, and so broad that the shores often become lost on the horizon.

The banks of "the pleasant Boyne," from its source in Trinity Well, at the ruined Castle of Carbery in Kildare, to Maiden Tower below Drogheda, presents a succession of lovely, quiet, pastoral landscapes, not surpassed by any other river in Ireland.

He is equally correct in "the fishy fruitfull Ban," for this river has always been noted for the abundance and excellence of its trout and salmon. Toome, where it issues from Lough Neagh, and Portna, near the village of Kilrea, are to this day the delight of trout-anglers; and the great salmon fishery at the old waterfall of Eas-Creeva at Coleraine is one of the most productive anywhere to be found.

I shall defer for the present the consideration of two important rivers, the Awniduff and the Allo, and take up both together a little farther on.

"The Liffar deep" is the Foyle at

* Faerie Queene, b. iv., c. xi.

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Lifford in Donegal. It is often called Liffar or Liffer by early Anglo-Irish writers, as by Gough and Camden, and by Spenser himself in his "View of the State of Ireland:" — "Another (garrison) would I put at Castle-Liffer or thereabouts, so as they should have all the passages upon the river to Logh Foyle" (p. 158, ed. 1809). The town of Lifford took its name from the river, a circumstance very usual in Ireland; for in this manner Dublin, Limerick, Galway, Sligo, and many other towns received their names. It may be remarked that this old Anglo-Irish name Liffer represents very correctly the pronunciation of the native name *Leithbhearr;* and that the insertion of the *d* at the end belongs to a class of verbal corruptions very common in anglicised Irish names.*

"Sad Trowis that once his people overran" is the short river Drowes flowing from Lough Melvin, between the counties of Donegal and Leitrim, into Donegal Bay, which was commonly called Trowis in Spenser's time. This stream is very often mentioned in old Irish records; for, from the earliest period of history and legend to the present day, it has continued to be the boundary line between the two provinces of Ulster and Connaught; and it is no doubt its historical and legendary notoriety that procured for it a place in Spenser's catalogue, for otherwise it is an unimportant stream.

In the words "that once his people overran," the poet alludes to an ancient legend accounting for the origin of Lough Melvin, that at a very remote period the river overflowed the land, and turned the valley into a lake. This legend is recorded by several of our old writers, and among others by the Four Masters, who relate that a certain king of Ireland named Melga, who reigned many centuries before the Christian era, was slain in battle; that when his soldiers were digging his grave the waters burst forth from it and overwhelmed both the land and the people; and that the lake formed by this fatal inundation was called by the name of Lough Melga, in memory of the king.†

Legends like this are told in connection with most of the large lakes of Ireland, and some of them have held their ground for a very long time indeed; they are mixed up with the earliest traditions of the country, and not a few of them are current among the peasantry to this day. Giraldus Cambrensis, writing in the twelfth century, records a legend of this kind regarding Lough Neagh; and this story is also found in some of the oldest of the native Irish writings, from which indeed Giraldus borrowed it, though he added a few characteristic touches of his own. He mentions, moreover, what the people will tell you to this day, that the fishermen sometimes see the lofty and slender *ecclesiasticæ turres*, or round towers, ruins of the ancient submerged city, beneath its waters, a belief which Moore has embalmed in the well-known lines: —

On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining.

Before parting with this little stream, I wish to make an observation on the word "sad," by which it is designated in the present passage. The reader cannot help observing that the poet's fancy is ever ready to seize on any correspondence — whether real or imaginary — between the names and the characteristic features of the several streams in his catalogue; and this conceit he often embodies in some happy descriptive epithet. I shall have occasion to notice this peculiarity farther on. But, with respect to the name Trowis, it is clear that the poet thought it was an anglicised form of an Irish word of similar sound, which signifies sorrow or sadness;* and once his fancy had caught up this interpretation he connected the name with the event; so that, supposing him right in his conjecture, his "sad Trowis" in the present passage would be quite as appropriate as "false Bregog" in "Colin Clouts come home againe."

* Viz., the addition of *d* after words ending in *l*, *n*, and *r*. See this fully explained and illustrated in the author's "Origin and History of Irish Names of Places," First Series, chap. iii.

† The old Irish form of the name is *Loch-Meilghe*, which has been corrupted to Lough Melvin by the English-speaking people. Lough Melvin lies four miles south of Ballyshannon in Donegal.

* *Truaghas* (pronounced troois), sadness, wretchedness, from *truagh* (troo), sad. The poet's fancy is not correct, for the ancient name of the river is not *Truaghas*, but *Drobhaois* (pronounced Drowish), a very different word. Spenser was accustomed to get Irish words and phrases translated for him by those of his Irish acquaintances who could speak English. There is abundant evidence of this in various parts of his "View of the State of Ireland," in which he gives the equivalent of many Irish terms; and in one place he expressly says: "I have caused divers of them (Irish compositions) to be translated unto me, that I might understand them, and surely they savored of sweet wit and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornaments of poetry; yet were they sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their naturall device, which gave good grace, and comlinesse unto them" (p. 124, ed. 1809). It must have been some of his Irish friends that attempted to explain Trowis for the poet, by identifying it with *truaghas*, sadness; for the peasantry, even to this day, as I know well, are very fond of this kind of speculative etymology.

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As for "Mulla mine whose waves I whilom taught to weep," it is enough for the present to point out that it is the little river, properly called the Awbeg, flowing near Spenser's own residence of Kilcolman, and falling into the Blackwater; but I shall have more to say of it in connection with others of Spenser's rivers.

I will now consider the two rivers, "swift Awniduff which of the English man is cal'de Blacke-water," and "strong Allo tombling from Slewlogher steep." The former has been set down as the Munster Blackwater, whereas it is really the northern Blackwater, flowing between the counties of Armagh and Derry, and falling into the south-west corner of Lough Neagh; and the latter has been taken to mean the little stream now called the Allo, or Allow, flowing into the Blackwater near Kanturk, in the county of Cork, though Spenser really intended it for the great Blackwater itself. Dr. Smith, a very careful writer, who published his "History of Cork" about the year 1750, was the first, so far as I know, to discuss these rivers mentioned by Spenser; and he identifies "strong Allo" with the present river Allo, and the Awniduff with the Munster Blackwater. He is followed by Crofton Croker in his "Researches in the South of Ireland." In Todd's edition of Spenser the error is repeated; but Todd received his information from Joseph Cooper Walker, author of the "History of Irish Bards," who merely copied Smith without adding anything of his own. And all other writers who have written on the subject, from Smith's time to the present, have followed him in his error, with the single exception of the Rev. C. B. Gibson, who at page 300, vol. i., of his "History of Cork," places the Blackwater correctly, though without giving any proof of the correctness of his identification.

The Munster Blackwater was never called by the name of Awniduff or Avonduff (black river). Its Irish name is Avonmore (great river), as we find it in all native authorities, ancient and modern; and this is the name in universal use in the spoken Irish language of the present day. The modern English name Blackwater, therefore, is not a translation, but a new name given by English-speaking people; and it is an appropriate one, for the river is very dark in the early part of its course, partly from the peat bogs of Slieve Lougher, and partly on account of the Duhallow coal district, through which it flows.

But it will be of consequence to remark that the English name in general use in Spenser's time was Broadwater, which is a sufficiently correct translation of Avonmore. For example, Gerard Boate, who wrote his "Natural History of Ireland" in the beginning of the last century, has: "The two chief rivers of Munster are Sure and Broadwater, the city of Waterford being situated on the first . . . the other passeth by Lismore, and falleth into the sea by Youghal."* It is also called Broadwater in Norden's map of Ireland, compiled about 1610; and in a charter of James I. the two English names are used — "the river Blackwater, called otherwise Broadwater."

The poet tells us that "strong Allo" flows from Slewlogher, or Slieve Lougher, a wild moorland district lying east of Castle Island in Kerry, which was very much celebrated in ancient Irish writings. This circumstance alone is sufficient to prove that he is speaking of the Blackwater under the name of Allo; for the Blackwater flows directly from Slieve Lougher, rising about five miles above King Williamstown, and running first southward and then eastward towards Mallow. On the other hand the little river now known by the name of Allo is not more than seventeen miles in its whole length; and, to say nothing of the inappropriateness of the term "strong" for such an insignificant stream, it does not flow from or near Slieve Lougher, but on the contrary it is in every part of its course more than twelve miles distant from the nearest part of that mountain.

Dr. Smith was so puzzled at Spenser's "strong Allo tombling from Slewlogher steep" that he was forced to conclude that the poet confounded the rivers Allo and Blackwater. It would be strange indeed if Spenser, who knew so well, and designated with such precision, the features of the other chief streams of Ireland, should confound two rivers in the immediate neighborhood of his own residence; one of them, moreover, being a mere rivulet, and the other a stream of the first magnitude.

Spenser did not, however, as he has done elsewhere, borrow or invent this name for the river; for it will appear that the Blackwater, or at least a part of it, was at one time known by the name of Allo; and Dr. John O'Donovan came to this conclusion on testimony altogether independent of Spenser; for he does not appear to have been aware of Spenser's designation, or indeed to have considered the subject of Spenser's rivers at all.

* Page 37, ed. 1726.

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What led O'Donovan to this opinion was his examination of the name of Mallow, now a well-known town on the Blackwater, which is called in Irish Moy-Allo — that is, the plain or field of the (river) Allo. Now this place could not possibly have got its name from the present river Allo, for it is situated at a point which is fully eleven miles below the junction of this river with the Blackwater. Accordingly O'Donovan writes: "From this name (Moy-Allo or Mallow) it is evident that the name Allo was anciently applied to that part of the Blackwater lying between Kanturk, where the modern Allo ends, and the town of Mallow." * Had this passage of Spenser come under his observation, he would no doubt have quoted it in further proof of his opinion. Whether the name Allo was anciently applied to that part only of the Blackwater lying between Kanturk and Mallow, or to a longer portion, or to the whole, I have met with no evidence to show.

But, to put the matter beyond all dispute, we shall bring up Spenser himself as a witness to tell us what he means. In "Colin Clouts come home againe," he relates how old Father Mole † did not wish his daughter (the river) Mulla to wed (the river) Bregog; but,

> Meaning her much better to preferre,
> Did think to match her with the neighbor flood
> Which Allo hight, Broadwater called farre;

by which the poet means that the river which was locally known by the name Allo was that called Broadwater by people living at a distance; which decides without any manner of doubt that by "strong Allo" he meant the Broadwater or Blackwater.

If any one should inquire how it came to pass that the little river Allo, and the Blackwater into which it falls, were called by the same name, I will observe that a river sometimes gives its name to a tributary, the principal river losing the name, which then becomes perpetuated in the minor stream. For instance, the river Foyle, flowing by the city of Derry, was in old times called the Mourne, a name which is now applied to one of its branches, viz., that flowing by Lifford; while the present name Foyle was borrowed from Lough Foyle, the arm of the sea into which the river flows.

There is another example near Dublin, which has hitherto escaped notice. The Dodder is a small mountain river flowing through the valley of Glenasmole south of Dublin, and falling into the Liffey at Ringsend. Its usual Irish name was *Dothar*,* which is pronounced Dŏher; for the *t* is aspirated, as Irish grammarians say, the aspiration being indicated by the letter *h*; and an aspirated *t* (*i.e.* *th*) sounds in Irish like *h* alone, so that, if the name had been correctly anglicised according to pronunciation, the river would now be called Doher. But in the neighborhood of Dublin the people had a curious fashion, when anglicising Irish names, of restoring the primitive sounds of aspirated letters,† and in this manner the river came to be called Dodder instead of Doher. Yet, for all that, the old name is still preserved; but it is now applied to a small stream coming down from the adjacent hills, which, after turning a number of mills in a pretty valley, joins the Dodder at Rathfarnham, and is well known by the name of Doher or Owen-Doher. Other instances of this sort of transfer might be cited if it were necessary, and I might point to some examples among English rivers also.

After what has been said it will not be necessary to dwell farther on the Awniduff, for the reader will only have to attend to the order in which the rivers are named to be convinced that the Awniduff is intended for the Ulster Blackwater. Beginning at the Liffey, the poet proceeds south and west till he reaches the Shannon; starting next from the Boyne, he goes north and west, naming the rivers in the exact order of position, — Boyne, Ban, Awniduff (or Blackwater), Liffar (or Foyle), and Trowis, — curiously enough omitting the Erne: he then returns southwards, and finishes off the stanza with his own two rivers —

> Strong Allo tombling from Slewlogher steep,
> And Mulla mine whose waves I whilom taught
> to weep.

"The three renowmed Brethren" are the Suir, the Nore, and the Barrow, which the poet describes with more detail in stanza xliii. It is curious that he personifies them as three *brethren*, and calls them farther on "three faire sons;"

* Annals of the Four Masters, vol. vi., p. 2080.
† See p. 33, farther on.

* The most ancient form of the name was *Dothra*; but in later Irish, and among the people, the river was always called *Dothar*.
† So *bōthar* (pronounced boher), a road, came to be called *botter*, *booter*, or *batter*, as in Stonybatter, in Dublin (stony road); and in Booterstown, near Kingstown, *i.e.* road-town. See the author's "Origin and History of Irish Names of Places," 4th edition, p. 42, *et seq.*

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whereas by other early English writers, as by Cambrensis, Camden, etc., they are called "the Three Sisters."

The poet makes them all rise in the Slieve Bloom Mountains, which is not correct. The Barrow flows from Slieve Bloom, but the Nore and the Suir take their rise among the Devil's Bit range, south-west of Roscrea, their sources being within two miles of each other, and about twenty-four miles south-west from the source of the Barrow. This error was committed by Giraldus Cambrensis long before him, and is very excusable, for the Devil's Bit Mountains may be considered as a continuation southward of the Slieve Bloom range, and were very probably so considered by both Giraldus and Spenser.

The three rivers, after being "long sundred, do at last accord to ioyne in one," in the long valley extending from New Ross to Waterford harbor, which was in old times called *Cumar-na-dtri-nuisce* (pronounced Cummer-na-dree-nis-ka), the valley of the three waters.

The Barrow is, as he truly states, one of the great salmon rivers of Ireland. The Nore *boords* or flows "by faire Kilkenny and Rosseponte," this last place being New Ross in Wexford, which is situated not exactly on the Nore, but at a point nearly two miles below the junction of the Nore with the Barrow. This town was of much more account in old times than it is now; and to distinguish it from Old Ross, four miles east of it, and from Ross Ibercan or Rosbercon, at the Kilkenny side of the river, it was called Rosseponte, or Ross of the Bridge, from a wooden bridge across the Barrow, which in those times was considered a very remarkable structure. All this will be made plain by the following words from Richard Stanyhurst:

> This towne was no more famoused for these wals, than for a notable woodden bridge that stretched from the towne unto the other side of the water. Diverse of the poales, logs, and stakes, with which the bridge was underpropt, sticke to this day in the water. . . . This Rosse is called Rosse Nova, or Rosse Ponti, by reason of their bridge.*

Spenser makes these three rivers the offspring of the great giant Blomius and the nymph Rheüsa; the former being the impersonation of Slieve Bloom, and the latter of the rain falling on the mountains; for Rheüsa means "flowing water," being nothing more than *rheousa*, the feminine participle of the Greek verb *rheo*, to flow.

* Description of Ireland, chap. iii.

In Ireland the historical or legendary personages connected with hills or other features are often magnified through the mists of centuries into giants or supernatural beings; and in this manner it has come to pass that a great many of the hills in every part of the country have special guardian fairies. Most of these were the chiefs of the half-mythical magic-skilled Dedannans; but several were the deified heroes or heroines of the Milesian and other early Irish races, and they lived in splendid palaces, in the interior of green mounds, great cairns, or isolated rocks, which often crown the tops of hills.

Legends of this kind are found in the most ancient Irish literary remains; they are mentioned or alluded to in manuscripts written more than a thousand years ago, and they are still current among the peasantry. Several of these presiding spirits are as celebrated now as they were when the oldest manuscripts were written, and popular stories about them are as prevalent as ever; among whom may be mentioned Finvarra of Knockma, near Tuam in Galway; Donn of Knockfierna, near Croom in Limerick; Macananty of Scrabo Hill, near Newtownards; and the two banshees of Munster, Cleena of Carrig-Cleena, near Mallow in Cork, and Eevil of Craglea, near Killaloe in Clare.

The old legend assigned Slieve Bloom to a Milesian chief named *Bladh* (pronounced Blaw), who reigned there as the guardian genius. *Bladh*, we are told, was slain during the Milesian invasion, in a skirmish with the Dedannans near these mountains, which ever after retained his name; for the Irish name of the range, as we find it written in the oldest manuscripts, is *Slieve Bladhma*, the mountain of *Bladh* (*Bladh* making *Bladhma* in the genitive). As *Bladhma* is pronounced Blawma or Bloma, the present name Slieve Bloom is not a great departure from the original pronunciation; and Spenser retained both the sound of the name and the spirit of the popular legend, when he designated the deified Milesian chief as "that great giant Blomius."

"The wide embayed Mayre" is the Kenmare river and bay in the south-west of Kerry, which were often called Maire by English writers of that period; as, for example, by Norden, who writes in his map "Flu. Maire," and by Boate, who describes it in his "Natural History of Ireland" as "a huge bay called Maire." The name was applied to the bay by English writers only; and they borrowed it

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from Kenmare by a kind of reverse process, as if "Kenmare" meant the *ken* or head of the estuary of Maire, exactly as Spenser himself formed Mulla from Kilnamulla (see page 33). The river flowing by Kenmare into the bay is the Roughty; and the original name of the extreme head of the bay, on which the town stands, was *Ceann-Mara*, which was in the first instance applied to the highest point to which the tide ascended in the river, and which signifies "head of the sea." *

"The pleasant Bandon crowned with many a wood," flows altogether through the county of Cork, by the towns of Dunmanway and Bandon, into the sea at Kinsale. It has not quite lost the character given of it by the poet; for though the magnificent woods that clothed all that country in Spenser's time have disappeared, yet, along nearly the whole course of the river, there are numerous castles, mansions, and villas, all surrounded with pleasant plantations, which crown the banks on either side.

In "the spreading Lee," the poet alludes to the great expansion of the river Lee below Cork, which forms the noble harbor in which Queenstown is situated. At Cork the river divides into two branches a little above the city, near the Mardyke, which join again near the modern City Park at the east, forming an oval-shaped island, two miles long. In Spenser's time the city was confined chiefly to the island; but in later years it has extended across the river at both sides far beyond the original boundaries.

"Baleful Oure late staind with English blood" is the Avonbeg in the county Wicklow, which flows through Glenmalure, and joins the Avonmore at "the Meeting of the Waters." As this river has never before been identified, and as it is an excellent example of how the poet himself, even when he is using fictitious names, generally supplies, in his short descriptions, the means of discovering the exact places he is writing about, it will be worth while to unfold, one by one, the steps that have led to its identification.

The words "late staind with English blood" must refer to a battle of some consequence in which the English were defeated and suffered loss, and which was still fresh in recollection when this passage was written. Looking back from the year 1590, which, we may assume, was the year, or very near it, when the Fourth Booke of "The Faerie Queene" was written, we find two battles, and only two, in which the English were defeated, that might then be called "late." The first was fought in 1579 at a place called Gortnatubrid, in the south of the county Limerick, where three hundred English soldiers and three officers were killed. Another was fought at Glenmalure in 1580 — the very year of Lord Grey's arrival — which was far more serious in its consequences. It will not be necessary to examine the details of the first; for the second is the only action that answers Spenser's words, and it answers them in every particular. The lord deputy Grey, marching in that year against the Wicklow clans, pitched his camp on one of the hills over Glenmalure. On August 25 a strong force prepared for action, and advanced incautiously into the recesses of this glen, while the lord deputy remained in his camp. They were allowed to proceed without interruption till they reached a narrow part of the defile, when they were suddenly attacked by the Irish on the banks of the little stream — the Avonbeg — and after a short and sharp struggle they were routed in great disorder, leaving behind them dead eight hundred men, including four English officers, Sir Peter Carew, and Colonels Moor, Cosby, and Audley.

So far the river bears out the description, "late staind with English blood;" and it is important to remark that this defeat was all the more disastrous in Spenser's eyes, and he would be the more likely to retain a vivid memory of it, as it was his own master, Lord Grey, that was concerned in it.

Let us now consider the name "baleful Oure." I have elsewhere observed that the poet often bestows fictitious names, generally borrowed from some neighboring features, of which several examples are given in the course of this paper: Arlo Hill, from the Glen of Arlo; Mulla from Kilnamulla; and from this again Mole, Molanna, and Armulla. So here also: "Oure," is merely the last syllable of Glenmalure, or Glenmalour, as he himself calls it in his "View of the State of Ireland."

And as to the word "baleful," the origin of this is very clear. Spenser generally endeavored to find meanings in his names, being always ready to imagine one when the appearance of the word was in his favor; and he often bestows an epithet that reflects this real or fancied signification. Here are some examples — all names of rivers — taken from canto xi. of the Fourth Booke: —

* *Ceann*, a head; *muir*, genitive *mara*, the sea, corresponding with Latin *mare*.

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Wylibourne with passage slye
That of his wylinesse his name doth take.

Mole that like a nousling mole doth make
His way still under ground till Thames he overtake.

Bounteous Trent, that in himself enseames
Both thirty (Fr. *trente*, thirty) sorts of fish and thirty sundry streames.

And there came Stoure with terrible aspéct.

(False) Bregog hight (see pp. 29, 33),
So hight because of this deceitful traine.

So also "sad Trowis" (*supra*), "Tygris fierce," and several others. He does the same in the case before us, using "baleful" as if it were an equivalent for *mal;* for the river "Mal-oure" was baleful, not only in the disastrous memory connected with it, but even in its very name.* The reader will observe that here the same sort of fancy passed through the poet's mind as in the case of Mulla (p. 33 *infra*); in other words, he thought, or assumed, that the name of the river was Oure or Maloure, and that it gave name to Glenmalure.

The Glenmalure River or Avonbeg comes also in its natural place in the catalogue; for starting from the Maire, and proceeding along the coast, east and north, the very next important river, not already named, after the Maire, the Bandon, and the Lee, is the one in question, the Avonbeg or Ovoca.

Although I have made a very diligent search in every available direction, I have failed to discover the river Spenser meant by "the stony Aubrian," the only one in his whole catalogue that remains unidentified. The first syllable is probably the common Irish word *abh* (pronounced *aw* or *ow*), signifying river, as we find it in Awbeg, Ownageeragh, Finnow, and many other river names. From the place it occupies in the catalogue, joined with three well-known large rivers — the order in the text being Liffey, Slaney, Aubrian, Shannon — it may be inferred that it is somewhere in south Munster, and that it is itself a considerable river. But, after eliminating from the inquiry all the Munster rivers named here by the poet, I cannot find that any one of those remaining will answer both name and description. The Feale in Kerry, flowing by Abbeyfeale into the Shannon, is a large river, and stony enough in its bed; but I have never heard that it has been called by any name like Aubrian. "The stony Aubrian" is a mystery, and, so far as I am concerned, will, I fear, remain so.

In the first of "Two Cantos of Mutabilitie" the poet relates, in a fine strain of poetry, how the goddess of Titanesse, Mutabilitie, laid claim to universal sovereignty; that when Jove gave judgment against her, she appealed to the highest authority of all — "Father of gods by equal right, to weet, the God of nature;" and that Jove, very much against his will, agreed to the appeal, bidding "Dan Phœbus, scribe, her appellation seale."

Eftsoones the time and place appointed were,
Where all, both heavenly powers and earthly wights,
Before great Natures presence should appeare
For triall of their titles and best rights:
That was, to weet, upon the highest hights
Of Arlo-hill (who knows not Arlo-hill?)
That is the highest head, in all mens sights,
Of my old father MOLE, whom shepheards quill
Renowmed hath with hymnes fit for a rurall skill.

If there be any reader "who knows not Arlo-hill," the scene of this solemn trial, the following examination will enable him to find it out.

In the neighborhood of Buttevant and Charleville, in the county of Cork, begins a range of mountains, which runs in a direction nearly eastwards till it terminates near the village of Caher in Tipperary, a distance of about thirty miles. The middle part is low, and interrupted by high plains, but the extremities rise boldly in two well-defined mountain groups; the western portion being called the Ballahoura Mountains, and the eastern the Galties. This eastern portion is also the highest, abounding in peaks, precipices, and gorges; and one particular summit, Galtymore, the most elevated of the whole range, attains a height of 5,015 feet. This last peak rises immediately over the vale of Aherlow, or Arlo, as it was commonly called by Anglo-Irish writers of Spenser's time, including Spenser himself; a fine valley, eight or ten miles long, walled in by the dark, steep slopes of the Galties on the south-east side, with Galtymore towering over all, and by the long ridge of Slievenamuck on the north-west. The whole range, from Buttevant to Cahir, is what Spenser calls "Mole," or "old

* The poet is, of course, not correct, and very likely he knew it. But the syllable "mal" was very tempting under the circumstances, for as an ordinary Latin-English prefix it was then, as it is now, well understood to mean something evil or baleful. The true original form of the name Glenmalure is *Gleann-Maoilughra*, which means the glen of the tribe called Mailura.

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father Mole," as will appear very plainly a little farther on.

The mountain mass that culminates in Galtymore is Arlo-hill, on which the meeting of the gods was held; but the name Arlo was applied to the hill only by Spenser himself, who borrowed it from the adjacent valley, and who, after his usual fashion, selected it on account of its musical sound. That Arlo-hill is Galtymore, and no other, is shown by several expressions scattered through this part of the poem. Arlo, we are told, overlooks the plain through which the river Suir flows:

> [Diana] quite forsooke
> All those faire forrests about Arlo hid;
> And all that mountaine, which doth overlooke
> The richest champain that may else be rid;
> And the faire Shure, in which are thousand salmons bred;

which indicates that it is among the Galties. For, standing on the summit of these mountains, you have the magnificent plain of Tipperary at your feet, a part of the "Golden Vale," truly designated by the poet as "the richest champain that may else be rid;" while, on the other hand, this plain cannot be seen at all from the western part of the range. The name Arlo connects it with the vale of Aherlow; and that it is the same as Galtymore is placed beyond all doubt by the statement that Arlo-hill

> is the highest head, in all mens sights,
> Of my old father Mole.

Spenser tells us, at the beginning of "Colin Clouts come home againe," that he lived at the foot of Mole: —

> One day (quoth he) I sat (as was my trade)
> Under the foote of Mole, that mountain hore,
> Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade
> Of the greene alders by the Mullaes shore.

This, we know, was where Kilcolman Castle ruins now stand, under the Ballahoura hills, at the western extremity of the range; and as Arlo-hill in the Galties "is the highest head, in all mens sights, of my old father Mole," it is quite plain that by "old father Mole" the poet meant the whole range, including the Galties and the Ballahouras.

Moreover, he tells us in the same poem, —

> Mole hight that mountain gray
> That walls the north side of Armulla dale;

from which it appears that he gave the name of Armulla to that wide valley through which the Blackwater flows, walled on the north by Father Mole, and on the south by the Boggera hills, and by the Nagles Mountains near Fermoy. But these names, Mole, Mulla, Armulla, are all fictitious; and I shall presently have a word to say about their origin.

Before describing the meeting of the gods and the trial of the claims of the Titanesse, the poet introduces a pretty episode about Arlo-hill. He relates that

> Whylome when Ireland florished in fame
> Of wealth and goodnesse, far above the rest
> Of all that beare the British Islands name,
> The gods then us'd, for pleasure and for rest,
> Oft to resort thereto, when seem'd them best:
> But none of all therein more pleasure found
> Then Cynthia, that is soveraine Queene profest
> Of woods and forrest, which therein abound,
> Sprinkled with wholsom waters more then most on ground.
>
> But mongst them all, as fittest for her game,
> . . . .
> She chose this Arlo; where shee did resort
> With all her nymphes enranged on a rowe,
> . . . .
> Amongst the which there was a nymph that hight
> Molanna; daughter of old Father Mole,
> And sister unto Mulla faire and bright;
> Unto whose bed false Bregog whylome stole,
> That Shepheard Colin dearely did condole,
> And made her lucklesse loves well knowne to be;*
> But this Molanna, were she not so shole [shallow],
> Were no lesse faire and beautifull then shee:
> Yet as she is, a fairer flood may no man see.
>
> For first she springs out of two marble rocks,
> On which a grove of oakes high mounted growes,
> That as a girlond seemes to deck the locks
> Of some faire bride, brought forth with pompous showes
> Out of her bowre, that many flowers strowes:
> So through the flowry dales she tumbling downe
> Through many woods and shady coverts flowes,
> That on each side her silver channell crowne,
> Till to the plaine she come, whose valleyes she doth drowne.
>
> In her sweet streames Diana used oft,
> After her sweatie chace and toilsome play,
> To bathe herselfe; and after, on the soft

* The story of the loves of the Bregog and Mulla, alluded to here, will be found at pp. 33, 34 farther on.

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And downy grasse her dainty limbes to lay
In covert shade, where none behold her may.*

The poet goes on to tell how the foolish wood-god Faunus had long wished to catch a sight of the goddess, but found no way to compass his design, till at last he persuaded the nymph Molanna, by tempting her with bribes, "to tell what time he might her lady see."

Thereto hee promist, if she would him pleasure
With this small boone to quit her with a better;
To weet, that whereas shee had out of measure
Long lov'd the Fanchin, who by nought did set her,
That he would undertake for this to get her
To be his love, and of him liked well.†

Faunus succeeded, by the help of the nymph, but was caught in the very act by the goddess and her attendants; and on being closely questioned as to who had led him there, he confessed in his fright that it was Molanna. Whereupon they punished him by dressing him in the skin of a deer and chasing him with their hounds; but he managed to escape them all.

So they him follow'd till they weary were;
When, back returning to Molann' againe,
They, by commaund'ment of Diana, there
Her whelm'd with stones: yet Faunus for her paine,
Of her beloved Fanchin did obtaine,
That her he would receive unto his bed.
So now her waves passe through a pleasant plaine,
Till with the Fanchin she herselfe do wed,
And, both combin'd, themselves in one faire river spred.

Nath'lesse Diana, full of indignation,
Thenceforth abandoned her delicious brooke;
In whose sweet streame, before that bad occasion,
So much delight to bathe her limbes she tooke:
Ne onely her, but also quite forsooke
All those faire forrests about Arlo hid;
And all that mountaine, which doth overlooke
The richest champain that may else be rid;
And the faire Shure, in which are thousand salmons bred.

The Fanchin, or, as it is now called, the Funsheon, is a small river, rising in the Galty Mountains, and flowing by Mitchelstown and Glanworth into the Blackwater, two miles below Fermoy, after a course of about thirty miles.

But no one has yet pointed out the stream that Spenser designated by the name Molanna. Smith, indeed, in his "History of Cork," attempts to do so; but this careful writer must have been misled in the present instance by some incorrect old map, or by some other erroneous evidence; for in his description of the source of the Funsheon, and in his identification of the Molanna, he is quite wrong, as I shall, I think, be able to show very plainly. After the time of Smith, the editors of Spenser, and other writers who interested themselves in this matter, followed his authority without question or examination.

Smith states that the Funsheon "rises in the county of Tipperary, in a bog, a mile south of the mountains called the Galties. Not far from its source it receives a brook called the Brackbawn, which divides the county of Limerick from Tipperary, and rises in the Galty Mountains."* And in a note at the foot of the same page he states that the Brackbawn is Spenser's Molanna.

To any one who has not examined the place all this appears satisfactory, and to fall in exactly with Spenser's description. But a walk of three or four miles along the river will at once dispel the illusion. The river that Smith describes as meeting the Brackbawn from a bog in Tipperary, and which he says is the Funsheon, has no existence at all. The Brackbawn, for the whole of its short course of four miles, forms the boundary line between the counties of Tipperary and Limerick; and it so happens that there is no stream joining it from the Tipperary side. On that side, the fall of ground lies the other way, and all the rivulets flow eastward towards the basin of the Suir. The Brackbawn is, in fact, the source or head-water of the Funsheon: it is the main stream — the Funsheon itself — though it is called the Brackbawn (and sometimes the Attycraan) for the first four miles of its course, and the Funsheon from that down. I have said that the Brackbawn is the main stream: I should have said, rather, that it is the only stream; for from the point high up in the mountains where the Brackbawn is formed by the junction of two streams, down to where it begins to be called the Funsheon, it receives no tributary at all, either from the Tipperary or from the Limerick side.

* C. vi.
† C. vi.

* Hist. of Cork, ii. 266.

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As the Brackbawn is the Funsheon, it cannot be the Molanna, as Smith and his followers assert; for the context of the poem shows clearly that the Molanna and the Funsheon are two different streams, and that the former is a tributary of the latter.

It is evident that Spenser was well acquainted with all this neighborhood. It forms part of "Armulla Dale," the valley he himself lived in; it is only about sixteen miles from Kilcolman — within view, in fact, of the castle windows; and he describes the rivers with such exactness and detail, and his descriptions are so correct, that it is impossible to avoid believing that he explored the place himself, and wrote from personal knowledge.

Although I knew this locality many years ago very intimately, I visited it from Dublin on a pleasant day of last June, to examine the rivers and to judge for myself. I walked along the streams up into the heart of the Galty Mountains; and any one who performs the same pleasant pilgrimage, with the poet's description in his mind, and who looks about him with ordinary attention, will identify the Molanna without the least difficulty. There is, in fact, no choice. The whole context of the poem indicates that the Molanna flows from the slopes of Arlo-hill. There are only two streams of any consequence flowing into the Funsheon valley from the Galties. One of these is the Funsheon itself, or the Brackbawn, which, as I have already observed, forms for some distance the boundary between Limerick and Tipperary. Its source is high up among the mountains, about a quarter of a mile east of the summit of Galtymore; and it flows from several springs along the glen, one on the boundary line of the counties, others on the Limerick side, but none, as far as I could see, on the east or Tipperary side.

The other stream is the Behanna,* which rises in "Arlo-hill," a little to the west of the summit of Galtymore, and, after a course of about four miles, joins the Funsheon at the hamlet of Kilbeheny. This is the Molanna. We have, as I have said, no choice in the matter; there is no stream but the Behanna flowing from the Galties into the Funsheon, except mere tiny brooklets that could not claim a moment's consideration; and in every respect it answers the poet's description of the Molanna. It is formed by the junction of two streams far up in the mountains, each flowing through a deep glen, with a high hill (Knocknadarriff, or the hill of the bulls) jutting out boldly between them. The eastern branch is named Carrigeen (little rock), from a rock extending along the side of the glen through which it flows, which is also often called Doocarrig, or black rock. The other or western branch is called Coolatinny (the recess of the fox), or more commonly the Pigeon Rock stream. Rising over the side of this western glen is a great precipice called Carrignagloor, or the rock of the pigeons, which gives the name of Pigeon Rock to the stream.

Each stream has its own rock towering up on the side of its glen; and this is obviously what the poet had in his mind when he described the Molanna as "springing from two marble rocks." The "grove of oakes high mounted" over the double source is gone indeed; but so are the dense woods that once clothed the Galties — "all those faire forrests about Arlo hid" — for which these mountains were noted in times not very remote. When you look from a point on the Behanna, a little below the junction of the two streams, upwards into the two rocky glens winding into the heart of the mountains, you can hardly help believing that in Spenser's time the grove of oaks that so struck his fancy crowned the summit of Knocknadarriff, which rises abrupt and bare between the two streams to a height of two thousand feet straight before you.

The "many woods and shady coverts," that crowned the silver channel of the Molanna three hundred years ago, are also gone; but down to a very recent period a wood extended along both sides of the river for about a mile below the junction of the two tributary streams. This was called Coolattin wood, and was a modern plantation; but it was doubtless the successor of a forest of ancient growth. Coolattin wood was cut down seven or eight years ago, but abundant vestiges of it still remain — roots and stumps of trees, and an occasional undergrowth of oak, ash, hazel, and birch.

After tumbling down from its mountain channel, the Behanna emerges sharply on the plain, through which it winds gently for the last mile of its course, among level meadows and cornfields, till it joins the Funsheon near the bridge of Kilbeheny; thus corresponding exactly with the words of the poet: —

* It is now called Beheena by the natives; but a generation ago it was called Behanna, and this is the name perpetuated on the Ordnance maps.

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So now her waves passe through a pleasant plaine
Till with the Fanchin she herselfe do wed,
And, both combin'd, themselves in one faire river spred.

The stream is very steep in the first part of its course; and the winter torrents have, in the course of ages, rolled down vast quantities of large stones and gravel, and deposited them in the level part of its bed. The people, indeed, often come specially to the river during heavy floods to listen to the great noise made by the stones as they are rolled down by the torrent, tearing, crashing, and grinding against each other. The poet has figured this feature of the river bed, under a thin veil, in the passage where he tells us that the nymphs, at the command of Diana, overwhelmed Molanna with stones. So that here, as elsewhere, his accurate delineation of local features helps us to identify the stream; and when we have succeeded in this, our knowledge of the place heightens our appreciation of his beautiful allegory. He is no less truthful when he writes: —

But this Molanna, were she not so shole [shallow],
Were no lesse faire and beautifull then shee [*i.e.*, than the Mulla]:
Yet as she is, a fairer flood may no man see.

For the Behanna never becomes deep and slow in its movement like the Mulla, but flows brightly and quickly along, winding and dashing among the stones that everywhere strew its bed, and showing, all along, the clear gravel at the bottom. And as to beauty, I question whether the poet was not prejudiced in favor of his own beloved Mulla, when he pronounced it superior to Molanna; for even though "so shole," the Molanna is a very lovely stream.

In the early part of its course, the river forms many crystal pools, each under a little rocky cascade; and it was in these that

Diana used oft,
After her sweatie chace and toilsome play,
To bathe herselfe.

When I was walking along the stream, on a sultry evening in June, I could not help thinking how delicious it would be to imitate the goddess.

As "Molanna" is a fictitious name, it may naturally be asked what was the cir cumstance that suggested it to the poet's mind; for the reader will have observed that all Spenser's fictitious names were adopted from some local features; and the origin of this name appears quite clear. The poet tells us that Molanna was "sister unto Mulla faire and bright;" for both were daughters of "old father Mole," and, according to the poet's fancy, took their names from him. But the latter part of the name Molanna, I think it very obvious, was suggested to Spenser partly by the native name Beh*anna*, and partly also perhaps by the fact that on the eastern bank of the stream there is a small lake giving name to a townland, called to this day Lough-an-*anna*.

I am persuaded that the idea of making Arlo-hill the scene of these gatherings of the gods was suggested to Spenser by the native legends. For in times of old, in the shadowy days of Irish romance, this hill was very famous; it was the resort of fairies and enchanters, of gods and goddesses, though these last were not the same as those recorded by Spenser; and many stories of their strange doings are still preserved in our old manuscript books, especially in one called "The Book of Ballymote."

It was here, near the summit of the hill, that Cliach, the youthful harper of Connaught, sat for a whole year, pleading his love for the Princess Baina, the daughter of the Dedannan fairy king, Bove Derg. But although he played on two harps at the same time, he was not able by the spells of his fairy music to open the gates of the palace, for the magical power of the king was an overmatch for him; neither did he succeed in winning the love of the princess, whose heart remained hardened against him to the last. So that the earth, at length taking pity on his sorrows, opened up under his feet and received him into her bosom. And the hollow was immediately filled up by a lake, which remains to this day near the top of the hill. The legend* adds that "Crotta Cliach," the old name of the Galty Mountains, was derived from this love tragedy; for "Crotta Cliach" signifies, according to this account, the *crotta* or harps of Cliach, in allusion to the two *cruits* or harps on which he played.

It was here, too, that another fairy princess, the beautiful Keraber, and her train of sevenscore and ten damsels, who were bright-colored birds one year, and had their own shapes the next — here it was, on this very lake, that they spent their time, swimming about year

* Which, as well as the next, is found in "The Book of Ballymote."

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after year while they were birds, linked togther in couples with chains of silver.

It is highly probable that Spenser was acquainted with these and other legends about Arlo-hill — why should he not know them as well as he knew the legend of Lough Melvin at the other side of Ireland? — they were then quite common among the peasantry, as indeed some of them are at the present day; and we may very well suppose that he took from them the hint of the meeting of the gods, and of his beautiful episode of Diana and her nymphs.

The story of the loves of the two rivers, Bregog and Mulla, is related in "Colin Clouts come home againe;" and the poet introduces this little pastoral narrative with a particular account of his own melodious Mulla: —

Old father Mole (Mole hight that mountain gray
That walls the north side of Armulla dale),
He had a daughter fresh as floure of May,
Which gave that name unto that pleasant vale;
Mulla, the daughter of old Mole, so hight
The nimph which of that water course has charge,
That, springing out of Mole, doth run downe right
To Buttevant, where, spreading forth at large,
It giveth name unto that auncient Cittie,
Which Kilnemullah cleped is of old.

The little river Mulla, which he elsewhere speaks of as "Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to weep," flows by Buttevant and Doneraile, passing through the district once held by Spenser, within a short distance of Kilcolman Castle, and after a gentle winding course of about twenty-five miles it joins the Blackwater halfway between Mallow and Fermoy. The name Mulla, which Spenser took such delight in, is not, and never was, the name of the river; but the poet used it, as elsewhere he used Arlo, in preference to the true name, on account of its musical sound. Its proper name is Awbeg, little river; and it was so called to distinguish it from the Avonmore (great river) or Blackwater.

The poet got the name Mulla much in the same way as he got "baleful Oure;"* he borrowed it from Kilnemullah, which, as he truly states, was the old name of Buttevant. The river grows very wide, "spreading forth at large," at Buttevant, forming a kind of elongated lake; and he assumed that its own proper name was Mulla, and that it gave name to Kilnemullah — "It giveth name unto that auncient Cittie"* — it was enough for him that it looked plausible; and having got the name Mulla, he used it ever after for the river, and loved it, and multiplied it in every direction. Its first production is in "old father Mole," the fanciful name of the range of hills already noticed, father of the nymph Mulla, who, following up, or rather reversing, the fiction, took her name from her grey old sire, as did also her sister nymph Molanna; and, lastly, the name Armulla had a like origin, for Mulla "gave that name unto that pleasant vale."

[Mulla] lov'd and was beloved full faine
Of her owne brother river, Bregog hight,
So hight because of this deceitfull traine
Which he with Mulla wrought to win delight.
But her old sire more carefull of her good,
And meaning her much better to preferre,
Did thinke to match her with the neighbor flood,
Which Allo hight, Broadwater [the Blackwater] called farre.

And, in fact, the day was fixed for the marriage; but Bregog was determined to have Mulla for himself, and the nymph secretly favored his advances. The old father, "sitting still on hie," kept a close watch on the lovers; but Bregog was too clever for him, and circumvented him in the end. For the rest we must let Colin Clout tell the story in his own delightful way.

Her father, sitting still on hie,
Did warily still watch which way she went,
And eke from far observ'd with iealous eie,
Which way his course the wanton Bregog bent;
Him to deceive, for all his watchfull ward,
The wily lover did devise this slight;
First into many parts his stream he shar'd
That, whilest the one was watcht, the other might
Passe unespide to meete her by the way;
And then, besides, those little streames so broken,
He under ground so closely did convay,
That of their passage doth appeare no token,
Till they into the Mullaes water slide.
So secretly did he his love enioy:
Yet not so secret, but it was descride,
And told her father by a shepheard's boy,
Who, wondrous wroth for that so foule despight,
In great revenge did roll down from his hill
Huge mighty stones, the which encomber might

* See p. 27.

* As if it were the *kill* or church of Mulla. But this is not correct, for the old name is *Cill-na-mullach, ecclesia tumulorum*, as O'Sullivan Bear translates it, "the church of the summits or hillocks." The present name Buttevant is believed to be derived from *Boutez-en-avant*, a French phrase, meaning "Push forward," the motto of the Barrymore family.

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His passage, and his water courses spill,
So of a River, which he was of old,
He none was made, but scattred all to nought;
And, lost emong those rocks into him rold,
Did lose his name: so deare his love he bought.

The little river Bregoge is still well known by the same name. It rises in two deep glens on Corrinmore Hill, one of the Ballahoura range, and, flowing near Kilcolman Castle, it joins the Awbeg or Mulla at the town of Doneraile, after a course of about five miles. This river is described by the poet, in his fanciful sketch, with great truthfulness. After leaving the hills it traverses the plain before its junction with the Awbeg; and for some distance after emerging from its mountain home its channel is often very wide, and filled with heaps of gravel and stones brought down by the floods, so that the stream, which is generally very small, and often nearly dry, is much scattered and interrupted; and we may assume that it was still more so in Spenser's time, before the bed was shut in by cultivation. These are the stones rolled down by old father Mole in his "great revenge."

In the lower part of its course, the river traverses a limestone plain, winding along a lovely little glen, among rich meadows interspersed with groves and shrubberies, and grey limestone rocks, sometimes rising high up on either bank, and sometimes just peeping out from amidst the foliage. Two or three times, from "Streamhill," where the two principal feeders meet, down to "Old Court"—a distance of about two miles—the river sinks out of sight, and flows underground for a considerable distance through the caverns of the limestone rock under its bed, leaving its channel completely dry. It presents this appearance always, except in wet weather or during a flood, when the underground caverns are not able to swallow all the water, and the stream then flows continuously. With this peculiarity Spenser was thoroughly well acquainted, as he describes it with great correctness:—

Those little streames so broken
He [Bregog] under ground so closely did convay,
That of their passage doth appeare no token,
Till they into the Mullaes water glide.

The poet called this little river by its true name, which is not very musical, instead of inventing or borrowing one, as he did in so many other cases; for it so happened that he was able to turn its signification to account—if, indeed, as is probable, the name did not suggest the treatment—in working out his pretty pastoral, "Bregog," meaning, as he rightly interprets it, a false one or a deceiver,—

So hight because of this deceitfull traine,
Which he with Mulla wrought to win delight.

It may not be amiss to say a word here regarding this name and its signification, though in doing so we shall have to descend from the airy world of fancy to the solid level ground of sober reality. *Brég* is an Irish word meaning a falsehood, and in various forms it is applied to rivers that are subject to sudden and dangerous floods, or which flow through deep quagmires; signifying, in this application, deceitful or treacherous. There is, for instance, a stream called Breagagh near the city of Kilkenny, and another near Thurles, in Tipperary. And Trawbreaga Bay, at Malin in the north of Donegal, is so called (Trawbreaga meaning the strand of falsehood or treachery) because the tide rises there so suddenly that it has often swept away people walking incautiously on the shore.

Spenser's Bregog is formed by the junction of four mountain rivulets all of about the same length, and meeting nearly at the same point, whence the united stream flows on to the Awbeg. These rivulets carry little water in dry weather, but whenever a heavy and continuous shower falls on the hills, four mountain floods rush down simultaneously, and meet together nearly at the same instant, swelling the little river in a few moments to a furious and dangerous torrent. All this is quite well understood in the neighborhood. An intelligent peasant living near the river told me that it was the most "roguish" river in the world; for when you least expected it, and when the stream looked perfectly quiet and gentle, the flood would rise in a quarter of an hour to a height of seven or eight feet, rushing down "all abreast," as he expressed it. I may add that the word "roguish" gives exactly the sense of the Irish name "Bregoge."

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ERICA.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRAU VON INGERSLEBEN.

XXXIV.

THE BALL.

THE day of the princess's great ball had arrived. Even in the forenoon numerous carriages bringing guests from a distance rolled up to the door, and there was a very large company at dinner. Neither the baroness nor her young guests appeared at table, as the old lady rigidly maintained the separation between the two households, and Elmar was the only one who went to dine with his sister. Katharina, who wore a magnificent dress, glittering with jewels, instantly whispered to him that Count Meerburg had not yet arrived, and she feared some accident had made him aware of Sidonie's presence.

"Don't be anxious, Kathinka," replied Elmar, "as Meerburg accepted your invitation, he will come in spite of Sidonie. He has only two miles to drive, so there is not the slightest reason to expect him to dinner."

Katharina scarcely heard the end of the sentence, she was already occupied with other things, and the constant restlessness, which seemed to have increased since her residence in Waldbad, induced her to rise from the table before the dessert had been touched. The young ladies, supported by the anticipation of the ball, endured the loss with composure, but the older people exchanged glances of astonishment at the strange haste of the hostess.

When the company dispersed to their own rooms to rest and prepare for the ball, Elmar went to his grandmother's to offer the young ladies large, beautiful bouquets, which, by his orders, the gardener had arranged with special taste. Sidonie thanked him for the gift, but received it with the quiet indifference with which we accept an expected, matter-of-course attention, but Erica's brown eyes sparkled with delight at the sight of her bouquet. It was the first ball she had ever attended, the first bouquet she had ever received, and she thought it the most beautiful she had ever seen. Elmar perhaps thought the same of the recipient, for his eyes rested steadily on her eager, animated face, and involuntarily followed all her elastic movements.

"How fortunate it is that we sometimes danced at Dorneck!" cried Erica joyously, "or I should not venture to undertake a quadrille to-night; we never had figures of that kind in the dances I used to share with the fishermen's children in Waldbad."

"Then I can venture to dance a quadrille with you?" asked Elmar gaily.

"You may boldly undertake the hazard, sir, of course always supposing I am willing to accept you for a partner."

"The ball is going to the child's head," said the old lady laughing; "I should advise you to take proper measures before she gets still more saucy, Elmar."

"I will follow grandmamma's advice, and ask what dance you will give me, Erica?"

"How indiscreet in you, Elmar, to offer me *carte blanche*, when you must dance the first set with the illustrious Countess Sidonie!"

"The illustrious countess resigns her rights in your favor," said Sidonie with a faint smile.

"Oh! the noble lady cannot be permitted to do that, and I am very much astonished, Sidonie, to find myself obliged to remind you of Aunt Vally's lessons."

The maid, who entered the room to inform the young girls that it was time to dress, interrupted the conversation. Erica gave her bouquet to the old lady to keep, and hurried away, while Sidonie lingered a moment, and turning to the baroness, said sadly,—

"I envy Erica her unfeigned delight in the anticipation of an entertainment which seems to me a burden. I really believe, grandmamma, I am only fit to be abbess of Herdrungen."

Little inclination as the old lady felt, at her advanced age, to take part in gay society, she could not wholly avoid this ball. When, accompanied by the two young girls, she entered the brilliantly lighted rooms, there was a universal movement among all present, who pressed forward to offer their greetings. Her tall, stately figure, in its heavy grey silk dress, still looked so queenly, spite of her simple attire, that Erica cast an almost timid glance at her. She had not supposed that the pleasant, cordial old grandmamma was at the same time such a perfect woman of the world, and as she now, with easy dignity, received the salutations of the guests, addressing a few friendly words to one, bowing formally to another, and then pausing to carry on a longer conversation, she seemed to Erica almost like a stranger.

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Although Sidonie had entered the ballroom so reluctantly, she soon appeared to feel in her element, and became eager and animated, while Erica, who had been radiant with delight in the anticipation of the entertainment, gradually experienced a slight sense of discomfort. The numberless strange faces bewildered and embarrassed her, and she secretly confessed that, after all, a ball was not quite so enchanting as she had supposed.

The conversation of the old ladies to whom the baroness introduced her was not particularly entertaining, and even the young men whose acquaintance she made, seemed by no means attractive. She found most pleasure in gazing at the spacious, magnificent rooms, with their gilded furniture and brilliant chandeliers. Although the princess was hostess here, everything really belonged to Elmar, and thus was doubly interesting to her.

Elmar was constantly in demand to-night, and thus obliged to be more conspicuous than usually suited his taste, especially as there were many slights and instances of want of tact on Katharina's part to conceal and repair. The princess, who wore a gleaming ball-dress embroidered with silver, and sparkling diamond ornaments, whispered to him that Meerburg's arrival had been announced, and he would now be forced to appear, out of fear of the gossip his absence would cause.

Elmar glanced anxiously at Sidonie, irresolute whether to prepare her for the meeting. She was standing a short distance away, directly under the huge bronze chandelier, which cast its brilliant glow directly upon her. The flood of light was reflected in a thousand hues from the diamond dewdrops on the white roses she wore in her lustrous black hair, and shone full upon the noble, regular features, which, suffused by a faint pink flush, and animated by conversation, looked surpassingly beautiful at this moment, and gave a dazzling brilliancy to the light blue silk dress, which fell in artistic folds around the slender figure. Elmar's eyes were involuntarily spell-bound several moments by the beautiful vision, and when he wished to approach and warn her of the impending meeting, he saw that it was already too late. Count Meerburg unexpectedly emerged from the crowd beside the old baroness, and the latter, pausing before the young girl, said, —

"My dear Sidonie, here is Count Egon Meerburg, who is very anxious to make your acquaintance."

Sidonie's bright face instantly darkened, a cold, distant expression came into her sparkling eyes, her cheeks lost their delicate color, and her lips curled haughtily. She turned towards the speaker with almost uncourteous hesitation, as if to delay her reply, and when she at last looked at the person presented to her, it seemed as if the sight of him possessed the power to transform her into stone.

A well-known figure stood before her, and a voice whose tones were only too familiar said: "You forget my whole name, aunt; I am called Egon *Werner* Meerburg."

"You must forgive an old lady, my dear Werner; I was probably thinking of your father."

A mist came before Sidonie's eyes; the walls and people whirled around her in dizzy circles, and she involuntarily grasped the back of a chair for support. A deathlike pallor overspread her face, dark circles were visible under her eyes, and for a moment it seemed as if the support would not save her from falling. Soon, however, she regained her composure; the drooping figure drew itself up proudly, the marble-like face turned towards the count with a grave, stern expression, and a glance of actual hatred flashed from the dark eyes, as she said, —

"You might have saved yourself the trouble of this introduction, grandmamma. I have already made Count Meerburg's acquaintance, though under a mask."

The old lady noticed Sidonie's strange and almost incomprehensible manner with grave anxiety. With considerate kindness, she had herself taken the young man to Sidonie as soon as he entered, in order to anticipate Katharina, and she now showed the same delicate tact in diverting attention from the young girl, by saying with a smile: "So you are old acquaintances; well, so much the better, I need not take the trouble to find you any subjects for conversation."

She then turned to the bystanders and quietly began to talk with them, thus partially isolating Sidonie and Werner from the rest of the company. The latter instantly took advantage of the opportunity to approach Sidonie, and say in a hasty, agitated whisper, —

"Will you permit me to explain my conduct, countess?"

Sidonie had retreated a step at his approach, and replied in a calm, cold tone, which contrasted strangely with his trembling voice. "Any conversation upon this subject would only be a fresh insult to me. I must, for the sake of my own self

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respect, suppose that Count Meerburg's singular disguise was adopted to arouse my anger, and cause an open breach, and in this respect, at least, our wishes harmonize."

"Sidonie!"

Once more as on a former occasion in the park at Dorneck, there was so much anguish, love, and entreaty in the mere utterance of the name, that the young girl trembled and involuntarily grasped the chair again. The stern, half scornful expression of her features softened, and her lips seemed about to utter words less harsh, when Katharina suddenly rustled up.

"So my eyes do not deceive me," she exclaimed, in her usual hasty manner. "The unknown relative and the secretary at Dorneck are one and the same person. Who would have believed it? Sidonie, you really might have saved yourself the numerous headaches caused by Count Meerburg's apparent neglect. But how did you happen to hit upon this somewhat singular incognito, Count Werner? It really was not particularly flattering to Sidonie, for you to suppose she could fall in love with a man so greatly below her in rank, a thing which, as you must acknowledge, would have been extremely indecorous."

Werner bit his lips fiercely in his wrath; his worst enemy could have wrought him no greater injury than the beautiful, smiling woman before him, who apparently uttered her words in mere mischievous merriment. Sidonie's features had already changed and assumed their former stony, Medusa-like expression, and the black eyes gazed at him with cold contempt.

"You too clearly reveal the utter want of tact such a plan would display, cousin," he replied, with as much composure as he could assume, "to suppose that I intended to attempt to win the countess's favor under that mask."

"Oh! I expect anything from the vanity of men, my dear count," laughed Katharina. "Besides, I unfortunately have positive proofs of my assertion, for Herr von Wehlen had noticed the affection existing between two persons so widely separated by rank, and begged me to interpose to save the family a scene. I, however, did not enter into his proposition, for I don't like to meddle with other people's affairs, and now have reason to congratulate myself upon my prudence, for the dreaded scandal is transformed into a match most ardently desired by all parties."

She rustled away again as quickly as she had come. She knew that she had dealt Sidonie's pride a mortal blow, and her restlessness, as well as some little fear of the manner in which Werner might receive her words, caused her hasty departure. The young man's heart was so full of hatred towards her that he could have murdered her in cold blood, the more so, as after her last words, there could be no doubt that it had been her intention to injure him in Sidonie's estimation. The latter stood perfectly motionless, her features were, if possible, a shade paler than before, and her eyes had a fixed, lustreless stare. When Werner approached, she again retreated a little; her eyes were no longer full of angry hate, but rested upon him with an expression of reproachful anguish, as she murmured in an undertone,—

"You see how deeply you have humiliated me." Then she turned away and hurried quickly through the crowd into one of the other rooms.

The music, which at this moment gave the signal for the beginning of a dance, caused a universal movement among the company. There was an instant separation between the younger and older portion of the guests, and while the former prepared for the dance, the latter tried to secure good seats. The mothers of the young ladies whirling over the floor preferred the ball-room, while the others talked together in groups in the adjoining apartments, or withdrew to the card-room. Dancing at this moment was a torture to both Werner and Sidonie, but lest they might attract attention, they patiently endured it.

When Sidonie took her place with Elmar, she exclaimed in an agitated tone: "Don't speak to me about that man's conduct; I will not endure it. Talk of indifferent matters, and help me to get through this torturing evening."

Elmar's only reply was a silent pressure of the hand, and he then made every exertion to entertain his partner, though he still continued to watch Erica, who, radiant with pleasure, stood a little distance from him.

She jested and laughed with her partner, and as she whirled swiftly through the dance, her light, graceful movements seemed to Elmar so precisely in accordance with the laws of beauty, that he secretly declared the children of the Waldbad fishermen to be the best dancing teachers in the world.

When the set was over he approached her, and was received with a half pout because he had not taken any notice of her before. She wore the chain and locket

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the princess had given her, and when she saw Elmar's eyes rest upon them, said eagerly, —

"Grandmamma particularly requested me to wear this unlucky chain to-night; I detest it, for I am sure it will bring me some misfortune."

"Still superstitious, Erica?" replied Elmar, smiling, but he could not help the slight shudder that ran through his frame at her words. "Look, there comes a friend from Dorneck," he continued, glancing at Werner; "do you recognize him?"

Erica frankly held out her hand, saying gaily, "I am very glad to see the unknown Count Meerburg transformed into Herr Werner, for, to tell the truth, new acquaintances make me feel a little shy."

Werner said a few polite words in reply, and then asked whether she had a dance for him.

"They are all engaged," said Erica, glancing over her card, "there is no way except to make a little mistake. Let us see whom we will choose for the victim;" and she again took the tablet, and carefully read the names.

"Really, Erica, you astonish me," exclaimed Elmar. "This young lady is at her first ball, and yet she talks about making a mistake with as much coolness as a trained belle. Who in Heaven's name can have told you of these wiles so soon? for mere instinct, even with women, does not go so far."

"Why, Olga told me. Olga makes mistakes at almost every ball; how else can one get rid of tiresome partners?"

"I bow reverently to the quickness with which young ladies receive a new idea," said Elmar, laughing. "I had been to at least ten balls, before I emancipated myself, even in a small degree, from the rule of the floor-managers, and ventured to ask the ladies I liked best. Did you fare any better, Werner?"

"I scarcely think so," replied the latter absently, while his eyes rested upon Sidonie, who was standing in the centre of a numerous group. The diamond circlet around her neck, and the jewels in her hair flashed in a thousand changeful hues, but the glittering rays seemed the only living thing about her, so cold and statuesque was her countenance.

Erica had just time to give Werner a dance, before she was claimed for the waltz that was now beginning. Elmar's eyes followed her retreating figure with the same interest that had just sparkled in his companion's, and turning to him whispered, —

"Don't she really look like a little fairy in her white, airy dress, that seems to float around her like a cloud, and the gay wreath of flowers in her hair?"

"She is certainly a charming girl," Werner acquiesced, although he did not bestow a single glance upon the lovely vision. "I have a favor to ask you, Elmar," he continued the next instant, in a very different tone. "Induce Sidonie, for the sake of silencing people's tongues, to dance at least once with me. She would rebuff me like an intrusive schoolboy, if I ventured to approach her with even this modest request, without your mediation."

"Unfortunately you over-value my influence this time, Werner; she has expressly forbidden me to speak of you. However, when this dance is over, we will try what out united diplomacy can accomplish."

The expression of Sidonie's features when she saw the two young men approach, indicated no great complaisance, and she at last turned so decidedly and almost rudely in the opposite direction, that an angry flush crimsoned Werner's face. But instead of relinquishing his intention, this uncourteous rebuff only induced him to persist in it, and he hastily went up to her and made his request.

She did not answer him, but turned to Elmar, saying reproachfully, "Your inattention to my request wounds me, Elmar."

"I have not transgressed your commands, my queen, for you did not forbid me to associate with Werner. True, I must now, for your own sake, support his petition, for consider that you will become the theme of universal gossip, if you show your aversion so openly before the world."

Her black eyes flashed for a moment, as if with surprise, but the next instant resumed their former expression, as she replied, "Unfortunately Count Meerburg has already given so much cause for gossip by his strange masquerade, that I am spared all necessity for any constraint on this occasion; a little more or less is of no consequence."

She had not vouchsafed Werner a word or glance, but addressed herself entirely to Elmar, and the flush which had already crimsoned the former's cheek, grew darker and more threatening. When she paused, he bowed formally, and said in the same manner: "Pardon me, countess, for having wished to impose upon you the constraint of a regard for others, which you are not accustomed to recognize. I have entreated, most earnestly entreated you to listen to my defence, that you might

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be able to form an impartial judgment of my conduct. As, however, you refuse me this favor, as well as every other, it would be unworthy of me to continue longer the *rôle* I have just played." He made another distant, formal bow, and turned away.

Her eyes followed him with an expression of perplexity, in which perhaps a little remorse mingled, then she turned to Elmar, and asked abruptly, "How did it happen that Katharina did not know him?"

"She was in Russia when he lived on his estates in our neighborhood. We then travelled with Ottomar over nearly the whole of Europe, and parted when Werner went to Algiers and Egypt."

"Why did he never come to Dorneck before?"

"You had not grown up then, and, to tell the truth, Sidonie, I don't think you made a very favorable impression on him as a child."

"Nor he on me," replied Sidonie, in the same abrupt manner, and with these words closed the conversation. Immediately after Elmar became the witness of a scene, which affected him even more unpleasantly than the one he had just experienced. In spite of the late hour, Katharina had permitted little Carlos to remain in the rooms, to be admired by the company. Surrounded and petted by all, he at first behaved very well, but soon grew sleepy and cross, and Katharina wanted to get him away. She therefore asked Erica to take the child to his room and put him to bed.

"I am sorry," replied Erica in surprise, "but I am engaged for every dance, and cannot disappoint my partners."

The princess's restless eyes darted an angry glance at the speaker. "I have always heard that duty takes the lead of pleasure," she said hastily.

"How fortunate it is then that this duty is not incumbent upon me, as I am very much heated, and could not go through the corridors now!"

Katharina's hands pulled the lace on her handkerchief so violently that the delicate fabric tore, and she answered, with scarcely bridled passion: "Fraülein, I desire you to obey my wish."

Erica gazed in alarm at the speaker, whose beautiful face was distorted by anger, but instantly regained her composure and answered quietly: "I am sorry I cannot gratify your wish; but I will find Carlos's nurse, I saw her in the next room just now."

"You will not go, Erica?" cried Katharina, with the same unbridled violence. "Carlos refuses to go with his nurse, and I hope your presumption will not extend so far as to expect me to take the boy myself."

An expression of mingled defiance and contempt hovered around Erica's lips, as she replied, "The boy is naughty because no one understands how to manage him. Come, Carlos, we will go and look for Blanche together," she continued, turning to the child, and without taking any farther notice of Katharina, went with the boy into the next room.

"You see now for yourself, Erica, that I was perfectly right in warning you not to become Katharina's companion," said Elmar, when he at last secured a dance with Erica.

Her lip curled with the same expression of mingled defiance and contempt, as she replied: "The princess would never succeed in making a Fräulein Molly of me."

"Ah! my obstinate little girl, how soon that defiance would be crushed and transformed into angry bitterness, or perhaps despondency, if you were exposed to entire dependence upon Katharina. With grandmamma's protection for a support, and my — let us call it friendship — as a safeguard, such storms can easily be resisted."

"You may be right," replied Erica laughing, "for I was on the point of rushing to grandmamma for protection. By the way, she intended to leave the ball early, and I am surprised to see her still here."

"She has only been waiting for the end of this dance, that I might not be deprived of the pleasure of having one waltz with you, for she is in the habit of being escorted by me."

In fact, as soon as the dance was over, the old lady took her grandson's arm and left the room. When they entered the corridor, she turned eagerly to him, saying: "Can you explain this strange affair of Sidonie's, Elmar? How could Werner be so wanting in tact as to assume such a disguise?"

"That is rather difficult to explain, grandmamma, but, at all events, he at first had no idea of seeking Sidonie's love as a stranger. He probably wanted to see her without constraint, and possibly to arouse her anger, in order to make her refuse him, for he used to speak of this compulsory marriage with a sort of horror. If, however, the motive of his course of action was to obtain this refusal, the point of the sword has been turned

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against himself, for he passionately loves Sidonie."

"But, if I understood Katharina correctly, he really tried to win Sidonie's love while occupying the position of Count Rodenwald's secretary."

"No other course was left him, as his game was lost under any circumstances. By the very efforts to inspire her with a love deep enough to conquer her pride, he has suffered total shipwreck."

"What madcaps young people are!" said the old lady, shaking her head. "When the path is made smooth for them they invent obstacles themselves. Now here are two people destined for one another from their very cradles, who, as you say, love each other passionately, and yet do nothing but make themselves trouble and sorrow. Besides, Elmar, I am not at all pleased with you for keeping this matter a secret from me."

"My own affairs are all known to you, grandmamma, but I must not reveal those of others. But to return to myself, let me ask you how my little heather-blossom pleased you to-night. You must confess she is charming."

"She reminded me of a bird or a butterfly as she floated over the ball-room floor. There can be no greater contrast than that afforded by the beautiful, cold statue, Sidonie, and Erica's graceful, pliant figure, with its quick, elastic movements; there is so little comparison between them, that they serve as a foil to each other."

"I confess that I have been tortured by jealousy this evening, not of possible admirers, but this unconstrained delight in the ball, her unfeigned enjoyment of dancing. It has made me doubtful again, for would Erica feel this pleasure so keenly, if her affection for me were as strong as I hoped?"

"You can thank Katharina, my dear Elmar, for preventing you from yielding entirely to the impulse of your love. It is always dangerous to place so young a girl in the important position of a wife, before she has enjoyed the amusements and pleasures which are, in a certain sense, the right of youth. If there is no other result, she will feel a slight regret at the thought of these lost joys, and often, under any circumstances, strive to obtain them, and thus neglect her duties. I think this one thing is the source of many unhappy marriages.'

"You frighten me, grandmamma. So I must often undergo the torture of such a ball, that Erica may be partially satisfied with dancing, before she becomes my wife."

"Certainly, my dear Elmar," said the old lady, smiling, "but, nevertheless, I acknowledge that I heartily wish I could put your little fairy in your arms at once, for I dread the scenes we must first encounter."

"In spite of your warning, grandmamma, no one desires it more ardently than I. If that confounded document were only found, I should be very indifferent to all the scenes Katharina might choose to make."

"Do you know that Erica has asked her friend, the young pastor, to help look for the document?"

"How did she see the pastor? Has he been bold enough to visit her here? Besides, I don't want any intimacy with the young man; he is disagreeable to me."

"Are you a little jealous of him, as well as the pleasures of the ball? I think there is equal danger of both. But you must not refuse his help, for he is said to have a passion for old papers, and his interest may succeed where your indifference fails."

"Perhaps so, I will reflect upon the matter. But I must leave you now, I cannot remain absent any longer."

"You are eager to return to the torture of the ball, as I see, Elmar; so good-night, and thanks for your escort."

When Elmar went back to the ball-room, he was surprised to find Werner talking gaily to the young ladies. "Are you trying what jealousy will do, Werner?" he whispered.

"I am trying to forget, Elmar. I have given up all other efforts."

Very soon after Elmar approached Sidonie, and began to talk to her. She answered in a weary, absent manner, and her eyes constantly wandered towards the spot where Werner was standing. "The ancient lever, which tangles and unfastens the gordian knot of life, always retains its power," thought Elmar, "and yet we blame poets for always returning to the old theme, as if human hearts changed like the fashions of former times."

The ball lasted until nearly dawn. Katharina considered the length of an entertainment the standard of the pleasure enjoyed, and would not have permitted the guests to depart earlier. Even Erica at last grew weary, and longed for the end. Werner had not approached Sidonie again, or paid the slightest attention to her; and when the young ladies now donned their wraps, and drew their hoods over their heads to protect themselves from the cold air of the corridors, he eagerly proffered his services to assist

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them, without noticing that she stood close beside him.

Sidonie wrapped her white cloak closely around her, and, without waiting for Elmar or Erica, walked slowly towards her room. The lamps in the corridors burned dimly, and many of the turnings were left almost in darkness. Perhaps this gloom induced the young girl to drop the mask she had worn with so much effort. The anguish that wrung her heart could scarcely be endured longer without some external relief, and, utterly exhausted, she leaned against the balustrade of one of the flights of stairs. The cold, calm features betrayed the most violent suffering, and a low moan escaped her lips. She stood a long time in this drooping, despairing attitude, for she had no occasion to fear any observer, as none of the guests occupied this portion of the castle. And yet, close beside her, there was a spectator whose steps had been inaudible on the soft carpet, and who remained as motionless as herself.

Werner, who, instead of occupying the rooms prepared for him, had accepted an invitation to share Elmar's, was obliged to take the same direction as Sidonie, and when he saw the drooping figure, which he instantly recognized by the white cloak and blue silk dress, paused and also stood still. For some time he hesitated whether to advance or retire, and at last determined to adopt the former course, as he thought her seriously ill. When, however, he saw the compressed lips and eyes dim with tears, he knew that no bodily suffering had caused this prostration, and hastily tried to withdraw. But it was too late, she had already seen him, and slowly drawing herself up to her full height, cast a cold, repellant glance through her tears. Perhaps at this moment she really felt an emotion of actual hatred towards the most dreaded witness of a weakness she would fain have concealed even from herself.

Werner probably suspected her feelings, but maintained his composure, and approaching her, said in the formal tone in which he had last spoken, —

"You are ill, countess, and must therefore except my arm to your room. The heat in the ball-room was actually suffocating, and even my strong nerves could scarcely endure it."

Sidonie made no reply, but drew back, as if to intimate her wish that he would retire. But as Werner still stood quietly in the same place, she forced herself to say curtly, —

"Thanks, I need no help."

"This is mere wilfulness, countess," was the somewhat unexpected reply, "and I must not submit to it."

He then unceremoniously drew her hand into his arm, adding, half bitterly, "Do not fear that I shall interpret this necessary concession in my favor, you have shown me your feelings too openly for that."

Sidonie longed to release her hand, but felt that, under the circumstances, this could only be accomplished by a very unseemly scene, and therefore, without uttering a single word, mechanically allowed Werner to lead her forward. Her companion seemed equally disinclined to have any further conversation, and they parted silently and coldly at the door of Sidonie's room.

Another couple, who came down the corridor a short time after, talked far more eagerly. Erica had given Elmar the bouquet and the various favors received in the German to carry, and was telling him all the little adventures of the evening like a merry child. Elmar saw, with great satisfaction, that this time he had really no occasion to be jealous of anything but the pleasures of the ball, and that the various young men she had met were only judged and valued according to their skill in dancing.

Neither did they part silently and coldly like the first couple, but remained standing at Erica's door for some time, that she might finish her story. When she gave Elmar her hand in farewell, and he was about to raise it to his lips, the white kid gloves seemed no fitting object for a kiss, and he therefore pressed his lips to the white arm above it. Erica blushed, instantly withdrew her hand, and disappeared so hurriedly that there was a certain uneasy haste in the leave-taking, which had not existed during the interview.

XXXV.

WERNER.

Only a small portion of the guests had driven home after the ball; by far the majority accepted the princess's hospitality for the night, and some even extended their visit some time longer. Werner also spent the following day at Altenborn, and after the two young men had taken a late breakfast, Elmar ordered horses to be saddled, that his guest and himself might take advantage of the beautiful autumn day to enjoy a ride.

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Erica was looking out of the baroness's winter garden, whose windows were opened to give the flowers fresh air, eagerly watching the horses led up and down before the castle by the grooms. Elmar's rooms were directly under his grandmother's, and as she knew that no one lodged in this wing except Werner, the horses must be intended for them.

"I believe Elmar is going out to ride with Count Meerburg," she said to Sidonie, who was sitting in one of the iron chairs in the conservatory, idly pulling to pieces a flower she held in her hand. "I think that horse is Salvator, which threw his groom a little while ago, a pleasant custom in which he often indulges. I mean, of course, Salvator, for the groom — oh, yes, Elmar and Werner. Elmar is so absorbed in patting and caressing his unruly Salvator, that he has not even time to look up."

Half unconsciously, Sidonie rose and slowly approached the window. The gentlemen had just swung themselves into their saddles, and were in the act of riding down the avenue, when Elmar looked up and spoke to Werner. Erica had eagerly leaned forward, and as she now saw herself caught by the latter, hastily drew back, while Sidonie, deeply as she undoubtedly regretted her act, was too proud to move, and therefore quietly stood still, and returned the gentlemen's bow with cold politeness. She even remained a long time at the window, and saw the riders again appear at a turn in the road, before they finally vanished.

"Have you arranged any plan about the course you intend to adopt towards Sidonie, Werner?" asked Elmar, who had told his groom to remain behind, that they might converse without fear of being overheard.

"I told you yesterday, Elmar, that I shall try to forget her."

"You cannot be serious; that would only be the last desperate resource, when everything else was exhausted."

"Everything *is* exhausted, Elmar. Do you suppose that, during the long time I have watched her, I have not sufficiently fathomed her character to know that there is no hope for me at present? I say at present, and leave the future an open question — it is the straw to which, like a drowning man, I cling."

"And what is to speak in your favor in future, that might not do so equally well now?"

Werner smiled. "Time alone can perhaps purify me from the obscurity of the secretary, which at this moment still rests too gloomily upon me. I ought really to say book-keeper, for secretary — since as we know there are very distinguished secretaries — has quite too aristocratic a sound. But the title of book-keeper, Count Rodenwald's book-keeper, has such a prosaic, plebeian twang, that it would transform even an Apollo into an ordinary mortal, and that was the very reason I chose it, and hired myself — I believe that is the proper word — to the count in that capacity."

"So you really wished to make an open breach? But how did you avoid the rocks of payment? You could not possibly accept a salary from the count."

"Say wages, my dear Elmar, it will describe the situation more appropriately. Besides, why should I not accept payment for the services rendered him? Fortunately, however, the count did not cause me any embarrassment on that score. I paid the wages of all his employees, and if I did not provide for myself, it was my own affair, to which the count never gave a thought. The first part of your question I cannot answer so explicitly, for though it was my earnest wish that Sidonie should refuse me, I was not quite clear in my own mind whether to endeavor to produce this result. At all events, under any circumstances, I first wished to make her acquaintance, and discover what guarantee her character afforded for my future happiness, before I allowed myself to be bound to her for life. We always show our real natures most freely to those who are our inferiors in rank, because we do not think it worth while to secure their good opinion, and therefore our servants know us most thoroughly, and — however our pride may rebel against it — are the real reporters of our characters. That they often draw false conclusions and make wrong estimates, arises from their limited powers of thought, not their opportunities of observation, and I should perhaps have been a footman or gamekeeper at Dorneck, if the cleaning the knives and forks, and the thought of the spots of oil I have always found in servants' rooms, had not deterred me.

"True, as book-keeper, I should have very little opportunity to see Sidonie myself, but I had all the better chance to make use of the servants' remarks for my own purpose, and out of the various shreds and patches could thus construct a perfect whole. Ottomar, however, whom I could not prevail upon to deny me, as Peter did his master, obtained for me an undesired

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position in the household, but as I could not assume the manner of an humble inferior, I at last let affairs take their course, and the more willingly, as I was thus oftener thrown into the society of Sidonie, whose beauty had allured at the first glance. I did not dream that my heart would so soon confirm the verdict of my eyes, and when I became aware of it, it was too late to draw back."

Werner paused, and the young men rode on side by side in silence for some time, ere he continued: "One afternoon at Dorneck one of those impromptu parties took place, which are so pleasant because no one anticipates any unusual enjoyment, such as is promised by an invitation, and therefore each seeks entertainment on his own account. Sidonie looked wonderfully beautiful that day, her airy, light summer dress seemed as if it had been woven by fairy fingers, transparent lace revealed her snowy arms and neck, and the dark red pomegranate blossoms she had placed in her hair and at her throat increased the charm of her appearance.

"I was forced to turn my eyes resolutely away, to exert the strongest control over myself, that I might not betray my feelings to all. It sometimes seemed as if her eyes also wandered towards me, and at last I fancied I perceived that the careless neglect shown by some of the guests to the insignificant secretary was painful to her sensitive feelings — I must here observe that I had speedily metamorphosed myself into the aristocratic secretary, nay, I would have gladly been transformed into an *attaché*, had this been possible. She has the true pride of race, which never humiliates an inferior, and she therefore coolly dismissed some of the young men, whose conversation probably wearied her, and turned towards me with a winning smile as I stood near.

"As I saw her for the first time so close beside me, admiration of her beauty so completely overpowered and intoxicated me that I could scarcely control my emotion. The music of her voice entered my ear and heart, but I was so bewildered that I could not understand the meaning of her words. As if to solve the enigma, I gazed into the dark eyes that rested so graciously upon me, but this only destroyed my composure still more, and ere I regained it, I had already betrayed myself. The passionate ardor with which I gazed into her deep, fathomless eyes was but too faithful an interpreter of my feelings, and as if the flame were contagious, it awoke a responsive glance, which made me gasp for breath.

"The moment of happiness was only too short, for the next instant an expression of terror, paralyzing horror, came into those eyes, a sudden flush crimsoned her neck and face to the very brow, and without addressing another word to me, she turned and walked quickly away. It is the first and has remained the last proof of love — if I may be permitted to use the word — I have ever received from Sidonie. From that hour her regard has shown itself only by avoidance.

"When I now reflect upon the past in cold blood, I am forced to confess that my stay at Dorneck, my — yes it must be said — my effort to win her love, so far as it was possible in my subordinate position, was very indecorous, extremely wanting in tact, nay, even insulting to her. On the evening which made me so happy, I had no room for any other thought than the ardent longing to see her again, the blissful certainty of being able to revel in the sight of her beauty on the morrow.

"This meeting, however, produced a complete change in our relations, which, spite of the pain it caused, had an indefinable charm, for her chilling reserve showed me how dangerously near I had approached. Sidonie has certainly never treated any one with more repellant hauteur than me; she rejected every advance on my part with a want of consideration which amounts to actual rudeness. I had been once more degraded in her eyes to the book-keeper, who is but one grade above a lackey, and she had spoken of Ottomar's friendship for me as a most incomprehensible and indecorous weakness. But when necessity compelled her to accept my aid in entering the carriage or boat, her hand trembled in mine, and she felt my gaze even through her drooping eyelids, for the treacherous blood revealed an emotion, which her marble-like features sternly denied.

"There was an inexpressible charm in watching this secret conflict, a charm so unspeakably sweet and intoxicating that I could not escape its spell, though I soon told myself that I might thus destroy the very happiness for which I longed. Besides, the easy argument that the sin, once committed, could never be atoned for, was perhaps not so far wrong, and moreover, the effort to increase this sternly repressed love to a degree which would compel its acknowledgment, seemed to me the only means of deliverance.

"Was there not a greatness, which I

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might well expect to find in Sidonie's character, in the thought of sacrificing all to the beloved object; of bartering all the advantages the world so highly values in exchange for love? Had not princesses descended from their thrones, and laid their crowns at their lovers' feet? And if the attempt to obtain such a sacrifice in this case, seemed like presumption, let it be said, in my defence, that I first made the attempt when I was madly in love myself, and saw in it my only hope of salvation.

"But there was an error in my calculations that I had not noticed, which, when I discovered it, filled me with horror at the thought of the sacrilege I was in the act of committing. I had based my hopes upon the expectation that love would conquer pride, and reject all worldly advantages, but I had overlooked the fact, that, with the consciousness of rank, the thought of the sacred duty this rank imposes is inculcated and fostered.

"The standard-bearer, who, bleeding from countless wounds, still defies all bullets, and uplifts his banner before the enemy, does not struggle more chivalrously than this girl battled against a love, to which she might not yield without being, as she believed, utterly dishonored. And I had cruelly renewed this conflict, added fresh wounds to the old ones; and when I discovered my crime, I felt as if I had rent the flag from that standard-bearer, who strives, even in his death-agony, to protect his country's banner, and, scornfully waving it before the eyes of the dying man, exulted in his defeat and my victory.

"Never shall I forget the look of unspeakable sorrow with which she gazed at me when I interrupted her solitude that afternoon. There was so much sorrowful accusation, such unspoken suffering, such mortal anguish in the glance, that I was petrified, horror-stricken at my crime, which seemed like the profanation of a sanctuary. From that moment, I knew that I could not conquer, and if Sidonie really threw herself into my arms, the arms of the base-born secretary, she would no longer be Sidonie, and I should have slain her better self. From this moment I knew that I had lost my game, whose stake had been the happiness of my life, lost it in every respect." Werner paused, and the two friends rode on in silence. At last Elmar said, —

"And you suppose that time may heal the breach which now seems so hopeless?"

"I hope so, Elmar, because it is the last anchor to which I can cling," said Werner sadly. He passed his hand over his eyes, and then continued: "Time, which leads to calm reflection, will enable Sidonie to perceive what portion of my conduct was premeditated, and what part the result of a perhaps weak submission to chance. Reflection will undoubtedly bring her to the same conviction which you have received from my story, and this must plead with her in my favor. Now her pride rebels not only against the insult offered to her, but also the opinion of the world, which would see, in her marriage with Count Meerburg, only the conclusion of her flirtation with her uncle's secretary. The interference of that beautiful fiend, Katharina, has deprived me of all hope of bridging the gulf. If, however, we are parted for years, I can perhaps begin my suit afresh. No one will then imagine that the secretary Werner won the heart of the aristocratic countess for Count Meerburg, and ——"

"You speak of years, Werner. Would it require so long an interval?"

"I fear it will be absolutely necessary, and I should like to take advantage of it to win laurels and lay them at Sidonie's feet, to show how greatly I honor her, whom I apparently wished to humiliate. But I should also strive for these laurels for my own sake, to give purpose to a life that now seems very cheerless and dreary. With us Germans, there is, unfortunately, little prospect of such an opportunity, and I shall rob myself even of the chance of Parliamentary honors, as I am inclined to reside upon my estates in Prussia. Since I have travelled through Europe and entered Asia and Africa, the narrow world of my home oppresses me, and I long, like a caged bird, for freedom."

"And so you will go to Prussia, which serves other kingdoms as a bugbear by which to frighten and quiet unruly children?"

"It is sad enough that a pretended bugbear must be put forward to conceal real weakness. As the invention of gunpowder destroyed the age of chivalry, so telegraphs and railways inexorably undermine the existence of small countries. Our eyes and brains enlarge with the rapid transit over great distances. We obtain another standard, not only for these distances, but other relations. As adults look with a pitying smile at objects which to children seem grand and magnificent, we gaze at the views of a past, where each man was bound to his own clod of earth, and considered the little world around him

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the whole universe. We can imagine the patriarchal existence of this little world very comfortable, but we no longer revere it, and therefore it does not appear desirable to us.

"*Pourquoi exister*, old Metternich is said to have answered a diplomat, who eagerly assured him that his native land could have no political existence without the help demanded. In fact, a country which does not understand how to defend itself has no right to exist, for it is destitute of the conditions which are the fundamental idea of every government. The safety of the individual under the care of the whole community, is the first requisite of every civil government, and if this was possible in the past by means of alliances, the condition of affairs has changed in the present, and in future will become impossible.

"The league between the various countries of Germany might have harmonized the past and present, and thus fulfilled one of the most beautiful and noble of missions. But, instead of forming a strong body, with a head to guide the different members, it became a sort of hydra, only unfortunately its numerous heads were too weak to intimidate foreign enemies, and just powerful enough to hold each other in check. If the emperor, instead of being elected, had, as was natural, inherited his power, these very dissimilarities between the different portions of Germany would have fostered the most perfect development, and what is now our weakness, would, with the head that ruled over all, have become our strength.

"The almost absurd incongruity which our league presents, has, in addition to its moral disadvantages, the political one of fostering the importance of the smaller countries, so that it will cost a violent struggle to break these chains. Young enthusiasts, moreover, talk of a German republic, as if we republicans in mind did not require a strict form of government to save us, in case of any too great temptation, from falling asunder in a shapeless mass."

"There are not only young, but old enthusiasts who cherish the same dreams."

"I know no old enthusiasts, Elmar. I call such people fools or blockheads. Your Prussian sedateness, unattractive as it is, still forms the necessary basis for the new State edifice, for it alone can bridle the exuberant German romance, which it would be suicidal madness to take for a foundation, while it uses it as an ornament, the decoration required by every building. Our haughty aristocracy look down with great contempt on the poor Prussian nobles, who lived in straw-roofed huts and wore home-made linen, while their ancestors ruled in their castle as sovereign lords. But they forget that, during the last century, these poor Prussian nobles have begun to write their names on the pages of history, while our South German aristocracy are consuming much of the capital their forefathers bequeathed.

"I myself look proudly back on a long line of noble ancestors, but I believe that a race, whose descendants for centuries add no new lustre to the old laurels gained by the forefathers, must descend from their high position. Even the halo of noble deeds may be destroyed by the rust of time, and fall from the brow of its owner. The descendants of Norwegian and Irish kings are said to be shepherds and peasants, and we feel no injustice on the part of fate, but recognize, with a faint shudder, the eternal law of nature.

"The vital energy which gives promise of a glorious future, pulses in the veins of the Prussian nobility alone. That strange blending of aristocracy and democracy, which reaches its climax in the army, shows, in spite of all temporary discord, a harmony which we must admire.

"We reproach Prussia for having a despotic king, but a country so democratic in its elements can endure despotism better than any other. Besides, the Prussian throne is occupied by the Hohenzollerns, who not only desire to be gracious rulers, but pride themselves on being also the first servants of the State. Our princes, like our nobles, cannot forget their longer line of ancestors, but they do forget that the eagle of the Hohenzollerns is soaring upward with a powerful flight, while their own races have passed the zenith of their renown, and are therefore moving downward.

"What a throng of heroic forms appear before us in the house of Hohenzollern within the last few centuries! and — rare good fortune — even the women of the family stand forth as meet consorts for these sovereigns. These lofty and noble dames twine around the long succession of the noble names of this race, like a gleaming necklace of pearls. They are authoresses, even philosophers, and yet remain true women, and, with rare exceptions, the royal families have the happiest home life. While, at nearly every court, the predominant feature is lavish expen-

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diture and thirst for pleasure, and the imitation of French fashions and frivolity rises to such a height that it becomes a repulsive caricature, the court of the Hohenzollerns is almost the only one at which a wise economy rules, and German customs and German virtue find an asylum."

"I rejoice to hear such opinions, Werner. This is the result of your travels, which have enlarged your views and removed your prejudices. As for the economy of our royal family, I read a striking proof of it a short time ago. A chronicle of the court of the elector of Brandenburg, states that on the evening before the wedding of one of the princesses, the dinner consisted of goose giblets and apple sauce, from which it may be concluded, with tolerable certainty, that a roast goose adorned the wedding feast."

"Consult the histories of other countries at the same period, Elmar, and they will tell you of hundreds, nay, thousands of roes, stags, calves, etc., which would have been served on such an occasion, and therefore we cannot deny these goose-giblets a certain historical importance."

"So you really intend to place yourself under the sceptre of the Hohenzollerns, my dear Werner. But did not the vicinity of Dorneck have some influence upon your resolution to reside upon your estates in that country?"

"You are mistaken, Elmar. I shall not see Sidonie again for a long time. I am entirely mistaken in her if she does not soon inform her guardian that she positively refuses to marry me. Yet, in spite of this, as I said before, I should not entirely resign all hope of winning her, if the existence of an unlucky document — which had far better have remained buried in eternal forgetfulness — does not, against my expectation, come to her knowledge. This would be the death-blow to all my hopes, for she would perceive that a marriage with me might secure her such great advantages that it would be impossible for her pride to permit her, under these circumstances, to say yes, where she had previously uttered such a positive no."

"So you hope for the disappearance of a paper, as I stake all my happiness on finding one. But our road is already leading us to the castle, and I see a crowd of Katharina's guests walking in the park. We must dine with her, it is only civil on your part, so I will tell grandmamma we will come back to tea."

"Certainly, Elmar, though I shall thus compel Sidonie to pass a constrained, or perhaps solitary evening; but the hope of speedy emancipation will enable her to endure it."

When the two young men dismounted, they vainly gazed up to the second-story windows; neither Sidonie nor Erica appeared, and only little Carlos, who was playing in the conservatory, nodded a greeting.

Werner had really feared that Sidonie would avoid spending the evening with him, by pleading indisposition, and was therefore pleasantly surprised when he found her sitting with Erica beside the fire. She cordially extended her hand to Elmar, while she answered Werner's greeting only by a slight bend of the head. The dim light cast by the shaded lamps prevented him from seeing her very distinctly, especially as she avoided the glow of the fire and drew back into the gloom.

The old lady was very cordial to her guests, and soon turned the conversation upon Werner's travels. He told his adventures readily and well, and thus the evening passed swiftly and pleasantly for all, even Sidonie, though she scarcely uttered a syllable, and the little party did not separate until the baroness had several times given the signal for retiring.

Werner, who was going away the next morning, took his leave when he said good-night. His farewell to Sidonie was only a slight bow, which she answered by another bend of the head, while he held out his hand to Erica. When the door closed behind his retreating figure, an involuntary sigh escaped Sidonie's lips; she thought she had seen him for the last time.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

"IL RE GALANTUOMO."

THE combination of mortal diseases by which King Victor Emanuel was struck down in the fifty-seventh year of his age, and twenty-seventh of his reign, found perhaps no man in his dominions more prepared for the event than himself. I do not mean, in making this statement, to refer merely to the fact that for a short time before his decease the king had not been in the enjoyment of his usual health. I allude rather to a much more singular occurrence, — that for at least the full term of a year he had been in the habit of broaching in his intercourse with those most nearly attached to his person, a topic which they certainly would never have dared to introduce, and of expressing his belief that the part which he was best

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qualified to perform in the great national drama, had been almost achieved; that it would perhaps be well if other actors appeared upon the stage, and that if it pleased Providence to remove him, his sole feeling would be that of gratitude for having been permitted to do so much. He held this language at a time when his robust frame and iron constitution seemed as able to defy or overcome the most serious attacks of illness as in his two previous illnesses, separated by intervals of about ten years, and no sinister indication of any kind gave warning to his family, his statesmen, and his people, of the evil which would so soon befall them.

What King Victor Emanuel himself felt and expressed will be not indeed the first or second thought of those whom the intelligence of his sudden death has shocked, and almost stunned. Their first thoughts will be those of deep sympathy with his children and his people, of apprehension as to the effects which his death may produce on the fortunes of the new European State which he chiefly contributed to found, of anxiety as to the fitness of his successor to continue in the same spirit his father's work, of doubt whether the complications of the papal and Eastern questions may not be increased by the substitution of a new personal element, with a character as yet unknown, for another with which European statesmanship has been long familiar. Such, I repeat, must be naturally and necessarily the first thoughts of all on learning the sad news. But to those whose inclination and duties have led them to devote a more special and unbroken attention to the story of King Victor Emanuel's career from the day when he received the crown from his father, Charles Albert, after the rout of Novara, to the day when he breathed his last on his little iron camp-bed in the ground-floor of the Quirinal Palace, to those who during that period of almost twenty-nine years have most closely studied his character, and followed his career, his reign presents itself as a marvellously harmonious and completed epic. And the key to the whole poem is to be found in the title which the instinctive discernment and love of his people so early gave him, "*Il Rè Galantuomo*," "King Honestman." Honesty of purpose: that was what Italy most wanted in the young sovereign who received from his father's hand a sceptre under circumstances which would have made the stoutest heart to quail. The little kingdom of Sardinia had been wont to look on the army as its backbone. At Novara it found itself betrayed by a general, and its different divisions more intent on firing upon each other than upon the enemy; Sardinians firing during the engagement upon Genoese, and then sacking the shops of Novara as a worthy pendant to the last feat, and the old troops of Savoy deliberately turning their backs on their comrades, and marching off the field. This frightful disorganization of an army was only the too faithful reflection of the discord and dissension between the various political parties in the State: Piedmontese cursing Lombards, and declaring that the royalists of Piedmont had been sacrificed to the republicans of Milan, the population of Genoa denouncing that of Turin, rising in open revolt, and only reduced to silence by the stern action of an armed force; the cannons of the Austrian conqueror frowning from the bastions of Alexandria, whilst in every town and village throughout the country reactionary priests, doing the work of Rome, were pointing the moral that all these national calamities were but the just penalty paid by a people for disobeying the Roman pontiff. Such was the kingdom of Sardinia in the first months of the new king's reign. He summoned a parliament to help him in his fearful task. The members of his first parliament only brought to, and reproduced in, the chambers of Turin, the political and moral anarchy of which the whole country was the scene. The king made a second appeal to his people, spoke to them in the famous proclamation of Moncalieri, in terms of reproach, of exhortation, of warning, such as has seldom fallen to the lot of a constitutional king to use: "I have done my duty; why have you not done yours?" To the honor of the Sardinian people, be it said, the strong, outspoken appeal went straight to, and sank deeply in, their hearts.

King Victor Emanuel's second parliament furnished him at length with the fitting instruments by which the work of constitutional government was to be carried on, and since the meeting of that second parliament, the like instruments have never yet been wanting, and the regular functions of constitutional government have not been even for a single day interrupted or delayed.

It would be impossible to overrate the services rendered by King Victor Emanuel during the long struggle for constitutional freedom and national independence, and when we now look back upon all that he was and did, it is difficult to repress the

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feeling that much even of what was deemed his personal eccentricity, contributed to the result. Forty years ago Vinet wrote some admirable papers to prove that marked individuality of character was the thing most wanted in the nineteenth century. Mr. John Stuart Mill has written a good deal to the same effect, and the readers of Lord Macaulay's "Life" will doubtless recollect the criticism to which these opinions of Mr. Mill gave rise.

If a strongly marked individuality, if a total absence of conventionalism, are things as greatly to be desired in domestic and social life as freedom, unity, and independence are in the life of states, it would be difficult to deny that the life of King Victor Emanuel must often have proved quite as suggestive to his subjects in its private as in its public phases. The two sides were in truth closely connected. He inherited from the example given, and the sacrifices made by, his father, the task of freeing his country from every foreign yoke. He equally derived, from the whole experience of his youth and early manhood, the conviction that by nothing in the performance of his task could he be so fettered and restrained as by the vast and strong network of court usages and court etiquette, with all the crouching and fawning creatures of sycophancy and espionage, its eavesdropping chamberlains, its wily, oily chaplains, its eternal contrast to plain dealing, and truth, and nature. The resolve to free Italy from the foreigner became with him an idea so absorbing and so engrossing, that it never let him go for a single moment; and not even the hold which philanthropy had on Howard's mind, was stronger than that which patriotism had on the mind of Charles Albert's son. In an almost equal degree, and for a kindred reason, the feeling of King Victor Emanuel towards an ordinary court life was not one of mere dislike or repugnance, it was that of detestation, of aborrence.

Superficial observers, ignorant of the king's true character, were quite unable to reconcile the contradictory facts that, whilst his usual mode of life might be termed almost rough and coarse, he perfectly understood and even rigidly exacted on state occasions the most minute forms of court ceremonial. There really was no contradiction whatever. The court ceremonial relates to the royal office, and ought therefore not only to be done, but to be done with care, and neither the high dignitaries of his own state, nor the ministers of foreign states accredited to his government, ought ever to be furnished with the slightest excuse for neglecting the signs which reflected more important realities. Every Italian knew that King Victor Emanuel infinitely preferred chamois hunting on the mountains of Piedmont, or wild boar hunting amidst the juniper thickets of San Rossore, to receptions of other royal personages, whom, in many cases, he had never seen before, and would perhaps never see again. But however great the attractions of the chase, they never prevented the king from abandoning at a moment's notice his favorite sport, and hurrying to his capital to do the honors of his kingdom if so required. Next to the chase his chief delight was in farming, and those who only saw him at La Mandria, might, if familiar with the traditions of English history, have imagined that they were beholding a counterpart of George III. at Windsor. The resemblance was somewhat treacherous, for our Farmer George, in the intervals of his agricultural pursuits, saw many fair provinces torn from his empire, whilst Farmer Victor's care for his flocks and herds did not divert him from the task of building a new empire up. The real fact was that whether in contact with or at a distance from his ministers, whether farming or hunting, his mind was always occupied with the same idea. It formed not the sole, but the chief, subject of his reading, and he rarely went to bed without reading an hour or more in the royal logbook, constructed according to his own direction, and for his own special use. He had in his cabinet two secretaries, whose sole duty was to read during the day all the more striking passages in the journals of Europe that bore on the acts of his government, or on the relations between Italy and Europe. If written in French or Italian, the scissors did the necessary work, and the extracts were pasted down. If in German, English, or any other European language, of which the king was ignorant, one of the secretaries, a Venetian polyglot, rendered the foreign notice or commentary into Italian for the sovereign's use. That formed King Victor Emanuel's nightly reading.

He exacted with unsparing rigor from his secretaries that, in the performance of their task, they should always give the preference to dissentient or hostile criticism. He possessed, according to the testimony of all the statesmen who had most intercourse with him, whether Cavour or Ricasoli, La Marmora or Minghetti, great natural talent, an extraordinary power of taking in the bearings of a polit-

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ical situation at a single glance, a shrewd estimate of character, and that peculiar development of memory in reference to all the persons he had ever seen or spoken to, which appears to be as inherent in royal personages as the power of a shepherd to distinguish the faces of his sheep. To these natural gifts he united, after the fashion just described, a continuous course of reading on the subject which after all it was most important for him to know. Foreign statesmen, when conversing with him for the first time, were often surprised at his knowledge of the views held by the politicians of other countries. When one knows how constant and familiar was his mental intercourse with the first publicists of the Continent, there was nothing surprising in the matter. And it may fairly be questioned whether, for the special task which he had set before him, this very peculiar discipline, these lonely readings under the Alpine tent, the Tuscan shooting-box, or the Roman villa, were not more useful and suggestive than the eternal recurrence of the same court conventionalisms from which he could scarcely have disentangled himself had he lived in the usual court fashion. His reading was not, however, confined to this daily chronicle of Italian and European politics; he delighted in books of voyages and travels, and sometimes at the close of a day's Alpine sport would get his huntsmen to sit on the grass around him, while he read aloud for their amusement something by which he had been more especially interested when reading the night before.

Even this slight insight into the private life and personal character of the king may suggest the conclusion that King Victor Emanuel's decided individuality was of a kind not inharmonious with his great patriotic task. The man — the honest man — took precedence of the king, and the title of *Rè Galantuomo* was but the national expression of that belief. As in the case of the founder of the Bourbon dynasty in France, his deep, broad, strong humanity was the foundation of Victor Emanuel's influence. In contrasting the character of Henry IV. with the last false and sanguinary rulers of the house of Valois, we think not so much of the valor in arms or the skill in diplomacy which the first Bourbon king displayed, as of the kindliness and geniality and generosity which endeared him to all classes of his subjects, and of the thousand traits of good humor by which, in the most common occurrences of life, the intercourse of the man with his fellow-men was marked. Doubtless the Bourbon was of a higher and a more varied intellectual type. No future Nodier or Ampère of Italian letters will ever point, in the columns of the *Pasquino* or the *Fischietto*, to such exquisite morsels of fun and satire as the editors of the "*Satire Menipée*" ascribed to the pen of the royal leader of the Huguenots. Yet Victor Emanuel will leave his own stamp, and it will remain as long as the name of Italy and the story of her struggles shall endure on that field of letters in which he most loved to toil. Each of his royal speeches, from 1849 to 1878, marks an epoch in the history of Italian regeneration, and in each of those speeches the most forcible and spirit-stirring passages, such as the famous "I am not insensible to the cry of pain which comes to me from all parts of Italy," are from the king's own pen.

How far Victor Emanuel merited the title of "King Honestman," by his bearing during the long national movement, may be best estimated by a rapid review of the successive influences employed to divert him from his straightforward path. "Get rid of the constitution," was the language addressed to him by Marshal Radetzki just after his accession to the throne; "all will then be well. You will find in Austria your warmest friend, and she will help you to the possession of Modena and Parma." And the simple answer was, "I cannot; I must keep my oath to my people." "Abolish the constitution," was urged in blind good faith by a large section of the old Piedmontese aristocracy, and the chief military men; and the counsel was echoed, in more affectionate and imploring tones, by an Austrian mother and an Austrian wife. He stood firm. Then came the Sicardi laws, placing priest and layman on the same level of civil equality; and the storm rose higher and howled louder. To the councils preceding the passing of the law he showed greater boldness and more true political sagacity than his own ministers. "If you deal with priests at all, don't merely tease and worry them; do enough to render them innocuous." Such was the language held by him to his cabinet. The two chambers voted the law, but the royal assent was not yet given. Might it not at the last moment be withheld? His old tutor, Bishop Charvaz, implored him to withhold his signature. His mother threw herself on her knees at his feet; but the maternal influence which turned back a Coriolanus from his march against republican, did not deter Victor Emanuel from his onward course against papal, Rome. Then, as if to mark the

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wrath of heaven against the impious foe, wife and mother and brother were all struck down by the hand of death, almost at the same time. "It is too much — it is far too much to bear," he exclaimed, in an agony of grief. "Wife, mother, brother, all taken away, and the priests yelling in my ears that it is the just punishment of my sins, and that I shall never enter paradise. But my road to paradise shall be the happiness of my people (*La mia via del paradiso sarà la felicità del mio popolo*)." Great and patriotic ministers stood by his side, but even those ministers were not always agreed amongst themselves. The chivalrous, high-minded, but too morbidly sensitive and fastidious Massimo d'Azeglio took fright at the violent language of the Turin press, and was willing to have trenched on the freedom of that press at the suggestion of foreign powers. Count Cavour held a bolder tone. Victor Emanuel sided with Count Cavour, made him his premier, and had to witness before long a Turin mob brought together by joint clerical and protectionist influences, attacking the premier's dwelling, and shouting beneath the windows of the royal palace, "We want bread, not laws." Again, Victor Emanuel stood firm by free trade, as he had stood firm against Jesuit assaults.

Then came the Crimean war, in which the participation of Sardinia, chiefly through the king's cordial concurrence, was openly denounced in parliament as a piece of quixotic folly. King Victor Emanuel had then to bear up against, first the rebuffs of the French and English governments, which did not receive his offers of alliance with much cordiality, and next, against the, for a time, dissentient views of his own minister of war, La Marmora, and the, to the very last, most honest opposition of his own minister of foreign affairs, Dabormida. How the negotiations at the Paris conference of 1856 prepared the way for the memorable events of 1859 is known to all the world, but those only who lived in Italy during that period and saw a little of what was then passing behind the scenes can estimate the difficulties by which the king and his great minister were surrounded in their task. If at Paris the old traditions of French diplomacy and an infinite variety of court influences were brought to bear upon Napoleon III., at Turin the jealousy of rival statesmen was as constantly seeking to undermine Count Cavour. Successful as the war of 1859 was, its abrupt termination by the Villafranca armistice called into existence a host of political and diplomatic embarrassments more threatening at the time to the Italian cause than the cannons of the still unoccupied Quadrilateral. And here at this precise moment the true strength of King Victor Emanuel's character made itself felt. Cavour had withdrawn dismayed and to all appearance broken-hearted to Switzerland. His successor, Rattazzi, was writing to the provisional governors of the revolted provinces desirous of annexation to Sardinia, and to the Sardinian ministers at foreign courts, telling them not to indulge in delusive hopes, as there was no chance of obtaining better conditions. The king, on the contrary, hoped bravely on, and told Tuscans and Romans to share his hopes. As the national prospects brightened there came another cloud, nothing less dark and ominous than the menace of a religious war. And when all these difficulties were overcome, and the successes of Garibaldi in the following year had placed nine millions of Neapolitans under the Sardinian dominion, it almost appeared as if the fresh difficulties, the democratic hopes and provincial rivalries, called into being by the Garibaldian movement would neutralize the advantages which it had procured. Then followed the death of Count Cavour, and in every corner of the civilized world might be heard the mournful prediction that the hopes of Italy were buried in the tomb of her greatest statesman. But seventeen years have elapsed since Count Cavour was laid in that tomb, and the onward march has never been arrested; and foremost in the van was still to be seen the figure of King Honestman, trusted by Venetians and Romans whilst they were still held down beneath the Austrian and papal yoke, and permitted by Providence to justify their trust by the final liberation of Venice and of Rome.

A portrait to be true must have its shades equally with its lights; but the writer who pens a notice of the late king of Italy with a whole nation around him weeping for the monarch's loss, may be pardoned if at such a moment he refrains from adding these shades in the presence of the darker and more solemn shadows which have sunk down on the palace of the Quirinal. In speaking of the late king I have mentioned in connection with his name that of Henry IV. of France. The people to whom the first Bourbon king gave peace and order were willing to overlook, in their gratitude for such boons, the faults which they could not ignore; and reverting to that large-souled humanity

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which was common to both princes, I believe that the memory of King Victor Emanuel will become associated in the mind of posterity with the thousand little traits of good temper and good humor, of personal tact and keen sagacity, with which it was associated in the minds of his own contemporaries. Of the anecdotes illustrating his ready tact one or two known as quite authentic may be given. When the conflict between Church and State in Piedmont was at its height a deputation of noble ladies from Chambery waited on the king, imploring him to revoke the decree by which the nuns of the Sacred Heart were expelled from their city. They saw no prospect, such was their declaration made by them to the king, of having their daughters properly educated if the pious sisterhood should be removed. The king heard them very attentively, and at the close of their appeal most courteously replied: "I believe you are mistaken. I know that there are at this moment in the town of Chambery many ladies much better qualified to educate your children than the Sisters of the Sacred Heart." The ladies looked surprised, exchanged inquiring glances with each other, until at last one of them, addressing the king, begged him to point out the pious teachers of whose existence they were ignorant. "The pious teachers," replied the king, bowing more courteously than before, "are yourselves; your daughters can have no persons better qualified to superintend their education than their own mothers." The ladies of Chambery offered no further remarks, but left the royal presence-chamber in silence.

An equally characteristic trait was furnished when, after the annexation of Tuscany, he visited Pisa for the first time. On driving to the cathedral, where an immense crowd had gathered to welcome him, he found the great gates closed by order of the reactionary archbishop, Cardinal Corsi. After a delay of one or two minutes it was found that a small side entrance had been left open, and the king proceeded towards this door. But the crowd of Pisans, resenting the insult offered to the king, broke out into indignant and even menacing cries against the cardinal archbishop. Victor Emanuel, waving his hand from the top of the steps, told them to be calm, exclaiming at the same time in a good-humored tone, "It's all right. His Eminence is only teaching us by a practical instance the great truth that it is by the narrow gate we have a chance of getting to heaven."

Beloved as he was by all classes of his subjects he seems to have inspired an unusual degree of affection amongst the humble classes with whom he came most in contact, and of all the tributes to his kind-heartedness spontaneously paid in the Italian capital during the last hours of his life none perhaps was much more touching than the token of sorrow offered by the groups of peasants and farm laborers who came in from the estates of Castel Porziano, Belladonna, Porta Salara, etc., and remained in the garden of the Quirinal Palace, asking the news every five minutes, and not leaving until all was over. Immense as is the shock which his unexpected death has given to his own family, to all who knew and loved him, and to the entire Italian people, the calamity has not been without its compensations and consolations. It has bound together by the sentiment of a common loss the various members of the great national family. It has made them once more pass in review with the mind's eye the various forms of degradation and suffering which they not long ago endured, and has rekindled the feeling of joy and gratitude for their deliverance. It has taught them that in the battle of life — which in one form or another, for one cause or another, all men, either as individuals or as classes, must be prepared to fight — the best sword is simple honesty, the best buckler is unwavering faith. It was by the use of such weapons that King Honestman came forth triumphant in the successive campaigns of the long national warfare, and no better prayer can be breathed at the dawn of a new reign than that in these matters of singleness of heart and honesty of purpose the son and successor of King Honestman may tread in his father's steps.

JAMES MONTGOMERY STUART.

ROME, *Feb.* 10, 1878.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE THREE CITIES.

On the island-fringed shore of the far Asiatic East, within a geographical circle of less than sixty miles in diameter, built on almost identical soil, bathed by the same waters, canopied by the same sky, rise the Three Cities, three nationalities, three civilizations, three histories, three destinies; united in the closest juxtaposition of circumstance and site; sundered by divergence wide as the extremest limits

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of human mind and race. Hong Kong, Canton, Macao; three monuments respectively raised by England, China, Portugal; three embodiments of as many most dissimilar energies, distinct in their starting-point, concurrent in their course, divergent in their goal.

Not sisters, though linked together by the closest ties of mutual adoption; not strangers, though aliens in language, in institutions, in blood; not hostile, though confronting each other with the bitterest antipathy of caste; not friendly, though compelled to union by links intimate as existence itself; rivals, yet associated in common interest; associates, yet necessary, unreconciled rivals; leagued, but unloving; repellent, yet allied; essentially three, accidentally one. Three tall trees from three most different seeds, unlike in flower, in foliage, in fruit; nor unlike only but antagonistic; yet planted close side by side, expanding to the same atmosphere, nourished by the same elements, above, beneath. One of them a natural, indigenous growth; two with branches of indigenous life grafted into them, but exotic in root, in stem, in type; for, in spite of the busy, yellow-complexioned, long-haired population that swarms almost equally in the streets of all three, Canton is scarcely more Chinese throughout than Macao is truly Portuguese, and Hong Kong English.

Hong Kong, genuine offspring of British energy, and whose every feature bears the unmistakable impress of the great parent. The granite quays fringing the lake-like harbor, the tall merchant offices and cavernous warerooms beyond, the solidly-constructed buildings, where artistic taste and architectural beauty are not, but comfort, usefulness, and stability are, climbing tier over tier far up the steep hillside, that hill mere barren rock scarce forty years since; the skilful windings of the flood-defying roads, triumphantly secure amid precipices down which a goat might look with justified diffidence; the dense, often exotic, foliage of the tree-planted gardens, frequent among the trim dwellings, the costly public buildings and huge works of associated enterprise, reaching from the wharves and docks below to the white signal-station and flagstaff that crown the granite peak nigh two thousand feet in perpendicular height above: these are — and whose else could they be? — the marks of England, the impress of her seal, the bold firm lines to be stamped on earth's face by her, and by her alone.

Not a character of those in which England writes herself on the world's great page but is here plainly legible. Her liberal welcome is seen in the countless sails of all merchant-flags, European, Asiatic, American, Australasian, native, foreign, dragon-bannered, crossed, three-colored, striped, chequered, starred, ship and steamer of every size, every construction, every color, not scattered over, but literally covering, concealing, the still harbor-waters. Seen too is her watchfulness — may it never fail her! — over her own rights and over the rights of those she shelters — may these too never be forgotten or lightly discarded amid the giddiness of fanatical clamor and the calculated bigotry of party! — in the cruisers, the gunboats, the war-ships and their disciplined crews, the white flag and the black metal, the protection and menace of the seas. Nor less is her mercantile supremacy, feebly foreshadowed by the Tyres of antiquity, and the Genoas and Venices of later days, proclaimed in the long ranges of warehouses, piled with goods and thronged with dealers along the quay; nor her provident care of health, and that love of fresh air and the enjoyment of nature in which so few even of her European sisters share, in the broad highways, the tree-planted walks, the public gardens, the wide spaces for popular gathering and amusement, freely allotted where the sacrifice of every inch of ground means a sacrifice of golden wealth. Seen is England's imperial munificence in the size and solidity of the public buildings, the town hall, the palace, the club, the barracks, the hospitals; seen too is her poverty of artistic feeling in not so much the absence as the contradiction of architectural proportion and grace that characterizes the exterior of almost every edifice; seen is her wise toleration of men's varied fancies in the close proximity of well-nigh every known fane, where each sect adores its own proper representative symbol of the one unknown truth; seen too her childish toying with the puerilities of a happily dead past, in the Gothic structures that rear their incongruous pinnacles against a background of tropical rock and sky. What influence but the law-abiding rule of England could at a word call together and maintain in mutual security and orderly peace the motley, nor seldom faction-nurtured, crowd of the Hong Kong thoroughfares, with all their antipathies, their rivalries, their hereditary feuds, their daily jarrings? What even-handed justice but hers could so smooth away in the level of caste-ignoring admin-

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istration every local separation of race, and abolishing the jealous distinctions, too manifest elsewhere, of assigned "wards" and "quarters," bring Asiatic and European, white, dark, and yellow, hat, turban, and braided queue, Chinese, Parsee, Briton, Portuguese, Malay, Australian — who not? — to dwell side by side in the same street, on the same level? Truly Hong Kong is a compendium of the British empire, as the British empire of the world.

Every town, every village even, attentively considered, has its special characteristic, its proper epithet; the keynote of its expression, the air-tint of its landscape, the formula of its existence. Anglo-Chino-cosmopolitanism (I apologize, but a complex object demands a complex word) is the characteristic of Hong Kong. A British seaport, but on a Chinese coast, it has necessarily much of the Chinese, much of the cosmopolitan about it; its residents belonging chiefly to the former, its fluctuating population to the latter category. Were, indeed, the inhabitants of Hong Kong polled at any given moment, the English, numerically taken, would show for but a meagre figure on the list. A little leaven, yet potent not to leaven merely, but in a manner to assimilate the whole mass; a drop, but one that has diffused its own peculiar tint through all the waters, many-colored else, of the entire pool.

Many-colored indeed and many-formed as is the inner life of Hong Kong, its outer aspect, as we gaze on it near at hand from the harbor in front, is essentially, undeniably English. Before us, it may be, is the deep-eaved, low-fronted Chinese temple, the large barn-like Portuguese church, the Arabo-Malay mosque, the Parsee Tower of Silence; but these, and whatever other typical buildings of public or private use attest the presence of the subject or protected races, modestly elude the eye, and hide themselves unobserved among the larger constructions and symmetrical masses proper to the English colonists. Ungraceful enough many of the constructions, heavy the masses; and yet a very lovely sight is Hong Kong as a whole. Close to the sparkling water's edge, curving with the little promontories and indentations of the mountain-base, run the town houses in a long, white, wavy strip, much narrower in appearance when looked at thus from a somewhat lower level than it really is, while the inevitable unsightlinesses of a large and crowded city are hidden from view by the stately warehouse frontage. Next above this rises, in seemingly perpendicular steepness, a broad belt of dark and glossy green, the tree-shaded gardens, luxuriant though trim, that for five or six hundred feet upward from the sea clothe the nakedness of the old granite slopes, and almost conceal the white dwellings nestled amid the pleasing shade, where forty years since — no more — existed neither house nor tree. Higher yet, towering to the violet-blue sky, rise the giant crags, the precipitous, torrent-furrowed slopes, the massive mountain ridges, here grass-clad in bright emerald, there again naked boulders tinted red or grey; there dark with brushwood and low, gnarled trees adown the track of some deep-cleft ravine; and amid grass and rock gleam out countless specks of liveliest yellow, blue, purple, and red, tokens that even these comparatively barren shelves belong to the region emphatically and not undeservedly called the "Flowery Land." Clinging to the steepest slopes, like a red-tinted ribbon unrolled and let hang from mountain crest to base, winds the well-constructed path for horse or foot from the town below to the peak above; other tracks, each one a triumph of engineering skill, lead right and left amid gorge and precipice to remote villages and little anchorages on the further side of the central heights. Small Swiss-like cottages, the summer retreats of Hong Kong rank or wealth, glitter in the sun among the topmost crags; and from two thousand feet above land and sea towers England's flag-staff over all.

Such is the southward view: turning from it north, west, or east, the ship-peopled harbor shows as though closed in by the fantastic forms of high, yellow-streaked mountains, the Chinese mainland chain, nor less by the countless peaks and crags of innumerable islands, some large, some small, some massive, some mere reefs; a labyrinth of land and water, of rock and shining inlet, of which the centre and heart is Hong Kong. On every side fisher hamlets, pretty enough at a distance, and dense Chinese trading-stations fringe the bay-indented coast; while here a white light-tower, there a fantastic dark outline of rocky pinnacle, breaks the larger landscape lines. Showered down over all, penetrating all, is the violet daylight known to West Indian skies, also on the tropical verge, but nowhere so pure, so delicate, so transparent as here in eastern Asia, along the coasts of the furthermost, world-encircling sea.

A town built against steep hillsides, rising right from the water's edge, can hardly fail of being picturesque; and even

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where, owing to climate, material, soil, or local cause, the enlivenments of color are wanting, beauty at least of outline will not be absent. Thus, for instance, Trebizond, Sanpsoon, Sinope, Cherasond, that ancient sisterhood of history and decay, dingy-tinted as they are, and overshaded besides by the murky Black Sea atmosphere, yet attract the eye by the grandeur of their outline and position; dank dark ruins with broad-spread lines of dense forest and cloud-veiled mountains for their background, they suit well with the gloomy waters of the Euxine below. But in the bright tropical and in the yet brighter sub-tropical zone, grandeur, even where most present, is in a manner hidden under the exceeding charms of color and light. From the countless towns and villages, each lovely to gaze on from the deck of the by-sailing yacht of the Mediterranean coast, on to West Indian latitudes and Brazilian shores, seaports present an almost monotonous beauty; every voyager has the tale by heart. A known example, and one to which Hong Kong in some of its features offers a certain resemblance, is the much-visited port of St. Thomas in the West Indies; the first appearance and general outline of each have, to him who sees them entering either bay, a great deal in common. But the difference is in truth more than the likeness. For while the stateliness of its buildings and the verdure of its surroundings are what most distinguish Hong Kong, St. Thomas, though to the imaginative view of a Kingsley bosomed in orange groves, displays in truth neither orange groves nor any others round and amid its white dwellings to the average human eye, which ranges instead over a brown expanse of stunted "bush;" while the smallness of its dwelling-places gives the town somewhat of the appearance of a children's toy-box turned out at random adown the hills; the hills themselves, too, are wanting in height, and commonplace in outline. What, however, St. Thomas lacks Hong Kong possesses, offering to view just the right combination of brightness, tint, and color, along with solidity, dignity, and size, in the perfected proportionateness of all.

Again, "From the sea, charming, on shore, detestable," is the often-repeated verdict of the British voyager who first visits some Levantine Jaffa or Brazilian Rio; and, all due allowance made for British fastidiousness, there is only too often in the untidiness of a sub-tropical seaport interior wherewithal to justify the sentence. But it does not apply to Hong Kong. The town streets, the principal thoroughfares at any rate, are broad and clean; the tree-shaded roads that wind among the gardens and residences higher up are of park-like trimness; nothing neglected, nothing dilapidated, offends the view. No quality, in fact, commends itself so much to the pleased visitor, especially if recent from the slovenly, tumble-down, patched-up cities too common in less favored spots of the Asiatic tropics, than the neatness, the spruceness, the completeness of Hong Kong; all praiseworthy qualities, but especially the last, considering the frequent, and indeed, as it here happens, by no means remote, ravages of tempest and flood in this cyclone-swept region.

Towns, like men, age quickly in the tropics; and thirty years, though of little account for the change they bring in temperate Europe, are in Indo-Chinese latitudes more than enough, unless constant attention and repair prevent, to confer an air of decrepitude and decay on buildings no less than on the builders. But no blotched and crevassed wall, no bush-grown ruin, no broken pavement, no grass-mantled court, announces the decrepitude of Hong Kong; energy, not the unsteady, often misdirected, energy of a colony's first youth, but the enduring, judicious energy of vigorous manhood, is her very type, her characteristic, her keynote, not less so than art of Florence, enjoyment of Vienna, majesty of Rome.

Energy is but another name for life; and of human life scarcely any of its Old World varieties, and not many from among those of the New, are absent from Hong Kong. The predominant ones, of course, are the English and the Chinese. Of the latter, though, numerically taken, the most abundant, and, next to the English, the most influential in the colony, little need here he said; we shall have a much better opportunity of studying it in its native home, in Canton, where it attains its complete development. But, be it much or be it little in quantity and importance, essentially it is the same everywhere; of all nations in the world, the Jews themselves not excepted, the Chinese, while the readiest to expatriate themselves, are the least modified by expatriation. How many ages of climatic and local influences, how many generations traversed under foreign rule, amid foreign institutions, might, by the slow operation of natural selection, struggle for life, survival of the fittest, and so forth, suffice to bring them into somewhat of even ap-

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proximate conformity with the dominant races among which they settle, in California say, in Queensland, in the streets of Calcutta or the woods of Borneo, Darwin himself might, in the absence of so much as a hint, let alone a fact, to guide him, be puzzled to conjecture. But here, on their own soil, in daily intercourse with their fellow-countrymen of the great empire, the Celestials are doubly proof against all influences of change. And hence the Chinese denizens of Hong Kong differ little or nothing, outwardly or inwardly, in dress, customs, or ideas, from their brethren of similar rank or occupation at Canton. When arrived there we may study them at our leisure. Enough for the present to say that in British Hong Kong the Chinese Club, known from the profession of its first founders as that of the *compradores*, or "middle-men," their hospital, worthy in its orderly neatness and studious care to rank with many English hospitals, or even German, their large theatre, their quaint temples, and the other results of their combined and communal action, exhibit Chinese munificence, good taste, and methodical accuracy in a most favorable light.

As it is with the Chinese, so it is, after a manner, with the English. An Englishman self-exiled to the tropics dons a solar hat fearful and wonderful to behold, patronizes light flannels, and occasionally white shoes, doubles and trebles his already frequent national ablutions, and even at times dines, greatly daring, in a white jacket. More yet, he may, when absolutely compelled thereto by the fitness of things, exchange his favorite mode of locomotion, pedestrian or equestrian, for others peculiar to the land of his adoption, may recline in an Indian palanquin, or, as here in China, take seat in the uncomfortable sedan-chair. Never surely was a contrivance so thoroughly adapted for making, in appearance at least, slaves of your fellow-creatures and an invalid of yourself; and yet to invent anything else equally well suited to the precipitous inclines of Hong Kong, or the narrow lanes of a Chinese city, would, all agree, be a task beyond the inventive genius of man born of woman. But to return to our Englishman. Despite the modifications just indicated in his outer self, he is yet, for all essential characteristics, the same identical man who rode to hounds in the county, or sat on a high stool at a city desk, who dined in a dress-coat at a quarter past eight, and went, mayhap, in a cylinder hat to church on the Sabbath morn; unchanged, unchangeable as Byron's ocean, or Shakespeare's "northern star." For the rest, his works declare him; by these he is best known; and of these, as here displayed on the furthest Eastern marge, I have spoken, cursorily indeed, yet I think sufficiently already.

Next in local importance and mercantile wealth to the British community ranks the German; that nationality destined, it would seem, to become in no distant future our rival on equal terms, perhaps even our supplanter in the world's commerce. Like the English on the one hand, and the Chinese on the other, the Germans have their own social centre, their own club, and, I believe, their own appropriate place of worship; a thriving, thrifty race. Like Englishmen, too, a hundred and more degrees of longitude or latitude make little difference in Germans; not indeed so absolutely unplastic as ourselves, yet slow to adopt the usages of others, reluctant to modify their own.

The Portuguese, rarely of genuine European origin, mostly of mixed or Asiatic strain, are as much superior in numbers as inferior in weight to the English. A few merchants lead the van of the Lusitanian host; its bulk is a "mixed multitude" of clerks, accountants, writers, apothecaries, and the like. Intelligent, good-natured, sociable, but with somewhat of Reuben's doom upon them, they lack the backbone of the Teutonic — I use the word with becoming diffidence — races, and the elastic energy of the genuine Celt. But their minuter delineation is best reserved for a survey of their neighboring headquarters, Macao. To complete the European, or quasi-European, catalogue, come a few French, Italians, Spaniards, and Manilese; some Danes also. These last excepted, those now briefly catalogued form the bulk of the Catholic population, which includes a small number of the Chinese themselves; and is supplemented by a whole army of clergy, regular and secular, congregationists, nuns, and missionaries of various orders and robes; all, like their Protestant rivals, who are also numerous in the field, intent on the well-meant but infructuous task of pouring very new wine into very old bottles — task which for three centuries and more baffled the skill of the old-society Jesuits themselves, though masters the like of whom the world has never seen of the soul-winning craft, and with a Xavier or a Ricci at their head. Where such have failed who can hope success? However, the small result which yet attends missionary efforts,

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and sustains the laborers in an ungrateful vineyard by the ever-delusive hope of greater things and a more abundant vintage to come, here falls, as at Singapore, and indeed elsewhere generally, to the share of the Catholic apostles rather than the Protestants; a circumstance the reasons of which are sufficiently well known to all.

Jews, at least those distinctly such, are few at Hong Kong; nor, indeed, as I am told, do they dwell numerously in any of the tents of the Celestial Empire, whether those tents belong, as is commonly supposed, to the Japhetic camp or not. Jacob and Laban together would not, if the truth be told, make much out of a contract with a Chinaman. But the "highly respectable" Parsee in his quasi-episcopal garb, the turbaned Arabo-Malay trader, the dusky Hindoo, the energetic Japanese, and many other Asiatic types of less note have their representatives here. Towering amid all, the grim Sikhs, from amongst whom the strong and well-organized police force of the place is mostly recruited, slowly stalk past in moustached majesty, offering the completest contrast that fancy could devise to the sleek, smooth-faced, smiling, briskly-moving Chinese.

Such is Hong Kong; a picture chequered to minuteness in detail, uniform in general coloring, and that coloring English. Examined, however, more closely, and with the eye of a resident rather than of a traveller, a further characteristic, hardly perceptible indeed on the surface, but existent immediately below it, and extending downwards to the lowermost layers of colonial life, comes to view. It is the deep demarcation line that sunders the entire community into two parts, a line not less real because at first sight unapparent, a gulf all the more impassable because not dug by law and ordinance, but by custom and instinct. On the one side of this social gulf are the English, with a few, by no means the majority, of their European compeers; on the other almost all those included in the general designation of "foreigners;" but especially the Asio-Portuguese and the Chinese natives of the land. Years of a common home, common pursuits, common interests, have not for social intimacy and domestic intercourse, hardly even for mutual knowledge of each other's characters, habits, and modes of thought, brought the Briton and the Chinaman one step nearer to each other than they were when the flag of British sovereignty first waved over the island thirty-five years ago. Between English and other nationalities the division is not quite so rigorous, yet the barrier fence exists, and as yet gives no sign of weakening at any point. Something of the kind may be observed in many other British colonies of the Old World and of the New; but in none, I believe, is exclusiveness carried so far as in Hong Kong, where circumstances, many of them beyond the control of the colonists themselves, have promoted, and in a manner rendered inevitable, a condition not otherwise wholly uncongenial to the British mind. There is something to be said in its favor, something also in blame.

Within, however, its comparatively narrow limits, necessary or self-imposed, Hong Kong society — the English section of it, I mean — is remarkable for its cordial geniality, and liveliness tempered by refinement and education. Many are the British colonies, if settlements be not the correcter title, deservedly commended for similar qualities in the far East; but in none, so at least I am told, can the National Club boast a better reading-room and library than those at Hong Kong; no public hall shows choicer diversions, gayer dances, or sprightlier amateur performances; no racecourse is the scene of better-contested emulation, no tennis-lawns more frequented, no saloons brighter than hers. Without depreciation of her half-sisters, let England's eldest-born daughter in the Celestial Empire have her due.

A goodly city, a goodly colony, this Hong Kong of the present. But the forward-stretching link of real, surely, yet undefined significance that will not let us rest in acquiescent stability on the firm ground of what is, because dragging us ever on to the uncertain cloudland of what is to be, compels us even here to lift up our eyes beyond the pleasing Hong Kong of the day to the possible Hong Kong of coming years in the foreshadowed destinies of Asio-British dominion.

Commanding as it does the main entry, the portal of the south-Chinese empire, and through it of the central provinces and inner sanctuary of the ancient shrine, as strong in position as secure in sheltered anchorage, alike easy of access to friends, and difficult of approach, if not impossible, to foes, Hong Kong can then only lose its nature-ensured importance when the power that now grasps it loses its own. Till then — a far distant day — it is the easternmost extremity of the mighty imperial lever, reaching from the far European West to the Chinese shore, and ever ready to move, it might be absolutely to

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overturn, the entire Middle Kingdom. Such it already is in English eyes, more so in the wakeful eyes of Continental jealousy: what then in the eyes of the Chinese themselves?

Very different indeed, from the aspect of things to the fevered speculator of irritable Europe is that they assume in the quiet, common-sense gaze of the placid Chinese. Nothing, in European estimate, irritates national antipathies more than territorial occupation; it is a thorn that, abiding in the wound, keeps it ever festering; a centre-point round which gathers every worst feeling of contempt in the stronger power, hatred and desire of revenge in the weaker, aversion in both. Two centuries have not reconciled Spain to our presence in Gibraltar; the hostility of the Arabs is not less bitter now than forty years agone to the French settlers of Algiers; Ceuta maintains the Moorish and Christian feud; could any Englishman endure for an instant the bare thought of a foreign flag, whatever its nationality, floating over the Portland heights? We occupy Hong Kong, a few hours distant, no more, from one of the greatest, the most important, the most national of Chinese cities; and the Chinese look on with not a frown on their smooth faces, not a thought but of quiet accommodation to circumstances, with a feeling not practically distinguishable from great indifference. Within the narrow but densely-peopled island, without it, along the village-fringed shores that stretch back to the wharves of Whampoa and the gates of Canton, the Chinese population shows itself, all due allowance made for the prejudices of mutual ignorance and difference of blood, friendly, kindly even, to the English — their first frays over, the Chinese dragon has no further misliking for St. George; rather seeks amicably to share with the stranger champion the favors of the Golden Princess and the treasures of her store.

Nations may, though rarely, be friends, their officials hardly or never; and it would be a millennium, or rather a very Utopia on earth, did no grudges, no complaints, no grievances exist between Chinese hoppos and British harbor-masters, the retinue of the yellow flag and that of the Union Jack. Yet, considering the war of 1842, and the storming of Canton, with all that preceded and followed it, in 1857, remembering what passed at Tien-tsin in 1858, and what at Pekin in 1860, all recent dates, and, the first alone in a measure excepted, belonging to the living generation rather than the past, we must admit that the Chinese mind would have been justified in entertaining a far greater degree of alienation from us than exists at the present day. And if to these we add the daily bickerings kept up — with how much of blame on the one side, how much on the other, is not here the place to inquire — of the smuggling trade; the shocks, of little consequence perhaps in themselves, but irritating from their frequency, between Chinese formalism and British roughhandedness, the vagaries of tourists, the intrusive bigotry of missionaries; and last, not least, the easily-made confusion in Chinese apprehension between English and other less law-abiding nationalities, European or New World, our wonder at Chinese tolerance, even good nature, even courtesy, may well increase to admiration. True that a diversity of ideas, of customs, wide enough to make the one race at first sight the seeming antipodes of the other, separates the Briton and the Chinaman; nor can we wish it done away. Little, indeed, does a nation gain — much, incalculably much, does it ever lose — by abandoning its ways for the ways of the alien, its usages for his usages, its fashions for his fashions, its gods for his gods. History in this, through all her pages, reads us only one lesson, and its latest illustration is no further from China than is Japan. But the fusion of mutual advantage, of good feeling, and of kindly intercourse is not less possible than beneficial; the more so that the glaring but superficial unlikeness between the British and the Chinese types covers much of deeply-seated real resemblance, nay, in some regards, identity of character. And in this fusion it is for us, the uninvited intruders on Chinese territory, to lead the way. Manchester goods and opium are excellent things of their kind, but honor, justice, good faith, and good government are more; of these, unless England be indeed untrue to her imagined self, we have plenty and to spare; these too we can in our measure communicate by a policy not wholly summed up in "*Væ victis*" and "Gunboats to the fore."

And of this wider policy what better basis could be found than in the British city that guards the entry of southern China, the friendly though foreign Piræus of Canton? "Hong Kong for the merchants" has long been the colonial motto, and though, if taken absolutely, a narrow one, I would not say that at the outset it may not have been adequate to the requirements of the day. But its time has gone by, or rather it has been, in its complete meaning, transferred to Shanghai and the

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busy free ports, situated indeed on Chinese soil, but dedicated by British protection to trade, and trade alone. This is their one obligation: well they fulfil it, and with it they may be content. But on our own national soil, within our own waters, "Hong Kong for the empire" should now be our device. Elsewhere, even more abundantly than here, we have mercantile relations, mercantile interchange, mercantile duties, with China; why not, here at least, imperial also? Why should not the "Flowery Land" be to us, in due process of time, not merely a market for our goods, but a recruiting-ground for our nationality, for our armies, our navies, our enterprise, our manifold life? Wide range for our imperial growth; and its starting point, so we know its true bearing, is already made, is no other than Hong Kong. Born on British ground, or preferring it by exchange of permanent residence to their own, what hinders the extension of British national rights, the equalization of British law, the privileges of British citizenship to the Chinese indwellers of the colony? Better surely subjects than aliens, union than division. Is England too weak a mother to nurse other children than those of her own island-womb? Are her means too restricted to adopt? Do the cords of her tent admit of no lengthening? Can her heart only fear, nor be enlarged to the gathering of the abundance of the sea? Idle fear! Unison of sympathy, of feeling, of thought, of purpose, will follow close on unity of national existence; and Hong Kong may — we have but to will it — prove the first link in the golden band to bind in one the vastest energies of the East and of the West, China and England.

By such policy did ancient Rome consolidate that empire which for five hundred years summed up the world in one citizenship, one name; this is

> the seal of that most firm assurance
> Which bars the pit over destruction's strength.

More than inheritor of Rome's empire, Promotheus of the age, England touches that seal already by her world-wide colonies; why not grasp it, and make it her own?

Such is the youngest-born of the three sister rivals, emblem of progressive energy, of expansive strength. Elder by uncounted centuries, her birth-date lost in the mists of fable, Canton is not less emblem also of strength, but more of stability, of energy, but energy linked to repose.

There are cities that once desolated have never risen again; there are others that ravaged not once but often ever renew their interrupted life, changed, it may be, somewhat in outward style, essentially the same. Babylon, Palmyra, Aventicum, are examples of the former; of the latter Damascus, Rome, Canton; hill-bandit, Tartar, French, English, each in turn has wasted land and town with sword and fire; to-day you pass through the gaily decorated streets, amid smiling peace, prosperity, abundance, and, unless taught from history, would never guess the ruin and horrors of scarce twenty years since. Hong Kong may fade, as Macao has already faded; not so Canton; her roots are those of the great empire itself, her life its life — a life that has outlasted the birth, increase, decline, death of countless kingdoms, and may well yet outlast countless more.

Of Canton then, and of that third city, once a vigorous growth, now a withered memory, yet beautiful in decay, fallen Macao, there would be much to say; but time and circumstance, the boundary-marks of our little day, have traced me too narrow a line to admit of its enclosing, even in miniature, the vast dimensions of history, description, and thought that open out with the gateways of the Middle Kingdom, the Celestial Empire. But he who would realize, by analogy at least, what Egypt was in her earlier better days, before Hyksos or Persian, Greek or Roman, Arab or Turk, had dwarfed her down to the measure of their own lesser stature, let him visit Canton. Even there, and without pursuing his path further into the wonders outstretched for thousands of leagues beyond, throughout the vastest as the most enduring of earth's kingdoms, he may form a not inadequate idea of the entire empire, as he who has seen the pylons of the Rhamession or Edfou, and them only, may judge, nor hesitatingly, what were the glories of the Nile Pharaohs, and what the greatness of their sway. Further investigation may complete the details, but will not add much to the proportion of the first view.

Let him visit Canton. There he may study the results of a government based on reverence, on literature, on guarded rank, on respected age; of a priesthood kept within its proper limits of ceremonial observances and rational rites, nor permitted to arrogate blasphemous dictation to the minds and souls of men; of administrative wisdom, wisely limiting itself to the good order, sufficiency, and happiness of man's actual life, without pretension or preoccupation for what may come after.

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There too he may see, what in Europe he will hardly see, in America never, how well it is with a nation that knows when it is well off, and knowing this prefers to enjoy in quiet the steady if not brilliant light of its own tried and hereditary lamp, to running after bright wills-of-the-wisp, delusive imitations, fancied progress, hoped improvement, and all the promise-phantoms of a restless vision. What particular "fifty years of Europe" those may be that the poet of our age pronounces "better than a cycle of Cathay" I know not; but should hardly fancy he intended the quinquagesimal that includes the Commune of 1871, or that of the chaos of 1793, any more than those lighted up by the hell-fires of the Inquisition, or the blood-stained days of the barons, first or last. Doubtless there is much that China might advantageously learn from Europe; but Europe too, unquiet, disintegrating Europe, might with at least equal advantage to herself take more than one lesson from Cathay. In Canton, in China, there are many wonders for the tourist; there are hints for the statesman also.

W. G. Palgrave.

From Cassell's Magazine.

HOW GREAT MEN WORK.

One of the most interesting chapters in literary history would, undoubtedly, be that which should record the whims and eccentricities of men of genius when engaged in the active pursuit of their calling. First, because it is always pleasant to know how works, which have taught and delighted whole generations of readers, have been produced; and secondly, because such little personal traits, if not directly instructive, are, at any rate, suggestive and curious. But, strange to say, this chapter remains unwritten; and among all the "curiosities of literature" these, the greatest of all its curiosities, are by some inadvertency passed over unnoticed. Such an omission is very much to be regretted, for the author possessed singular qualifications for the task, as well from his enormous reading as from his custom of collecting and noting down such minutiæ when he encountered them in scattered biographical or autobiographical notices, where alone they can be found.

The methods of authors in the course of composition have been singular, and though no two of them have worked alike, they have, most of them, illustrated the old proverb that genius is labor, and that few great works have been produced which have not been the result of unwearied perseverance as well as of brilliant natural powers. Some men have undoubtedly possessed astonishing facility and readiness both of conception and expression, as we shall presently see; but, as a rule, the writings of such men, except in the case of Shakespeare, are not so valuable as they might have been, and are marred by crudities which might otherwise have been finished beauties, by deformities which should have been graces. First among the sons of literary toil stands Virgil. He used, we are told, to pour out a large number of verses in the morning, and to spend the rest of the day in pruning them down; he has humorously compared himself to a she-bear, who licks her cubs into shape. It took him three years to compose his ten short eclogues; seven years to elaborate his "Georgics," which comprise little more than two thousand verses; and he employed more than twelve years in polishing his "Æneid," being even then so dissatisfied with it, that he wished before his death to commit it to the flames. Horace was equally indefatigable, and there are single odes in his works which must have cost him months of labor. Lucretius's one poem represents the toil of a whole life; and so careful was Plato in the niceties of verbal collocation, that the first sentence in his "Republic" was turned in nine different ways. It must have taken Thucydides upwards of twenty years to write his history, which is comprised in one octavo volume. Gibbon wrote the first chapter of his work three times before he could please himself; and John Foster, the essayist, would sometimes spend a week over one sentence. Addison was so particular that he would stop the press to insert an epithet, or even a comma; and Montesquieu, alluding in a letter to one of his works, says to a correspondent, "You will read it in a few hours, but the labor expended on it has whitened my hair." The great French critic, Ste.-Beuve, expended incredible pains on every word, and two or three octavo pages often represented a whole week's incessant effort. Gray would spend months over a short copy of verses; and there is a poem of ten lines in Waller's works, which, he has himself informed us, took him a whole summer to formulate. Miss Austen, Charlotte Brontë, Hume, and Fox have all re-

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corded the trouble they took. Tasso was unwearied in correcting; so were Pope and Boileau. Even Macaulay, with all his fluency, did not disdain the application of the file; and there are certain passages in the first chapter of his history which represent months of patient revision. There is a good tale told of Malherbe, the French poet, which illustrates very amusingly the elaborate care he took with his poems. A certain nobleman of his acquaintance had lost his wife, and was anxious that Malherbe should dedicate an ode to her memory, and condole with him in verse on the loss he had sustained. Malherbe complied, but was so fastidious in his composition, that it was three years before the elegy was completed. Just before he sent it in, he was intensely chagrined to find that his noble friend had solaced himself with a new bride; and was, consequently, in no humor to be pestered with an elegy on his old one. The unfortunate poet, therefore, lost both his pains and his fee. So morbidly anxious was Cardinal Bembo about verbal correctness, that every poem he composed is said to have passed successively through forty portfolios, which represented the various stages towards completeness. The great Pascal affords another instance of similar literary conscientiousness. What he especially aimed at was brevity. He once apologized to a friend for writing him a long letter, on the ground that he had had no time to make it shorter — and the result is that his "Provincial Letters" scarcely yield to Tacitus, or to the "Letters of Junius," in concise, epigrammatic brilliancy.

Some authors have rapidly sketched the plan of their intended work first, and have reserved their pains for filling out the details. The great French novelist, Balzac, followed this method. He sent off to the printer the skeleton of the intended romance, leaving pages of blank paper between for conversations, descriptions, etc.; as soon as that was struck off he shut himself up in his study, eat and drank nothing but bread and water till he had filled up the blank spaces, and in this way laboriously completed his book. Godwin wrote his "Caleb Williams" backwards — beginning, that is to say, with the last chapter, and working on to the first. Richardson produced his ponderous novels by painfully elaborating different portions at different times. Burton, the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy;" the great scholars Barthius and Turnebus; Butler, the author of "Hudibras;" Locke; Fuller, the "witty" divine; Bishop Horne, Warburton, Hurd, and many others kept commonplace books, which may account for the copious and apposite illustrations which enrich their volumes. Sheridan and Hook were always on the alert for bits of brilliant conversation and stray jokes, which they took good care to jot down in their pocket-books for future use. The great Bentley always bought editions of classical authors with very broad margins, and put down the observations which might occur to him in the course of his reading — which is the secret of his lavish erudition. Pope scribbled down stray thoughts for future use whenever they struck him — at a dinner-table, in an open carriage, at his toilet, and in bed. Hogarth would sketch any face that struck him on his finger-nail, hence the marvellous diversity of feature in his infinite galleries of portraits. Swift would lie in bed in the morning, "thinking of wit for the day;" and Theodore Hook generally "made up his impromptues the night before." Washington Irving was fond of taking his portfolio out into the fields, and laboriously manipulating his graceful periods while swinging on a stile. Wordsworth and De Quincey did the same. It would be easy to multiply instances of the pain and labor expended on compositions which to all appearance bear no traces of such effort.

But it is now time to reverse the picture, and to mention meritorious pieces produced against time and with extraordinary facility. Lucilius, the Roman satirist, wrote with such ease, that he used to boast that he could turn off two hundred verses while standing on one leg. Ennius was quite as fluent. Of Shakespeare we are told, "His mind and hand went together, and what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we (the editors of the first folio) have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." When the fits of inspiration were on Milton, his amanuensis could scarcely keep pace with the fast-flowing verses; but we must remember that the poet had been brooding over his immortal work for years before a line was committed to paper. The most marvellous illustrations of this facility in writing are to be found in the two Spanish poets Calderon and Lope de Vega. The latter could write a play in three or four hours; he supplied the Spanish stage with upwards of two thousand original dramas, and Hallam calculates that during the

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course of his life he "reeled off" upwards of twenty-one million three hundred thousand lines! Of English writers, perhaps the most fluent and easy have been Dryden and Sir Walter Scott. In one short year Dryden produced four of his greatest works — namely, the first part of "Absalom and Achitophel," "The Medal," "Mac Flecknoe," his share in the second part of "Absalom and Achitophel," and the "*Religio Laici*." He was less than three years in translating the whole of Virgil. He composed his elaborate parallel between poetry and painting in twelve mornings. "Alexander's Feast" was struck out at a single sitting. Indeed, he says himself that, when he was writing, ideas thronged so fast that the only difficulty he had was in selection. Everybody knows the extraordinary literary facility of Sir Walter Scott — how his amanuensis, when he employed one, could not keep pace with the breathless speed with which he dictated his marvellous romances. If we can judge from the many original MSS. of his novels and poems which have been preserved to us, it would seem that he scarcely ever recast a sentence or altered a word when it was committed to paper. The effect of this is that both Dryden and Scott have left a mass of writings valuable for the genius with which they are instinct, but defaced with errors, with grammatical blunders, and with many pleonasms and tautologies, the consequence of their authors' not practising what Pope calls

The first and greatest art, the art to blot.

Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas" was written in a week, to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral. Horace Walpole wrote nearly all "The Castle of Otranto" at a sitting which terminated not by mental fatigue, but by the fingers becoming too weary to close on the pen. Beckford's celebrated "Vathek" was composed by the uninterrupted exertion of three whole days and two whole nights, during which time the ecstatic author supported himself by copious draughts of wine. What makes the feat more wonderful is, that it was written in French, an acquired language, for Beckford was of course an Englishman. Mrs. Browning wrote her delightful poem entitled "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," a long elaborate romance in a difficult metre, in twelve hours, while the printer was waiting to put it into type. It is comparatively easy to understand the rapidity with which these compositions were produced, because, being works of imagination couched in a style essentially bold and free, choice phraseology, careful rhythm, and copious illustration were not so much needed; but when we learn that Ben Jonson completed his highly-wrought comedy of "The Alchymist" in six weeks, and that Dr. Johnson could throw off forty-eight octavo pages of such a finished composition as his "Life of Savage" at a sitting, one is indeed lost in bewildering admiration, and perhaps half inclined to doubt the author's word. However much we may wonder at feats like these, we should not forget Sheridan's witty remark, that very easy writing is generally very hard reading; and comfort our commonplace selves with the thought that, in nine cases out of ten, genius in literature is like genius in practical life, little else than honest, indefatigable labor fortunately directed. The wise Lord Bacon has observed that prodigies, of what kind soever they may be, belong to what is monstrous in nature, and as they are not produced in accordance with the laws which determine man's condition, ought neither to be sought out nor imitated. But we must turn now to our third point — the strange circumstances under which celebrated works have been produced.

It is curious that two of the greatest historical works in the world were written while their authors were in exile — the "History of the Peloponnesian War," by Thucydides, the "History of the Rebellion," by Lord Clarendon. Fortescue, the chief justice in Henry's VI.'s reign, wrote his great work on the laws of England under the same circumstances. Locke was a refugee in Holland when he penned his memorable "Letter concerning Toleration," and put the finishing touches to his immortal "Essay on the Human Understanding." Lord Bolingbroke had also "left his country for his country's good" when he was engaged on the works by which he will be best remembered. Everybody knows Dante's sad tale, and his miserable wanderings from city to city while the "Divine Comedy" was in course of production. Still more melancholy is it to review the formidable array of great works which were composed within the walls of a prison. First come the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Don Quixote;" the one written in Bedford gaol, the other in a squalid dungeon in Spain. James I. (of Scotland) penned his sweet poem "The Kynge's Quhair," while a prisoner in Windsor Cas-

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tle; and the loveliest of Lord Surrey's verses were written in the same place, under the same circumstances. Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World" was composed in the Tower. George Buchanan executed his brilliant Latin version of the Psalms while incarcerated in Portugal. "Fleta," one of the most valuable of our early law works, took its name from the fact of its having been compiled by its author in the Fleet Prison. Boethius' "Consolations of Philosophy," De Foe's "Review" and "Hymn to the Pillory," Voltaire's "Henriade," Howel's "Familiar Letters" — to which we have recently directed attention — Dr. Dodd's "Prison Thoughts," Grotius' "Commentary on St. Matthew," and the amusing "Adventures of Dr. Syntax," all these were produced in the gloomy cells of a common prison. Tasso wrote some of the loveliest of his sonnets in a mad-house, and Christopher Smart his "Song to David" — one of the most eloquent sacred lyrics in our language — while undergoing confinement in a similar place. Poor Nathaniel Lee, the dramatist, is said to have revolved some of his tragedies in lucid intervals within the walls of a lunatic asylum. Plautus fabricated some of his comedies in a bake-house. The great Descartes, Berni, the Italian poet, and Boyse, the once well-known author of "The Deity," usually wrote while lying in bed. Hooker meditated his "Ecclesiastical Polity" while rocking the cradle of his child; and Richardson slowly elaborated his romances among the compositors of his printing-office. Byron composed the greater part of "Lara" while engaged at his toilet-table, and his "Prologue at the Opening of Drury Lane Theatre" in a stage-coach. Moore's gorgeous Eastern romance, "Lalla Rookh," was written in a cottage blocked up with snow, with an English winter roaring round it. Burns dreamed one of his lyrics, and wrote it down just as it came to him in his sleep. Tartini's "Devil's Sonata" was another inspiration from Morpheus; and so also was Coleridge's "Kubla Khan."

Such were the extraordinary circumstances attending the composition of works which have amused and instructed thousands of people; such have been some of the methods, and such some of the habits of authors. Various and unintelligible often are the forms in which human genius will reveal itself; but quite as various, and perhaps quite as unintelligible, at first sight, are the ways in which it has surmounted the obstacles which opposed it, asserted its claims, and effected its development.

From The Spectator.

THE HATRED OF INDIVIDUALS FOR NATIONS.

PEOPLE begin to hate nations just as they begin to hate individuals, but the progress of their hatred is so different as to deserve a moment's study. A man hates another usually for some reason, producible, at all events, to his own mind, either because he has suffered from his enemy, or because he is in his way, or because he is insolent towards him, or because, for some reason not quite clear even to himself, he entertains a secret fear of his adversary's possible action. There are, no doubt, what we may call sympathetic hatreds, aversions springing from no known or recognized cause, born instantly on contact, and really produced by a perceived conflict of natures, temperaments, or sometimes aspirations. It is the hatred of a horse for a camel, of an ichneumon for a snake, of a Chinaman for a negro, and inexplicable by mere reasoning. Such cases do occur, just as love at first sight does occur, but they are rare, and as a rule a hater requires provocation from the object of his hatred, though, of course, the provocation may occasionally be found merely in the fact of the provoker's existence. Kings have hated their heirs very bitterly for no better reason than that, and hatred to a man who stands between yourself and a pleasant life, though he may be standing there quite innocently, is among the commonest of social phenomena. The hatred, however, commonly begins with a reason, is exasperated by a series of actual or supposed events, and then, in Christian society and in our modern world, receives a check. We cannot, indeed, quite agree with Bulwer, who maintained in one of his novels that hatred was an extinct motor, for we see murders committed every day for which we can perceive no other motive, and hear perpetually of social quarrels in which hatred has at last moved two men to violent and hostile action, but it is true, we think, that modern hatred is subject to checks. Not only is the hater subject to those influences from the variety and complexity of modern life of which Bulwer speaks, from the number of the interests which necessarily press upon his mind and prevent him

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from brooding over the villanies, real or imaginary, of any individual, but he is almost sure at some step in the progress of his malady to pull himself sharply up. He recognizes that his mind has been dram-drinking. Either he is a reasonable human being, and suddenly appreciates the humor of his own exaggerated view, or he is a Christian, and is shocked at the impulses of his own mind, or he is under the influence of the Christian atmosphere, and recoils before the first suggestion of an act which would cause suffering, — that is, from any approach towards making his hatred active. "After all," he says to himself, "perhaps I mistake the fellow, or perhaps he has mistaken me;" or, "He may be only acting after his nature," or, "He has a right, annoying as he is in the exercise of it." At all events, he reflects, — and reflection is nearly sure to be as fatal to hatred as it is to that form of rage which carries a man out of himself, and ends in a burst of destructiveness, only innocent when confined to his own china.

The man who hates a nation rarely feels this check. He never pulls himself up, for he never perceives that such a process *is* obligatory on the conscience of a Christian human being. On the contrary, when he lets himself go full swing, he exults over himself for the moral virtue shown in the pace he has attained. It is immoral to hate an individual, but patriotic to hate a nation. It is foolish to be eternally suspecting a personal enemy, but politic to regard every national act as deserving of suspicion. To grudge your cousin his luck is mean, so basely mean, that most men would deny it; but to detest France, or Germany, or Russia for getting a new estate, even by legacy, is positively virtuous. It is feeble to be moved by taunts from an adversary, but if he has a few million heads it is only proper pride, a duty you owe to your country, to be very wrath with his most meaningless impertinence. It is wicked to desire to kill a rival merely because he has succeeded, but to desire to kill a nation for succeeding is an emotion to be avowed and to be proud of. "I would give a finger if I could kill him," says the angry man, and the bystanders pronounce him, in their hearts, a malignant fool; but if he says, "I would give my life if only I could destroy the Russian army," they think the sentiment quite creditable, and describe him ever after as "a little violent, but frank and patriotic." If he invents ingenious methods of killing, he is a man deserving of honor; and if he kills in heaps, he is a hero. The hater's very virtues, his love for his country, his desire for the national honor, his indignation at wrong, are all called in to foster his rancor, until moderation seems to himself scarcely less than a crime, and he talks, and especially writes, as if he were bereft of reason. In modern life, hereditary hatred, the active dislike of a man because his grandfather was a brute, is considered foolish, and is disowned — though few men are entirely free from unconscious antipathies of the kind, or could conceive of a Lord Ruthven as a benevolent philanthropist — but where a nation is the subject of hatred, distance of time matters nothing. Half Europe hates the Jews of to-day, because their remote ancestors executed Christ; the Greeks, who have not held Byzantium for four hundred years, still suffer from the opprobrium attaching to the word "Byzantine;" and educated men to this hour hate Russians hard, because Russian proprietors, like English proprietors in the West Indies, were occasionally frightfully cruel to their serfs. Nothing the serf-owners ever did surpasses the deeds narrated before the last committee of inquiry into slavery in the West Indies, — but what then? So strong, indeed, is this cause of hatred, that we question whether if a people arose who called themselves Carthaginians, English educated men would ever quite overcome an inclination to believe that they were abnormally cruel. Men who hate nations actually *read* themselves into blazing fury by studying their history, and are ready to refuse votes to Irishmen because their fathers passed a confiscating act, and delight in Dutch defeats before Acheen because of the massacre of Amboyna. It is just the same about evidence. An Englishman believes a man a fool who is always worrying himself about things his adversary says, who listens to every morsel of tittle-tattle about epigrams against him which his adversary has made, or who greedily receives stories of insults offered by the enemy's hangers-on to his servants. He quotes all manner of proverbs about listeners, asks how society is to go on if everybody "repeats," and is positively angry if malicious gossip is traced to inferior servants. If, however, the enemy is a nation, all these rules are discarded. It is absurd to believe that John contemplates stealing your cabbages, particularly as, if the gout were away, you could kick John off the premises, but to

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believe that the nation called "John" would not steal your mortgages is suicidal trustfulness. You are besotted to think that Brown, who is half insolvent, wants a law-suit with you, who have the bank of England in your breeches-pocket, but to suppose that Czar Alexander wants a war with England is only far-seeing and wise. If your coachman tells you that your groom tells him that your enemy's stable-boy was heard to say he should like to duck the said groom, you smile, and bid him be silent; but if a telegram-maker reports that Count Ignatieff said jestingly that a dragoman in English service ought to be shot, it is proper to massacre armies to wipe that insult out. A merchant who believed about a rival half the rubbish that England has believed for the past fortnight about Russia would be regarded as out of his mind, but the rival being a nation, he who believed most was regarded as necessarily the acutest man. In private life, and as regards individuals, even Dr. Johnson, who "loved a good hater," would have asked on what authority statements justifying hatred were made; but in international life any authority is good enough, and a story utterly improbable in itself is swallowed down on the authority of a perfectly anonymous bulletin-maker, who may, for aught that appears, have been paid to invent it, or may be gratifying a sardonic humor at the expense of the credulous, because irritated Englishman. The hatred, in fact, being supposed to be virtuous, is fostered until it becomes a passion, and rejects all control from either reason or experience. Othello's mind about Desdemona was a judicial mind when compared with the mind of a good many Englishmen about Count Ignatieff, and Dissenting ministers are hardly more credulous about General Bex than English Tories about Prince Gortschakoff. And finally, the man who hates a nation, with reason or without, always desires to transmute his hatred into an act. At the exact point where the hater hating an individual usually stops, the hater hating a nation usually boils over. The individual must not only hate very hard but be very bad, who throws vitriol at his foe, but if the foe is a nation, that is the first thing he thinks of. He thinks it actually noble to let loose barbarism at him, and counts up the Kurds or the Arabs he might employ with a glow of gratified pride, in which he perceives no wickedness whatever. Only an oppressive man relies on his wealth to ruin his opponent by taking him from court to court, but if the opponent is a nation, kindly men will wag their purses, and exult in the number of times they can commence a new campaign.

Of course, the real origin of all this rancor is ignorance, an inability on the part of the hater to recognize that he is hating persons, and not merely a force like a flood or a stream, which he has to dam up; but that excuse is valid only at the price of the hater's reputation for knowledge and discernment. He ought to know what he is hating, ought to attribute sane motives, ought to be self-controlled enough to test evidence and distinguish among informants. That he is not so, that an imaginary story of insult to an envoy can make a nation rush to war, is one of the many evils which attend the progress of the world towards democracy, and one of the many which impose day by day heavier responsibilities on those who guide. We think they are being felt, and that within a few years the statesman who can madly hate a nation will be regarded as society now regards the man who can madly hate an individual, as a little mad, very bad, and dangerous to know. Fifty years hence statesmen will regard nations as leading counsel regard opponents at the bar, as persons they may quarrel with if provoked, and must contend with in business, but for the rest, as human beings exactly in essentials like themselves. Whether average men, however, will attain that amount of wisdom, we doubt. They will hardly in any reasonable time become wiser than the politicians who let loose out of rancor Red Indians on people of their own race, creed, and language, or the peers who to-day would declare war on Russia because they say Russia is ambitious, tricky, and strong.

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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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TWO CITIES.

SIDE by side rise the two great cities,
Afar on the traveller's sight;
One, black with the dust of labor,
One, solemnly still and white.
Apart, and yet together,
They are reached in a dying breath,
But a river flows between them,
And the river's name is — death.

Apart, and yet together,
Together and yet apart,
As the child may die at midnight
On the mother's living heart.
So close come the two great cities,
With only the river between;
And the grass in the one is trampled,
But the grass in the other is green.

The hills with uncovered foreheads,
Like the disciples meet,
While ever the flowing water
Is washing their hallowed feet.
And out on the glassy ocean,
The sails in the golden gloom
Seem to me but moving shadows
Of the white enmarbled tomb.

Anon, from the hut and the palace,
Anon, from early till late,
They come, rich and poor together,
Asking alms at thy beautiful gate.
And never had life a guerdon
So welcome to all to give,
In the land where the living are dying,
As the land where the dead may live.

O silent city of refuge
On the way to the city o'erhead!
The gleam of thy marble milestones
Tells the distance we are from the dead.
Full of feet, but a city untrodden,
Full of hands, but a city unbuilt,
Full of strangers who know not even
That their life-cup lies there spilt.

They know not the tomb from the palace,
They dream not they ever have died:
God be thanked they never will know it
Till they live on the other side!
From the doors that death shut coldly
On the face of their last lone woe:
They came to thy glades for shelter
Who had nowhere else to go.

REV. S. MILLER HAGERMAN.

A STRANGE SINGER.

JOY'S the shyest bird
Mortal ever heard;
Listen rapt and silent when he sings;
Do not seek to see,
Lest the vision be
But a flutter of departing wings.

Straight down out of heaven
Drops the fiery leaven,
Beating, burning, rising in his breast;
Never, never long
Canst thou bear the song,
All too high for labor or for rest.

Hope can sit and sing
With a folded wing,
Long contented in a narrow cage;
Patience on the nest,
Hour by hour will rest,
Brooding tender things in hermitage.

Singers true and sweet,
Mockers bright and fleet,
Close about thy door they flit and call;
One that will not stay
Draws thy heart away;
Listen! listen! It is more than all.

Spectator. CARL SPENSER.

HOMEWARD.

"There remaineth a rest."

[The following poem, which was published in No. 1750 of THE LIVING AGE, is reprinted by request, together with a Spanish translation of the same, which appeared in the *Boston Advertiser*. ED.]

THE day dies slowly in the western sky;
The sunset splendor fades, and wan and cold
The far peaks wait the sunrise; cheerily
The goatherd calls his wanderers to their fold:
My weary soul, that fain would cease to roam,
Take comfort; evening bringeth all things home.

Homeward the swift-winged seagull takes its flight;
The ebbing tide breaks softly on the sand;
The red-sailed boats draw shoreward for the night;
The shadows deepen over sea and land:
Be still, my soul; thine hour shall also come;
Behold, one evening God shall lead thee home.

H. M.

HACIA CASA.

"Luego te resta un descanso."

LENTO el dia va declinando al ocaso;
El brillante sol decae, y su levante
Aguardan las sierras lejanas; con alegre paso
El cabrero se retira con sus rebaños delante:
O alma mia, tan oprimida y lasa,
Confórtate, que la noche lleva á todos á casa.

La gaviota aligera se refugia á su nido;
Las olas menguantes se rompen en la ribera;
Los barcos sol-dorados hácia tierra han ido;
Las sombras se ofuscan sobre el mar y la tierra:
Aquiétate, mi alma, tu hora tambien vendrá,
Que Dios una noche á casa te guiará.

C. F. B.

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From The Fortnightly Review.

EQUALITY.*

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THERE is a maxim which we all know, which occurs in our copy-books, which occurs in that solemn and beautiful formulary against which the Nonconformist genius is just now so angrily chafing — the burial service. The maxim is this: "Evil communications corrupt good manners." It is taken from one of the chapters of the Epistles to the Corinthians; but originally it is a line of poetry, of Greek poetry. *Quid Athenis et Hierosolymis?* asks a father; what have Athens and Jerusalem to do with one another? Well, at any rate, the Jerusalemite Paul, exhorting his converts, enforces what he is saying by a verse of Athenian comedy, a verse, probably, from the great master of that comedy, a man unsurpassed for fine and just observation of human life, Menander. Φθείρουσιν ἤθη χρῆσθ' ὁμιλίαι κακαί — "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

In that collection of single, sententious lines, printed at the end of Menander's fragments, where we now find the maxim quoted by St. Paul, there is another striking maxim, not alien certainly to the language of the Christian religion, but which has not passed into our copy-books: "Choose equality and flee greed." The same profound observer, who laid down the maxim so universally accepted by us that it has become commonplace, the maxim that evil communications corrupt good manners, laid down too, as a no less sure result of the accurate study of human life, this other maxim also: "Choose equality and flee greed" — Ἰσότητα δ' αἱροῦ καὶ πλεονεξίαν φύγε.

Pleonexia, or greed, the wishing and trying for the bigger share, we know under the name of covetousness. We understand by covetousness something different from what *pleonexia* really means: we understand by it the longing for other people's goods; and covetousness, so understood, it is a commonplace of morals and of religion with us that we should shun. As to the duty of pursuing equality, there is no such consent amongst us. Indeed, the consent is the other way, the consent is against equality. Equality before the law we all take as a matter of course; that is not the equality which we mean when we talk of equality. When we talk of equality, we understand social equality; and for equality in this Frenchified sense of the term almost everybody in England has a hard word. About four years ago Lord Beaconsfield held it up to reprobation in a speech to the students at Glasgow; a speech so interesting, that being asked soon afterwards to hold a discourse at Glasgow, I said that if one spoke there at all at that time it would be impossible to speak on any other subject than equality. However, it is a great way to Glasgow, and I never yet have been able to go and speak there. But the testimonies against equality have been steadily accumulating from the date of Lord Beaconsfield's Glasgow speech down to the present hour, when Sir Erskine May winds up his new and important "History of Democracy" by saying: "France has aimed at social equality. The fearful troubles through which she has passed have checked her prosperity, demoralized her society, and arrested the intellectual growth of her people." Mr. Froude is more his own master than I am, and he has been able to go to Edinburgh and to speak there upon equality. Mr. Froude told his hearers that equality splits a nation into "a multitude of disconnected units," that "the masses require leaders whom they can trust," and that "the natural leaders in a healthy country are the gentry." And only just before the "History of Democracy" came out, we had that exciting passage of arms between Mr. Lowe and Mr. Gladstone, where equality, poor thing, received blows from them both. Mr. Lowe declared that "no concession should be made to the cry for equality, unless it appears that the State is menaced with more danger by its refusal than by its admission. No such case exists now or ever has existed in this country." And Mr. Gladstone replied that equality was so utterly unattractive to the people of this country, inequality was so dear to their hearts, that to talk of conces-

* Address delivered at the Royal Institution.

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sions being made to the cry for equality was absurd. "There is no broad political idea," says Mr. Gladstone quite truly, "which has entered less into the formation of the political system of this country than the love of equality." And he adds: "It is not the love of equality which has carried into every corner of the country the distinct undeniable popular preference, wherever other things are equal, for a man who is a lord over a man who is not. The love of freedom itself is hardly stronger in England than the love of aristocracy." Mr. Gladstone goes on to quote a saying of Sir William Molesworth, that with our people the love of aristocracy "is a religion." And he concludes in his copious and eloquent way: "Call this love of inequality by what name you please — the complement of the love of freedom, or its negative pole, or the shadow which the love of freedom casts, or the reverberation of its voice in the halls of the constitution — it is an active, living, and life-giving power, which forms an inseparable essential element in our political habits of mind, and asserts itself at every step in the processes of our system."

And yet, on the other side, we have a consummate critic of life like Menander, delivering, as if there were no doubt at all about the matter, the maxim: "Choose equality!" An Englishman with any curiosity must surely be inclined to ask himself how such a maxim can ever have got established, and taken rank along with "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Moreover, we see that among the French, who have suffered so grievously, as we hear, from choosing equality, the most gifted spirits continue to believe passionately in it, nevertheless. "The human ideal, as well as the social ideal, is," says George Sand, "to achieve equality." She calls equality "the goal of man and the law of the future." She asserts that France is the most civilized of nations, and that its pre-eminence in civilization it owes to equality.

But Menander lived a long while ago, and George Sand was an enthusiast. Perhaps their differing from us about equality need not trouble us much. France, too, counts for but one nation, as England counts for one, also. Equality may be a religion with the people of France, as inequality, we are told, is a religion with the people of England. But what do other nations seem to think about the matter? Now this is most certainly not a lecture on law and the rules of bequest. But it it evident that in the societies of Europe, with a constitution of property such as that which the feudal Middle Age left them with — a constitution of property full of inequality — the state of the law of bequest shows us how far each society wishes the inequality to continue. The families in possession of great estates will not break them up if they can help it. The owners will do all they can, by entail and settlement, to prevent their successors from breaking them up. They will preserve inequality. Freedom of bequest, then, the power of making entails and settlements, is sure, in an old European country like ours, to maintain inequality. And with us, who have the religion of inequality, the power of entailing and settling, and of willing property as one likes, exists, as is well known, in singular fulness — greater fulness than in any country of the Continent. The proposal of a measure such as the Real Estates Intestacy Bill is, in a country like ours, perfectly puerile. A European country like ours, wishing not to preserve inequality but to abate it, can only do so by interfering with the freedom of bequest. This is what Turgot, the wisest of French statesmen, pronounced before the Revolution to be necessary, and what was done in France at the great Revolution. The Code Napoléon, the actual law of France, forbids entails altogether, and leaves a man free to dispose of but one-fourth of his property, of whatever kind, if he have three children or more, of one-third if he have two children, of one-half if he have but one child. Only in the rare case, therefore, of a man's having but one child, can that child take the whole of his father's property. If there are two children, two-thirds of the property must be equally divided between them; if there are more than two, three-fourths. In this way has France, desiring equality, sought to bring equality about.

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Now the interesting point for us is, I say, to know how far other European communities, left in the same situation with us and France, having immense inequalities of class and property created for them by the Middle Age, have dealt with these inequalities by means of the law of bequest. Do they leave bequest free, as we do? then, like us, they are for inequality. Do they interfere with the freedom of bequest, as France does? then, like France, they are for equality. And we shall be most interested, surely, by what the most civilized European communities do in this matter — communities such as those of Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland. And among those communities we are most concerned, I think, with such as, in the conditions of freedom and of self-government which they demand for their life, are most like ourselves. Germany, for instance, we shall less regard, because the conditions which the Germans seem to accept for their life are so unlike what we demand for ours; there is so much personal government there, so much *Junkerism*, militarism, officialism; the community is so much more trained to submission than we could bear, so much more used to be, as the popular phrase is, sat upon. Countries where the community has more a will of its own, or can more show it, are the most important for our present purpose — such countries as Belgium, Holland, Italy, Switzerland. Well, Belgium adopts purely and simply, as to bequest and inheritance, the provisions of the Code Napoléon. Holland adopts them purely and simply. Italy has adopted them substantially. Switzerland is a republic, where the general feeling against inequality is strong, and where it might seem less necessary, therefore, to guard against inequality by interfering with the power of bequest. Each canton has its own law of bequest. In Geneva, Vaud, and Zurich — perhaps the three most distinguished cantons — it is identical with that of France. In Berne, one-third is the fixed proportion which a man is free to dispose of by will; the rest of his property must go among his children equally. In all the other cantons there are regulations of a like kind. Germany, I was saying, will interest us less than these freer countries. In Germany — though there is not the English freedom of bequest, but the rule of the Roman law prevails, the rule obliging the parent to assign a certain portion to each child — in Germany entails and settlements in favor of an eldest son are generally permitted. But there is a remarkable exception. The Rhine countries, which in the early part of this century were under French rule, and which then received the Code Napoléon, these countries refused to part with it when they were restored to Germany; and to this day Rhenish Prussia, Rhenish Hesse, and Baden, have the French law of bequest, forbidding entails, and dividing property in the way we have seen.

The United States of America have the English liberty of bequest. But the United States are, like Switzerland, a republic, with the republican sentiment for equality. Theirs is, besides, a new society; it did not inherit the system of classes and of property which feudalism formed in Europe. The class by which they were settled was not a class with feudal habits and ideas. It is notorious that to hold great landed estates and to entail them upon an eldest son, is neither the practice nor the desire of any class in America. I remember hearing it said to an American in England: "But, after all, you have the same freedom of bequest and inheritance as we have, and if a man to-morrow chose in your country to entail a great landed estate rigorously, what could you do?" The American answered: "Set aside the will on the ground of insanity."

You see we are in a manner taking the votes for and against equality. We ought not to leave out our own colonies. In general they are, of course, like the United States of America, new societies. They have the English liberty of bequest. But they have no feudal past, and were not settled by a class with feudal habits and ideas. Nevertheless it happens that there have arisen, in Australia, exceedingly large estates, and that the proprietors seek to keep them together. And what have we seen happen lately? An act has been

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passed which in effect inflicts a fine upon every proprietor who holds a landed estate of more than a certain value. The measure has been severely blamed in England; to Mr. Lowe such a "concession to the cry for equality" appears, as we might expect, pregnant with warnings. At present I neither praise it nor blame it; I simply take it as one of the votes for equality. And is it not a singular thing, I ask you, that while we have the religion of inequality, and can hardly bear to hear equality spoken of, there should be, among the nations of Europe which have politically most in common with us, and in the United States of America, and in our own colonies, this diseased appetite, as we must think it, for equality? Perhaps Lord Beaconsfield may not have turned your minds to this subject as he turned mine, and what Menander or George Sand happen to have said may not interest you much; yet surely when you think of it, when you see what a practical revolt against inequality there is amongst so many people not so very unlike to ourselves, you must feel some curiosity to sift the matter a little further, and may be not ill-disposed to follow me while I try to do so.

I have received a letter from Clerkenwell, in which the writer reproaches me for lecturing about equality at this which he calls "the most aristocratic and exclusive place out." I am here because your secretary invited me. But I am glad to treat the subject of equality before such an audience as this. Some of you may remember that I have roughly divided our English society into barbarians, Philistines, populace, each of them with their prepossessions, and loving to hear what gratifies them. But I remarked at the same time, that scattered throughout all these three classes were a certain number of generous and humane souls, lovers of man's perfection, detached from the prepossessions of the class to which they might naturally belong, and desirous that he who speaks to them should, as Plato says, not try to please his fellow-servants, but his true and legitimate masters, the heavenly gods. I feel sure that among the members and frequenters of an institution like this, such humane souls are apt to congregate in numbers. Even from the reproach which my Clerkenwell friend brings against you of being too aristocratic, I derive some comfort. Only I give to the term *aristocratic* a rather wide extension. An accomplished American, much known and much esteemed in this country, the late Mr. Charles Sumner, says that what particularly struck him in England was the large class of gentlemen as distinct from the nobility, and the abundance amongst them of serious knowledge, high accomplishment, and refined taste — taste fastidious perhaps, says Mr. Sumner, to excess, but erring on virtue's side. And he goes on: "I do not know that there is much difference between the manners and social observances of the highest classes of England and those of the corresponding classes of France and Germany; but in the rank immediately below the highest — as among the professions, or military men, or literary men — there you will find that the Englishmen have the advantage. They are better educated and better bred, more careful in their personal habits and in social conventions more refined." Mr. Sumner's remark is just and important; this large class of gentlemen in the professions, the services, literature, politics — and a good contingent is now added from business also — this large class, not of the nobility but with the accomplishments and taste of an upper class, is something peculiar to England. Of this class I may probably assume that my present audience is in large measure composed. It is aristocratic in this sense, that it has the tastes of a cultivated class, a certain high standard of civilization. Well, it is in its effects upon *civilization* that equality interests me. And I speak to an audience with a high standard of civilization. If I say certain things in certain classes do not come up to a high standard of civilization, I need not prove how and why they do not; you will feel whether they do or no. If they do not, I need not prove that this is a bad thing, that a high standard of civilization is desirable; you will instinctively feel that it is. Instead of calling this "the most aristocratic and exclusive place out," I conceive of it as a *civilized* place; and in speaking about civilization half one's labor is saved when one speaks about it among those who are civilized.

Politics are forbidden here; but equality is not a question of English politics. The abstract right to equality may, indeed, be a question of speculative politics. French equality appeals to this abstract natural right as its support. It goes back to a state of nature where all were equal, and supposes that "the poor consented," as Rousseau says, "to the existence of rich people," reserving always a natural right to return to the state of nature. It supposes that a child has a natural right to his equal share in his father's goods.

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The principle of abstract right, says Mr. Lowe, has never been admitted in England, and is false. I so entirely agree with him, that I run no risk of offending by discussing equality upon the basis of this principle. So far as I can sound human consciousness, I cannot, as I have often said, perceive that man is really conscious of any abstract natural rights at all. The natural right to have work found for one to do, the natural right to have food found for one to eat, rights sometimes so confidently and so indignantly asserted, seem to me quite baseless. It cannot be too often repeated — peasants and workmen have no natural rights, not one. Only we ought instantly to add, that kings and nobles have none either. If it is the sound English doctrine that all rights are created by law and are based on expediency, and are alterable as the public advantage may require, certainly that orthodox doctrine is mine. Property is created and maintained by law. It would disappear in that state of private war and scramble which legal society supersedes. Legal society creates, for the common good, the right of property, and for the common good that right is by legal society limitable. That property should exist, and that it should be held with a sense of security and with a power of disposal, may be taken, by us here at any rate, as a settled matter of expediency. With these conditions a good deal of inequality is inevitable. But that the power of disposal should be practically *unlimited*, that the inequality should be *enormous*, or that the degree of inequality admitted at one time should be admitted *always* — this is by no means so certain. The right of bequest was in early times, as Sir Henry Maine and Mr. Mill have pointed out, seldom recognized. In later times it has been limited in many countries in the way that we have seen; even in England itself it is not formally quite unlimited. The question is one of expediency. It is assumed, I grant, with great unanimity amongst us, that our signal inequality of classes and property is expedient for our civilization and welfare. But this assumption, of which the distinguished personages who adopt it seem so sure that they think it needless to produce grounds for it, is just what we have to examine.

Now, there is a sentence of Sir Erskine May, whom I have already quoted, which will bring us straight to the very point that I wish to raise. Sir Erskine May, after saying, as you have heard, that France has pursued social equality, and has come to fearful troubles, demoralization, and intellectual stoppage by doing so, continues thus: "Yet is she high, if not the first in the scale of civilized nations." Why, here is a curious thing, surely! A nation pursues social equality supposed to be an utterly false and baneful ideal; it arrives, as might have been expected, at fearful misery and deterioration by doing so; and yet, at the same time, it is high, if not the first, in the scale of civilized nations. What do we mean by *civilized?* Sir Erskine May does not seem to have asked himself the question. So we will try to answer it for ourselves. Civilization is the humanization of man in society. To be humanized is to comply with the true law of our human nature: *servare modum, finemque tenere, naturamque sequi*, says Lucan; "to keep our measure, and to hold fast our end, and to follow nature." To be humanized is to make progress towards this, our true and full humanity. And to be civilized is to make progress towards this in civil society; in that civil society "without which," says Burke, "man could not by any possibility arrive at the perfection of which his nature is capable, nor even make a remote and faint approach to it." To be the most civilized of nations, therefore, is to be the nation which comes nearest to human perfection in the state which that perfection essentially demands. And a nation which has been brought by the pursuit of social equality to moral deterioration, intellectual stoppage, and fearful troubles, is perhaps the nation which has come nearest to human perfection in that state which such perfection essentially demands! M. Michelet himself, who would deny the demoralization and the stoppage, and call the fearful troubles a sublime expiation for the sins of the whole world, could hardly say more for France than this. Certainly Sir Erskine May never intended to say so much. But into what a difficulty has he somehow run himself, and what a good action would it be to extricate him from it! Let us see whether the performance of that good action may not also be a way of clearing our minds as to the uses of equality.

When we talk of man's advance towards his full humanity, we think of an advance, not along one line only, but several. Certain races and nations, as we know, are on certain lines pre-eminent and representative. The Hebrew nation was pre-eminent on one great line. "What nation," it was justly said by their lawgiver, "hath

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statues and judgments so righteous as the law which I set before you this day? Keep therefore and do them; for this is your wisdom and your understanding in the sight of the nations which shall hear all these statutes and say: Surely this great nation is a wise and understanding people!" The Hellenic race was pre-eminent on other lines. Isocrates could say of Athens: "Our city has left the rest of the world so far behind in philosophy and eloquence, that those educated by Athens have become the teachers of the rest of mankind; and so well has she done her part, that the name of Greeks seems no longer to stand for a race, but to stand for intelligence itself, and they who share in our culture are called Greeks even before those who are merely of our own blood." The power of intellect and science, the power of beauty, the power of social life and manners — these are what Greece so felt, and fixed, and may stand for. They are great elements in our humanization. The power of conduct is another great element; and this was so felt and fixed by Israel that we can never with justice refuse to allow Israel, in spite of all his shortcomings, to stand for it.

So you see that in being humanized we have to move along several lines, and that on certain lines certain nations find their strength and take a lead. We may elucidate the thing yet further. Nations now existing may be said to feel or to have felt the power of this or that element in our humanization so signally that they are characterized by it. No one who knows this country would deny that it is characterized, in a remarkable degree, by a sense of the power of conduct. Our feeling for religion is one part of this; our industry is another. What foreigners so much remark in us — our public spirit, our love, amidst all our liberty, for public order and for stability — are parts of it too. The power of beauty was so felt by the Italians that their art revived, as we know, the almost lost idea of beauty, and the serious and successful pursuit of it. Cardinal Antonelli, speaking to me about the education of the common people in Rome, said that they were illiterate indeed, but whoever mingled with them at any public show, and heard them pass judgment on the beauty or ugliness of what came before them — "*E brutto*" "*E bello*" — would find that their judgment agreed admirably, in general, with just what the most cultivated people would say. Even at the present time, then, the Italians are pre-eminent in feeling the power of beauty. The power of knowledge, in the same way, is eminently an influence with the Germans. This by no means implies, as is sometimes supposed, a high and fine general culture. What it implies is a strong sense of the necessity of knowing *scientifically*, as the expression is, the things which have to be known by us — of knowing them systematically, by the regular and right process, and in the only real way. And this sense the Germans especially have. Finally, there is the power of social life and manners. And even the Athenians themselves, perhaps, have hardly felt this power so much as the French.

Voltaire, in a famous passage, where he extols the age of Louis XIV. and ranks it with the chief epochs in the civilization of our race, has to specify the gift bestowed on us by the age of Louis XIV., as the age of Pericles, for instance, bestowed on us its art and literature, and the Italian Renascence its revival of art and literature. And Voltaire shows all his acuteness in fixing on the gift to name. It is not the sort of gift which we expect to see named. The great gift of the age of Louis XIV. to the world, says Voltaire, was this: *l'esprit de société*, the spirit of society, the social spirit. And another French writer, looking for the good points in the old French nobility, says that this at any rate is to be said in their favor: they established a high and charming ideal of social intercourse and manners, for a nation formed to profit by such an ideal, and which has profited by it ever since. And in America, perhaps, we see the disadvantages of having social equality before there has been any such high standard of social life and manners formed. We are not disposed in England, most of us, to attach all this importance to social intercourse and manners. Yet Burke says: "There ought to be a system of manners in every nation which a well-formed mind would be disposed to relish." And the power of social life and manners is truly, as we have seen, one of the great elements in our humanization. Unless we have cultivated it we are incomplete. The impulse for cultivating it is not, indeed, a moral impulse. It is by no means identical with the moral impulse to help our neighbor and to do him good. Yet in many ways it works to a like end. It brings men together, makes them feel the need of one another, be considerate of one another, understand one another. But, above all things, it is a promoter of equality. It is by the humanity of their manners that men are made

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equal. "A man thinks to show himself my equal," says Goethe, "by being *grob* — that is to say, coarse and rude; he does not show himself my equal, he shows himself *grob*." But a community having humane manners is a community of equals, and in such a community great social inequalities have really no meaning, while they are at the same time a menace and an embarrassment to perfect ease of social intercourse. A community with the spirit of society is eminently, therefore, a community with the spirit of equality. A nation with a genius for society, like the French or the Athenians, is irresistibly drawn towards equality. From the first moment when the French people, with its congenital sense for the power of social intercourse and manners, came into existence, it was on its road to equality. When it had once got a high standard of social manners abundantly established, and at the same time the natural, material necessity for the feudal inequality of classes and property pressed upon it no longer, the French people introduced equality and made the French Revolution. It was not the spirit of philanthropy which mainly caused that Revolution, neither was it the spirit of envy; it was the spirit of society.

The well-being of the many comes out more and more distinctly, as time goes on, as the object we must pursue. An individual or a class, concentrating their efforts upon their own well-being exclusively, do but beget troubles both for others and for themselves also. No individual life can be truly prosperous, passed, as Obermann says, in the midst of men who suffer — *passée au milieu des générations qui souffrent.* To the noble soul, it cannot be happy; to the ignoble, it cannot be secure. Socialistic and communistic schemes have generally, however, a fatal defect; they are content with too low and material a standard of well-being. That instinct of perfection, which is the master-power in humanity, always rebels at this, and frustrates the work. Many are to be made partakers of well-being, true; but the ideal of well-being is not to be, on that account, lowered and coarsened. M. de Laveleye, the political economist, who is a Belgian and a Protestant, and whose testimony therefore we may the more readily take about France, says that France, being the country of Europe where the soil is more divided than anywhere except in Switzerland and Norway, is at the same time the country where material well-being is most widely spread, where wealth has of late years increased most, and where population is least outrunning the limits which, for the comfort and progress of the working-classes themselves, seem necessary. This may go for a good deal. It supplies an answer to what Sir Erskine May says about the bad effects of equality upon French prosperity. But I will quote to you from Mr. Hamerton what goes, I think, for yet more. Mr. Hamerton is an excellent observer and reporter, and has lived for many years in France. He says of the French peasantry that they are exceedingly ignorant. So they are. But he adds: "They are at the same time full of intelligence; their manners are excellent, they have delicate preceptions, they have tact, they have a certain refinement which a brutalized peasantry could not possibly have. If you talk to one of them at his own home, or in his field, he will enter into conversation with you quite easily, and sustain his part in a perfectly becoming way, with a pleasant combination of dignity and quiet humor. The interval between him and a Kentish laborer is enormous." This is indeed worth your attention. Of course all mankind are, as Mr. Gladstone says, of our own flesh and blood. But you know how often it happens in England that a cultivated person, a person of the sort that Mr. Charles Sumner describes, talking to one of the lower class, or even of the middle class, feels, and cannot but feel, that there is somehow a wall of partition between himself and the other, that they seem to belong to two different worlds. Thoughts, feelings, perception, susceptibilities, language, manners — everything — are different. Whereas, with a French peasant, the most cultivated man may find himself in sympathy, feel that he is talking to an equal. This is an experience which has been made a thousand times, and which may be made again any day. And it may be carried beyond the range of mere conversation, it may be extended to things like pleasures, recreations, eating and drinking, and so on. In general the pleasures, recreations, eating and drinking of English people, when once you get below that class which Mr. Charles Sumner calls the class of gentlemen, are to one of that class unpalatable and impossible. In France there is not this incompatibility. The gentleman feels himself in a world, not alien or repulsive, but a world where people make the same sort of demands upon life, in things of this sort, which he himself does. In all these respects France is the country where the people, as distinguished from a

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wealthy, refined class, most lives what we call a humane life, the life of civilized man. Of course, fastidious persons can and do pick holes in it. There is just now, in France, a *noblesse* newly revived, full of pretensions, full of airs and graces and disdains; but its sphere is narrow, and out of its own sphere no one cares very much for it. There is a general equality in a humane kind of life. This is the secret of the passionate attachment with which France inspires all Frenchmen, in spite of her fearful troubles, her checked prosperity, her disconnected units, and the rest of it. There is so much of the goodness and agreeableness of life there, and for so many. It is the secret of her having been able to attach so ardently to her the German and Protestant people of Alsace, while we have been so little able to attach the Celtic and Catholic people of Ireland. France brings the Alsatians into a social system so full of the goodness and agreeableness of life; we offer to the Irish no such attraction. It is the secret, finally, of the prevalence which we have remarked in other Continental countries of a legislation tending, like that of France, to social equality. The social system which equality creates in France is, in the eyes of others, such a giver of the goodness and agreeableness of life, that they seek to get the goodness by getting the equality.

Yet France has had her fearful troubles, as Sir Erskine May justly says. She suffers, too, he adds, from demoralization and intellectual stoppage. Let us admit, if he likes, this to be true also. His error is that he attributes all this to equality. Equality, as we have seen, has brought France to a really admirable and enviable pitch of humanization in one important line. And this, the work of equality, is so much a good in Sir Erskine May's eyes, that he has mistaken it for the whole of which it is a part, frankly identifies it with civilization, and is inclined to pronounce France the most civilized of nations. But we have seen how much goes to full humanization, to true civilization, besides the power of social life and manners. There is the power of conduct, the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty. The power of conduct is the greatest of all. And without in the least wishing to preach, I must observe, as a mere matter of natural fact and experience, that for the power of conduct France has never had anything like the same sense which she has had for the power of social life and manners. Michelet, himself a Frenchman, gives us the reason why the Reformation did not succeed in France. It did not succeed, he says, because *la France ne voulait pas de réforme morale* — moral reform France would not have, and the Reformation was above all a moral movement. The sense in France for the power of conduct has not greatly deepened, I think, since. The sense for the power of intellect and knowledge has not been adequate either. The sense for beauty has not been adequate. Intelligence and beauty have been, in general, but so far reached as they can be and are reached by men who, of the elements of perfect humanization, lay thorough hold upon one only — the power of social intercourse and manners. I speak of France in general; she has had, and she has, individuals who stand out and who form exceptions. Well then, if a nation laying no true hold upon the powers of beauty and knowledge, and a most failing and feeble hold upon the power of conduct, comes to demoralization and intellectual stoppage and fearful troubles, we need not be inordinately surprised. What we should rather marvel at is the healing and bountiful operation of nature, whereby the laying firm hold on one real element in our humanization has had for France results so beneficent.

And thus, when Sir Erskine May gets bewildered between France's equality and fearful troubles on the one hand, and the civilization of France on the other, let us suggest to him that perhaps he is bewildered by his data because he combines them ill. France has not exemplary disaster and ruin as the fruits of equality, and at the same time, and independently of this, an exemplary civilization. She has a large measure of happiness and success as the fruits of equality, and she has a very large measure of dangers and troubles as the fruits of something else.

We have more to do, however, than to help Sir Erskine May out of his scrape about France. We have to see whether the considerations which we have been employing may not be of use to us about England.

We shall not have much difficulty in admitting whatever good is to be said of ourselves, and we will try not to be unfair by excluding all that is not so favorable. Indeed, our less favorable side is the one which we should be the most anxious to note, in order that we may mend it. But we will begin with the good. Our people has energy and honesty as its good characteristics. We have a strong sense for

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the chief power in the life and progress of man — the power of conduct. So far we speak of the English people as a whole. Then we have a rich, refined, and splendid aristocracy. And we have, according to Mr. Charles Sumner's acute and true remark, a class of gentlemen, not of the nobility, but well-bred, cultivated, and refined, larger than is to be found in any other country. For these last we have Mr. Sumner's testimony. As to the splendor of our aristocracy, all the world is agreed. Then we have a middle class and a lower class; and they, after all, are the immense bulk of the nation.

Let us see how the civilization of these classes appears to a Frenchman, who has witnessed, in his own country, the considerable humanization of these classes by equality. To such an observer our middle class divides itself into a serious portion, and a gay or rowdy portion; both are a marvel to him. With the gay or rowdy portion we need not much concern ourselves; we shall figure it to our minds sufficiently if we conceive it as the source of that war-song produced in these recent days of excitement, —

> We don't want to fight, but by jingo, if we do,
> We've got the ships, we've got the men, and
> we've got the money too.

We may also partly judge its standard of life, and the needs of its nature, by the modern English theatre, perhaps the most contemptible in Europe. But the real strength of the English middle class is in its serious portion. And of this a Frenchman, who was here some little time ago as the correspondent, I think, of the *Siècle* newspaper, and whose letters were afterwards published in a volume, writes as follows. He had been attending some of the Moody and Sankey meetings, and he says: "To understand the success of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, one must be familiar with English manners, one must know the mind-deadening influence of a narrow Biblism, one must have experienced the sense of acute ennui which the aspect and the frequentation of this great division of English society produce in others, the want of elasticity and the chronic ennui which characterize this class itself, petrified in a narrow Protestantism and in a perpetual reading of the Bible." You know the French; a little more Biblism, one may take leave to say, would do them no harm. But an audience like this — and here, as I said, is the advantage of an audience like this — will have no difficulty in admitting the amount of truth which there is in the Frenchman's picture. It is the picture of a class which, driven by its sense for the power of conduct, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, entered — as I have more than once said, and as I may more than once have occasion in future to say — *entered the prison of Puritanism, and had the key turned upon its spirit there for two hundred years.* They did not know, good and earnest people as they were, that to the building up of human life there belong all those other powers also — the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, the power of social life and manners. And something, by what they became, they gained, and the whole nation with them; they deepened and fixed for this nation the sense of conduct. But they created a type of life and manners, of which they themselves indeed are slow to recognize the faults, but which is fatally condemned by its hideousness, its immense ennui, and against which the instinct of self-preservation in humanity rebels.

Partisans fight against facts in vain. Mr. Goldwin Smith, a writer of eloquence and power, although too prone to acerbity, is a partisan of the Puritans, and of the Nonconformists who are the special inheritors of the Puritan tradition. He angrily resents the imputation upon that Puritan type of life, on which the life of our serious middle class has been formed, that it was doomed to hideousness, to immense ennui. He protests that it had beauty, amenity, accomplishment. Let us go to facts. Charles I., who with all his faults, had the just idea that art and letters are great civilizers, made, as you know, a famous collection of pictures — our first national gallery. It was, I suppose, the best collection at that time north of the Alps. It contained nine Raphaels, eleven Correggios, twenty-eight Titians. What became of that collection? The journals of the House of Commons will tell you. There you may see the Puritan Parliament disposing of this Whitehall, or York House, collection, as follows: "Ordered, that all such pictures and statues there as are without any superstition, shall be forthwith sold. . . . Ordered, that all such pictures there as have the representation of the Second Person in Trinity upon them, shall be forthwith burnt. Ordered, that all such pictures there, as have the representation of the Virgin Mary upon them, shall be forthwith burnt." There we have the weak side of our Parliamentary government and

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our serious middle class. We are incapable of sending Mr. Gladstone to be tried at the Old Bailey because he proclaims his antipathy to Lord Beaconsfield; a majority in our House of Commons is incapable of hailing, with frantic laughter and applause, a string of indecent jests against Christianity and its founder; but we are not, or were not, incapable of producing a Parliament which burns or sells the masterpieces of Italian art. And one may surely say of such a Puritan Parliament, and of those who determine its line for it, that they had not the spirit of beauty.

What shall we say of amenity? Milton was born a humanist, but the Puritan temper, as we know, mastered him. There is nothing more unlovely and unamiable than Milton the Puritan disputant. Some one answers his "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce." "I mean not," rejoins Milton, "to dispute philosophy with this pork, who never read any." However, he does reply to him, and throughout the reply Milton's great joke is, that his adversary, who was anonymous, is a serving-man. "Finally, he winds up his text with much doubt and trepidation; for it may be his trenchers were not scraped, and that which never yet afforded corn of favor to his noddle — the salt-cellar — was not rubbed; and therefore, in this haste, easily granting that his answers fall foul upon each other, and praying you would not think he writes as a prophet, but as a man, he runs to the black jack, fills his flagon, spreads the table, and serves up dinner." There you have the same spirit of urbanity and amenity, as much of it and as little, as generally informs the religious controversies of our Puritan middle class to this day.

But Mr. Goldwin Smith insists, and picks out his own examplar of the Puritan type of life and manners, and even here let us follow him. He picks out the most favorable specimen he can find, Colonel Hutchinson, whose well-known memoirs, written by his widow, we have all read with interest. "Lucy Hutchinson," says Mr. Goldwin Smith, "is painting what she thought a perfect Puritan would be; and her picture presents to us not a coarse, crop-eared, and snuffling fanatic, but a highly accomplished, refined, gallant, and most *amiable*, though religious and seriously-minded gentleman." Let us, I say, in this example of Mr. Goldwin Smith's own choosing, lay our finger upon the points where this type deflects from the truly humane ideal. Mrs. Hutchinson relates a story which gives us a good notion of what the amiable and accomplished social intercourse, even of a picked Puritan family, was. Her husband was governor of Nottingham. He had occasion, she says, "to go and break up a private meeting in the cannoneer's chamber;" and in the cannoneer's chamber "were found some notes concerning pædobaptism, which, being brought into the governor's lodgings, his wife having perused them and compared them with the Scriptures, found not what to say against the truths they asserted concerning the misapplication of that ordinance to infants." Soon afterwards she expects her confinement, and communicates the cannoneer's doubts about pædobaptism to her husband. The fatal cannoneer makes a breach in him too. "Then he bought and read all the eminent treatises on both sides, which at that time came thick from the presses, and still was cleared in the error of the pædobaptists." Finally, Mrs. Hutchinson is confined. Then the governor "invited all the ministers to dinner, and propounded his doubt and the ground thereof to them. None of them could defend their practice with any satisfactory reason, but the tradition of the Church from the primitive times, and their main buckler of federal holiness, which Tombs and Denne had excellently overthrown. He and his wife then, professing themselves unsatisfied, desired their opinions." With the opinions I will not trouble you, but hasten to the result: "Whereupon that infant was not baptized."

No doubt to a large division of English society at this very day, that sort of dinner and discussion, and, indeed, the whole manner of life and conversation here suggested by Mrs. Hutchinson's narrative, will seem both natural and amiable, and such as to meet the needs of man both as a religious and as a social creature. You know the conversation which reigns in thousands of middle-class families at this hour about nunneries, teetotalism, the confessional, eternal punishment, ritualism, disestablishment. It goes wherever the class goes which is moulded on the Puritan type of life. In the long winter evenings of Toronto Mr. Goldwin Smith has had, probably, abundant experience of it. What is its enemy? The instinct of self-preservation in humanity. Men make crude types and try to impose them, but to no purpose. "*L'homme s'agite, Dieu le mène*," says Bossuet. "There are many devices in a man's heart; nevertheless the counsel of the Eternal, that shall stand." Those who offer us the Puritan

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type of life offer us a religion not true, the claims of intellect and knowledge not satisfied, the claim of beauty not satisfied, the claim of manners not satisfied. In its strong sense for conduct that life touches truth; but its other imperfections hinder it from employing even this sense aright. The type mastered our nation for a time. Then came the reaction. The nation said: "This type, at any rate, is amiss; we are not going to be all like *that*." The type retired into our middle class, and fortified itself there. It seeks to endure, to emerge, to deny its own imperfections, to impose itself again; impossible! If we continue to live we must outgrow it. The very class in which it is rooted, our middle class, will have to acknowledge the type's inadequacy, will have to acknowledge the hideousness, the immense ennui of the life which this type has created, will have to transform itself thoroughly. It will have to admit the large part of truth which there is in the criticisms of our Frenchman, whom we have too long forgotten.

After our middle class he turns his attention to our lower class. And of the lower and larger portion of this, the portion not bordering on the middle class and sharing its faults, he says: "I consider this multitude to be absolutely devoid, not only of political principles, but even of the most simple notions of good and evil. Certainly it does not appeal, this mob, to the principles of '89, which you English make game of; it does not insist on the rights of man; what it wants is beer, gin, and *fun*." *

That is a description of what Mr. Bright would call the residuum, only our author seems to think the residuum a very large body. And its condition strikes him with amazement and horror. And surely well it may. Let us recall Mr. Hamerton's account of the most illiterate class in France; what an amount of civilization they have notwithstanding! And this is always to be understood, in hearing or reading a Frenchman's praise of England. He envies our liberty, our public spirit, our trade, our stability. But there is always reserve in his mind. He never means for a moment that he would like to change with us. Life seems to him so much better a thing in France for so many more people, that, in spite of the fearful troubles of France, it is far best to be a Frenchman. A Frenchman might agree with Mr. Cobden, that life is good in England for those people who have at least £5,000 a year. But the civilization of that immense majority who have not £5,000 a year, or £500, or even £100, of our middle and lower class, seems to him too deplorable.

And now what has this condition of our middle and lower class to tell us about equality? How is it, must we not ask, how is it that, being without fearful troubles, having, as a nation, a deep sense for conduct, having signal energy and honesty, having a splendid aristocracy, having an exceptionally large class of gentlemen, we are yet so little civilized? How is it that our middle and lower class, in spite of the individuals among them who are raised by happy gifts of nature to a more humane life, in spite of the seriousness of the middle class, in spite of the general honesty and power of true work, *verus labor*, which prevail throughout the lower, do yet present, as a whole, the characters which we have seen?

And really it seems as if the current of our discourse carried us of itself to but one conclusion. It seems as if we could not avoid concluding, that just as France owes her fearful troubles to other things and her civilizedness to equality, so we owe our immunity from fearful troubles to other things, and our uncivilizedness to inequality. "Knowledge is easy," says the wise man, "to him that understandeth;" easy, he means, to him who will use his mind simply and rationally, and not to make him think he can know what he cannot, or to maintain, *per fas et nefas*, a false thesis with which he fancies his interests to be bound up. And to him who will use his mind as the wise man recommends, surely it is easy to see that our short-comings in civilization are due to our inequality; or in other words, that the inequality of classes and property, which came to us from the Middle Age and which we maintain because we have the religion of inequality, that this constitution of things, I say, has the natural and necessary effect, under present circumstances, of materializing our upper class, vulgarizing our middle class, and brutalizing our lower class. And this is to fail in civilization.

For only just look how the facts combine themselves. I have said little as yet about our aristocratic class, except that it is splendid. Yet these, "our often very unhappy brethren," as Burke calls them, are by no means matter for nothing but ecstasy. Our charity ought certainly, as he says, to extend "a due and anxious

* So in the original.

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sensation of pity to the distresses of the miserable great." Burke's extremely strong language about their miseries and defects I will not quote. For my part, I am always disposed to marvel that human beings, in a position so false, should be so good as these are. Their reason for existing was to serve as a number of centres in a world disintegrated after the ruin of the Roman Empire, and slowly re-constituting itself. Numerous centres of material force were needed, and these a feudal aristocracy supplied. Their large and hereditary estates served this public end. The owners had a positive function, for which their estates were essential. In our modern world the function is gone; and the great estates, with an infinitely multiplied power of ministering to mere pleasure and indulgence, remain. The energy and honesty of our race does not leave itself without witness, and in no class are there more conspicuous examples of individuals raised by happy gifts of nature far above their fellows and their circumstances. But on the whole, with no necessary function to fulfil, never conversant with life as it really is, tempted, flattered, and spoiled from childhood to old age, our aristocratic class is inevitably materialized, and the more so the more the development of industry and ingenuity augments the means of luxury. Every one can see how bad is the action of such an aristocracy upon the class of newly enriched people, whose great danger is a materialistic ideal, just because it is the ideal they can easiest comprehend. The effect on society at large, and on national progress, is what we must regard. Turn even to that sphere which aristocracies think specially their own, and where they have under other circumstances been really effective — the sphere of politics. When there is need for any large forecast of the course of human affairs, for an acquaintance with the ideas which in the end sway mankind, and for an estimate of their power, aristocracies are out of their element, and materialist aristocracies most of all. In the immense spiritual movement of our day, the English aristocracy, as I have said, always reminds me of Pilate confronting the phenomenon of Christianity. Nor can a materialized class have a serious and fruitful sense for the power of beauty. They may imagine themselves in pursuit of beauty; but how often, alas, does the pursuit come to little more than dabbling a little in what they are pleased to call art, and making a great deal of what they are pleased to call love! For the power of manners, on the other hand, an aristocratic class, whether materialized or not, will always from its circumstances have a strong sense. And although for this power of social life and manners, so important to civilization, our race has no special natural turn, in our aristocracy this power emerges, and marks them. When the day of general humanization comes, they will have fixed the standard of manners. The English simplicity, too, makes the best of the English aristocracy more frank and natural than the best of the like class anywhere else, and even the worst of them it makes free from the incredible fatuities and absurdities of the worst. Then the sense of conduct they share with their countrymen at large. In no class has it such trials to undergo; in none is it more often and more grievously overborne. But really the right comment on this is the comment of Pepys upon the evil courses of Charles II. and the Duke of York and the court of that day: "At all which I am sorry; but it is the effect of idleness, and having nothing else to employ their great spirits upon."

Heaven forbid that I should speak in dispraise of that unique and most English class which Mr. Charles Sumner extols — the large class of gentlemen, not of the landed class or the nobility, but cultivated and refined. They are a seemly product of the energy and of the power to rise in our race. Without, in general, rank and splendor and wealth and luxury to polish them, they have made their own the high standard of life and manners of an aristocratic and refined class. Not having all the dissipations and distractions of this class, they are much more seriously alive to the power of intellect and knowledge, to the power of beauty. The sense of conduct, too, meets with fewer temptations. To some extent, however, their contiguousness to the aristocratic class materializes them, as it does the class of newly enriched people. The most palpable action is on the young, and on their standard of life and enjoyment. But in general, for this whole class, established facts, the materialism they see regnant, too much block their mental horizon, and limit the possibilities of things to them. They are deficient in openness and flexibility of mind, in free play of ideas, in faith and ardor. Civilized they are, but they are not much of a civilizing force; they are somehow bounded and ineffective.

So on the middle class they produce singularly little effect. What the middle class sees is that splendid piece of

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materialism, the aristocratic class, with a wealth and luxury utterly out of their reach, with a standard of social life and manners, the offspring of that wealth and luxury, seeming utterly out of their reach also; and thus they are thrown back upon themselves — upon a defective type of religion, a narrow range of intellect and knowledge, a stunted sense of beauty, a low standard of manners. And the lower class see before them the aristocratic class, and its civilization, such as it is, even infinitely more out of *their* reach than out of that of the middle class; while the life of the middle class, with its unlovely types of religion, thought, beauty, and manners, has naturally, in general, no great attractions for them either; and so they too are thrown back upon themselves; upon their beer, their gin, and their *fun*. Now, then, you will understand what I meant by saying that our inequality materializes our upper class, vulgarizes our middle, brutalizes our lower. And the greater the inequality the more marked is its bad action upon the middle and lower classes. In Scotland the landed aristocracy fills the scene, as is well known, still more than in England; the other classes are more squeezed back and effaced, and the social civilization of the lower middle class and of the poorest class, in Scotland, is an example of the consequences. Compared with the same class even in England, the Scottish lower middle class is most visibly, to vary Mr. Charles Sumner's phrase, *less* well-bred, *less* careful in personal habits and in social conventions, *less* refined. Let any one who doubts it go, after issuing from the aristocratic solitudes which possess Loch Lomond, let him go and observe the shopkeepers and the middle class in Dumbarton, and Greenock, and Gourock, and the places along the mouth of the Clyde. And for the poorest class, who that has seen it can ever forget the hardly human horror, the abjection and uncivilizedness of Glasgow?

What a strange religion, then, is our religion of inequality! Romance is good in its way, but ours is not even a romantic religion. No doubt our aristocracy is an object of strong public interest. The *Times* itself bestows a leading article by way of epithalamium on the Duke of Norfolk's marriage. And those journals of a new type, full of talent, and which interest me particularly because they seem as if they were written by the young lion of our youth — the young lion grown mellow and, as the French say, *viveur*, arrived at his full and ripe knowledge of the world, and minded to enjoy the smooth evening of his days — those journals, in the main a sort of social gazette of the aristocracy, are apparently not read by that class only which they most concern, but are read with avidity by other classes also. And the common people too have undoubtedly, as Mr. Gladstone says, a wonderful preference for a lord. Yet our aristocracy, from the action upon it of the Wars of the Roses, the Tudors, and the political necessities of George III., is for the imagination a singularly modern and uninteresting one. Its splendor of station, wealth, show, and luxury, is then what the other classes really admire in it; and this is not an elevating admiration. So that when Mr. Gladstone invites us to call our love of inequality "the complement of the love of freedom or its negative pole, or the shadow which the love of freedom casts, or the reverberation of its voice in the halls of the constitution," we must surely answer that all this mystical eloquence is not in the least necessary to explain so simple a matter; that our love of inequality is really the vulgarity in us, and the brutality, admiring and worshipping the splendid materiality.

Our present social organization, however, will and must endure until our middle class is provided with some better ideal of life than it has now. That organization has been an appointed stage in our growth; it has been of good use, and has enabled us to do great things. But the use is at an end, and the stage is over. Ask yourselves if you do not often feel in yourselves a sense, that in spite of the strenuous efforts for good of so many excellent persons amongst us, we begin somehow to flounder and to beat the air; that we seem to be finding ourselves stopped on this line of advance and on that, and to be threatened with a standstill. It is that we are trying to live on with a social organization of which the day is over. Certainly equality will never of itself alone give us a perfect civilization. But, with such inequality as ours, a perfect civilization is impossible. To that conclusion, facts, and the stream itself of this discourse, do seem, I think, to carry us irresistibly. We arrive at it because they so choose, not because we so choose. Our tendencies are all the other way. We are most of us politicians, and in one of two camps, the Liberal or the Conservative; and Liberals tend to accept the middle class as it

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is and to praise the Nonconformists, while the Conservatives tend to accept the upper class as it is, and to praise the aristocracy. And yet here we are at the conclusion, that one of the great obstacles to our civilization is British Nonconformity, and the other, British aristocracy! — and this while we are yet forced to recognize excellent special qualities, as well as the general English energy and honesty, and a number of emergent humane individuals, in both of them. Clearly such a conclusion can be none of our own seeking. Then again, to remedy our inequality, there must be a change in the law of bequest, as in France; and the faults and inconveniences of the French law of bequest are obvious. It tends to over-divide property; it is unequal in operation, and can be eluded by people limiting their families; it makes the children, however ill they choose to behave, independent of the parent. To be sure, Mr. Mill and others have shown that a law of bequest, fixing the maximum, whether of land or money, which any one individual may take by bequest or inheritance, but in other respects leaving the testator quite free, has none of the inconveniences of the French law, and is in every way preferable. But evidently these are not questions of practical politics. Imagine Lord Hartington going down to Glasgow, and meeting his Scotch Liberals there, and saying to them: "You are ill at ease, and you are calling for change, and very justly. But the cause of your being ill at ease is not what you suppose. The cause of your being ill at ease is the profound imperfectness of your social civilization. Your social civilization is indeed such as I forbear to characterize. But the remedy is not disestablishment. The remedy is social equality. Let me direct your attention to a reform in the law of bequest and entail." One can hardly speak of such a thing with out laughing. No, the matter is one for the thoughts of those who think. It is a thing to be turned over in the minds of those, who, on the one hand, have the spirit of scientific inquirers, bent on seeing things as they really are; and, on the other hand, the spirit of friends of the humane life, lovers of perfection. To your thoughts I commit it. And perhaps, the more you think of it, the more you will be persuaded that Menander showed his wisdom quite as much when he said, *Choose equality*, as when he assured us that *evil communications corrupt good manners.*

ERICA.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRAU VON INGERSLEBEN.

XXXVI.

QUIET DAYS.

THE princess's guests, some of whom had prolonged their visit for weeks, usually came very little in contact with the occupants of the other wing of the castle. They paid the baroness a short morning call, enquired with great interest how the old lady had borne the exertion of attending the ball, discussed all sorts of agreeable nothings, and then rustled away again. No one came to tea, and as the old lady showed no inclination to issue any invitations, the little party usually spent the evening alone. Now and then, at the princess's urgent request, the young ladies went over to the other wing of the house to join the company there, whose numbers were almost daily augmented by visitors from the neighborhood.

Erica had felt rather uncomfortable at the thought of meeting Katharina after the scene at the ball, but the latter seemed to have forgotten the whole affair, or was too much accustomed to such things to take any special heed of them, and was therefore entirely at her ease. The number of her guests gradually lessened, and at last the castle was entirely empty of visitors. The princess found the ennui produced by this loneliness almost unendurable, and in desperation went more and more frequently to the baroness's rooms. To be sure, Sidonie did very little to entertain her, for she was always silent, but as all Katharina's attempts to irritate her utterly failed, the cousins remained at peace with each other.

Erica was therefore obliged to exert herself to amuse the princess, and as she was a keen observer, and endowed with a good memory, easily succeeded, especially as she could detect the little weaknesses and absurdities of her dear fellow-mortals. But her efforts to relieve the baroness of a burden had a wholly unexpected result, for Katharina wanted her constant companionship, and the old lady's authority was scarcely sufficient to protect her from being obliged to spend the whole day in her rooms. She was called upon to walk and drive with her, play on the piano, and even read aloud. Nay, Katharina insisted

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that she must learn to ride, in order to accompany her on her daily expeditions.

None of the young ladies at Dorneck rode, except Sidonie; the countess probably considered the cost of keeping so many saddle-horses, and the count, unlike his usual indolence in other matters, was a very fearless rider, and his horses were therefore unsuitable for ladies. Erica had often envied Sidonie when she rode out accompanied by her uncle or Ottomar, and was now anxious to enjoy this pleasure herself. When Elmar saw her eyes sparkle at the prospect, he suddenly recollected that he had long desired to own Miss Ella, a horse belonging to a lady in the neighborhood, whose physician had forbidden her to ride. The very next day the new horse found itself close beside Salvator, who, without any trace of hospitable feeling, began the acquaintance by taking advantage of the freedom of his long halter to pull the hay out of her rack, and then bit her when she timidly tried to approach.

Elmar's precaution was not at all unnecessary, for in spite of the numerous horses at Katharina's disposal, most of them had been ridden lame or made ill by their mistress. She knew no consideration, and it never occurred to her that an animal was a living creature, susceptible to pain, and therefore had claims upon human sympathy and care. Willingly as Elmar would have become Erica's riding-master, he left the duty to the head groom, as he feared to rouse a storm unnecessarily. Besides, Erica was such an apt pupil, that she could soon dispense with instruction, and as she was also very fearless, ere long rode out with Katharina and Sidonie. When the latter made one of the party, their rapid pace was somewhat moderated, for even in this Sidonie did not belie her usual character, and was not fond of riding at a furious rate. Erica, on the contrary, delighted in a swift gallop, and therefore was perfectly satisfied with Katharina's taste.

But when one day, after such a ride, Miss Ella came limping home, and was obliged to remain in the stable for several days, she saw the matter in a very different light, and could never again be induced to ride quickly over rough or stony roads. With great obstinacy, as Katharina vehemently complained to the baroness, she remained quietly behind, to the great delight of the head groom, and thus compelled the princess also to take a slower pace, if she did not wish to continue her ride without her companion.

Sometimes Elmar also accompanied the ladies, but only when Sidonie was a member of the party. He did not come to his grandmother's room as often as seemed desirable to Erica, and frequently took his tea alone, or with Katharina, a course, however, he adopted principally on account of the old lady, who was greatly disturbed by her granddaughter's restless movements. One day the latter declared that no mortal could endure the stupidity of Altenborn, and she should be obliged to go to Cologne for a few weeks. She wanted to take Erica with her, but the baroness refused to consent, and at last asked Elmar to accompany her.

"You must find another chamberlain, Katharina," he replied; "my business will not allow me to leave Altenborn at present."

"Business is the constant, easy excuse of every man; it means the same as 'I won't go.'"

"Then it is like a lady's headache, which says, 'I am cross, let me alone,'" said Elmar laughing.

"Sidonie can explain the meaning of that, she often suffers from headache," replied Katharina, with a glance at the young countess, who was absorbed in a book.

"No matter," she continued, as the latter did not seem inclined to mingle in the conversation; "I am glad you perceive how much I need a chamberlain, Elmar."

"How have I expressed such an opinion, Kathinka?"

"Do you intend to retract it? Didn't you say just now that I must find another chamberlain?"

"I expressed your wish, but did not admit its necessity."

"That is mere trifling, to excuse yourself. I see that I really can scarcely do without a gentleman, who — don't you think so too, grandmamma?"

"If I am to understand you, child, you must speak more plainly."

"So you have already selected the future chamberlain, Kathinka?" asked Elmar.

"Yes, and I declare at the same time that I will listen to no objections from you; I am tired of these continual discussions."

"What is the necessity of such a display of your strength of will, Kathinka? You can marry your chamberlain, if you choose. I have given up all attempts to exert any influence over you."

Erica suddenly thought of Wehlen, and involuntarily remembered the princess's familiar greeting in church. She looked

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at Elmar to see whether the same idea had occurred to him, but as the latter talked gaily on, resigned her fancy as absurd.

When the princess's travelling-carriage rolled up to the door, all the occupants of the castle felt an emotion of relief. Elmar congratulated himself on the reserve which had been the means of obtaining so much freedom, and told his grandmother that he felt as happy as a schoolboy on the eve of a long vacation. He did not lose any time, but was very often in the ladies' society, and it never occurred to him to take tea alone in his own room.

Life at Castle Altenborn was now far more quiet than before. It was late in the autumn, and though the weather still continued mild, the shortness of the days made the old lady give up paying any visits in the neighborhood, and guests were rare. Neither Sidonie nor Erica missed society, however, the former on account of her mood, and the latter because she had so many sources of amusement that she no longer desired it.

The baroness's ideas in regard to the freedom which should be bestowed upon young girls, were far less rigid than Aunt Vally's, probably on account of the greater seclusion of Altenborn. Erica was very happy in being able to resume her old habit of taking long walks, and accompanied by Elmar's great dog — which, in sympathy with its master, showed a wonderful affection for her — rambled about the neighborhood in every direction. She could also, without fear of reproof, make use of the boats, and row on the lake which was visible from the terrace of the old castle, and whose surface was covered with swans, whose houses were on the wooded island nearly in the centre of the water.

These beautiful, much-praised birds, however, have a disposition by no means in harmony with their external appearance, and there were some among them which received all advances with angry hisses and furious flappings of their wings. Sandor could not endure such insults, either to his mistress or his own dignity, and met such assaults so vigorously and successfully, that the defeated enemy not only lost numerous feathers, but bore bloody marks of the fray.

On one occasion, when Erica was rowing over the lake with Sandor as her only passenger, a battle even took place on the water. Sandor, in his zeal, planted his fore-paws on the edge of the boat, and by his restless movements was in the most imminent danger of upsetting it. Erica only saved herself by violently pushing the dog back, and when she turned the boat and tried to gain the shore, while the animal swam panting beside it, she reflected that peace must be concluded between the parties, if she wished to continue her excursions on the water in Sandor's company.

She chose the simple and always effectual method of making the alliance depend upon mutual advantages; for, while giving the swans their favorite titbits, Sandor received in their company his lumps of sugar. The prospect of the anticipated dainties soon made them very peacefully disposed, and as Sandor was obliged to atone for his warlike appetite by enduring the tortures of Tantalus — such as holding a lump of sugar a long time on his nose — the dog and swans lived in the greatest harmony, and the barking and flapping of wings were only tokens of friendly greeting.

The baroness had at first been anxious when Erica went out, even in the worst weather, but as she soon saw that her health did not suffer, nay, on the contrary, seemed to grow stronger and better, made no objections. The horseback rides, however, were given up on such days, as Sidonie was sensitive to the weather, and, moreover, the roads gradually became so muddy that riding was attended with difficulties.

The castle itself also afforded Erica many sources of amusement, nay, its many nooks and corners and winding passages gave her numerous opportunities for making little rambles and exploring expeditions. She preferred to wander through the oldest portion of the building, or citadel, as it was called, whose narrow and comparatively low rooms, thick walls, which made the windows seem like niches, narrow, dark passages, concealed doors, and mysterious corners, recalled former days with vivid reality.

When, in the gathering dusk of twilight, she walked through the great hall, where the huge suits of armor, with their closed helmets, seemed almost like living men, she fancied herself back in the days when this iron harness enclosed moving forms, and bold eyes flashed through the barred visors. The dark shadows of approaching night gathered mysteriously in the hall, while ever and anon the rays of the setting sun flashed and glittered on the steel and silver coats of mail with a thousand changeful hues. The corners and angles of the huge apartment, which were already veiled in darkness, appeared peo-

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pled with gigantic forms that glided slowly through the hall. The terror which at first was not without its charm, then became so great that she fled at full speed, and uttered a sigh of relief when the door had closed between her and the old knights.

The same mysterious magic haunted the dusky corridors. Here, too, the ghosts of the past emerged from the dark corners, and floated slowly down the long passages. The huge carved chests of polished oak, which stood in these corridors, assumed distorted shapes, and seemed to become alive. The reflection of the sunset glittered softly on the smooth, polished surfaces, and cast a faint light, which battled with the shadows and drove the ghosts back to their dark corners; but it soon died away, the shadows victoriously resumed their sway, and grew blacker and blacker, while the young girl's footsteps echoed loudly through the old corridors.

At such moments Erica greeted the servant bringing in the lamps with a sigh of relief, though the light completely dispelled the poetic charm of the soft dusk, and also hailed with delight the patter of Sandor's feet, as, returning from a walk with his master, he dashed in to greet her. To be sure, it seemed as if even Sandor felt the mysterious spell that ruled in these rooms, for he nestled timidly to his mistress, or remained standing before a dark corner, barking loudly.

Erica had soon completely won the baroness's heart, and she herself really loved the old lady as fondly as if she had a right to the name by which the young girl addressed her. Her own mother's ill health had made her appear so much older than she really was, that it seemed to Erica as if the baroness were just the same age, and thus it was all the more easy to give the old lady the vacant place in her heart. Besides, she felt that she was not useless here, as at Dorneck, but necessary to cheer and amuse the baroness, and this consciousness made her more at ease. She soon had her favorite seat on the little stool at the old lady's feet, and with the same loving warmth she had formerly shown her mother, leaned her head against her knee, or threw both arms around her neck and drew her down to give her an affectionate caress.

"You would scarcely be able to do without me, grandmamma!" she often said jestingly, as she sat on the stool beside her.

"It would be impossible, little one," the old lady always answered earnestly, stroking the brown hair caressingly, as her mother had formerly done.

Sidonie was also contented at Altenborn, for she did not speak of going away, and seemed determined to spend the winter here. Soon after the ball, she had startled the old lady by the declaration that no consideration would induce her to marry Count Meerburg. The baroness vainly strove to change her resolution, vainly entreated her to defer her decision for a time. Sidonie firmly insisted upon having her own way, and therefore wrote to Count Hardeck, to whom, at the same time, she communicated her intention of entering the convent of Hardrungen. Strangely enough, she received no reply to this important letter, and anxiety about her guardian's silence caused her considerable uneasiness, though his reply could have no influence upon her destiny, and the future lay before her dark and joyless.

Such was the state of affairs when Christmas slowly approached, and the numerous occupations it brought roused even Sidonie from her melancholy mood. The old lady had a great many poor people to be remembered, and Sidonie, who was very generous in almsgiving, spent a large sum in these Christmas presents. To invest this in suitable articles required both time and labor, and the two young girls therefore had plenty of occupation for several weeks.

One evening, when the little circle had assembled as usual, Elmar asked what Erica wanted for a Christmas gift. "I am on tolerably good terms with the Christ-child," he added, in a jesting tone, "and will say a good word for you to him."

"And I hope answer for my good behavior," replied Erica.

"I'll see what can be done. If you beg me very earnestly, I will even say nothing about the walk you took to-day with Sandor in the most horrible weather, though you both returned in anything but a presentable condition."

Sandor, who was lying between them half under the sofa, raised his head at the mention of his name, and looked earnestly at his master.

"Don't let the lecture trouble you too much, Sandor," said Erica, patting the dog; "even grandmamma says you are worthy to be admitted into a drawing-room."

"I am still very jealous of this statement, for hitherto his feet were never allowed to enter the sacred apartment."

"You never took the trouble to tell me the superior qualities of the interesting

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dog," replied the baroness; "but since Erica's stories have cast a halo of heroic wisdom around his brow, I could not reconcile it to my conscience to close the doors of my drawing-room against such a remarkable animal. But let me repeat the question, what do you want at Christmas, Erica?"

"My wishes are very moderate, grandmamma, I should like to have Miss Ella for my own property."

"You don't need the aid of the Christ-child for that, Erica. Miss Ella has long been yours, you must think of something else."

"I can want nothing more, unless it is a waterproof cloak for myself, and, if possible, Sandor too; they might be very useful to us."

"It is fortunate that I have seen your pleasure in balls and ball-dresses, Erica," said Elmar half angrily, "or I should be forced to think that you were interested in nothing that usually makes young ladies happy."

"I am a child of the moment," replied Erica laughing, "and interest myself only in what the moment brings. If I were in a whirl of gayety, I should probably wish for jewels and fine clothes, but now such things are in the dim distance, and I think only of walks and rides."

"And is it the same with people? Do you prefer those who surround you at the present moment to all others?"

"I have not reflected upon the subject, but I suppose a little of this theory of life extends to them also."

"Then we must beware of going away from you, so I will give up the visit I intended to pay Werner to-morrow."

A servant, who at this moment entered the room, disturbed the universal feeling of comfort by the very unexpected announcement that the princess had just returned. They had expected, with a tolerable degree of certainty, that she would spend the winter in the city, and all therefore involuntarily looked a little startled. The baroness gave expression to the universal sentiment when she said: "Katharina might have remained longer in Cologne."

XXXVII.

THE CHAMBERLAIN.

THE next day, when Erica chanced to stand at the window looking out upon the terrace, she suddenly uttered an exclamation of alarm, and turned toward Elmar. "My fear is realized, he has come," she murmured.

"*Who* has come, Erica?" asked Elmar in surprise, approaching the window to look at the new arrival. The sight did not make him turn pale like Erica, on the contrary he grew crimson with anger, when he saw Wehlen's well-known figure pacing along the terrace beside Katharina.

"This insolence goes too far!" he exclaimed indignantly; "I will assert my rights as the master of the house, and order the man to leave it instantly."

"You have scarcely the authority to do that, my dear Elmar," said the baroness quietly. "You assigned a portion of the castle to Katharina for her own use, and in so doing gave her the liberty to receive whoever she pleases."

"But this liberty cannot possibly be extended so far as to permit her to have thieves and murderers for guests."

"That accusation is a little strong, Elmar, and if just you need only invoke the aid of the law."

Elmar bit his lips, he knew that he could not appeal to the law, that he could not even inform his sister of the last disgraceful crime of her chosen companion. He was convinced that Wehlen suspected his share in detecting the latter, but, notwithstanding this, the certainty of his enforced silence gave him the hardihood to appear here. He therefore made no reply, but left the room and went to Katharina's wing of the castle, where he ordered the servant to show him to Wehlen's room.

When he entered, unannounced, the latter, who was standing at the window, hastily turned and came forward to meet him. He must have carefully planned his conduct, for there was not the slightest trace of embarrassment in his manner; on the contrary, he said, with frank cordiality,—

"How very kind in Herr von Altenborn to anticipate my visit! I was just about to call on you."

"I have neither the talent nor the inclination to play a farce, Herr von Wehlen," replied Elmar coldly, "and therefore decline to enter into this one. I have come here to ask how you can justify the boundless effrontery of this visit?"

Wehlen's dark eyes cast a glance as keen as a dagger at Elmar, but he replied, in his former courteous tone, "I have hitherto considered conventional politeness a necessary form, never a farce, and am surprised that this is not the case with yourself. In order, however, to give a plain answer to your very uncivil question, I have come here by no means of

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my own free will, but in response to the urgent entreaties of the Princess Bagadoff, not as a guest, but a member of her household."

Elmar, whose agitation was so great that he was in danger of completely losing his usual studied composure, did not answer immediately, but strove to partially regain his self-control. But in spite of all his efforts, his voice trembled with anger as he said,—

"You have turned my sister's folly to your own advantage with your usual skill, but you should have remembered that in becoming a member of her household, you enter Castle Altenborn, whose master is only too well acquainted with your past career."

This time a contemptuous smile played around Wehlen's lips, as he replied, "As for my past, the one dark spot upon it is closed with a seal, which even the co-owner of Altenborn cannot break, since he would thereby make his friends dishonorable. Besides, I have already remarked that I only yielded to the pressing entreaties of the princess, and had the less reason to think of another owner of Altenborn, as I was told that his right to the property was more than doubtful."

Although Elmar had said to himself that Katharina would probably confide her hopes and claims to a man who was so intimately associated with her, Wehlen's words affected him very unpleasantly, and he answered hastily, and perhaps rather inconsiderately,—

"You have probably allowed yourself to be enlisted as a ready tool to deny these rights?"

"Perhaps so, most honored baron!" replied Wehlen, with the same scornful smile. "But in that case, a little reflection will tell you all the more plainly that it is not wise to so recklessly offend a man whom you have not the power to remove, while he very probably has the opportunity to injure you. On the contrary, it would, I think, be for your advantage to claim my good-will and assistance in this matter. With my help, you would doubtless succeed in accomplishing what, against my will, you will be unable to obtain."

Elmar's involuntary gesture of loathing showed Wehlen that there was little prospect of carrying out his plans here, so he shrugged his shoulders, and said, as if in answer to Elmar's movement,—

"Just as you choose, baron. We are enemies, then?"

"Your open enemy, sir!" cried Elmar angrily. "And as, unfortunately, it is not yet possible for me to exert my full authority as master of the house, I forbid you at least to enter the portion of the castle where I have my own apartments. If you presume to set your foot within it, I will have you turned out by my servants."

"Very well, Herr Baron, I will inform myself of the exact boundaries of your domain. I hope, however, I shall be permitted to visit the baroness and the young ladies; it is a duty imposed by politeness, to which I at least have always yielded."

"You will omit the visit, sir," replied Elmar, with flashing eyes. "I will at least protect my grandmother from your presence. Her rooms are in the same portion of the castle as mine, so I need make no new prohibition."

"I might have supposed so. In contrast with mine, the pure presence of the flower found by the seaside is doubtless infinitely refreshing to you."

Elmar, who was in the act of leaving the room, turned and faced his opponent. "Beware, Herr von Wehlen," he said, in a cold, quiet tone, which formed a striking contrast to his former agitated manner, "an insult in that direction would make me forget all other considerations, and end your stay here at once."

Although Elmar had very little hope of inducing Katharina to listen to his representations, he thought it his duty to speak to her; so he went to her room, and had, as he feared, an unpleasant scene, without the least satisfaction. The princess, on the contrary, complained violently of the lack of consideration in her brother's conduct, which formed a striking contrast to the undue regard for his wishes she had unfortunately hitherto shown. After such behavior, Elmar need not be surprised if she claimed other and positive rights, of which she had been so unwarrantably deprived.

Elmar left his sister in a very disturbed and irritated mood, and paced restlessly up and down his room, reflecting what steps he could take to meet the ever-approaching storm. He had discussed the matter with his lawyer long before, and the latter—even without the possession of the important document—spoke very encouragingly of the result of the possible lawsuit. An open quarrel with his sister was, however, so extremely repugnant to his feelings, that he wished to do everything in his power to avoid it. Now the measure of forbearance seemed exhausted, and he almost regretted that he had not imperiously asserted his rights as the master of

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the house, in order to escape from the uncertainty which tortured and irritated him so that it destroyed all the pleasure of life.

His mood was thus little in harmony with the happy, joyous festival the family was preparing to celebrate. Besides, the princess's return had put an end to the happy, quiet life of the little circle, for she had invited a throng of guests, who gradually arrived, and soon made the rooms and corridors of the castle echo with the noise and bustle that always attend a numerous company. It required all the baroness's authority to keep Erica to herself, at least during the evening, for Katharina constantly claimed her attention. Sidonie, on the contrary, resolutely declined all the princess's invitations, without taking the trouble to give any special reason for her refusal, and Katharina therefore declared her to be perfectly unendurable.

When, on Christmas eve, the little party entered the baroness's brilliantly lighted drawing-room, where a glittering Christmas-tree formed the central point of the festive preparations, Erica saw the waterproof cloak she had wished for spread out to its full width. She joyously raised it, and found under the dark cover a motley array of jewels, flowers, and various articles of dress, so that she stood in silence, almost startled. The memory of the former Christmas eves, whose gifts, though so much simpler, had yet made her so inexpressibly happy, overwhelmed her; with them came thoughts of her lost mother, whose love had rendered the trifling presents so rich and brilliant, and she suddenly burst into tears.

The baroness must have guessed the cause of her emotion, for she went up to her and clasped her affectionately in her arms. "If the departed can look down upon us, Erica," she said tenderly, "she will be glad to see you surrounded by love, happy and cheerful."

"Ah! if she *could* look down upon us," murmured Erica; "she was so anxious about my future life, and how happy it has been!"

"Hush, child!" said the old lady, with an involuntary exclamation of terror, as she laid her hand on the speaker's lips. "Who can tell what the future will bring? let us rejoice and thank God for a happy present."

Erica seemed to think that the splendid gifts of the Christ-child had come to her through Elmar's special mediation, for she turned to him in expressing her delight. "The Christ-child knew what I wanted better than I did myself," she said warmly; "I believe I really like all these beautiful things better than the waterproof."

"He must of course provide for you, the child of the moment, since there are so many balls in preparations. Katharina even wanted, against all Christian custom, to dance on Christmas-day, and only my threat to put out the lights in the ball-room and send the music home, deterred her. But afterwards we shall have enough of the pleasures of dancing."

During the holidays, the young pastor Reinhardt had an opportunity to preach before as brilliant a congregation as he had had when he delivered his unlucky sermon at Dorneck; but habit, as well as the exertion of his strength of will, made him this time appear neither timid nor confused, and the parish had every reason to be satisfied with the young pastor.

The intercourse between the latter and Erica had not been quite so familiar and cordial as was the case at Dorneck. The little scenes with Elmar about him had enlightened her in regard to the young man's interest, and, from fear of exciting false hopes, she had of late become colder in her manner, though her feelings were unchanged. The young pastor felt this only too keenly, and therefore became reserved in his turn. Even his eager consent to her request that he would aid in searching for the important document, had no influence upon their relations, perhaps because he felt that, in fulfilling her desire, he was acting against his own interest.

He sometimes spent half the day in the library, rummaging among the old manuscripts, though the printed treasures often drew him from the search. Now and then Erica also visited the room, and uttered a few words of thanks for his trouble, but she never lingered long, for the collection of books that principally interested her was in another part of the castle, close at hand. The novels and volumes of light literature were arranged in a pleasant, airy room adjoining the baroness's apartments, while the solid books occupied several of the large, somewhat gloomy rooms which formed the old library.

The whirl of entertainments which followed one another in unbroken succesion, had not left even the young pastor entirely undisturbed. Although dancing by no means harmonized with his dignity as a clergyman, he could not decline the invitations the princess sent for all these parties, and although he did not feel perfectly at home among the strangers, whose ideas were so different from his, he was still too

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young not to have some interest in the gay scene around him. This interest was bestowed partly, or rather principally, upon Erica, who, radiant with delight, floated over the floor like some winged creature, and perfectly justified the baroness's comparison to a butterfly.

The attention of the old lady, who sometimes appeared for a short time in her granddaughter's drawing-room — was attracted by the young pastor's frequent glances at Erica. True, Elmar's remarks about the young man had probably made her notice him, and therefore one evening, when his eyes followed Erica's movements with specially eager interest, she approached and spoke to him.

"Shall we not soon have the pleasure of seeing your mother and sister in Altenborn, my dear Reinhardt?"

The young man was evidently embarrassed by the question. Formerly it had been his most ardent desire to be able to offer his mother and sister a home, and yet, when he became pastor, he had contented himself with supporting them without asking them to come to him. His ideal of home had undergone a change, and the question now seemed like a reproach, which involuntarily made him blush.

The old lady did not appear to notice his emotion, for she continued in the same cordial tone: "Erica, who knows and loves both, would be particularly delighted, and you have probably perceived that there is every prospect of our keeping the little woodland fairy, as Elmar calls her, with us for life."

This time the young pastor's blush was so vivid, that the baroness could not overlook it, and she therefore smilingly answered the question in his eyes.

"It seems that I have been too hasty, and you have not yet noticed anything. Well, fortunately such a little indiscretion to the pastor will do no harm, as he is always a member of the family. I hope, therefore, you will gratify my wish, and send for your relatives very soon. Erica will be glad to have the young girl's society, but I shall make special claim to your mother, so I beg you to give her my kindest regards."

The old lady nodded pleasantly to the young man, and turned to other guests. The flush which had crimsoned his cheeks was replaced by a very marked pallor, and he now saw Erica, leaning on Elmar's arm, just taking her place in the dance, and heard the latter say, —

"The waterproof, Miss Ella, and Sandor are things of the past, Erica, whose former charms we can scarcely understand."

"They have certainly retired into the background at present," she replied, "but I can imagine that I shall return to them again with the same affection."

"What vivid fancy leads you into such distant, misty regions? I am really happy to be of use in riding and dancing, in order to secure a certain degree of interest in both occupations; but unfortunately my well-known laziness, which you so soon discovered and so carefully watched, precludes me from sharing the long walks."

The young pastor turned away and walked through the room. He could not endure to hear any more of the conversation. He did not understand the blindness with which he had previously overlooked the relations between the lord of the castle and Erica, the more so as he suddenly remembered that he had noticed tokens of intimacy, even at Dorneck. The bitter anguish which at this moment made his heart bleed, rendered the throng oppressive, and he took advantage of the first opportunity to withdraw.

After this time he found frequent pretexts for declining the princess's invitations, and also never called upon the old baroness, though he was still to be found in the castle library. It seemed as if he wished to forget his disappointed hope by devoting himself entirely to another's interest, for he continued his investigations more eagerly than before.

One evening, when Katharina had gone with her guests to some entertainment at a neighboring castle, the usual little circle once more assembled in the baroness's drawing-room, as Elmar, on plea of indisposition, had remained at home. Sandor lay in his old place under the little sofa, and Elmar, to celebrate the quiet evening, was allowed to have his cigar before tea. The conversation flowed briskly, and they would scarcely have noticed the opening of the door leading into the corridor, if Sandor had not uttered a deep, angry growl, and then come out from under the sofa. All looked up, and, to their astonishment, saw the young pastor, who entered the room holding some papers in his hand.

Elmar quieted Sandor's wrath, while Erica, at the sight of Reinhardt and the papers, instantly thought the document was at last found. She eagerly started up and hurried towards the new-comer, exclaiming, —

"The document is found! You have the document?"

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"I certainly have found a document of priceless value," said the young pastor with sparkling eyes, as he approached the lamp with his papers; "and the pleasure of the discovery, as well as the earnest desire to inform Herr von Altenborn of it at once, caused my late visit, and, as I found no servant in the ante-room, my unceremonious entrance."

Elmar now also sprang from his seat and approached the table, and even Sidonie rose and looked eagerly at the papers.

"There is no doubt," began the young pastor in a voice trembling with joy, "that we have here the original manuscript of the famous '*De Concordantia Catholica*,' the first and at the same time the best work of Nicolaus von Kusa. In this he most freely expressed his opinions, and his views about the pope and council ——"

A half-suppressed imprecation from Elmar interrupted and silenced him, while Erica, in spite of her disappointment, felt the absurdity of the scene vividly enough to burst into a smothered laugh, and even Sidonie's lips curled in a faint smile. The speaker looked around the circle in mingled surprise and alarm, and the baroness, the only person whose face expressed calm attention, came to his assistance by saying, —

"The disappointed hope of seeing in these papers the important family document, makes your hearers indifferent to the treasure you bring us, my dear Reinhardt. You must have patience with us."

"How gladly I would have gratified that hope, if it were in my power!" he answered, with a sigh of relief; "but meantime the treasure I have found is really valuable, and many great libraries will envy us its possession. It is evidently an original manuscript, for here at the end you can distinctly see the name, Nicolaus Chrypffs. He was born near Treves, and lived a long time in Mayence, which explains the fact that the manuscript is here. Unfortunately the beginning and part of the middle are missing, but I hope to find them yet, and then the comparison between the manuscript and the printed copies of it will be of absorbing interest, and possibly very instructive."

Neither Elmar nor the young girls were able, or perhaps in the mood, to soften the contrast between their guest's mental atmosphere and their own, and the baroness once more spoke for all, and expressed an interest — which, to be sure, seemed, on the part of the others, somewhat cool — in the prize. The young pastor felt like a somnambulist who suddenly awakes and finds himself in a strange place. He declined the invitation to tea which the old lady cordially gave him, muttered a few unintelligible words of farewell, and hurriedly withdrew.

The annoyance which the manuscript of Nicolaus of Cusa had caused the little party could not be immediately dispelled, and for a long time all were very silent. At last, with a violent effort, Elmar shook off his ill-humor, and turning to Erica, said half laughing,—

"The scene we have just witnessed is of some advantage at any rate. We now know with positive certainty that the young pastor will not break his heart at losing you, and a few pages of the manuscript of that unlucky Krebs, or Chrypffs, is enough to console him for everything. Yet there is so much less hope of seeing our wish fulfilled," he added, with a faint sigh.

"Don't say that," replied Erica eagerly. "I am firmly convinced that his search will yet be crowned with success."

XXXVIII.

THE DOCUMENT.

THIS time the princess seemed as if she could not be satisfied with balls and parties, for even after most of the guests had again left the castle, she gave large *soirées* nearly every evening, which were fully attended by the persons residing in the neighborhood. Even Erica at last grew weary of the whirl of gayety, and took refuge behind the baroness's authority, in order occasionally to remain aloof from it.

The relations between her and the princess were, on the whole, more agreeable than she had expected. Although Katharina was not able to wholly belie her character, and treat her with kindness and consideration, she showed a regard for Erica which was rarely displayed towards those around her. True, scenes like the one which occurred on the night of the first ball often took place between them, but Erica's quiet resistance seemed to awe Katharina, and she submitted with wonderful forbearance to her just, and, if necessary, energetic interference, even when it thwarted her own plans.

The plain and unattractive young girl, who had formerly seemed to her an excellent, because not at all dangerous, companion, was now, when she had become pretty and lively, indispensably necessary to increase her own importance. The

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relations with Elmar gave her the less anxiety, as she had almost determined to make herself mistress of Altenborn, so she had only to contend against the obstinacy with which the baroness insisted upon her rights to Erica, and which induced the latter to adopt a more independent and unconstrained manner than, with all Katharina's forbearance, was entirely agreeable to her.

Elmar closely watched this change in his sister's feelings, and it excited his surprise, nay, almost perplexity, when he found that the new chamberlain's influence produced no alteration in them. He himself now remained entirely in the background, and left the princess's business affairs, and the task of entertaining her company, to Wehlen, while he appeared only as a guest. The hostile attitude between the brother and sister, now daily becoming more apparent, made such a state of affairs seem doubly desirable, and Katherina herself, as she no longer needed his services, was perfectly willing to appear as the sole dispenser of hospitality.

Little as the latter liked Sidonie, she nevertheless earnestly desired to have her entertainments graced by the presence of the brilliant, aristocratic girl. The fair Sidonie, however, continued to frequently decline her cousin's invitations, and her absence constantly roused the latter's anger afresh. It was the discord between her own mood and social gaiety, which induced Sidonie to refuse to attend these parties so frequently, for she had no cause to dread a meeting with Werner, since Katharina, with malicious pleasure, had told her that he had declined her invitations because he was making a long visit at Dorneck, where the intrigues he had woven as secretary would probably come to light. Sidonie smiled bitterly at Katharina's useless stab; she unfortunately knew only too well that none of her cousins had won his love.

She also learned from Elmar, when the latter was preparing to drive over to Werner's castle, that the latter had already come home from his visit, and could not help eagerly awaiting the young baron's return, as, if the hour were not too late, he always came up to his grandmother's room. The day had been a very lonely one; Katherina was ill and remained in her rooms, or Sidonie would gladly have mingled in society to fill the long hours. Even the baroness was somewhat indisposed, and went to lie down, so the two girls sat silently together, each absorbed in reading a book.

Erica had commenced a very interesting novel, written by Mademoiselle de Scudéry, which she had taken from the old library, as, on account of its age, it had found no place among the literature of the present day in the new rooms. When she reached the end of the volume, she found that it was not the conclusion of the story, and being very much interested in it, determined to take the long walk through the corridors to get the next volume from the library. As she could not expect to find a light there, she took one of the candles from the table by the door, and walked down the passage.

At first, while going through the wide, brilliantly lighted corridors, it did not occur to her that an expedition to the library at this late hour might be a little hazardous; but when the passages grew narrower and darker, and the light more dim, a feeling of fear gradually stole over her. She leaned against the wall a moment to rest, or rather to consider whether to relinquish her interest in the fate of Mademoiselle de Scudéry's heroes and heroines and turn back, or boldly go on and execute her first design. The dark rooms of the library, whose ghostly shadows would be deepened rather than dispelled by the twinkling candle in her hand, rose in menacing forms before her imagination, and strove to prevent her progress.

Directly opposite to her was a window, upon whose panes she heard the raindrops beat violently, while the wind howled mournfully around the towers and angles of the castle, and sent a melancholy echo through the winding passages. She shivered with a sudden chill, and involuntarily glanced down at her side, as if to seek comfort and protection from her constant companion, Sandor, but the next instant remembered that the dog had gone away with Elmar early in the morning, so her thoughts wandered to the latter, and as a violent gust of wind made the window-panes rattle, recollected with terror that on his return he would probably be exposed to all the fury of the storm.

Anxiety for Elmar effaced all the terrors she had first felt. She put the candlestick on a projection in the wall, went to the window and opened it. The rain and wind swept into her face, and the darkness seemed so impenetrable that she was soon compelled to resign her post. She closed the window, took her candle, and walked rapidly onward.

When she approached the goal of her expedition, it seemed as if a ray of light shone through a chink in the door of the

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library into the dusky corridor. She started and involuntarily shrank back, but instantly regained her composure and went forward to the door. No doubt Reinhardt was still there, and she need not fear being alone in the large, dark rooms. She hastily turned the handle and entered. The door moved noiselessly on its hinges, and the soft carpet muffled the sound of her footsteps; so that her entrance was unheard by the man, who was bending over a table in the middle of the room covered with books and papers, which he seemed to be eagerly reading. A lamp, whose full light fell upon this table, while it left the room itself nearly dark, revealed to Erica's astonished and terrified eyes, instead of Reinhardt, the features of the feared and hated Wehlen.

For a moment she stood motionless with dread and horror. Besides the unpleasant situation of being alone in this out-of-the-way room, with a man whom she had feared and hated ever since she had known him, she also felt very uneasy at his conduct. What was the meaning of his presence at so late an hour in a place, whose treasures certainly usually possessed little charm for him? Had he too heard of the important document, on which perhaps Elmar's whole future depended, and come here to look for it, to place it in the princess's hands? His eagerness in reading the papers before him proved his interest in them; had he perhaps already found what had hitherto been so vainly sought?

Erica stood irresolute. Should she go forward to convince herself whether her suspicion was well founded, and thus place herself in the power of this man, from whom she had hitherto instinctively fled? And would he permit her to see what he was reading, would she not be in real danger if Wehlen had cause to fear that she would again thwart his plans? Was it not better to disappear as noiselessly as she had come, and satisfy herself with telling Elmar her suspicions? These thoughts darted through her brain with the speed of lightning, but her brave, resolute nature soon triumphed, and she walked quickly forward almost up to the table. Her keen eye glanced over the paper in Wehlen's hand, and she saw that it was an old yellow parchment, whose appearance, as well as its huge wax seal, gave it the aspect of an old document.

Wehlen started in terror at her approach. At the first moment he did not seem to recognize her, but the next instant said, with the laugh that had always been so repulsive, —

"Really, the little demon appears with most dramatic opportuneness, though I have summoned neither the spirits of earth nor heaven."

"Will you have the kindness to allow me to read the paper in your hand?" said Erica, with tolerably well-assumed composure, though her heart beat so violently that she fancied she could hear its throbbings.

Wehlen did not reply, but looked at Erica with an expression which made the blood crimson her cheeks, and transformed her fear into anger.

"Is this a situation to think of an old faded sheet of paper?" he replied, with the same repulsive smile, putting the parchment on the table, and approaching a step nearer to her. "If you have unfortunately perceived no metamorphosis in me, I have observed all the more clearly what a charming butterfly has emerged from the by no means pretty chrysalis."

Erica's eyes blazed with anger, but her quick perception told her that the insolent speech was intended to insure her speedy departure, and therefore, in all probability, the paper was really important. She would not give up the struggle, and controlling her agitation, answered coldly, —

"As you yourself acknowledge, Herr von Wehlen, that no change has taken place in my feelings towards you, I must beg you to drop this very unseasonable conversation and gratify my wish."

"A superb display of anger, which every lady knows gives her new charms," replied Wehlen, in the same tone he had previously adopted. "Besides, so far as I am aware, it was not your humble slave who arranged this pleasant scene, but the fair lady herself had the kindness to grant me a private interview."

Erica slightly shrugged her shoulders, and answered, with a very tolerable degree of composure, "I came into the library to get a book."

"Then allow me to help you in the search," replied Wehlen, this time in a polite, deferential tone, as he took the lamp from the table to approach the bookcases.

Erica was now convinced that her enemy wished, at all hazard, to prevent her from obtaining a sight of the paper, and it would therefore be of the utmost importance to succeed in doing so against his will.

"You would oblige me by finding Mademoiselle de Scudéry's works," she said, without moving from the spot where she stood, while she fixed her eyes steadily

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upon the parchment, in order to be able to find it again among the confused heaps of papers.

Wehlen, when he saw that Erica did not follow, instantly turned back, set the lamp on the table, and said, with his old disagreeable smile, "Oh, yes, I forgot! You probably know as well as I that there are no novels in this room. The pretext charms me all the more, because it is so extremely transparent."

"I do not understand you, Herr von Wehlen," replied Erica, somewhat timidly, for she did not know how to explain his conduct.

"I hope to understand you all the better, Fräulein," he replied, with another unpleasant laugh, hastily approaching so that she started back in alarm. "If the *rôle* of Don Carlos is so graciously allotted to me, I certainly shall not receive so charming a princess coldly."

He again took several paces towards her, but instead of retreating, as he probably expected, towards the door, she darted swiftly forward and, gliding round the table, interposed it between herself and her pursuer. Now, when she could consider herself in comparative security — for she was well aware of her supple dexterity — she threw aside the mask hitherto worn, and, somewhat to Wehlen's surprise, said calmly,—

"Let us drop this farce, Herr von Wehlen, you see your insults do not succeed in frightening me away. I insist upon looking at the paper you were reading; and, if you have no evil-designs, you will gratify my wish without further ceremony."

Wehlen folded his arms and leaned against the table opposite to her. His expression had totally changed; the old well-known glance of hate and anger met her eyes and made her tremble, then a scornful smile flitted over his face, and he said, in a very different tone from the one he had previously used, —

"Do you want to get possession of the document, of which I have been told, in order to give it as a bridal present to your future husband, to conceal the lack of any other dowry? If that is the case, I doubly regret my inability to gratify your wish, but I do not possess it."

"Show me the paper you held in your hand when I came in," persisted Erica, without heeding his words.

"I tell you the paper is utterly worthless; it is an old document, which interests me, but not you," he replied with a frown.

"No matter, I want to see it."

He looked at her, as if considering what course to pursue, but the dark, steady gaze fixed upon her did not excite any great alarm, since she had the solid table between her and her enemy.

"And if I gratify your amiable obstinacy, what reward shall I have," he asked scornfully after a pause.

"A friendly thank you."

He laughed loudly. "That would be cheaply purchased, Fräulein, so cheaply, that only a simpleton would dispose of his wares in such a way. He contracted his eyebrows as if in thought, looked steadily at her again, shook his head, and then said, in a tone which he now adopted for the first time: —

"When a young lady insists so obstinately upon a half-absurd request, it would be folly in a young man not to take advantage of it. I am ready, for one kiss from those fresh rosy lips, to let you rummage among the whole pile of papers."

Erica's cheeks crimsoned with anger, and she was about to give a hasty refusal, when she reflected that this was the least feasible means of gaining her object. She therefore stood for a few moments absorbed in thought, as Wehlen had just done, then darted towards the table and seized the parchment. Wehlen, however, had closely watched her movements, and ere she could obtain a firm hold, leaned forward and snatched it from her.

"You see, Fräulein, the battle is not quite as easy as you supposed," he said scornfully. "True, you are accustomed to conquer, and, as I know, do not fear even revolvers; and since a more gallant weapon, namely, my threatened embrace, also has no terror for you, I shall be compelled to fly myself, taking with me, as a punishment, the interesting paper."

Holding the parchment in his hand, he advanced towards the door. Erica was very much agitated, for Wehlen's conduct plainly showed that it must be the important document. In this moment of consternation, she suddenly heard a slight noise in the corridor, and a happy smile played around her lips, for she recognized the quick patter of Sandor's feet, and knew that the dog, having returned, was coming to seek her. Now she had help; Sandor, at her command, would prevent Wehlen's departure.

The latter's ears had also caught the faint sound, for he started and listened intently.

Sandor had now reached the library; he knew that his mistress was inside, and

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sprang heavily against the door to inform her of his presence. Erica did not dare to open it, as she would have been compelled to pass close by Wehlen, so she called, in a loud, eager tone, —

"Here, Sandor! Come, Sandor!"

The dog again sprang against the door and succeeded in touching the handle, which turned, and the animal dashed into the room. He instantly seemed to understand the situation of affairs, for, planting himself beside Erica, while his hair bristled with anger, he curled his lips, displaying two formidable rows of white teeth, and uttered a low, menacing growl, like distant thunder.

Wehlen had remained standing in the centre of the room; he knew that the chances of the game were now far more unfavorable to him, since he dared not leave the library on account of the dog, which would then attack him at once. While, in the consciousness of superior strength, he had hitherto been disposed to carry on the struggle with a certain show of good humor, his soul was now filled with hate and fury, and the glance he cast at Erica made her tremble.

"Will you allow me to leave the room, Fräulein, or do you intend to force me to remain here against my will?" he said, trembling with anger.

"You already know that I have no other intention than to read the paper in your hand."

Wehlen shrugged his shoulders. "After what has happened, it would be an unwarrantable weakness for me to yield to you," he replied with tolerable composure. "I must therefore run the risk, and see whether you will really set your dog upon me."

He bowed, and then once more began to walk towards the door. Sandor accompanied the movement by a louder growl, at the same time fixing his eyes on Erica, to see what she thought of the matter.

"Don't let him go! Stop him, Sandor!" cried Erica suddenly, and the dog instantly darted after Wehlen's retreating figure, overtook him not far from the door, and, raising himself to his full height, placed his forepaws heavily on his shoulders, and thus compelled him to stand still.

An expression of the wildest fury distorted Wehlen's face. "Call the dog back, or, by Heaven, I will murder him and you!" he exclaimed, grinding his teeth.

"Do you carry daggers or revolvers here in this castle, to be able to threaten people with death?" said Erica, now in her turn passionately agitated. "Sandor will not harm a hair of your head, if you keep quiet. Give me the paper, and I will call him away at once."

Wehlen stamped his foot furiously on the floor. "Call the beast away this moment!" he shouted fiercely, "or it shall be dead at your feet."

Sandor must have partly understood the threat, for he no longer satisfied himself with growling, but began a loud, piteous howling, which echoed and re-echoed with almost unendurable noise through the lofty hall. Soon after the commencement of this clamor, one of the inner doors opened, and Reinhardt appeared on the threshold, where he stood motionless for a few moments, fairly petrified with surprise and terror at the unexpected and incomprehensible scene, and then said, in a tone which vividly portrayed his feelings, —

"What, in Heaven's name does this mean? Fräulein Erica, what has happened?"

"Will Herr von Wehlen perhaps feel more disposed to give the paper in question to Herr Reinhardt?" was Erica's only reply.

Wehlen was too much accustomed to control his passions, not to be able to instantly alter his manner to suit the change in the situation. "Certainly, Fräulein," he therefore answered, almost laughing, "if you will only relieve me from the necessity of murdering this beast, which, as I know, belongs to the master of the house, and I should therefore like to spare."

Wehlen's composure, which formed so strange a contrast to his previous fury, actually startled Erica. "Here, Sandor, here!" she called, and Sandor released his enemy and obediently went to his mistress.

Wehlen approached the table, and, with the same composure, turned smilingly to Reinhardt, saying, "You have reason to be surprised, Herr Pastor, at the somewhat dramatic means this young lady chose to carry out her will. She wanted to see a paper, I declined, and she therefore fancies it is the missing document. The desire to tease, which induced me to withhold it, may perhaps have been a little out of place, but whether the method she used to defeat my purpose does not somewhat overstep the bounds of womanly delicacy, I do not presume to judge."

Reinhardt and Erica had also approached the table. The latter kept her eyes steadily fixed upon the papers, for she suspected that Wehlen intended to

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try to substitute another in its place. She was not mistaken, and the exchange was made so quickly and skilfully, that even her keen eyes could scarcely perceive how Wehlen hastily pushed the parchment under the other papers, and held in its place one of the upper sheets in his hand. Probably the document was too large to be concealed about his person, and he had therefore chosen this expedient. The young pastor evidently had no suspicion of the exchange, and Erica therefore thought it would be her wisest course to act as if this were also the case with her, although she saw that the paper Wehlen now held in his hand did not even have a seal.

"How delightful it will be for us all, if you have really found the missing document, Herr von Wehlen!" said Reinhardt, who seemed destined by fate never to perceive the real feelings of those around him. "To be sure, I thought there was a prospect of discovering it in this very pile of papers, and therefore, in accordance with your urgent entreaties, gave them to you to examine, as I now cordially relinquish to you the pleasure of the discovery."

"I have found a quantity of interesting housekeeping accounts," replied Wehlen laughing; "the consumption of wine seems to have been tolerably large here in former times. This interesting paper, which so enraged Fräulein Erica, is the statement of an old steward, long since dead, about the purchase of a number of casks of remarkably good wine."

He handed the paper across the table to the pastor, and, turning to Erica, asked with an almost roguish smile, "Was it worth so much trouble?"

"At any rate, I don't think it at all polite in you to refuse my request so decidedly," replied the latter. "I certainly will not place the smallest obstacle in the way of your departure now."

She bowed, as if to bid him farewell, and looked towards him as if she expected a response. He involuntarily cast a dark, angry glance at her, but the next instant his features smoothed, and probably in order to make her feel perfectly safe, he entered into her wish and actually made the expected bow.

"I see you wish me to go away, Fräulein, and therefore will relieve you from my presence, that I may not disturb a *tête-à-tête* which was perhaps arranged in advance."

He left the room with a smile on his lips, but when the door had closed between him and Erica, his features were again distorted by the wildest fury, and shaking his clenched hand towards her, he muttered an oath of vengeance, which, could she have heard it, would have made the young girl tremble.

Fortunately, however, she had no suspicion of it, but as soon as he had left the room turned hastily towards Reinhardt, saying, "The document is almost in the centre of the pile of papers; I saw him put it there, let us look for it at once."

"I don't understand you, Fräulein Erica," replied the young man in astonishment. "What should induce Herr von Wehlen to hide the important paper, when for a long time he has been eagerly searching for it?"

"He has been searching for the document?"

"Yes; he offered me his assistance with the utmost kindness, and —— "

"Then take my assurance that he has deceived you; he wanted to steal the paper to use it for his own purpose."

"It is going a little too far when you make such an accusation, Fräulein Erica," said Reinhardt, greatly alarmed.

"Well, let us waste no more words about the matter, but first search for the hidden parchment. There — here it is!" cried Erica exultantly, the next instant; "I know it by the peculiar writing and the great seal. Read it, read it, and then tell me whether it is the desired paper."

"Yes, Fräulein Erica, it is as you suppose," said the young pastor, who was more perplexed than pleased. "I am really terrified at the thought that I was so near depriving the family of this important document; but how could I suspect that agreeable, interesting man to be a traitor?"

"Don't grieve over that, my dear Reinhardt," cried Erica joyfully, waving the document in the air. "We have it in our possession, and must give Sandor special thanks, for Sandor was really the one who obtained it."

Sandor, however, took very little notice of Erica's caresses, for his attention was directed towards the corridor, and he now sprang towards the door as Elmar hastily entered.

"Are you here, Erica?" he exclaimed approaching her. "I was anxious about you, and scolded Sidonie, who confessed that you had already been in the library an hour to get a book."

"The document, Elmar!" interrupted Erica joyously, "the document! Read it yourself;" and pressing the parchment into

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his hand, she drew him towards the lamp. Elmar was so surprised, that instead of reading it as Erica desired, he looked at Reinhardt for an explanation.

The latter said in a somewhat mournful tone, which contrasted strangely with Erica's delight, "It is true, Herr von Altenborn. She has won for you the document my carelessness almost lost."

"Tell me, Erica ——"

"Come, come, Elmar, we must go to grandmamma!" cried Erica joyously. "There is plenty of time for explanations." She laid her hand on his arm, and nodding to Reinhardt, drew the baron out of the room. The young pastor looked sadly after her, and then slowly left the hall.

On the way to the baroness's room, Erica related to her companion the principal incidents of the scene which had just taken place, and though she softened them as much as possible, Elmar found ample cause for fresh anger against Wehlen; but while his heart throbbed indignantly at the thought of the latter's interview with Erica, the joyous assurance that he now possessed the right to protect her in every situation, thrilled him with delight.

The occupants of the baroness's drawing-room were greatly agitated. Sidonie, infected by Elmar's anxiety, fancied that Erica was in some real danger, her fear had made the old lady uneasy, and they were in the act of going to the library with a numerous train of servants, when Elmar and Erica appeared and speedily changed alarm into the greatest joy.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AS SPOKEN AND WRITTEN.

It is surely needless here to set forth the importance of facilitating to foreigners, especially in Asia, a knowledge of the English language, and of extirpating plebeian errors among ourselves. As little can it be needful to insist on the grave difficulty interposed by the discord between our writing and our speaking. The topic no longer belongs to mere closet students, for it has been taken up by our school boards; and the enthusiastic party which would, in the interest of education, revolutionize our orthography, now joins hands with kindred spirits in the United States; where especially the Germans, annoyed to find how hard to their children is the mastery of English orthography as compared to German, are naturally and rightfully impatient of its artificial difficulties. In calling those enthusiastic who desire to effect uniformity and simplicity at the cost of simple *neography* (that is, as though their problem were — to create literature for a language as yet unwritten), no disparagement of enthusiasm is intended; indeed to achieve a conquest far less complete much enthusiasm is needed. Still, it is here contended, that those who fix their aim so high have no due understanding of the task before them, nor any discernment that to win a stronghold does not ensure keeping it when won. Their argument (even that of the widely learned Professor Max Müller) does not touch the bottom of the subject.

The history of the English language has been peculiarly unfavorable to uniformity in writing its sounds. No principles were laid down among Anglo-Saxon writers; and Norman clerks, importing Norman words, caused a confusion, which was increased by Latin and Greek superimposed. In modern days Dr. Samuel Johnson's dictionary, which more than any other has for the present fixed our spelling, followed no intelligent principles. In different shires the pronunciation differed and differs. Between north and south England there is sensible variety, and much greater between England and Ireland. The vastness of our literature and its diffusion in foreign countries complicates the problem of converting our two languages — that which is spoken and that which is written — into a harmonious pair. A sudden jump which should break continuity of development would present to the foreigner and to the child *two* written languages instead of one, and would presently aggravate difficulty for any but very superficial knowledge. No fact is more obvious than that our spoken language (as perhaps that of all nations) varies with *time* as well as place. One function of literature is to arrest this change, as far as may be; to regulate the admission of new words, and to forbid novelties of pronunciation, especially all that promote confusion. Small indeed is the shifting in orthography, compared to the innovations in utterance, especially in a country which has many provincial dialects, and no public schools in which uniformity of pronunciation is cultivated. Such exactly is our case. We barely yesterday attained any general system of national teaching, and in it we have not even begun to make elocution a substantive object of culture. Precisely because the pronunciation has changed while the orthography is nearly fixed, a far

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greater chasm has arisen between the written and the spoken language than existed two centuries ago. Yet, as if blind to this fact, people are vehemently urging us to take that which is ever shifting as our standard, and remodel into conformity with it that which is comparatively stable. Nor is this the only extravagance of the proposal: its advocates seem blind also to the fact, that the written medium of thought is at once more distinctive and far more copious than the spoken tongue; and they are proposing to degrade the nobler instrument into the weakness of the less noble. It is surprising to hear a learned man gravely reason that we seldom make any serious mistake in listening to a speech, as to whether a *soul* or a *sole* is intended, or in what sense *sole* is used; therefore, there will be no harm in adopting a single mode of writing the four words *right*, *rite*, *write*, *wright*. Undeniably it is a defect that any such ambiguity exists as the pronouncing *sole* and *soul* alike: but because we have this defect in one instance, are we therefore to introduce it, knowingly and voluntarily, in other instances, and to confound four more words because we have already confounded two? Nay, we are coolly told that we might drop the word *rite* out of the language and use *ceremonial* for it; and drop the use of *sole* in the sense of *alone*, *only*. No doubt the wear and tear of time does thus cast out words which are uncomfortably ambiguous; and modern Greek instructively shows how the immense degradation of the national utterance has forcibly ejected or remodelled numbers of classical words; but it is rather despotic to suggest extinction of words in the literature where is no ambiguity, merely because a corrupt pronunciation has introduced ambiguity. Surely, if we must change, the more rightful way is to adopt the Irish pronunciation of *soul* (*sowl*), which is very probably the correct one, and certainly is the more convenient. . And this points to the thought, which will presently be enlarged on, that the Irish in some important respects have evidently retained a purer and better pronunciation than that of London and southern England; nay, in one respect better than that of all England. Hence, instead of ridiculing *all* their peculiarities as brogue, some of them (if we are wise) will rather be imitated and cultivated, thereby bringing our utterances nearer to the written standard, with advantage also to distinctiveness.

Be that as it may, it is at least absolutely necessary to *define* what is the *right* pronunciation (whether or not we can persuade this generation to adopt it) before we can wisely begin so vast a change as a total remodelling of our orthography; especially when it is possible that before those die out who are "bigoted" against the new spelling, the pronunciation might make new and grave deviation from the much-lauded phonotype. This is every way to be expected, unless in the national schools the tendencies to slang and laziness of utterance be held in with a strong bridle. Such, according to Virgil, is the proneness of all things to degenerate.

> Sic omnia fatis
> In pejus ruere . . .
> Non aliter quam qui adverso vix flumine lembum,
> Remigiis subigit, — si brachia forte remisit, etc.

In the memory of the present writer, change (he would rather say corruption, depravation) has been observable enough; and the remark may be extended to France. Paris had an Academy, to which all France looked up. In accordance with its *decisions* a grammar for the English was compiled by M. de Lévizac. The seventh edition, dated 1817, was revised by M. Stephen Pasquier of the University of Paris. (I have before me my schoolboy copy.) It lays down (p. 22), "H, when aspirated, is sounded with *a strong guttural impulse*, as in '*harpe*, '*héros*, '*hideux*, '*honte*, and about a hundred more words." The Greek aspirate is prefixed to the *h*, as if to make assurance doubly sure; and certainly until of late I quite believed, from old remembrance, that in "*C'est une honte*," the *h* was sounded more emphatically than in English speech. But now I am informed by most decisive authority that *no* initial *h* at all is to be heard in Parisian utterance. A decree from the Academy, without schoolmasters to enforce it, apparently has been unfruitful of result, although all educated France intended reverential submission. Other changes of pronunciation are also going on.

That which early in this century was called namby-pamby, or the pronunciation of "a dandy" (itself a word quite new then), appears to be in London current and fashionable — the use of short *a* instead of broad *a* in *grant*, *command*, *grass*, *task*, and numerous other words; and besides, an entire suppression of *r* at the end of a syllable or before a consonant. Thus *lord*, *hard*, *door*, *lorn*, *pore*, *pork*, are sounded *laud*, *haad*, *daw*, *lawn*, *paw*, *pawk*, without reproof, if I am rightly in-

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formed. *Arms* and *alms* are alike corrupted into *aams*. Are we now invited to change our writing into conformity with this corruption, for the convenience of schoolchildren who are required to learn English quickly? Probably northeners will say no: but in any case we have to define what is right. My mother was a Londoner: she may have been a little old-fashioned in her tongue, but she did not confound *which* with *witch*, *wheel* with *weal*, etc., but gave to the *h* in *wh* its rightful sound. In the combination *wh* the English writing has deviated unwisely from the Anglo-Saxon, which had *hw* for it, as in *hwilc*, which; *hwîl*, while; *hwistl*, whistle; *hwît*, white. This corrupt sounding of *wh* as mere *w* damages at least seventeen root-words, and surely ought to be rebuked as sharply as the perversion of *horse*, *hand*, *hedge*, *hill*, into *'orse*, *'and*, *'edge*, *'ill*, etc. *W* for *hw* is an especial disgrace of southern England. At least Ireland and Scotland are staunch for the *h*; how far northward in England the mischief has now spread, may be hard to decide. My schoolmaster always sounded in *whole* the *w* as well as the *h*; which was not pedantry, if (as I am told) in some counties this is the pronunciation of the peasants. To distinguish *whole* from *hole*, is an advantage; and in spite of Anglo-Saxon *hael* (hale), *whole may* be related to *wheel*. As a general remark — if any one is too old to change his utterance, he can at least confess and counsel the right way to the new generation. The word *whole* suggests two small corrections which are needed in orthography: first, we ought to write *wholely* (just as *solely*, *vilely*) so as to secure the sounding of double *l*; next, in the unseemly word *whore*, we ought to omit the *w*, which is a stupid, causeless addition. Wickliffe writes *hore*. *Wholly* ought not to rhyme to *holy*.

Further, it may be remarked, that in many names of places the *w* of *wick* and *wich* is omitted by Londoners and others; as in Berwick, Dulwich, Greenwich, Keswick, Norwich. But in Keswick itself I observed that residents sounded the *w*, as indeed in the town of Derby its name is sounded as it is spelt; while the aristocracy call it Darby.* Names, both of places and of men, are a problem apart; and (it may seem) need first attention and summary treatment. As in manuscript it is pre-eminently important that names be clearly written, because it is impossible or hazardous to guess at them by the context, so in speech the sound of a name ought to be in close harmony with the writing. If we insist on writing *Keswick*, *Greenwich*, with the *w* we ought to sound the *w*; conversely, if it be thought better to drop the *w*, in utterance, we ought not to write it. Considering the value attached to archives and legal documents, few will desire to omit the *w* in writing the names; and as there is no intelligible gain in omitting it in speech, it seems evident that our pronunciation ought to go back to the earlier standard. If any one's time is so precious that he cannot say "a gentleman," but feels constrained to say "a gent," of course we cannot put him into Newgate for the offence; but we can condemn it as vulgar, and such condemnation has its weight. To speak more generally — we are forced to admit in many words two pronunciations: one, which alone is correct, which ought always to be used on solemn occasions, or in any public address, in poetry and serious reading; another, permissible in rapid and familiar speech, where small deviations from accuracy may pass. So we tolerate *tuppence* for *twopence*; but not in the parable of the good Samaritan. In poetry, as we prefer the old *medicînal* to *medícinal* which has mischievously supplanted it, so we may hold to *médicine* in three syllables as alone correct, though in homely speech we admit *méd'cin*. Are we therefore to write it *medsn?* But in names it seems needful to be pedantically accurate. It is deceptive to say Ciciter when we mean Círencéster; and many persons are therefore sensible enough to utter the latter word in full. When we can endure the length of Chichester and Colchester, is it a great drain on our time and strength to say Gloúcester, Wórcester, and not Gloster, Wooster? If, to humor Shakespeare, we *must* say Gloster, then let us write Gloster, as in the old books, and admit a double spelling. To accept Gloucester and Gloster side by side, and pronounce one with three syllables, the other with two, is just what the Greeks did in poetry and prose, or in various dialects. So in Pope, Diomed and Diomedes, Merion and Meriones. Grave remonstrance may fitly be made to families who write themselves Beauchamp, Cholmondely, Colquhoun, and pronounce the names Beecham, Chumley, Cohoun. If they are proud of the old spelling, ought they not to be equally proud of the old pronunciation?

* "They have learned *from their grooms*," said an old lady to me in my boyhood, "to say Darby and Barkshire."

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No one, I suppose, will desire to present to the foreigner two or three dialects of England, instead of a single normal language. To go on as we are, has its serious inconvenience; yet it does not display and avow arrogance of one part of the United Kingdom to another. London does not now say to the great northern towns, "We are the metropolis; our pronunciation must be your standard;" nor to the Irish does she say, "Let us have none of your brogue." So to speak outright certainly would not win their efforts to strive for a common standard of utterance; but this is what one county will have to say to all the rest, if we attempt to fix the pronunciation without a previous well-considered survey based on principle and right. Before proceeding to enunciate what principles ought to guide us where there is local diversity, it may be permitted to make some minor suggestions as to the choice of spelling where choice is allowed, where also there is no variety of pronunciation. For this is a small field, as to which there is least occasion for controversy; in which therefore one may hope for earliest agreement. Next, I will suggest a few cautious innovations.

First, then, I place words in which a double spelling is current; and I maintain (what I hope will be generally conceded) that we ought to select that mode of writing which agrees the better with the sound. According to which principle we ought to write:—

Jail, *not* gaol.
Jailer, *not* gaoler.
Show, *not* shew.
Hiccup, *not* hiccough.
Hocks, *not* houghs.
Chesnut, *not* chestnut.
Guage, *not* gauge.
Lackey, *not* lacquey.
Licorice, *not* liquorice.
Alchymy, as of old.
Chymist, *not* chemist.
Chymistry, *not* chemistry.
Accounts, *not* accompts.
Accountant, *not* accomptant.
Harken, *not* hearken.
Cartridge, *not* cartouch.
Vial, *not* phial.
Skeptic, *not* sceptic; and perhaps a few others.

Assailants who aim at a total upturn swell their forces by producing some of these words. Their argument, without these, is abundantly strong in favor of partial change and other aids. By not conceding this, we strengthen them.

Gaol, *gaoler*, stand alone in English with *g* soft before *a*. Of course the French *geôle* is the origin; but in this, *e* follows the *g*. Few now write *shew;* but the word is produced by phonotypists to reproach us. *Strew* and *strow* are (I believe) both good, as verbs; identical in sense, differing slightly in pronunciation. To *straw* is a third variety, but nearly obsolete. *Hiccough* is confessed to be a mere fancy. *Hough*, *houghs*, are quite isolated in giving to *gh* the sound of *k*. To retain the *t* before *n* in *chesnut*, *because* it comes from Latin *castanus*, is as weak as it would be to write *lacrme*, *poulsser*, in modern French. *Skeptic* is the American way of writing.

Secondly, where irregularity is *unique*, or nearly so, the public will never be sorry to get rid of it. A few illustrations shall be ventured.

1. *Schedule* is the only word in use in which *sch* has the German sound. (How the obsolete *seneschal* was pronounced, I do not know.) I think we ought to write *shedule*, in conformity with *sheet*, from *scida;* also *scism* (as *scissors*), not *schism*. Then every remaining *sch* means *sk*. 2. *Clerk*, *sergeant*, and *heart*, *hearth*, have *er* or *ear* for *ar*. *Clerk* has a new sense, diverse from *cleric*. Might we not extinguish these exceptions? 3. *Yacht*, alone in the language, has *ch* mute. Who will regret the loss of the *ch?* We shall only need then some fit mark on the *a* to denote the right sound. 4. By collating *conceive*, *conceit*, *deceive*, *deceit*, we see that *receive* ought to form *receit*. The *p* in *receipt* is surely a mere vexation. 5. The word *guild* until recently (in London at least) used to rhyme to *mild*, *child*, *wild*. I never heard in my early days *guild*, *Guildhall*, sounded with short *i*. Now it seems, *guild* is gratuitously confounded with *gild*. On Aristotle's principle, that perspicuity is the first excellence of language, we may claim to go back to the long *i* in this word, though we cannot help confounding *guilt* with *gilt* in our utterance. 6. That *ia* has no proper place in *Parliament*, has been pointed out by Mr. E. Jones of Liverpool, and, no doubt, by others. *Parlement* is the old and only right spelling; and the sooner it is resumed the better. 7. *Busy*, *business*, with *u* sounded as *i*, is a peculiar anomaly, and without historical justification. *Busy* is in Dutch *besig*, in Anglo-Saxon *bisig*. Surely we ought, without hesitation, to write *bisy*, *bisiness*, if not rather *bizy*, *biziness*. 8. Perhaps ten words end in *mb*, with *b* mute. *Tomb* got its *b* from the French, which probably had it from the Massilian Greek; *womb*, *lamb*, have *b*

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from the Anglo-Saxon; but Dutch has *wam*, Swedish *vame*, Danish *vom;* also German has *lamm*, Dutch and Danish *lam*. In Latin, *tum-ulus* has *tum* for root. Certainly if we wrote *toom*, *woom*, *lam*, no one would miss the *b*. But in *limb*, *numb* (*benumb*), *thumb*, the *b* has no support in etymology, nor in kindred languages. In *dumb* it has perhaps a small excuse from Icelandic. *Lam* would presently look to us as natural as *ram*, *ham*, *jam*, *sham*, *slam; lim* (the true Anglo-Saxon) as *slim*, *dim*, *vim*, *brim*, *prim; num*, *benum*, *thum*, as *gum*, *hum*, *rum*, *sum*. But in the word *climb*, the *b* has both etymological reason (compare French *grimper*) and potential life, as *chamber* shows. In Cumberland I have heard *climb* sounded with short *i* and vocal *b*, which I doubt not is the old and only true pronunciation; nor is it more difficult than to sound *p* in *limp*, *imp*, *jump*. Here, to write *clime* for *climb* would be mere depravation. 9. In two words, beginning with *bu*, the *u* is strangely superfluous. I do not mean in *buoy;* for careful speakers rightly sound the *u*, and do not confound the word with *boy;* but I mean *build* and *buy*. The German *bild* at once ought to warn us of what is right, and embolden us to drop the *u*. In Wedgwood's learned and valuable dictionary I find that to *build* was in old English expressed by to *bylle*, even the *d* being unessential, as in *sound*, *soun;* but for *u* there seems no pretence. The verb *buy* was in old English *bigge*, again without *u*. Wycliffe writes *bigger* for *buyer*. Unless we are going to extirpate *gh* in *nigh*, *high*, and many other words, it is obvious to correct *buy*, *buyer*, into *bigh*, *bigher*. The past tense, *bought*, still displays the *gh*. 10. The eccentric word *women* ought certainly to be written *wimen*. 11. *Nephew* should be *nevew*, French *neveu*. *Dabitur licentia sumta pudenter.*

But to resume the general question, "How is the best pronunciation to be settled?" Here we may rest on two principles: first, that is best which gives (mentally) most distinction of sense; secondly, when other things are equal, that is best, which (orally) is best heard. The second condition is almost identical with preference of long Italian vowels, which are melodious, or fitted to music. Each topic admits much illustration; but I will advert to the latter first. Consonants are not so well heard as vowels, or at least as long vowels. In the hum of an assembly the hearers of vowels are often able to guess at consonants which they cannot hear. Men with large lungs, as practised singers, can peal forth long vowels with a strength hard to limit, because these vowels can be dwelt upon; but liquids and sibilants are the only consonants on which the voice can dwell; and of vowel sounds, the Italian are the clearest, especially broad *a*, long *o*, and long *u*. Of all vowels, the short *i* is the hardest to utter audibly, as will easily be found in shouting out such a name as Dickson or Hickson (Dixon, Hixon). On the ground of melody and ease of hearing, I claim for our old-fashioned southern broad *a* (Italian *a*) and for the still fuller-voiced *aw*, *au*, modern Greek ω), a preference over the narrower sounds by which the more northern counties have been invading the south for fifty years past. Let me denote Italian broad *a* by *à*. To me the standard pronunciation in the following words (and many others) is

àss, gràss, pàss; àsk, tàsk, gràsp, bàsket; grànt, commànd, plànt; Frànce, trànce, glànce; fàst, làst, pàst; fàsten, vàst, càst; càstle, fàther, ràther, etc.;

in which the utterance of short *a* is by many thought elegant. Again, let me denote Greek ω (English *au*, *awe*) by ò. In my mother tongue I learnt: *òff*, *dòff*, *tòss*, *cròss*, *sòft*, *òft*, *lòft*, *còffee*, *còffer*, *òffer*, etc.; but I am told that a short *o* is the now prevalent fashion, and is much prettier. Further, the clipping of words, to which a slipshod pronunciation ever tends, by omitting vowels, lessens the number of syllables and crams consonants together. This surely ought to be resisted with all our might. The greatest defect of our language as to melody (which is nearly measured by penetration of the air) is its excess in consonants; a mischief which the contraction of words by elision of the vowels ever tends to aggravate. The vulgar are not satisfied with *'peach* for *impeach*, *'prentice* for *apprentice*, *'spose* for *suppose;* but they confound *pelisse* and *police* in *plice*. Nothing more distinguishes careful and cultured pronunciation than the accurate utterance of the *un*accented vowels, generally short — a task which often is not easy. In *hystérical* and *históricaI* the contrast of the accented vowels is clear enough; but it is not so easy to distinguish *e* from *o* in *mystery* and *history*, *literal* and *littoral*, or to discriminate *accessary* from *accessory*, if indeed there ought to be two words. When unaccented vowels are long, as in *cóntrīte*, *fīnīte*, *fémāle*, no embarrassment arises; but when they are short, they are

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obscured and confused, and *a* is undistinguishable from *u*, or even from *e*, *i*. If we learned by the ear alone the words *mútăble*, *émphăsis púrpŏse*, *fávōrăble*, *plíănt*, *líŏn*, we might suppose the *ă* and the *ŏ* to be *ŭ*. Similarly *dámage*, *rávage*, *sávage*, *órange*, might seem to be *damej* or *damij*, *ravij*, *savij*, *orenj* or *orinj*. Again, *e* and *i* ending an unaccented syllable cannot be discriminated; as in *pérmĕate*, *végĕtate*, *gérmĭnate*, *persĕvére*, *pársĭmony*, *púrĭty*. Such being the *natural* result of the stress accent placed strongly on one syllable, it would be a great error to invent a set of short vowels to define these varied utterances. It suffices to know on which syllable the stress falls; and this for the foreigner is sometimes the chief matter, in words of more than two syllables — a circumstance out of which will presently arise some discussion.

But with such facts before us, it is evident that no recasting of our orthography can make the ear alone a guide to correct writing, unless we make disgraceful havoc of words.

But continuing the argument of melody, we must admit, that if it is to dictate that the broad vowels *à*, *ò*, of the south shall dominate the narrow ones of the more northern counties, it equally decides against the southerners in favor of the long Italian *ú* as the true sound of *oo*. In Hull, for instance, they say *book* with the long *oo* of southern *fool*, and (as far as known to me) never give to *oo* the short southern sound. In the midland counties also *room*, *groom*, have *oo* = *ú*, but in my native London I learned to pronounce near twenty words with *oo* short, equivalent to the vowel of *puss*, *full*. They are *book*, *brook*, *cook* (*cookery*), *crook*, *hook*, *look*, *nook*, *rook* (*rookery*), *shook*, *took; broom*, *room* (*roomy*), *groom* (*bridegroom; good*, *hood* (*hoodwinked*), *wood*, (*woody*, *wooden*), *stood*, *foot*, *wool* (*woolly*, *woollen*). Not a single inconvenience appears from sounding every *oo* long; and if any high authority will enunciate that Yorkshire and the north are here right (hard as I might find it to adapt my tongue to the change), I should rejoice in it as removing arbitrary anomalies, and in some measure promoting audible speech. The new generation would grow up into the better way. *Blood*, *flood*, *soot*, remain anomalous in the south, as *foot* in Lancashire, — sounded so as to rhyme with *nut!*

I go back to illustrate the principle, that, of two rival pronunciations, that is better which better discriminates words, and aids to fix the sense. In the culture which ennobles a language there is a constant striving towards sharper distinction, which (by a perverted use of the word) Herbert Spencer would call "differentiation." In the Iliad ἕλκος and ὠτειλὴ indifferently mean a wound; but in prose Greek τραῦμα is a wound, ἕλκος an ulcer or sore, ὠτειλὴ a scar, ἐσχάρα the scab over a burn. This is a single illustration of a general fact. Accurate thought leads to distinctive phrase. Poets, for metre or rhyme, or to avoid prosaic accuracy, take liberties; so too do silly persons, thinking themselves witty when they are only coarse — as in saying the *hide* of a man for his skin; his *shell* (*testa*, *tête*) for his head; his *beak* or *snout* for his nose; *amalgam* (μάλαγμα) for gold; *tin* for silver; *gizzard* and *pluck* (odious word!) for heart; and so on. Moreover by lazy pronunciation words slightly differing in sound are confounded, which above was illustrated by *police* and *pelisse*. We are bound to struggle against every such degradation of our tongue. The enemy is ever at work, attacking in detail; and we must resist in detail, or he beats us. Moreover our written tongue is sedulously cultivated for accuracy, while our spoken tongue has been left to the untender whims of slang and laziness. Necessarily our written medium of thought is both more copious and more accurately distinctive: we must vehemently refuse in a single word to degrade it where it is more exact, in compliment to the spoken tongue. As said above, better to pronounce soul *sowl*, as the Irish do, than deliberately confound it with *sole*. I have compiled a list of two hundred and seven groups of words, pairs or triplets, in which the written language makes distinctions unknown to us in speech. Granting that in very few cases of this list can a distinctive utterance be suggested, that is no reason for renouncing the written distinction. We are traitors if we surrender any point of superiority which our higher organ possesses. But sometimes it is not impossible to elevate the lower organ, the spoken tongue, by recovering for it lost discriminations. I have already named the *wh* (*hw*), but I proceed to treat of the *r*.

How far the Scots retain the full vibration of *r*, I less perfectly know; but every Irish gentleman seems to me accurately to pronounce it, and I cannot doubt that he has the true primitive sound, which we from carelessness have lost. For instance, we have three words, *or*, *ore*, *oar*, for which the Irish have three sounds, but

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the English only two. The same is the case with *for*, *fore*, *four*. Notoriously in many languages the *r* is liable to transposition, but that does not necessarily lead to a weakening of its vibratory force. R is indeed among the consonants easiest to hear. At least I think that in a room full of people *mirror* would be better heard than even *miller*; *merry* certainly than *mewy* (the "dandy" substitute), *roar* than *lone*, *lawn*, though the last is a mouth-filling word. We emasculate the language by getting rid of as many *r*'s as possible. See the process in the word *iron*. Its proper sound is exactly as in *irony*, and what can be better? This is still the Irish pronunciation; is also that which we English instinctively give to it in poetry or other solemn reading. But in the uneducated mouth the *r* was first transposed, as if we wrote *i-orn*, next it became *i-ern*, very similar to the Welsh *haiarn*. Anglo-Saxon has *iren* and *isen*, German *Eisen*. It is open to possibility that the Welsh modified our pronunciation. Be that as it may, *i-arn* has almost been softened into *i-an* in careless lips, the *r* quite vanishing. But this is only one word out of a hundred.

So few persons seem to have pondered on the topic here brought forward that yet further illustration may be expedient. We have no difficulty in distinguishing *own* from *owen*; nor if we sounded *bowl* so as to rhyme with *fowl*, should we be prone to mistake *bowl* for *bowel*, or *growl* for *growel* (if *gruel* were so sounded, rhyming with *bowel*); yet we cannot in speech discriminate *flour* from *flower*. Why is this? It is because we do not fully vibrate final *r*, but insert a furtive short vowel between it and the *ou*, converting *flour* into *flou-ăr*, *flou-ĕr*. *Growl* is a monosyllable, but an Englishman seems forced to make *flour* into two syllables.

We have almost made two letters out of *r*, which may be distinguished as the perfect *r* and the imperfect or broken *r*. Of these, the latter must be carefully noted for its influence on the vowel preceding. Our *r* is broken, when it ends a syllable or precedes a consonant; then a part of its vibration is lost, and the previous vowel is elongated and modified. Hereby *e*, *i*, *u*, lose all distinction, as in *her*, *fir*, *fur*; *hers*, *furze*; *pert*, *flirt*, *spirt*, *spurt*. Indeed, when the syllable is unaccented, even *ă* and *ŏ* seem to be merged in *ŭ*; as in *friăr*, *briăr*, *liăr*, *buyĕr*, *mirrŏr*, *honŏr* or *honour*. Not only so, but a peculiar sound (elsewhere unheard in English) is assigned to *a*, *e* long, before broken *r*, which seems to be the French *è* grave, as in *stare*, *wary*, *there*, *hair*, *bear*, *heir*, *wear*, *were*, *ere*, which all rhyme perfectly. Thus *tear* is really two words, *tear* (to rend) sounded as *tare*, and *tear* (*larme*, *lacruma*) sounded as *tier*. The Irish, on the contrary, ignore this French *è* sound, and consistently sound *mare*, *fare*, *pair*, etc., with the vowel of *mane*, *fane*, *pain*, retaining for *r* its full vibration: likewise, as I think, they give the same vowel sound to *there* as to *here*, *mere*, *near*. It is not at all likely that we shall ever follow them throughout. If just enough difference remain to mark nationality, who can grudge it? a compatriot of Bellerophon might surely talk Doric! But if we cannot go the Irish length, and pronounce *ore*, *fore*, with a fully vibrated *r*, with long Italian *ô*, and without any interpolated vowel, any "patahh furtive" of the Hebrews, before *r*; yet we may strongly insist that in every *r something* of vibration shall be heard; that *born* shall not rhyme to *gône* and *lawn*, nor *car* to *ah*, nor *or* to *paw*; that *arms* shall not sound as *alms*; nor *order*, *lord*, be as *awder*, *laud*; in short, that in *corn*, *cart*, *court*, *mortal*, *murky*, *war*, *worn*, *short*, and all other words with *r*, this letter shall have a most unmistakable roughness. Even so, we do not solve the whole question how *r* is to be sounded where our counties differ, — as, how to discriminate *ore* from *oar* or *or*, which is a type of many other words; whether *door*, *floor*, *four*, *pour*, are to rhyme with *oar*, or with *or*, *nor*, *for*. Until such questions are settled, we cannot adopt a complete consistent phonotype.

It may here be added, that Irish ladies, without the smallest affectation or effort, pronounce *calm*, *palm*, *alms* just as they are written, retaining the *l* and making the *a* sharp and short as in *măn*. About *half* and *calf* I am not so sure, but it seems impossible to doubt that such was the English pronunciation at no distant time, and such it *ought* to be now. The lip has been unschooled and wilful: we must not let it be master of the situation. There is no more *difficulty* in sounding the *l*, than in *elm*, *helm*, *elf*, *pelf*, *shelf*, in all which we sound the *l*, and make the vowel short. A specious compromise would be, to allow breadth to the *à* in *calm*, *palm*, *psalm*, *alms*, etc., to lay down that *in strictness* the *l* ought to be at least slightly heard, and that its omission in homely talk is a regrettable liberty. Whoever approves this as a theory will perhaps extend it to *walk*, *stalk*, *talk*, *chalk*, *balk* or *baulk*, in all of which *a* has the

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sound of *au*. So in falcon we utter *a* as *au*, yet do not with the French omit to sound the *l*. Indeed, no good case is made out to phonotypists for eliding the *l*.

Another topic opens upon us with initial *kn*, *gn*, *ps* — combinations which people seem to imagine are unpronounceable to English lips. Yet no English schoolboy finds difficulty as to these in Greek, nor even to the yet harder initial sounds *kt*, *khth*, *pt*, *bd*, *phth*, *mn*, *pn*. No one thinks of dropping the first consonant in *ψάλλω*, *ψαλμὸς*, *μνήμη*, *κνήμη*, *γνήσιος*, *γνωτὸς*, *γνόφος*, *δνόφος*, *βδελυρος*, *κνίζω*, *κνάω*, etc. Not inability, but mere laziness or inobservance, make the English say *salm* for *psalm*, *nife* for *knife*, *nat* for *gnat*, *nihgt* for *knight*, *nave* for *knave*. German accuracy here rebukes us. They do not boggle over the *k* of *Knabe* and *Knecht*, which at bottom are the same words as our *knave* and *knight*. To one (German or English) who comes to us with the request that we will drop the *k* in order to accommodate the popular speech which confuses *knave* with *nave*, *knight* with *night*, we may respectfully but firmly reply: "Sir, you mistake the culprit (the spoken language): he has debased himself; and now to please him, you try to wheedle his comrade (the orthography) into like debasement. The only cure is, that he repent and retrace his steps. We may wink at his laziness, but we will not sanction it. If we are implicated in his offence, we will not justify ourselves, nor plunge into new mischief by tampering with sound literature." For *knife* the French have *canif;* and it surely were better to pronounce a furtive vowel between *k* and *n* than to lop the *k* off; and similarly of the other words. Difficulties in detail remain. The *g* in *cognizance* will probably ere long be sounded, since *recognize* gives the hint. Just so, *ignore*, which forty years ago was sounded with Italian *gn* as in *signor*, now is assimilated to *ignorant* and *ignoble* with *g* hard. The *g* in *sign*, *benign*, *malign*, cannot be spared. It has potential life. *Sign* must not be confounded with mathematical *sine*, nor divorced from signal. Some mark must be devised to show that *g* is mute. When *mn* ends a word, it is hardly needful to tell that *n* is mute; for the tongue naturally fails. But since with derivatives the *n* reappears in vigor, as in *solemn*, *solemnity;* *condemn*, *condemnable;* most of us will regard *solem*, *condem*, as the opposite of improvement. One who loves and reveres his native English may well feel indignation, that those who shrink from enunciating initial *k*, *g*, *p*, in the combinations *kn*, *gn*, *ps*, as harsh, at the same time, by clipping or shortening all our vowels, crowd our consonants into unpronounceable combinations. Who first made *diddest*, *haddest* into *didst*, *hadst*, we cannot know. In Shakespeare the ending *ation* makes three syllables for the metre. Poets, whose task is to develop and conserve melody, in later days seem rather to have studied to cram words and thought into the smallest possible compass, and thus (perhaps!) to make poetry a philosophy. Whenever two vowels come together, they must (forsooth) forbid their belonging to different syllables. Thus *-tion* became *-shun* in utterance; *chariot*, *warrior*, became two syllables instead of three, and *heaven*, *tower*, *power*, etc., were clipped into monosyllables. In boyhood I used to hear from modest, unlearned, but not unrefined lips in Hampshire such plurals as *birdis*, *nestis*, *houndis*, according to the old melodious principle which forbids great agglomeration of consonants. If we can manage to utter *nests*, *breasts*, *sixths*, it is monstrous to complain of initial *kn*, *ps*, as hard. The Germans say *die Sonne*, the sun; *mein Sohn*, my son: we, by shortening the vowel of *Sohn* corrupt *sun* and *son* into one sound. Our poets bear a strong responsibility for much of this depravation. Nay, some of them, not unadmired, write as if aiming to get into one syllable as much as possible, as, *viewst* for *viēwēst*, *rigidst* for *rigidest*, and a hundred of other examples; whereby they produce a lumbering jumble of consonants comparable to those of some old Latin tragedian. If we are to fix the language now, let us first define its noblest and least unmelodious state, and not assume that every deprivation is to be acquiesced in as a *κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί*.

If in this generation we protest in favor of a right pronunciation, and schools do their duty, the next generation will grow up with *a new ideal.* The defective utterance will gradually be thought vulgar, and it will become possible, without diverting attention injuriously from the matter to the manner, to pronounce rightly upon all high occasions. That is the proper way of healing the discord between our literature and our speech, *whenever the former is wholly right and the latter wholly wrong.* The argument applies even to initial *wr*. The *w* was certainly once sounded. It is more difficult to be heard than the *k*, the *g*, or the *p* just discussed; therefore, no doubt, it insensibly went out of use. In Dutch and Scandinavian the *wr* becomes *vr*, which is as well heard as *fr*. If we

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seriously tried to utter the *wr* in *wry*, *writhe*, *write*, etc., *probably* either *vr* or *hr* would be the practical result. Just so, in ancient Greek, when the old digamma (*w*) got before an *r*, in few dialects could it stand. It either vanished or became β (*v?*) or was converted into the aspirate (*h*): thus Ϝρέζω became ῥέζω. The root Ϝριχ (Sanscrit, *vrih*), according to Benfei, "to roar," generated βρύχω. It is also possible that the effort to sound *w* before *r* would introduce a furtive vowel, as in *woríte*, *wory′*, *worénch*, *worést*.

The words just written down show the immense importance of the stress accent. In the Greek language, each dialect having strictly conformed its orthography to its local pronunciation, nothing more was needed after the Macedonian conquest of western Asia to facilitate the use of Greek to Asiatics, than the adding of accents, — *three* indeed, the distinction of which is lost to the modern Greeks. To Indians and others who try to learn English from a book, the information concerning our accent can hardly be given in grammars, since it is matter of detail, and to consult the dictionary for every word separately is most laborious. Practically no one can so learn; every one must have an oral teacher, until grammars are written in Indian languages for learners in English, and accent the English words. But it would be a great assistance to have the right accent printed in all the English pieces set before them, at least on polysyllables. How unintelligible do words become with the accent misplaced; as *capáble*, *tabérnacle*, *penultíma*, *modérate*, *bravéry!* But even dissyllables sometimes change their sense with the accent, and contrast a verb with a noun. I have no complete list of such, nor is usage quite uniform with some words. The following are a specimen: —

Verb.	*Noun.*
insúlt	ínsult
accént	áccent
desért	désert
transpórt	tránsport
condúct	cónduct
refúse	réfuse
subjéct	súbject
objéct	óbject
colléct	cóllect
ejéct	éject
digést	dígest
incréase	íncrease
allý	álly (?)
perfúme	pérfume
detaíl	détail
convért	cónvert
commúne	cómmune
defíle	défile
prodúce	próduce
prefíx	préfix
suffíx	súffix

Not unlike are preténd, prétext; compóse, cómpost.

More peculiar is it that to *móderate* (*verb*) has a secondary accent on the last syllable, and its *a* is long (German *ä*), while *móderate* (*adjective*) has no secondary accent on the last, and the *a* is, in consequence, almost an *e* (*móderet*), nearly as the *a* in *órange* (*orenj*).

In numerous cases the accent has been thrown back in this century from the penultima to the antepenultima, or even to the fourth syllable from the end, against all law of Greek and Latin euphony, and generally with damage to the sound. In my early childhood I learned to say *indústry* (as *indústrious*) and *contráry* (as *contrárious*), and was surprised to be afterwards told that *índustry*, *cóntrary*, were alone correct. (The nursery rhyme has, "Mary, Mary, quite contráry," etc.) Alexánder was the first pronunciation, which ere long changed (surely for the worse) into *A′lexander*, reversing the primary and secondary accent. *Accéptable accéssary*, have been corrupted into *áccept-able*, *áccessary;* even *Parliaméntary* into *Párliamentary*, monstrously throwing the accent on to the fifth syllable from the end. *Contémplate*, *illústrate*, have been changed to *cóntemplate*, *íllustrate*, perhaps to give a rhyme to some versifier; *medicínal* to *medícinal*, much for the worse. It is remarkable that the tendency appeared in Athens, about the time of Pericles. The melodious τροπαῖον, ὁμοῖος were changed to the flimsy τρόπαιον, ὅμοιος. But plenty of old-fashioned people among us stand out against throwing the accent farther back than the antepenultima, in some of these words; indeed insist on retaining *contémplate*, *illústrate*. *Decōrous* and *sonōrous* stand firm against their rivals *décorous* and *sónorous*, which I believe are going out. *Decádence* has of late been supplanted by *décădence*, imported from France; rhymesters of course prefer *décadence;* but perhaps the verb *decáy* will keep *decádence*, aided also by the noun *cadence*. The time may shortly arrive, when a middle class well educated from books, and not reared in the trail of aristocratic pronunciation, will restore to the language a better accentuation and add to our long vowels. Already they insist on saying *opposīte*, *maritīme*, *dy′nasty*. Before long they may give us *medicīne*,

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infīnīte, and *literāry* instead of the obscure *literăry*. We cannot fix the language: but it would be something if we could guide the movement aright. The foreigner needs to be informed that in words of Greek and Latin origin the accent shifts by a law of its own; as in *démocrat*, *demócracy; hármony*, *harmónious; mélody*, *melódious;* expressly that it may *not* be thrown further back than the antepenultima. There is also a frequent tendency to shorten in a trisyllable the vowel which was long in a monosyllable; as *gráve*, *grăvity; cáve*, *căvity; suāve*, *suăvity;* but this rule will mislead us, if applied to Saxon words, as appears in *brāve*, *brāvery*. For this and very many reasons the pupil, especially the foreign learner, requires a text in which the length and quality of vowels is marked. How deceptive are *fīnīte* and *infīnīte! dĭvīne*, an iamb with accent on the last; *fīnīte*, a pure spondee, accented on the first. If *direct* is known to be an oxytone, the doubt remains whether it be an iamb or a spondee. In fact this is not at the speaker's will; though prevalently perhaps the adjective *dīrect* is a spondee, and the verb *direct* oftener has *i* short. It is easy so to mark our vowels as to set all these doubts at rest in that part of our language which is derived from Latin and Greek. It is the Saxo-Norman portion which contains the words which are so capriciously written as to puzzle us, even when we cannot throw the fault on pronunciation changing with lapse of time. Superfluous letters are the greatest vexation. Final *e* mute is held not to be superfluous, because it lengthens the vowel next preceding it, as in the difference between *pan* and *pane;* the latter being = *pän*. Yet this very *e* mute is apt to be obtruded out of place, where it only misleads. Here are a dozen words in which (seemingly) *e* ought to be expunged; *have*, *give*, to *live*, *love*, *glove*, *shove*, *dove; shone*, *bade*, *sate*, *ate*. In the three first I advise its omission, also in all verbal adjectives from Latin *-ivus*, as *activ*, *plaintiv*, *fugitiv*. A properly dotted *o* sets right the four next words; the four last are antiquated forms,—what may be called first aorist, co-existing with the more popular second aorist, *shon*, *bad*, *sat*, *et*.

With a simple mark to denote that a letter is mute * (say a compact little mathematical zero), our worst difficulties of notation vanish. The cedilla and the Greek aspirate, to modify consonants, remove a large number of uncertainties concerning consonantal sounds. How to mark *s* when it has the sound of *z* is difficult, only because there are so many solutions. Here let the remark be dropt, that the dot on *i* and *j* ought to be removed from print. Neither is found with the capital letters *I* and *J*. With *j* the dot is useless even in MS. In handwriting the loop of *e* is apt to blot, which leads to writing *e* almost like *i;* therefore alone a dot is of use even in MS. All useless dots dull the eye to the perception of useful ones, and ought to be cleared off. Reserving (´) to denote the stress accent, we at once have at our disposal for modified vowels, *ä*, *ë*, *ï*, *ö*, *ü;* *à*, *è*, *ì*, *ò*, *ù;* *â*, *ê*, *î*, *ô*, *û;* of which some are superfluous, *viz.*, *ì*, *ù;* indeed *ê* is wanted for three English words only, *viz.*, *brêak*, *grêat*, *stêak*, sounded as *brake*, *grate*, *stake*, from which they differ in sense. Nevertheless this triple row of vowels is not sufficient, unless we largely alter our received spelling. I want double dots under *a*, *e*, *o*, *u* (*a̤*, *e̤*, *o̤*, *ṳ*).

Thus armed, we can make our received orthography suggest to a learner precisely the right sounds, with very few and insignificant exceptions which perhaps ought to be summarily dealt with.

Here may be noticed a very few words in which the spoken tongue may vaunt itself as more discriminating than our manuscript. But a few marks added will give equal precision to the latter.

Böw, of an archer or of a shoe-tie; *bow*, bend the head.

To *söw* (seed); *sow*, female pig.

To *röw* (a boat); *row* (ignoble word), tumult.

Döes, female deer; *does*, doeth.

To *möw* (grass); a barley *mow*, rick, stack.

Any other such ambiguities can by easy devices be removed.

The problem of teaching the foreigner or the child to read correctly a book set before him is but *half* the problem of phonotype. It is complex enough in our received mode of writing, yet with a sufficiency of well-devised marks, it can be solved; and may be made simpler by very moderate correction, also without disfiguring the text, especially if by slight change we revert to better pronunciation. To solve this half of the problem would be of immense importance, and in my judgment ought not to be delayed. To solve the other half would be so to write and print that he who hears the sounds of our tongue shall at once be able to write them down

* But *g* is certainly wrong in *foreign*, *sovereign*, and may perhaps be well dropt also in *feign* and *deign*. The *t* can well be spared in *-tch*.

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from his ear in the very way which we hold to be orthographic. This would require a total reconstruction of the written language. To attempt it I account to be irrational, and believe all effort for it to be a misdirection of energies which might otherwise be of avail: moreover, such effort damages the hope of attainable reform, inasmuch as it stirs up disgust against all change. But there is a remark, not yet made, which may bear usefully on a large class of words.

The phonotypists make very light of diligently confounding *rain*, *rein*, *reign*, under a single spelling (and this is but one example out of two hundred), arguing that we could well endure *rane* as expressing all three, because in every language words have many ambiguities. For instance, *box* means: 1, a certain shrub or tree; 2, a coffer made of boxwood, and hence, any wooden coffer; 3, a blow on the cheek; 4, a *bakhshiesh*, or small gift at Christmas. What hardship, then, would it be if *rane* had three very different senses? The reply is, that if we could write the sound *box* in four different ways answering to the four different senses, it would facilitate the learning of English. Suppose that we wrote — 1, *bocs;* 2, *boks;* 3, *box;* 4, *bokhs*, sounding all alike, the pupil would at once be warned of four different senses, and would *the better remember them* by reason of the different writing, which acts as a *memoria technica*. Also, inasmuch as bad reasoning chiefly rises out of ambiguous words, nothing so aids accurate thought as accurate marks of distinction. If it were possible, we ought to remove ambiguities both to the ear and to the eye, or at least to the eye, if we cannot to the ear. But we are unable thus to create distinctions at will. Surely, then, when tradition itself freely gives us in certain words distinctions for which we vainly wish in others, it were great folly to throw away the advantage. This would be a *levelling down*, and not a *levelling up*.

Finally, to fix ideas, I briefly explain one vowel system which would be efficient and sufficient. I say *one* system; for there are, of course, many possible, and in twenty-five years' effort I have changed my mind often enough.

1. System of circumflexed vowels: —

â, âll, fâll, fâlcon, âltar, âlter, wâter, wâr, wârd.
ê, *only in* brêak, grêat, stêak.
î (French *i* long), marîne, machîne, suîte.
ô, môve, tômb, shôe.
û (Italian long *u*), rûe, rûle, blûe, roûte.

2. System of grave accents: —

à (Italian broad *a*), tàsk, fàther, fàst.
ò, òrder, òft, lòft, lòst.
è, ì, ù, are in general superfluous.

3. System of double dots *above* the vowel: —

ä, mäne, ängel, chämber, dänger, cäpable, sävor, *to* moderäte.
ë, lëver, ëvil, këy, concëit, wëir, hëar, tëar, ëqual.
ï, sïgh, tïe, lïe, whïlom, ïron, sïnecure, divïne.
ö, böne, böld, öld, öar, möw, töw, gö.
ü, ünite, müle, türeen, valüe, nätüre.

These might, with excellent result, be printed in *all* our literature.

4. System of double dots beneath the vowels: —

a̤ (after w or qu), wa̤sp, wa̤s, wa̤tch, qua̤rrel, equa̤l.
e̤ he̤ad, ple̤asure. (Better to drop *a* in seventy words.)
o̤, so̤n, to̤n, co̤ver, co̤vet, wo̤rry, o̤nion, fro̤nt.
ṳ, pṳt, pṳsh, pṳll, bṳshel, bṳtcher, bṳlwark.

5. Long *ā* and *ē* (only before *r*), as in *māre*, *thēre*.

Besides the omission of *a* in about seventy words, such as *deaf*, *dead*, *dreamt*, *early*, etc., the *u* should be dropt in *honour*, *favour*, etc. No one approves *u* in *rector*, *editor*, *tutor*, etc. To printers, writers, and learners, all really superfluous letters are an annoyance. Happily we have got rid of *k* in *publick*, *musick*, etc. For *one*, *once*, I propose to write *'one*, *'once*.

Many have suggested marks for our consonants. "Webster's Dictionary" has a complete system, and many others would succeed. The practical question is, "Which least offends the eye, and will meet least opposition?" It is not requisite here to lay before the reader what most pleases the present writer. Suffice it to insist that the problem has more than one good solution. F. W. NEWMAN.

WITHIN THE PRECINCTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER X.

THE MINOR CANON.

MR. ASHFORD had not said much to Miss Despard on the way home; it was but crossing the road, a brief progress which left little room for conversation, and the signor was better acquainted with

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her than he was. Besides, the minor canon was not a man who could carry on a conversation with several people at a time, or open his heart to more listeners than one. He could sometimes be eloquent with a single interlocutor, but he was a silent man in society, with very little to say for himself, even when his companions were of the most congenial kind. He was an unsuccessful man, and carried in his soul, though without any bitterness, the burden of his own unsuccess. He was a man of "good connections," but none of his connections had done anything for him — and he had considerable talents, which had done nothing for him. He had got a scholarship, but no other distinction, at the university. Nobody was at all clear how this came about. He was not idle, he was not careless, but he did not succeed; his talents were not those that win success. At twenty he published a little volume of poetry, which was "full of promise." At thirty he brought out a learned treatise on some matter of classical erudition, which, as it is too high for us to understand, we will not venture to name. But nothing came of it; his poems were not sold, neither was his treatise. His fellow-scholars (for he was a true scholar, and a ripe and good one) occupied themselves with pulling holes in his coat, writing whole pages to show that he had taken a wrong view of a special passage. And there was something worse than this that he had done. He had put a wrong accent upon a Greek word. We tremble to mention this, but it cannot be slurred over, for it was one of the heaviest troubles in Mr. Ashford's life. Whether it was his fault or the printer's fault will never be known till the day of judgment, and perhaps not even then, for it seems more than likely that a mistake in an accent, or even the absence of the accent altogether, will not affect the reckoning at that decisive moment; but this was what had been done. Not once — which might have been an accident, or carelessness in correcting the press, such a misfortune as might occur to any man — but a dozen times at least had this crime been perpetrated. It disfigured at least the half of his book. It was a mistake which no properly conducted fourth-form boy would have been guilty of. So everybody said; and it crushed the unlucky man. Even now, five years after, that incorrect accent colored his life. He went in mourning for it all his days. He could not forget it himself, even if other people might have been willing to forget it. It seemed to justify and explain all the failures in his career. Everybody had wondered why he did not get a fellowship after he had taken his degree, but this explained everything. A man capable of making such a mistake! The buzz that arose in the university never died out of his ears. Robuster persons might laugh, but Ernest Ashford never got over it. It weighed him down for the rest of his days.

Nor was he a man to thrive much in his profession. He tried a curacy or two, but he was neither High Church enough for the High, nor Low Church enough for the Low. And he could not get on with the poor, his rectors said. Their misery appalled his gentle soul. He emptied his poor pockets in the first wretched house he went into, and retreated to his lodgings after he had done so with a heart all aching and bleeding, and crying out against the pain he saw. He was not of the fibre which can take other people's sufferings placidly, though he had a fine nerve in bearing his own. This, no doubt, was weakness in him; and in all probability he got imposed upon on every side; but the fact was he could not support the wretchedness of others, and when he had given them every sixpence he had, and had entreated them to be comforted, he fled from them with anguish in his heart. He could not eat or drink for weeks after for thinking that there were people in the world near at hand who had little or nothing on their board. He suffered more from this than his fellow-curate did from neuralgia, or his rector from biliousness, and he did what neither of these martyrs felt themselves compelled to do — he fled from the trouble he could not cope with. They quoted Scripture to him, and proved from the text "The poor ye have always with you" that nothing better was to be expected. But he answered with a passionate protestation that God could never mean that, and fled — which, indeed, was not a brave thing to do, and proved the weakness of his character. Thus the Church found him wanting, as well as the university. And when at last he settled down into a corner where at least he could get his living tranquilly, it was not by means of his talents or education, but because of a quality which was really accidental, the possession of a beautiful voice. This possession was so entirely adventitious that he was not even a learned musician, nor had he given much of his time to this study. But he had one of those voices, rich, and tender, and sweet,

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which go beyond science, which are delicious even when they are wrong, and please the hearers when they perplex the choir, and drive the conductor out of his senses. Mr. Ashford did not do this, having an ear almost as delicate as his voice, but both of these were gifts of nature, and not improved by training to the degree which the signor could have wished. He had been persuaded to try for the minor canonry of St. Michael's almost against his will; for to be a singing man even in the highest grade did not please his fancy. But no one had been able to stand before him. The signor had strongly supported another competitor, a man with twice the science of Mr. Ashford; but even the signor had been obliged to confess that his friend's voice was not to be compared with that of the successful candidate. And after knocking about the world for a dozen years without any real place or standing-ground, Ernest Ashford found himself at thirty-five suited with a life that was altogether harmonious to his nature, but which he felt half humiliated to have gained, not by his talents or his learning, or anything that was any credit to him, but by the mere natural accidental circumstance of his beautiful voice. He was half ashamed and humbled to think that all his education, which had cost so much, went for nothing in comparison with this chance talent which had cost him nothing, and that all his hopes and ambitions, which had mounted high, had been thus proved altogether vain. But as, by fair means or foul, for a good or bad reason, life had at last found a suitable career for him, where he could be independent, and do some sort of work, such as it was, he soon became content. The worst thing about it (he said) was that it could not be called work at all. To go twice a day and sing beautiful music in one of the most beautiful churches in the world would have been the highest pleasure if it had not been the business of his life. He had never even been troubled by doubts which might have introduced a complication, but was of a nature simply devout, and born to go twice a day to church. When, however, he found himself thus, as it were, exalted over the common lot, he made an effort to bring himself down to the level of common mortality by taking pupils, an experiment which succeeded perfectly, and brought him into hot water so speedily that he no longer felt himself elevated above the level of mankind.

This was the man whom Lottie had seized the opportunity of making acquaintance with and speaking to that evening at the Deanery. Mr. Ashford was not badly treated at the Deanery to be only a minor canon. He was often enough asked to dinner. When there was not anybody of much consequence about, the dean was very willing to have him, for he was a gentleman, and talked very pleasantly, and could be silent (which he always was when the company was large) in a very agreeable, gentlemanly sort of way; not the silence of mere dulness and having nothing to say. But when there was a large dinner-party, and people of consequence were there, Lady Caroline would often ask Mr. Ashford to come in the evening, and he had come to understand (without being offended) that on these occasions he would probably be asked to sing. He was not offended, but he was amused, and sometimes, with a little well-bred malice, such as he had never shown in any other emergency of his life, would have a cold, and be unable to sing. He had not strength of mind to carry out this little stratagem when there seemed to be much need of his services, but now and then he would wind himself up to do it, with much simple satisfaction in his own cleverness. Mr. Ashford was well treated in the cloisters generally. The other canons, those whom Mrs. O'Shaughnessy called "the real canons," were all more or less attentive to him. He had nothing to complain of in his lot. He had at this moment two pupils in hand: one, the son of Canon Uxbridge, whom he was endeavoring to prepare for the simple ordeal of an army examination, and another, who was clever, the son of the clergyman in the town, and aspiring to a university scholarship. In consequence of that unfortunate accent it was but few engagements of this more ambitious kind that Mr. Ashford had; his work was usually confined to the simplicity of the military tests of knowledge; but the rector of St. Michael's was a man who knew what he was about, and naturally, with a sharp young scholar forever on his traces, the gentle minor canon, conscious of having once committed an inaccuracy, was kept very much upon his p's and q's.

On the same day on which Rollo Ridsdale wrote for Lady Caroline that invitation to Lottie of the terms of which Lady Caroline was so little aware, the dean gave a verbal invitation to the same effect to Mr. Ashford in the vestry. "Will you dine with us to day, Ashford?" he said. "My nephew Ridsdale, who is mad about

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music, and especially about this girl's voice who sang last night, has persuaded Lady Caroline to ask her again. Yourself and the signor; I believe nobody else is coming. Ridsdale has got something to do with a new opera company, and he is wild to find an English prima donna ——"

"Is Miss Despard likely to become a professional singer?" said the minor canon in some surprise.

"I am sure I can't tell — why not? They are poor, I suppose, or they would not be here, and I don't see why she shouldn't sing. Anyhow, Rollo is most anxious to try. He thinks she has a wonderful voice. He is apt to think anything wonderful which he himself has anything to do with, you know."

"She certainly has a wonderful voice," said Mr. Ashford, with more decision than usual.

"But — pardon me if I interrupt," cried the signor, who had come in while they were talking — "no method; no science. She wants training — the most careful training. The more beautiful a voice is by nature, the more evident is the want of education in it," the musician added, with meaning. He did not look at Mr. Ashford, but the reference was very unmistakable. The dean looked at them, and smiled as he took up his shovel hat.

"I leave you to fight it out, science against nature," he said; "as long as you don't forget that you are both expected this evening at the Deanery — and to sit in judgment as well as to dine."

"I know what my judgment will be beforehand," said the signor; "absolute want of education — but plenty of material for a good teacher to work upon."

"And mine is all the other way," Mr. Ashford said, with some of the vehemence of intellectual opposition, besides a natural partisanship. "A lovely voice, full of nature, and freshness, and expression — which you will spoil, and render artificial, and like anybody else's voice if you have your way."

"All excellence is the production of art," said the signor.

"*Poeta nascitur*," said the canon; and though the words are as well known as any slang, they exercised a certain subduing influence upon the musician, who was painfully aware that he himself was not educated, except in a professional way. The two men went out together through the door into the great cloister, from which they passed by an arched passage to the minor cloister, where was Mr. Ashford's house. Nothing could be more unlike than the tall, stooping, short-sighted scholar, and the dark, keen Italianism of the Anglicised foreigner — the one man full of perception, seeing everything within his range at a glance, the other living in a glimmer of vague impressions, which took form but slowly in his mind. On the subject of their present discussion, however, Ashford had taken as distinct a view as the signor. He had put himself on Lottie's side instinctively, with what we have called a natural partisanship. She was like himself, she sang as the birds sing — and though his own education after a few years of St. Michael's had so far progressed musically that he was as well aware of her deficiencies as the signor, still he felt himself bound to be her champion. "I am not sure how far we have any right to discuss a young lady who has never done anything to provoke animadversion," he said, with an old-fashioned scrupulousness, as they threaded the shady passages. "I think it very unlikely that such a girl would ever consent to sing for the public."

"That is what she says," said the signor, "but she can't understand what she is saying. Sing for the public! I suppose that means to her to appear before a crowd of people, to be stared at, criticised, brought down to the level of professional singers. The delight of raising a crowd to one's self, binding them into mutual sympathy, getting at the heart underneath the cold English exterior, that is what the foolish girl never thinks of, and cannot understand."

"Ah!" said the minor canon. He was struck by this unexpected poetry in the signor, who was not a poetical person. He said, "I don't think I thought of that either. I suppose, for my part, I am very old-fashioned. I don't like a woman to make an exhibition of herself."

"Do you suppose a real artist ever makes an exhibition of herself?" said the musician almost scornfully. "Do you suppose she thinks of herself? Oh, yes, of course there are varieties. Men will be men and women women; but any one who has genius, who is above the common stock! However," he added, calming himself down, and giving a curious, alarmed glance at his companion to see whether, perhaps, he was being laughed at for his enthusiasm, "there are other reasons, that you will allow to be solid reasons, for which I want to get hold of this Miss Despard. You know Purcell, my assistant, a young fellow of the greatest promise?"

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"Purcell? Oh, yes; you mean the son of ——"

"I mean my pupil," said the signor hurriedly, with a flush of offence.

"I beg your pardon. I did not mean anything unkind. It was only to make sure whom you meant. I know he is a good musician and — everything that is good."

"He is a very fine fellow," said the signor, still flushed and self-assertive. "There is nobody of whom I have a higher opinion. He is a better musician than I am, and full of promise. I expect him to reach the very top of his profession."

Mr. Ashford bowed. He had no objection to young Purcell's success. Why should he be supposed to have any objection to it? But the conversation had wandered widely away from Miss Despard, in whom he was really interested, and his attention relaxed in a way which he could not disguise. This seemed to disturb the signor still more. He faltered; he hesitated. At last he said with a sudden burst, "You think this has nothing to do with the subject we were discussing; but it has. Purcell, poor fellow! has a — romantic devotion, a passion which I can't as yet call anything but unhappy, for Miss Despard."

"For Miss Despard?" The minor canon turned round at his own door with his key in his hand, lifting his eyes in wonder. "That is surely rather misplaced," he said the next moment, with much more sharpness than was usual to him, opening the door with a little extra energy and animation. He had no reason whatever for being annoyed, but he was annoyed, though he could not have told why.

"How misplaced?" said the signor, following him up the little oak staircase, narrow and broken into short flights, which led to the rooms in which the minor canon lived. The landing at the top of the staircase was as large as any of the rooms to which it led, with that curious misappropriation of space, but admirable success in picturesque effect, peculiar to old houses. There was a window in it, with a window-seat, and such a view as was not to be had out of St. Michael's, and the walls were of dark wainscot, with bits of rich old carvings here and there. The canon's little library led off from this and had the same view. It was lighted by three small, deep-set windows set in the outer wall of the Abbey, and consequently half as thick as the room was large. They were more like three pictures hung on the dark wall than mere openings for light, which indeed they supplied but sparingly, the thickness of the wall casting deep shadows between. And the walls, wherever they were visible, were dark oak, here and there shining with gleams of reflection, but making a sombre background, broken only by the russet color of old books and the chance ornaments of gilding which embellished them. Mr. Ashford's writing-table, covered with books and papers, stood in front of the centre window. There was room for a visitor on the inner side between him and the bookcases on the further wall, and there was room for somebody in the deep recess of the window at his left hand; but that was all.

"How misplaced?" the signor repeated, coming in and taking possession of the window-seat. "He is not perhaps what you call a gentleman by birth, but he is a great deal better. You and I know gentlemen by birth who — but don't let us talk blasphemy within the precincts. I am a Tory. I take my stand upon birth and blood and primogeniture."

"And laugh at them?"

"Oh, not at all; on the contrary, I think they are very good for the country; but you and I have known gentlemen by birth —— Well! my young Purcell is not one of these, but sprung from the soil. He is a capital musician; he is a rising young man. In what is he worse than the daughter of a shabby old soldier, a poor, needy, sham gentleman of a chevalier?"

"Gently! gently! I cannot permit you to say anything against the chevaliers. They are men who have served their country."

"Better than a good musician serves his?" cried the signor. "You will not assert as much. Better than we serve the country who put a little tune and time into her, an idea of something better than fifes and drums?"

"My dear Rossinetti," said Mr. Ashford with some heat, "England had music in her before a single *maestro* had ever come from the south, and will have after —— "

"No tragedy," said the signor, with a low laugh, putting up his hand. "I am not a *maestro*, nor do I come from the south. I serve my country when I teach these knavish boys, that would rather be playing in the streets, to lengthen their snipped vowels. But suppose they do better who fight — I say nothing against that. I am not speaking of all the chevallers, but of one — the only person who has anything to do with the argument — a wretched frequenter of taverns, admirer of milliners'

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girls, who is said to be going to marry some young woman of that class. Why should not Purcell, the best fellow in the world, be as good as he?"

"I don't know the father — and it is not the father Purcell has a romantic devotion for. But don't you see, Rossinetti, we are allowing ourselves to discuss the affairs of people we know nothing of, people we have no right to talk about. In short, we are *gossiping*, which is not a very appropriate occupation."

"Oh, there is a great deal of it done by other persons quite as dignified as we are," said the signor with a smile; but he accepted the reproof and changed the subject. They sat together and talked, looking over the great width of the silent country, the trees and the winding river, the scattered villages, and the illuminated sky. How beautiful it was! fair enough of itself to make life sweeter to those who had it before their eyes. But the two men talked and took no notice. They might have been in a street in London for any difference it made.

When, however, the signor was gone, Mr. Ashford, having closed the door upon his visitor, came straying back to the window in which Rossinetti had been seated, and stood there gazing out vaguely. In all likelihood he saw nothing at all, for he was short-sighted, as has been said; but yet it is natural to seek the relief of the window and look out when there is something within of a confused and vaguely melancholy character to occupy one's thoughts. Twenty-four hours before Mr. Ashford had not known who Lottie Despard was. He had seen her in the Abbey, and perhaps had found without knowing it that sympathy in her face which establishes sometimes a kind of tacit friendship long before words. He thought now that this must have been the case; but he knew very little about her still — nothing except that she had a beautiful voice, a face that interested him, and something she wanted to talk to him about. What was it she wanted to talk to him about? He could not imagine what it could be, but he recollected very well how pleasant a thing it was when this beautiful young lady, lifting the long fringes which veiled them, turned upon him those beautiful blue eyes which (he thought) were capable of expressing more feeling than eyes of any other color. Probably had Lottie's eyes been brown or grey Mr. Ashford would have been of exactly the same opinion. But to think of this creature as the beloved of Purcell gave him a shock. Purcell! it was not possible. No doubt he was a respectable fellow, very much to be applauded and encouraged: but Mr. Ashford himself had nothing to do with Miss Despard; he was pleased to think that he should meet her again and hear her sing again, and he must try, he said to himself, to find an opportunity to ask her what it was about which she wanted to speak to him. Otherwise he had no hand, and wanted to have no hand, in this little conspiracy of which she seemed the unconscious object. On the contrary, his whole sympathies were with Lottie against the men who wanted to entrap her and make her a public singer whether she would or not. He was glad she did not want it herself, and felt a warm sympathy with her in those natural prejudices against "making an exhibition of herself" which the signor scorned so much. The signor might scorn those shrinkings and shyness; they were altogether out of his way; he might not understand them. But Mr. Ashford understood them perfectly. He liked Lottie for having them, comprehended her, and felt for her. Anything rather than *that*, he thought, with a little tremulous warmth, as if she had been his sister. If there should be any discussion on this subject to-night at the Deanery, and she was in need of support, he would stand by her. Having made this resolution, he went back to his writing-table and sat down in his usual place, and put this intrusive business which did not in the least concern him out of his mind.

The most intrusive subject! What had he to do with it? And yet it was not at all easy to get it out of his mind. He had not read three lines when he felt himself beginning to wonder why Rollo Ridsdale had chosen Miss Despard as his prima donna above everybody else, and why the signor concerned himself so much about it. She had certainly a beautiful voice, but still voices as beautiful had been heard before. It could not be supposed that there was no one else equal to her. Why should they make so determined a set at this girl, who was a lady, and who had not expressed any wish or intention of being a singer? To be sure, she was very handsome as well, and her face was full of expression. And Rollo was a kind of enthusiast when he took anything in his head. Then there was the other imbroglio with the signor and Purcell. What was Purcell to the signor that he should take up his cause so warmly? But then, still more mysterious, what was it all to him, Ernest Ashford, that it should come

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between him and the book he was reading? Nothing could be more absurd. He got up after a while, and went to the window again, where he finally settled himself with a volume of Shelley, to which he managed to fix the thoughts, which had been so absurdly disturbed by this stranger and this question with which he had nothing to do. It was a very idle way of spending the afternoon, to recline in a deep window looking out upon miles of air and distance, and read Shelley; but it was better than getting involved in the mere gossip of St. Michael's, and turning over in his head against his will the private affairs of people whom he scarcely knew. This was the disadvantage of living in a small circle with so few interests, he said to himself. But he got delivered from the gossip by means of the poetry, and so lay there while the brilliant sunshine slanted from the west, now sending his thoughts abroad over the leafy English plain, now feeding his fancy with the poet among the Euganean hills.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

ON THE DECAY OF FINE MANNERS.

It is scarcely necessary to occupy ourselves with the demonstration that the manners of the community have, during the present century, undergone a serious change for the worse. Their deterioration is a matter of notoriety and universal comment, and the unanimity with which this conclusion is affirmed acquits us of the obligation of proving it. Nor, supposing the point to be contested, would it be an easy matter to establish it. How are you to prove that manners have deteriorated? Manner is so impalpable a thing that there is no crucible in which it can be impounded, no scales, be they ever so fine, in which it can be weighed.

But while we fully recognize the practical impossibility of proving that the manners of society are not as good as they once were, there is not the same difficulty in showing how they have come to suffer degradation. Assuming, then, that the prevalent opinion on the subject is a correct one, let us see if we cannot account more or less clearly for the fact it deplores.

Wherein consist good manners? I think it will be found that the secret or essence of good manners, as of goodness in all other things, consists in suitableness, or in other words of harmony. When we speak of harmony, we necessarily imply a relation between two things. We signify that the relation between them is what it should be; that the just proportion between them has been observed; and that out of this justness of proportion, this relation as it should be, springs what is designated by the significant word propriety.

What is manner? Manner is the deportment of one individual to another; which is as much as to say, the outward and phenomenal relation of one individual to another. Now, every person — if we make exception of monarchs — can stand towards other people in three distinct social relations. You may be the superior of the person you are speaking to, you may be his equal, or you may be his inferior; and I venture to affirm that your manner will be good or bad according as it recognizes or fails to observe the fact in each case, respectively. I am not addressing myself to those persons who avow themselves insensible to subtle distinctions, and whose only notion of distinction between one manner and another is that it is vulgar or the reverse, polite or the opposite. I address myself to those who make the complaint that fine manners have suffered decay, and who are alive to all the infinite shades and gradations of which a really fine manner is susceptible.

And, firstly, as regards the deportment of a person of fine manners to his superior. In this there will be a standing deference, but never a shade of servility; and the inclination of tone, gesture, and language will be as slight, as natural, as graceful, but as perceptible to an observant eye and ear, as the movement say, of a weeping willow in a light breeze. Suppose that two persons are conversing, and a third enters. The third ought to be able to tell at once which is the superior, and which the inferior, supposing the distinction to exist, and though the distinction be by no means a strongly marked one. Ask him how he knows; and he can no more tell you how, than one can say why one face is beautiful and another is not, or than a neuralgic subject can say, save by his own impressions, that there is brewing a thunder-storm. The superiority I speak of may be one either of rank, age, or acquired distinction; but a well-bred person, a person of fine manners, never fails to give it recognition. A man of thirty, who comports himself to a man of seventy as he would to a person of his own age, is wanting in this instinct,

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and is as much a clown as is one who addresses a woman with the familiarity he employs towards a man. What constitutes good manners in this case is, as I have observed, the maintenance of a just proportion, in plainer language, of a proper distance, between the two people; in other words, the preservation of harmony. The neglect of a just relation makes impropriety or discord.

Quite as subtle but quite as certain a line will mark off the superior from the inferior; though perhaps the distance is created rather by the inferior than by the superior, and by the obligation the latter feels himself under to accept the situation laid down by the other. Here again an absolute stranger ought to find quick indications of the relative position of the two, though he might be sorely put to it to give an account of the faith which is in him.

The relation of equal to equal might, at first sight, seem to be a much simpler matter. On the contrary, I take it to be considerably more complex. For there are more faults that can be committed in this last of the three relations than in either of the other two. The only mistake an inferior, deficient in fine manners, is likely to commit in dealing with his superior, is to act as though he were the latter's equal; and the only danger to which the superior is subject, in conversing with his inferior, is the danger of asserting, or over-asserting, his superiority, instead of leaving it to the other to establish the fact by insensibly conceding it. But your equal obviously can commit either blunder. He may be arrogant and presuming, or he may show himself apologetic, timid, and uneasy. Either blunder serves to introduce an element of awkwardness and discomfort into the conversation, and, if the blunder be one of large proportions, renders the situation intolerable. You may have your bumptious cad, or your cringing cad. It is difficult to say which is the more insufferable. At last the horrible discrepancy between what you have a right to expect, and what as a fact you encounter, becomes so trying, that it "gives on your nerves," like bells jangled and out of tune. The discord is excruciating. The fellow has violated the laws of harmony. He knows nothing about the just proportion or fitness of things. Suitableness is to him a word without a meaning, and his life is one long unconscious impropriety.

If this analysis of the essence or kernel of good manners and bad manners be correct, it is not difficult to explain why manners should have deteriorated so strikingly during the last forty or fifty years. I must ask the reader to be good enough not to conclude, because I venture to point out what I believe to be the cause of this deterioration, that I have a political or even a social grudge against the cause, or that I am hostile to all the effects it has produced. I am merely seeking for a *vera causa* of the decline of fine manners, and have no *arrière pensée* whatever, either political, social, or religious. A thing is not bad altogether because it induces certain unfortunate results. It is of the nature of nothing human to confer unalloyed benefits; and though fine manners may be a precious possession, and their decay a just theme for lamentation, they are not the most precious of all possessions, and there are other gifts with which we could even less satisfactorily dispense.

It will not be disputed that it is considerably easier for people to comport themselves properly and justly towards their superiors, towards their inferiors, and towards their equals, when they know who their superiors, who their inferiors, and who their equals are, than when they do not, but are left to ascertain the point as best they may, or to settle it by an effort of their own. Now the time was when no man in England could be in doubt upon the point. There existed a sliding scale in the social hierarchy; and the precise tariff of deference which was required by one man to another, was as clearly ascertained as the number of inches in a mile, the amount of gills in a quart, or the quantity of firkins in a kilderkin. It must be obvious that this greatly simplified the matter; indeed, that it rendered it quite as simple as to ascertain the current price of native wheat, or the market figure of Flemish wool. From the sovereign downwards, there was a gradation of ranks, titles, and position; ending, as far as gentlemen were concerned, with the small country squire. It was the habit, the instinct, and in no slight measure the law, of the time, to recognize this gradation; and any man received, and paid, the exact amount of homage and deference custom prescribed.

We have still a monarch. We have still dukes, marquesses, earls, barons, baronets, knights, esquires, and — gentlemen. But what is a gentleman? No one can any longer answer the question. There are many persons indisputably gentlemen; there are others who hope they are gentlemen; others, again, who are trying hard to become such, or be recognized as such. In plain parlance, there are a

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number of people who are laboring to assert themselves, and who are going through life with no fixed and definite position in it, but are perpetually seeking to *become* that person's equal, and that other's superior.

How is it possible that such people should have fine manners, or manners at all? They are certain to be bumptious and presuming; it is possible they may, on occasion, be servile likewise, for they are perpetually "trying it on." When they find themselves in the society of persons whom they can hardly help suspecting to be their superiors in breeding and education, they strive straight-off to annihilate the distinction they know to exist by putting on what they consider the manners of an equal. The "putting on" of this manner is, as might have been expected, a disastrous failure. They only become contemptible or offensive, or both. They parade their inferiority by the very effort to drape it; and their natural superior turns from them with disgust, and a determination never, if possible, to consort with them again.

The treatment by this class of persons of their inferiors is not more happy than their address towards their superiors, or towards those who would willingly be considered their equals, if their manners entitled them to the right of equality. There are no persons so quick to distinguish a true gentleman from a pinchbeck one as those who are called the lower orders. This is so, at least, in rural parts; the yokel not having lost his partly primitive, partly traditional instincts in the matter, by seeing more than one kind of manner reputed gentlemanlike, and never having had his discrimination confused by the practical ambiguities concerning good manners, engendered in towns. Your gamekeeper, coachman, groom, stable-help, gardener, watcher, odd-man, tells almost at a glance what "sort of customer" he has to deal with. Each master may be kind, either may be cold and "stand-off;" but there is a world of difference between the familiarity of the gentleman, and the familiarity of the man who would like to be a gentleman; and there is nothing in common between the tone of command of the one, and the orders of the other.

There may have been seen, any night we believe during the past twelvemonth, a piece at a well-known London theatre, in which the manners of gentlefolk and people rich but not gentle are supposed to be depicted and contrasted. The piece has been most successful. I could scarcely wish for more conclusive proof that fine manners have decayed. An audience sensitive to the difference between fine manners and clumsy manners would have turned away with contempt from an exhibition of vulgarity on the part of gentlefolk and non-gentlefolk alike, of the most extravagant kind. It is perfectly true that thousands of persons whose manners are not "fine," are admitted into society supposed to be constituted of gentlemen, and to a certain extent justly supposed to be so constituted. But, in the play in question, the vulgarity of the vulgar is of that outrageous and incredible kind that requires to be seen to be credited. No person who had the faintest notion what fine manners are would suppose that he had found a foil for them in what we should imagine to be a caricature of the manners of Billingsgate or Margate; and no person similarly endowed could witness the performance without pity and annoyance. We do see fine manners caricatured every day of the week; but we see the spectacle off the stage, and with the absolute unconsciousness of the chief performers.

It has frequently been observed that modern manners are too familiar. This is but to say briefly what we have said more at large, to state the fact without analyzing it. A person of fine manners is never familiar with his superiors, even ostensibly; never familiar with his inferiors in reality, and not often familiar even with his equals. Horse-play is an extreme type of familiarity, and should be the exclusive amusement of country bumpkins and gutter-children. It is a subject for much regret that this coarse kind of diversion has been found delightful by some of those who are called "the highest in the land." To pull a man out of bed in the middle of the night; to throw his bed-clothes or the contents of his portmanteau out of window on to the lawn; to lock up a gentleman and a lady in the billiard-room at one in the morning, and put out the lights; these and such like performances have been deemed the height of polite enjoyment in more than one country house of ancient dignity and modern notoriety. I observe that a stand is being made against this sort of thing by the wiser and better-bred portion of society, in spite of its having received very august countenance.

The familiarity to which we have incidentally alluded is doubtless an extravagant form of declension of good manners; but it will be found that excessive famil-

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iarity runs through our manners generally, and that to it must be ascribed the decline. People, having forgotten how to comport themselves properly to their superiors — perhaps not being willing to recognize that they have any — soon lose the secret of how to behave towards their equals.

But, perhaps, one of the most lamentable, if not the most marked feature in the decay of fine manners, is to be observed in the change which has come over the manner of men towards women, or let me say, for fear I should be misunderstood, of gentlemen towards ladies. We will not conjure a storm of remonstrance by presuming to decide who "first began it." But we need not be afraid to say that, even supposing it was men who first led the decline down the path of excessive familiarity, women have so affably followed their lead, that it has become exceedingly difficult for a man to preserve with some women that distance which every well-bred person feels, and every thoughtful person must grant, is indispensable to the maintenance in society of the due relations of the sexes. When a woman playfully tells you, you are a "pig," and addresses you with exquisite humor, "Oh, you beast!" it is difficult to observe towards her that fineness of manner which you imagined was her due. If she may call you by such affectionate names, what may you not call her in turn? Why should you trouble yourself to be decorous in the presence of a person to whom decorum is apparently of so little moment? Why should you not swear, loll, expectorate — if you like, go to sleep? Why should you hand her a chair, if she wants one? She probably tells you, "I can get it myself." Why should you not take her at her word? Why rise when she rises? You are tired, or at any rate you find it inconvenient. It is a "nuisance" to have to "put oneself about so" for women; and certainly when women cease to thank you for doing so, one of the motives for suffering inconvenience has passed away. This is no question of morals. I dare say women are as good as ever they were. I believe they are. But their manners are indisputably decaying. They no longer silently exact that deference from men which is every woman's natural right, and which no sagacious women ever forfeits. She will not long receive it, even if she hankers after it, from her "pig" and her "beast." The consequence is that men "swagger" in the presence of women to a degree that even the women we speak of find offensive. They have corrupted men's manners; and then they complain of the corruption. *Corruptio optimi pessima est;* and there is nothing so sad as lack of fine manners in a gentleman, except the lack of them in a lady.

In the deference which every woman should exact and every man either instinctively or cheerfully concede, we may perhaps catch the indications of the answer to be made to a possible objection. It might be objected, in these days, that it is not agreeable, and is even humiliating, to have to recognize superiority in others, especially when the superiority does not rest upon virtue, but upon purely artificial qualifications. But the recognition of a something due to women, and equally to old age, which a man of fine feeling, no less than of fine manners, should feel, surely puts us upon the trace of a reply to this objection. No one feels humiliated by deferring to a woman, or to a person much older than himself. If it be answered that such deference is paid to their weakness, and is on that account not humiliating, we respond — waving the extraordinary cynicism of the argument to which we reply — that in that case a weak man need not defer to a strong woman, and also, that, as a matter of fact, many persons who are much older than oneself are likewise much stronger. Young men do not defer to their fathers solely out of consideration for their fathers' failing powers. It is a sense of propriety which leads them to be deferential to both parents alike, to the one who is weak, and to the other who is strong. Absolutely artificial superiority, no doubt, is willingly recognized by no one; but, while, as a rule, conventional superiority does represent some sort of real superiority, the truly wise man does not refuse to concede a slight shade of deference to superiority merely artificial, provided it is of the sort that is bound up with the general constitution and machinery of the body politic and social. A man would be a fool as well as a clown who, being a commoner, objected to a peer taking precedence of him in so trivial a matter as taking the hostess in to dinner. Yet the commoner might well be a great astronomer or dazzling orator, and the peer the greatest numskull that ever walked on two legs. When an astronomical question came to be discussed, or an after-dinner speech had to be made, such a peer would fall into the background, and the superiority of the commoner would in turn obtain recognition. Indeed, fine manners depend upon "trifles light as air;" but nothing is too trifling for the

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consideration of the poet or great artist, and nothing too trifling for the fine art of the perfect gentleman.

There is yet another element in modern life which is radically hostile to the cultivation or even the retention of fine manners. This is its extreme hurry and its constant bustle. Fine manners require calm grace; and calm grace is not easily preserved amid the hubbub, jostling, and anxiety of the existence of to-day. Fine manners require time; indeed, they take no note of time. A person of fine manners may himself always be punctual; but he can scarcely preserve his fine manners while laboring to compel other people to be so. Fine manners are absolutely incompatible with fussiness. Fine manners take their time over everything. This is not to say that they are inconsistent with exertion or even with great energy. But the exertion must be equable; the energy must be uniform, not spasmodic or hysterical. Watch different orders of persons proceeding to take the train from one place to another. Persons of an inferior condition of life appear to be deeply tormented with the idea that they will fail to catch it. They arrive out of breath, though they are ten minutes before the time fixed for starting. They bustle over the taking of their tickets; they scramble for a place in some carriage or other; the whole business is with them one of haste and disquietude. People of a higher grade, but still of what is ordinarily termed a middle condition of life, do not manifest so much incoherent solicitude as all this. But they are fidgety and uncertain. They trouble themselves and their neighbors, instead of taking the matter quietly and as a matter of course. People of fine manner do not exhibit these symptoms of gratuitous distress. They take all reasonable care to be at the station in time, but as they cherish an immovable belief that five minutes are always and invariably of the same length, and that the hour-hand moves no faster even if their own pulse does, they are content to abide by the law of cause and consequence, and entertain no doubt that having given themselves an abundant interval for traversing a well-ascertained distance, it will be accomplished in the period duly allotted to it. There is perfect repose in the taking of their tickets, in the despatch of their baggage, in the selection of their places. Persons who do not understand that this method of procedure is a second nature with many, and a first nature with some, half playfully denominate those they see practising it as "cool hands." But where in the world is there any necessity for heat, or for that feverish trepidation which accompanies the smaller movements of people who have not learned, to use a not inapt phrase to be met with in a modern poem, that there is nothing so tedious as haste?

Much might yet be said upon the subject of fine manners and their decay; but an essay had better be suggestive by its brevity than wearisome by its exhaustiveness. But there is one point I must not omit to notice. Many excellent persons, not unnaturally displeased to find that such importance is attached to a quality which seems in no degree to partake of a moral character, labor to argue that the secret of gentlemanliness and fine manners is virtue, generosity, amiability, consideration for others. It seems to me that though the argument may prove that he who employs it has a noble enthusiasm for morality, he allows his worthy partiality to lead him into sophistry, or at least to lose sight of a true distinction, and one that goes to the root of the whole business. I do not think I should be guilty of exaggeration were I to affirm that some persons of the finest manners have been uniformly and systematically selfish, and that it is possible to perform the most ungracious act in the most graceful manner conceivable. Fine manners are paper-money, not sterling coin; but they are invaluable as currency, whether they be convertible or not into something more solid. But surely the severest moralist would not deny that the most abandoned scoundrel may offer you a chair with the finest air of breeding, though he has just with equal grace deprived some one else of it who stood infinitely more in need of it, while a model of virtue and self-sacrifice may hand it you with such awkwardness as to bruise your shins or tear your dress, though he has been standing the whole night and is almost fainting with fatigue. This, no doubt, is an extreme though by no means an uncommon case; but it is a fortunate circumstance that the tradition of fine manners and the resolution not to part with them often compel a thoroughly selfish man to seem to do a generous thing and in any case to be of use to his neighbor. The worst condition in which we can find ourselves is to be surrounded by people who have neither morals nor manners; who are at one and the same time thoroughly selfish and utterly ill-bred. Society had perhaps better take care lest it fall a victim to the double evil.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

ON TEACHING ENGLISH.

BY FRANCIS W. NEWMAN.

It is fifty years since the University of London was planned. Already the complaint was heard among the reformers of education, that the English language did not receive due attention; that it ought to be practised and studied as a substantive object, and with this view a professor of English ought to be appointed. The actual result has been, a professor of both the English language and the English literature: but as regards the cultivation of the language there is little to boast of. When at length, some ten years later, the present university arose, and the earlier university took the surname of college, the London examination papers in English were far more learned than beneficial; inasmuch as to call forth the remark from an eminent scholar, that to answer the questions in English, a student ought to be familiar with Mœso-Gothic. Practical power over the language was not cultivated, nor delicate appreciation of the distinctions of words and force of composition; but mere theory and historical erudition.

The older doctrine, upheld by such accomplished men as Dr. Coplestone, afterwards Bishop of Landaff, and Dr. Arnold, head of Rugby School, was, that English grammar is best understood by *contrast* with some other language whose grammar is more complex; and that English composition has its best exercise in careful translation from such a language. For this very purpose, it was urged, the Latin, which is our ordinary school basis, is admirably suited; because, first, as used by its best writers, it is signally concise; next, it is nobly free from that vice imported by the Middle Age schoolmen into our modern tongues — the excessive use of abstract terms. Latin loves concrete expression, and works by the finite verb rather than by the infinitive and by verbal nouns: hence simplicity and energy. Further, its power of transposition enables it so to arrange words that the emphasis of a sentence shall fall just where it ought. This excellence we can but imperfectly attain in English; but by the practice of translation the student learns to aim at it so far as our language allows. On the contrary, the French naturally subsides into the true logical order. Whately, intimate friend and almost coadjutor of Coplestone, illustrates this well in his "Rhetoric," by observing that our "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," becomes in a French version, "Diana of the Ephesians is a great goddess." To place the negative particle where it will have its full energy, is in our idiom thoroughly native, as "Never shall I believe," which the half-educated would explode, and use only, "I shall never believe." If it be true, as some say, that familiarity with French saps the energy of English, and that few writers attain our best style without some cultivation of Latin, a good case is made out for the old Oxford doctrine.

But the doctrine, true or false, has no place in our primary schools. No one now contends that Latin should be taught universally, that grammar schools ought still to mean Latin schools, or indeed that into the most elementary teaching some foreign language ought to enter. Thus we are driven back into the necessity of either not teaching English at all, but taking for granted that it will be sufficiently picked up out of school, or else teaching it on a purely English basis. Must we thence infer that to teach the theory of its grammar — simple and meagre as it is — or to teach the irregularities of spelling, is our main business? We might answer this from the case of the old Athenians. Greeks learnt no language but their own in the ordinary course of high education. That before the time of Pericles the theory of their own grammar was unknown to the Athenians, may be safely inferred from the fact of which Aristotle informs us, that Protagoras was the first to teach them that Greek had three genders, masculine, feminine, and neuter. To recite poetry to the lyre, and pronounce every word distinctly and accurately, was the accomplishment first coveted. The noblest poetry was selected — especially that of Solon, Simonides, and Theognis — for moral culture, besides Homer and Hesiod. Pindar and Æschylus were probably rarer, by reason of their greater difficulty. Thus far it is evident at what they aimed; which surely ought to be our aim also: to impart a correct pronunciation and a practical knowledge of their high poetry; to cultivate the taste, the moral sentiment, and an ample knowledge of noble words; to extirpate plebeian utterance, coarse, obscure, or inaccurate, and awake the power of relishing and even criticizing high compositions. The common Athenian citizens are said to have attained the last-named power to a remarkable extent, though it is far from certain that they could read fluently, and almost certain that they were void of grammatical theory.

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Grammar was a practical art, not a philosophy. It aimed at correct speaking as its end, not in accounting for the forms of words through historical erudition. The first great prose writer, Thucydides (who with Protagoras was about co-eval with Pericles), is a very clumsy composer; but in the next generation Euripides and Xenophon show signally the improvement from the new grammatical training; and Aristotle's allusions hardly let us doubt, that it included a sedulous instruction in the precise meaning of words, in the distinction of poetical and ordinary phrase, also of high style and low, so as to avoid alike bombast, affectation, and meanness. Surely nothing short of learning these things is to learn a language. To the vast mass of a nation, — even now, when print is so voluminous and letter-writing so common, — to understand the sense of words well, and the delicate shades of meaning, and to have them at hand for use in *speech*, is vastly more important than to be able to *write* them down with the received orthography. Of course a right knowledge of irregular verbs is essential: and the contrast of *I* and *me*, *thou* and *thee*, *he* and *him*, *she* and *her*, *we* and *us*, *they* and *them*, if due advantage be taken of these pronouns, easily leads the pupil to understand the contrast of nominative and accusative in nouns also. A wrong use of the pronouns being a prevalent error, it ought to receive primary attention for itself, as well as for its utility in giving aid beyond itself. To *speak* rightly is the first accomplishment at which we ought to aim.

May it not appear that in our paper-examinations (whether for the Civil Service or in our primary schools) we are proceeding as though the main effort were to train every one to become an essay-writer or penny-a-line scribbler? Those who desire to revolutionize our spelling, and to write *nashun* for *nation*, appear totally to misunderstand *why* bad spelling is thought disgraceful. They ridicule severity against it as absurd; and at the same time themselves make it out to be so great an evil, that we ought to consent to a total change of writing in order to enable our millions to avoid it. Manifestly (though they overlook this) it is held for certain by the public that one who spells common words ill *has read very little English.* This is why they are severe on the error. Next, it is urged on us that Sir Walter Scott perpetrated several false spellings in a few lines of MS. If this be ever so true, it is nothing to the point; for we have abundant proof that Sir Walter was peculiarly learned, not only in modern literature, but in numberless old ballads and legends. His very erudition may have so familiarized him (as other antiquaries) with spellings which we now reject, that his eye was (what one may call) vitiated. At the same time, until the words said to be misspelt are produced, we cannot tell but that he wrote deliberately, and held a different judgment from certain dictionaries which have been set up as a standard.* But this is to digress. The thing now urged is, that to know English aright is a far greater and nobler acquirement than these gentlemen (English or American) seem to be aware. They set up the miserably low standard of spelling aright, as though to attain it were to attain a high result; and next, think to win that high result by altering our spelling. But the children thus accommodated would not hereby learn the English language in any worthy sense: at best they would, from mere *hearing* of a word, write it down more easily. But (it is calculated) not one-third of our written language is familiarly spoken. The children would thus only learn (what in the East is called) the language of the bazaar; and in the endeavor to enlarge their vocabulary by reading our printed literature they would be more embarrassed than now.

I insist, that one who teaches English has primarily to teach — 1, a pure pronunciation, according to the most correct standard; 2, an ample vocabulary; 3, an accurate knowledge of the distinction of words which approach in sense; 4, a delicate sense of the suitability of words for different styles; 5 (what is most arduous of all because it implies a general cultivation of the mind, and therefore cannot be taught to children, nor indeed to any but advanced pupils), a rapid choice of fitting words, and an arrangement of them in well-measured sentences, without complexity and without monotony.

The first topic, a pure and correct pronunciation, can be imparted up to a certain point; and even so, while imperfect, it is of great value. It cannot be *perfect* until we come to some compromise and agreement between north, middle, and south England, also between England, Scotland, and Ireland. This is a very considerable and difficult work, which must be done *before* it can be worth while

* The present writer frequently has much difficulty in getting printers to print *tiro, sibyl, indispensable, Nicolas,* which they wrongly change into *tyro, sybil, indispensible, Nicholas.* Other words might be added.

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to adopt any wide reorganizing of our spelling. Nevertheless, it would be a very great gain to teach in every primary school the elements of *clear articulation.* In Derbyshire *water* may be heard sounded as *waiter.* Ludicrous as this seems, it is but an isolated oddity. To correct it, is less important than to tune the ear to distinguish, and the tongue to utter rightly, the pure English sounds of *au* and *ai:* to insist on a due opening of the lips, and a smooth utterance of vowels, a full enunciation also of consonants opposed to all mumbling, and without any provincial coarseness or superfluity and peculiarity of sound suitable only to utterances of passion. This first aim of the teacher belongs properly to elocution, cultivating the ear and the tongue; those which have been recounted after it are purely mental; but all strictly belong to a knowledge and power over our language, all are more valuable than the correct spelling, especially of words foreign in origin and little used by children and simple people. If inspectors of schools pick out words not current with young people and demand that they be spelt correctly, no one need wonder at their reporting very poor success. To require children to spell words which they do not familiarly hear and read, is an error akin to that of expecting them to reduce a puzzling complication of fractions — a problem which does not meet them in the market. Inspection and examinations are intended to guide judicious teaching, but if the questions proposed be injudicious, they may hurtfully misdirect teaching. Children ought to have access to pleasant story-books which they will read voluntarily; then those who read much will not go far wrong in the spelling of familiar words. An immense range is open for contrasting and discriminating words so as to fix distinctions in the mind. Simple, well-chosen poetry, not too philosophical or abstract, will refine the taste, while it extends knowledge of the language and imparts a sense of rhythm and emphasis. Failure marks the present schools, and will not be removed if the right spelling of unfamiliar words is made a substantive object; because it is dry, repulsive, and cannot interest children. To kindle a love of learning is the only way to elicit from them active effort. They above all need popular teaching, as little scholastic as may be.

In the last fifty years a great change (which to the present writer seems lamentable) has been made in the teaching of Latin; namely, *learning by heart*, which used to be most extensively imposed, is all but given up; boys are taught less orally, more by book; far more *writing* is exacted of them; and the aim has less been to insure a wide and correct knowledge of the vocabulary and a practical mastery of the syntax, than to gain insight how it has been built up; concerning which our scholars know much more than did Cicero and Virgil. Especially zeal for examinations, and the idea that all excellences and all mistakes can be valued numerically (a bright idea which has come from Cambridge), has led to a supreme trust in paper-work, and has all but exploded oral examination. This system now spreads as a leprosy over the country, and is even said to impair the sight of young pupils. There is reason for much jealousy lest the primary schools be infected by it, so far as the different circumstances admit. One might be glad to know how much of popular and valuable English poetry the children learn by heart; whether as much as Athenian boys learned of Solon's; how much pains is taken to make them pronounce every word correctly, without a confused plebeian squeak or drawl; how far the teacher aims at leading them to chose simple words and use them rightly, and to avoid vulgar slang. On this whole subject it is easier to conjecture than to know; but the very unsatisfactory reports of inspectors justify a suspicion that the teaching is conducted on unwise principles.

From The Contemporary Review.

MADONNA DUNYA.*

THREE long days o'er the barren steppe, where
the earth lay dead in her winding-sheet,
She measured the hours from dawn to down,
and trod out the seconds with ceaseless
feet.

* This poem is founded on a Russian legend, which, if somewhat unique in its tender grace, may yet be taken as typical of that love of children, and reverence for the maternal relation, which would seem, in these rudely conditioned lives, to be the solitary hold of sentiment. While few if any of the Russian sagas turn upon the love between man and woman, many are instinct with this passionate love of offspring. It is noteworthy that this one of the two primary aspects of love viewed as a great natural force, — the aspect under which it is the moving cause and vital principle of all morality, — should be strongly represented in the nation now at war with that other in which the corresponding aspect of the passion has long reached the ultimate limit of possible degradation. Not to interrupt the progress of the narrative with unnecessary foot-notes, it may be as well to state in this place, that the allusion in the fifth couplet to the rainbow-drawn fountain, roofs, and spire, is based upon a natural fact:

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'Neath the floor of God that is pierced by the stars, and swept by the tongues of the northern lights,
The wanderer lay with a load on her heart which kept out the cold of the northern nights.

White, all white as she walked by day, from the print of her foot to the shining mist
Where the earth rose up and the heaven came down, and, glad in each other, they met and kist;

White at night as the face of a corpse, with the dead-locked secret beneath its smile,
The mask of the earth lay calm and mute, and the candles of heaven burned bright the while.

. . . .

Broad daylight in the frozen noon, — an hour before her the village spire,
Its roofs and fountain, all rainbow-drawn, traced on the white as with festal fire.

Slower her steps with the dwindling hour, and her failing hope is a growing fear,
When she bears her load through the empty street where the seven green cupolas stand out clear.

Still at length are the weary feet as she stands with her head o'er her burthen bowed,
Watching a door like a vagrant dog, — she whom the neighbors had called "the proud."

And the door falls back on the skirling hinge, in answer, as if to her silent prayer,
And Grunya, the stern bolshūka,* looks out, barring her way with a stony stare.

Like a withered leaf in the stress of the storm, the wanderer sped through the guarded door,
Kneeled to the Icon, the Mother of God, then stood on her feet on the old house floor.

Fair to her greeting the Icon smiled, holding her babe to her mother's breast,
Smiled in the flickering light of her lamp, telling of comfort, and eke of rest.

Straight she turned to that ancient one who ruled the house as to her seemed good:
"We crave your grace by the yielding breast, and the pitiful heart of motherhood!"

"What brings you, Dūnya, the homeward way? Our bread and our work are as hard as of yore."
Then the wanderer looked in her face and drew the sheepskin back from the burthen she bore:

A three-months' child in its rosy sleep, a child as the Christ of the Icon fair,
Was the load which had lain on the wanderer's heart, and stood revealed to the woman there.

"What mean you, Dūnya, to lay the child on my hands that are weary, and hard, and old?"
"If you feel but a moment his breathing warmth, you will hold him safe from the peril of cold."

At a break in the infant's sleep his hand round the woman's knotted finger twined,
As a flower whose tendrils grasp a stake to keep it firm in the rock of the wind.

"Fair and soft I will keep the babe from the peril of winter's cold," quoth she;
"But go your way till St. George's Day, there is nothing to bind betwixt thee and me."

"God save you for pity, my father's wife! but tie not your hands with a babe to wean;
Though your heart o'er his tender head should bleed, your breasts would be dry as they ever have been.

"The Don in its banks is a wedge of ice, and the heel rings hard on the snow new snowed,
With my frozen drink and my frozen tears, his fountain failed not, but flowed, still flowed.

"I will beat your hemp, I will hew your wood, I will do your bidding both high and low,
And then in the spring if you need me not, on St. George's Day I will rise and go;

"An you bid me stay, I will drive your plough, drive or draw, if your beasts are spare;
My heart is stout as my hands are strong, and my face — it is nothing now too fair."

Then the vanquished woman gave back the babe, and the door with the skirling hinge made fast:
The Icon brightened behind her flame, — the mother and child were housed at last.

When the other two women came home i' the dusk, they saw, 'neath the Virgin in gold and sheen,
A tattered pilgrim who bore a child as fair as the living Christ had been.

. . . .

that the eye, revolted by the insufferable unity of light upon the snowy wastes, makes for itself a sort of mirage of color, surrounding the rare objects of the scene with iridescent lines. Further, that the Russ peasant expresses the poetical notion that the storms of thunder and lightning, very frequent about St. Elijah's Day, are the result of the flash and rumbling of the prophet's fiery car and steeds. It is perhaps superfluous to mention that Icon (Ikona) is a holy picture.

* Head of the house: literally, female big one; big one being the title common in the days of serfage to the men or women who ruled over the large combined households.

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Sleep is good to the working brain, and sleep for the weary body is meet,
But the broken sleep of the nursling babe, and the nursing mother, is sweet, how sweet!

The day for the many, for trouble and care, for thankless labor and empty noise;
The night alone with the one beloved, spent in golden dreams and in silent joys;

By day, the dull, cold service within, and without the featureless mask of death;
By night, the coverlet warm and sweet with the milk and honey of infant's breath.

Not loud alarum or matin bell from her happy dreams made Dūnya start,
But the gentle suasion of longing lips, feeling their way to her mother's heart.

You may say that she dreamed by her one beloved, when the morning light broke sad and wan,
Of another belovèd who once had been — of a man who had come, a man who had gone;

I tell you no, — that not Mary's self, the Virgin Mother, the vestal soul
That of mortal passion had known no throb, had a heart for her first-born son more whole;

That the smile which went and the tear which came, having nothing to do with a foregone past,
Were the tremulous shapes of a boding love on the ground of her own dark fate forecast.

But they melted away with the urgent day, and his image, e'en as the village spire,
Rose from the colorless field of life, traced on the blank as with festal fire.

So passed the days, so passed the nights; the sun rose early, and late went down;
A change came over the earth's dead face; the smell of death rose rank from the town.

Then the new-born year broke sudden and sweet, from the same dark womb that had swallowed up death,
And out of the silence, the jubilant birds, and out of the foulness, the violets' breath.

As the beasts came forth from their winter stalls, said Dūnya: "Now is St. George's Day,
All the winter through you have housed us two, — is it now your will we should go or stay?"

And the woman spake: "We are frail and spent, and our men from the homestead are wandering free;
We bid you to stay for your own young strength, and the sake of the child who is frailer than we."

So she stayed and wrought; she ploughed their ground, and sowed the seed in their plot of the mîr,
Till, sweet in the shade of the flowering rye, she laid the flower of all the year.

Laid and left it at play with itself, as she worked her way in the fiery June,
To wear it fain on her breast again at morn, at eve, at night, and noon.

And her little lover grew jealous and coy, and learned in all love's tender wiles;
He wreathed her neck with his silken arms, and gave her back her kisses and smiles.

One eve when behind them the sun went down, and his beams got tangled in Dūnya's hair,
Three mowers looked on through the golden haze, and they crossed themselves all unaware.

. . . .

St. Peter's Day had come and gone; oh, the heavy heads of the ripening rye!
Oh, the brazen heaven, and the breathless earth, and the sun that glowered as an angry eye!

They sat again as the sun went down, but the air was choked with the new-mown hay,
And she felt his weight on her weary arm, and he fell asleep in the midst of his play.

And the beasts were lowing as if in pain, and sad over all came the feeble bleat
Of a motherless lamb; as she rose to go, a bird from the sky dropt dead at her feet.

She stumbled and fell by the dead bird's side; oh, the bleating lamb in the distant fold!
With the fierce red sun in the coppery sky, what meant that shudder of deadly cold?

What meant that deadly grip at the heart, the livid flesh, and the fiery breath?
She was 'ware of the fiend that was haunting the Don; she had felt the touch of the fierce black death.

No parting kiss, no cry, no word, — she held the babe at her full arms' length,
Then laid him asleep by the wayside cross, and fled from the sight with a desperate strength.

Three men — the mowers who late had been — that evening were setting their reaping-hooks,
When a woman who seemed to rise out of the ground chilled the blood in their veins with her frozen looks.

She spoke: "For love of the Mother of God, take the child who lies by the cross asleep,
And bear him to Grunya; so God the Son shall bless you whether you mow or reap."

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Then one of the three from the foot of the cross took the babe, and he handled him tenderly;
She saw him carried by meadow and mere; then she cried her cry: "He is safe from me!

"He is safe from the kiss of the foul black death I will fight with alone 'neath the drooping rye;
I will fight for our lives in my own young strength, with an open way to God's pitying eye."

That night with the lowing of stricken herds was mingled the voice of a woman's moan;
And, drowning the bleat of the motherless lamb, came an infant's cry from a cradle alone;

That dawn the voice of a woman who prayed, of a woman who sobbed in the drooping rye:
"Oh, Mother of God! feed a motherless lamb if his poisoned fountain should soon be dry!"

In the night of that dawn the weanling child, who had wearied the day with his cry forlorn,
Was breathing deep in his balmy sleep, and he sighed and slept till the morrow's morn.

So night after night in his cradle alone, he gurgled, and sighed, and sweetly slept,
And day after day, passed from hand to hand, upon alien bosoms he lay and wept.

And the wondering women peered into the dark, and listened with senses keenly bent,
For a sign, for a word, but no sound they heard, save the sighs of the infant's deep content.

Then wondering, whispering, Grunya arose from her bed as the night and the morning met,
And she found the babe, with his wide, bright eyes, awake with the milk on his lip still wet.

Then she signed the sign of the cross and said, — said half in wonder and half in fear:
"His mother, the wandering Dūnya, is dead, and the Mother of God has been with him here.

"She has come and gone in the dead o' the night, and the babe has sucked from her sacred breast,
If by day or night we beheld that sight, our eyes would forever and ever be blest;

"The wandering woman came back again, grown brave and patient, loving and mild;
Her body was claimed by the fierce black death, but the Virgin's self has been good to her child.

"We will take the Virgin's lamp," she said, "from before the Icon and set it alight,
We will cover it close in an earthen jar, and break the jar in the dead o' the night."

They took the Virgin's lamp, and trimmed, and they set it alight in the earthen jar;
Then they lay and watched, but they heard no sound for Elijah's chariot rumbling afar.

Then they thought it stopped, for there fell a lull; the dog in the yard gave a quick low bark;
The clock told one, — their hearts beat hard; the infant gurgled and crowed in the dark.

Then up rose Grunya and broke the jar; the pent-up light leapt forth and clung
To the sheen of the Virgin's golden stole, and her breast where the laughing baby hung.

The women fell on their knees in prayer, and slowly, fearfully, from her place
The mother, stoled in jewels and gold, on the kneeling wives turned her sorrowful face;

Not the Icon's face in its passionless peace, but the face of the wandering Dūnya glowed
On the trembling women, with mild reproach in the eyes which the sudden tears o'erflowed.

They drooped, they turned from the vision away, for sorrow and pity they saw no more,
Till they heard the fall of reluctant feet, as the gold-stoled woman swept out of the door.

Then dawn and day in the cradle alone the baby waited with wide bright eyes;
He would none of their food, he would none of their drink, he had tasted the milk of paradise.

When the clock struck one of the gloomy night, as they watched again they held their breath,
And they heard the child laugh out in the dark, ere a silence fell as the silence of death.

When the women arose in the still small hours, — in the light of the dawning day more bold, —
The babe lay dead with his arms outspread, and the laugh on his parted lips grown cold.

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Then they saw the flash of Elijah's steeds, and they heard the wheels of his chariot roll, —
And within was a babe in his mother's arms made safe for the night in her golden stole.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

From Nature.

THE LAST OF THE GASES.

THE year 1877 will ever be memorable in the history of scientific progress, its close having been marked by a brilliant series of researches which have ended in an absolute demonstration of the fact that molecular cohesion is a property of all bodies without any exception whatever.

This magnificent work divides itself into two stages, which we shall refer to separately: first the liquefaction of oxygen, and then, following close upon this, the liquefaction of hydrogen, nitrogen, and atmospheric air.

In the liquefaction of oxygen, which we announced last week as having been accomplished by M. Pictet of Geneva, we have not only an instance of the long time we may have to wait and of the great difficulties which have to be overcome, before a theoretical conclusion is changed into a concrete fact — something definite acquired to science; but also another instance of a double discovery, showing that along all the great lines of thought opened up by modern investigation and modern methods, students of science are marching at least two abreast.

It appears that as early as December 2 M. Cailletet had succeeded in liquefying oxygen and carbonic oxide at a pressure of three hundred atmospheres and at a temperature of — 29° C. This result was not communicated to the Academy at once, but was consigned to a sealed packet on account of M. Cailletet being then a candidate for a seat in the section of mineralogy. Hence, then, the question of priority has been raised, but it is certain that in the future the work will be credited to both, on the ground that the researches of each were absolutely independent, both pursuing the same object, creating methods and instruments of great complexity. We regret, therefore, that M. Jamin, at the sitting of the Academy to which we have referred, seemed to strain the claims of M. Cailletet by stating that to obtain the gas non-transparent was the same as to obtain it liquefied. We are beginning to know enough of the various states of vapor now not to hazard such an assertion as this. This remark, however, rather anticipates matters, and indeed, as we shall show afterwards, M. Cailletet need not himself be very careful of the question of priority — even if it were ever worth caring for except to keep other people honest.

Owing to the double discovery and the curious incident to which we have referred, the meeting of the Academy on the 24th ult. was a very lively one, as not only was the sealed packet and a subsequent communication from M. Cailletet read, but M. Pictet had sent a long letter to M. Dumas giving full details of his arrangements. MM. Dumas, H. St. Claire Deville, Jamin, Regnault, and Berthelot all took part in the discussion, the former admirably putting the work in its proper place by the following quotation from Lavoisier : —

> . . . Considérons un moment ce qui arriverait aux différentes substances qui composent le globe, si la température en était brusquement changée. Supposons, par exemple, que la terre se trouvât transportée tout à coup dans une région beaucoup plus chaude du système solaire, dans une région, par exemple, où la chaleur habituelle serait fort supérieure à celle de l'eau bouillante ; bientôt l'eau, tous les liquides susceptibles de se vaporiser à des degrés voisins de l'eau bouillante, et plusieurs substances metalliques même, entreraient en expansion et se transformeraient en fluides aériformes, qui deviendraient parties de l'atmosphère.
>
> Par un effet contraire, si la terre se trouvait tout à coup placée dans des régions très froides, par exemple de Jupiter et de Saturne, l'eau qui forme aujourd'hui nos fleuves et nos mers, et probablement le plus grand nombre de liquides que nous connaissons, se transformeraient en montagnes solides.
>
> L'air dans cette supposition, ou du moins une partie des substances aériformes qui le composent, cesserait, sans doute, d'exister dans l'état de fluide invisible, faute d'un degré de chaleur suffisant ; il reviendrait donc à l'état de liquidité, et ce changement produirait de nouveaux liquides dont nous n'avons aucune idée.

When Faraday in the year 1823 (at the age of 31) began the researches indicated in the last paragraph quoted by M. Dumas, and first liquefied chlorine and then several other gases, he had no idea that he had been anticipated, as he had been, by Monge and Clouet, who condensed sulphurous acid before the year 1800, and by Northmore, who liquefied chlorine in 1805. If the great experimenter were among us now how delighted he would be to see one of the greatest ironmasters of France

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employing the enormous resources at his disposal at Châtillon-sur-Seine, and a descendant of the Pictet, the firm friend of his great friend De la Rive (who was the first to whom he communicated his liquefaction of chlorine), thus engaged in carrying on the work which he made his own.

The methods employed by MM. Pictet and Cailletet are quite distinct and are the result of many years' preparatory study, as testified by M. H. St. Claire Deville and M. Regnault. It is difficult to know which to admire most, the scientific perfection of Pictet's method or the wonderful simplicity of Cailletet's. It is quite certain that the one employed by the latter will find frequent use in future experiments. We may briefly refer to both these methods.

M. Cailletet's apparatus has already been briefly alluded to in these columns. It consists essentially of a massive steel cylinder with two openings; through one hydraulic pressure is communicated. A small tube passes through the other, the sides of which are strong enough to withstand a pressure of several hundred atmospheres, and which can be inclosed in a freezing mixture. It opens within the cylinder into a second smaller cylinder serving as a reservoir for the gas to be compressed. The remainder of the space in the large cylinder is occupied by mercury. M. Cailletet's process consists in compressing a gas into the small tube, and then by suddenly placing it in communication with the outer air, producing such a degree of cold by the sudden distention of the confined gas that a large portion of it is condensed, a process perfectly analagous to that used to prepare solid carbonic acid by the rapid evaporation of the liquefied gas.

In M. Cailletet's experiment with oxygen it was brought to a temperature of — 29° C. by the employment of sulphurous acid and a pressure of three hundred atmospheres; the gas was still a gas. But when allowed to expand suddenly, which, according to Poisson's formula, brings it down to two hundred degrees below its starting-point, a cloud was at once formed. The same result has since been obtained without the employment of sulphurous acid, by giving the gas time to cool after compression. M. Cailletet has not yet obtained, at all events, so far as we yet know, oxygen in a liquid form as M. Pictet has done; on being separated from its enormous pressure it has merely put on the appearance of a cloud.

M. Pictet's arrangements are more elaborate. He uses four vacuum and force pumps, similar to those which were recently exhibited in the Loan Collection of Scientific Apparatus for making ice, driven by an engine of fifteen horse-power. Two of these are employed in procuring a reduction of temperature in a tube about four feet long containing sulphurous acid. This is done in the following way: the vacuum-pump withdraws the vapor from above the surface of the liquid sulphurous acid in the tube, which, like all the others subsequently to be mentioned, is slightly inclined so as to give the maximum of evaporating surface. The force-pump then compresses this vapor, and sends it into a separate reservoir, where it is again cooled and liquefied; the freshly-formed liquid is allowed to return under control to the tube first referred to, so that a complete circulation is maintained. With the pumps at full work there is a nearly perfect vacuum over the liquid and the temperature falls to — 65° or — 70° C.

M. Pictet uses this sulphurous acid as a cold-water jacket, as we shall see. It is used to cool the carbonic acid after compression, as water is used to cool the sulphurous acid after compression.

This is managed as follows. In the tube thus filled with liquid sulphurous acid at a temperature of — 60° C. there is another central one of the same length but naturally of smaller diameter. This central tube M. Pictet fills with liquid carbonic acid at a pressure of four or six atmospheres. This is then let into another tube four metres long and four centimetres in diameter. When thus filled the liquid is next reduced to the solid form and a temperature of — 140° C., the extraction of heat being effected as before by the pump, which extracts three litres of gas per stroke and makes one hundred strokes a minute.

Now it is the turn of the oxygen.

Just as the tube containing carbonic acid was placed in the tube containing sulphurous acid, so is a tube containing oxygen inserted in the long tube containing the now solidified carbonic acid. This tube is five metres long, fourteen millimetres in exterior diameter, and only four in interior diameter — the glass is very thick. The whole surface of this tube, except the ends which project beyond the ends of the carbonic acid tube, is surrounded by the frozen carbonic acid.

One end of this tube is connected with a strong shell contaning chlorate of potash, the other end is furnished with a stopcock.

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When the tube was as cold as its surroundings, heat was applied to the chlorate, and a pressure of five hundred atmospheres was registered; this descended to three hundred and twenty. The stopcock was then opened, and a liquid shot out with such violence that none could be secured, though we shall hear of this soon.

Pieces of lighted wood held in this stream spontaneously inflamed with tremendous violence.

In this way, then, has oxygen been liquefied at last. But this result has no sooner filled us with surprise than it has been completely eclipsed. On the last day of December, a week after the meeting of the Academy to which we have referred, M. Cailletet performed a series of experiments in the laboratory of the Ecole Normale at Paris, in the presence of Berthelot, Boussingault, St. Claire Deville, Mascart, and other leading French chemists and physicists, using the same method as that formerly employed for oxygen, and he then and there liquefied hydrogen, nitrogen, and air!

M. Cailletet first introduced pure nitrogen gas into the apparatus. Under a pressure of two hundred atmospheres the tube was opened, and a number of drops of liquid nitrogen were formed. Hydrogen was next experimented with, and this, the lightest and most difficult of all gases, was reduced to the form of a mist at two hundred and eighty atmospheres. The degree of cold attained by the sudden release of these compressed gases is scarcely conceivable. The physicists present at the experiment estimated it at — 300° C.

Although oxygen and nitrogen had both been liquefied, it was deemed of interest to carry out the process with air, and the apparatus was filled with the latter, carefully dried, and free from carbonic acid. The experiment yielded the same result. On opening the tube a stream of *liquid air* issued from it resembling the fine jets forced from our modern perfume-bottles.

These more recent results are all the more surprising as, at an earlier stage, hydrogen, at a pressure of three hundred atmospheres, has shown no signs of giving way.

These brilliant and important results, though, as we have said, they give us no new idea on the constitution of matter, open out a magnificent vista for future experiment. First, we shall doubtless be able to study solid oxygen, hydrogen, and air, and if MM. Pictet and Cailletet succeed in this there will then be the history to write of the changes of molecular state, probably accompanied by changes of color, through which these elemental substances pass in their new transformations.

There is a distinct lesson to be learnt from the sources whence these startling *tours de force* have originated. The means at the command of both MM. Cailletet and Pictet arise from the industrial requirements of these gentlemen, one for making iron, the other for making ice.

Why then in England, the land of practical science, have we not more men like MM. Cailletet and Pictet to utilize for purposes of research the vast means at their disposal, or at all events to allow others to use them?

It is also clear that to cope with modern requirements our laboratories must no longer contain merely an antiquated air-pump, a Leyden jar, and a few bottles, as many of them do. The professor should be in charge of a work instead of an old curiosity shop, and the scale of his operations must be large if he is to march with the times — times which, with the liquefaction of the most refractory gases, mark an epoch in the history of science.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

THE CENTENARY OF VOLTAIRE.

If Voltaire were to come back to life he would be the first to laugh at the singular preparations which are being made in France to celebrate his centenary. The Municipal Council of Paris have voted £400 towards the solemnity; and a committee of eminent men, under the presidency of M. Victor Hugo, are soliciting private subscriptions all over the country. Whether there will be one dinner or a hundred dinners, a procession, the inauguration of a monument, a gala performance at the "Français," or whether the funds will be centralized and serve to found a "Collége Voltaire" for the education of the sons of freethinkers — as M. Edmond About suggests — are points not yet settled. M. Victor Hugo, with characteristic grandeur, would have the "*Denier de Voltaire*" preached by laymen as the "*Denier de St. Pierre*" is by the clergy, until pence enough had been collected from irreligious pockets to institute not only a college, but a public library, a hospital, and a primary school, all to be conducted on strictly anti-clerical principles. These are fine schemes; but what would amuse Voltaire is the attempt

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that is being made to set him up as the great champion of popular rights. Few men loathed the masses more than he. He was the boon companion of Frederick the Great, the flatterer of Catherine II., the by no means dignified courtier of Mme. de Pompadour. He plainly expressed his preference for monarchical despotism over every other form of rule; he was an aristocrat to the marrow, and he never alluded to the people but as the *canaille*, the rabble — a vile herd whom it was not worth trying to educate. What is more, he never foresaw how his writings would tend to popular emancipation. Though he died so late as 1778, he caught no sound of the advancing revolutionary tide which was to burst over France, and thence over the world, eleven years later. Jean Jacques Rousseau, who died in the same year, had a much shrewder prescience of the coming changes; and if these two men, who greatly disliked each other, had lived until 1793 their fates would have been very different. Rousseau would have been acclaimed as the patriarch of the Revolution; he would have been the patron of Marat, and would have approved Robespierre. Voltaire would have posted off to Ferney at the first signs of mob rule, to avoid being guillotined as a friend of the *émigrés*.

The author of the "*Dictionnaire Philosophique*" had not even the merit, which his admirers claim for him, of having begun the war against the Christian dogma. That credit, such as it is, belongs to deeper thinkers than he. The philosophy of the eighteenth century was based more on the writings of Hobbes, Locke, D'Alembert, and Diderot than on anything Voltaire wrote; and he was as far behind a modern positivist in his ultimate conclusions as a Gallican Catholic like Fénelon was behind an infalliblist like Monsignor Dupanloup. One cannot help thinking that if it had not been for his unfortunate quarrel with Cardinal Fleury and then with Boyer, Bishop of Mirepoix, which put him into disgrace with the court, Voltaire would never have been numbered among the Encyclopædists at all; anyhow, he nowhere stated his wish to see the Christian religion abolished and its churches closed. He admitted religion as a necessity for government, and would have been content with the universal establishment of Protestantism pending the time when that modified dogma could become gradually transformed into pure deism. But what Voltaire did, and what gave him such immense influence, was that he assailed the abuses and superstitions of the Church with a ridicule which everybody could understand. Diderot was prosy, often abstruse, and always over-earnest, even when he tried to be jocular; but Voltaire was ever lively, clear, and amusing. He poked incessant fun at the clergy, and made the whole order contemptible by exposing individual members of it. He compared biblical texts and showed up their apparent discrepancies; he expounded the religions of the ancients, and endeavored to prove how in many cases Christian doctrine had been grafted on to mythology; and he raked up the private histories of the popes, informing an astonished world what very curious persons some of the wearers of the tiara had been. Many of Voltaire's criticisms were shallow, and were successfully refuted by Church writers even in his time; but they were written for a shallow class of readers who only wanted to see one side of the question. The court, the nobility, the upper *bourgeoisie* were all sceptics then in a more or less degree; and it required no great courage to attack institutions at which everybody was sneering out of hatred for the Jesuits. The Jesuits were expelled from France in 1753, and Voltaire hailed this event as a first step towards the ultimate downfall of Romanism. He continued till his dying hour to think that the days of what he called "Papal superstition" were numbered; and if he were to come out of his grave nothing would surprise him more than to see the old thing flourishing with greater vigor than ever under the protection of the descendants of those *grands seigneurs* who a hundred years ago were the most arrant scoffers in the country. Certainly the author of "*Zadig*" never imagined that a day would come when Luynes, Larochefoucaulds, and Montmorencys would be seen making pilgrimages to Lourdes with tapers in their hands; he was persuaded that France had seen the last of that kind of thing under the League, about a century before he was born.

In seeking to place nineteenth-century liberalism under the patronage of Voltaire the French liberals are guilty of an absurdity which can only be perpetrated out of full reliance on popular ignorance; but, after all, it is an absurdity easily to be accounted for by the fact that there is no other worthy of the past who could serve their present purpose — which is to make a demonstration against the Church — so well. Jean Jacques Rousseau was a democrat; but he sent his children to the

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Foundling, and his private life was in other respects so unsatisfactory that he is hardly a fit person to deify. Diderot and D'Alembert were both friends of the people; but their works are little read now, and they personally have kept but a hazy prestige. All the other Encyclopædists were comparative mediocrities who have lapsed into oblivion. Voltaire, however, remains popular chiefly on account of his amusing novelettes, which can be bought for five sous the volume, and also on account of his reputation as an arch-enemy not so much of religion as of its ministers. This is a subtle distinction, but it is worth noting. The French of to-day are rather anti-clerical than anti-religious, and Voltaire's deism suits the mass of them better than does the positivism of their more thoughtful leaders. Besides, Voltaire was eminently a gentleman and a universal genius, a man whose private life can brave scrutiny, and a writer who excelled in everything he wrote; so that the rabble whom he contemned may be proud to claim him as an apostle, just as they lately accepted for their chief M. Thiers, who disliked them not less than Voltaire did. For all these reasons the Voltaire centenary will be celebrated with enthusiasm; and it will be a significant fact, as showing the intensity of the anti-priestly feeling that has spread among the masses. Possibly, though, some of the organizers of the demonstration may laugh a little in their sleeves when they see the socialist citizens of 1878, who abhor nobiliary privileges and dream daily of a *revanche* against Prussian militarism, cheering the name of a man who bought himself a title, had glebe serfs on his estate, wore a chamberlain's key at his button-hole, and rejoiced in the defeat of his own countrymen at Rosbach.

From The Tatler.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF PRINCES.

We lately took occasion to point out the mischievous consequences resulting in this country from giving members of the royal family high military command without regard to their qualifications. We omitted, however, to draw attention to the objectionable practice of bestowing on them highly-paid military appointments, such as the colonelcies of regiments. It has frequently happened, in the course of the present century, that two out of the three most lucrative colonelcies have been held at the same time by princes. Two of these colonelcies are worth £2,000 and one £2,200 a year. Other colonelcies of less value, but the worst paid bringing in £1,000 a year, have also been enjoyed by members of the royal family. The officers of the army are absurdly under-paid, and these colonelcies constitute the bulk of the prizes of the profession. If any of them are given to princes, it materially diminishes the chances of distinguished generals who much need the emoluments. It is no doubt desirable that princes should be associated with the army, for its social position is thereby improved; but the connection might easily be accomplished by simply giving the members of the royal family commissions as generals supernumerary to the establishment, or by appointing them colonels-in-chief of the Rifle Brigade, Sixtieth Rifles, the Royal Artillery, and the Royal Engineers. We by no means advocate that princes should be discouraged from taking an interest in, and becoming acquainted with, military matters. On the contrary, the more they do so the better. The army cannot have too many friends in high quarters. The heir to the throne especially should study assiduously all relating to the army and navy, for the sovereign ought not to be ignorant of the two branches of the public service on whose efficiency the honor and safety of the country mainly depend. Any one who studies the third volume of the "Life of the Prince Consort" will see how great was the theoretical knowledge of military affairs possessed by his Royal Highness, how deep was his interest in them, and how usefully he exerted himself to bring about military reform. Again, there is the subject of military dress. Philosophers may sneer, but practical men are aware how greatly the self-respect both of women and soldiers is increased by giving them a becoming costume. It is all very well to have a soul above buttons, but they constitute an important part of the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. We must say that in this respect none of the princes of the house of Hanover has failed in his duty. With other branches of the science of war, however, we should be sorry to see princes meddle. Let them interest themselves in the cut of a tunic, spend serious hours in devising improvements on a head-dress, but, for the sake of the national fame and money, let them not venture beyond the sartorial department. There is plenty of other scope for their

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energies. Charity is never felt to be so sweet as when given by a society patronized by a royal personage, for piety and royalty are thus combined. A royal chairman at a public dinner invariably insures a success. It may be a bore to have to deliver a speech on a threadbare subject; but the knack of piecing together pretty platitudes can soon be acquired, and sometimes an intelligent private secretary can supply an idea, which if not new can be made to appear so. The worst of accepting the office of chairman at a public dinner is that it generally involves a large subscription. That is unfair; where patronage is given the pocket ought to be spared. This was probably the idea of a certain royal personage who, during the second quarter of the present century, was always ready to eat a bad dinner in a good cause; but his countenance was all that he gave.

But there are other functions open to junior royalties besides those of presiding at charity dinners, or even in awarding prizes for bloated bullocks and obese sheep. Art in its most comprehensive shape merits the patronage of princes, and certainly derives benefit from it. Many dull souls become regular attendants at the theatre, the opera, and concerts simply because royalty sets the example. Apart from the refining influence of such modes of spending leisure time and cash, the pleasurable sensation produced by breathing the same oxygen as a R. H. is very great to some people. Fancy, for example, the delight of hearing a prince fiddle! Then there are the duties of a country gentleman, which are supposed to afford ample occupation to the most active, though what their precise nature is we have not yet been able to determine with exactitude. We fancy, however, that "improving the property and neighborhood" by building laborers' cottages on æsthetic principles, erecting model dairies, attending a few meets, giving prizes for gigantic cabbages and clean faces, breeding and slaughtering thousands of pheasants, wearing gaiters, and solemnly displaying ignorance of law at petty sessions, may be considered as among the chief functions of a landowner. A prince cannot very well dispense gratuitously bad law, but he may do everything else in the above catalogue.

To our thinking, however, the widest scope for a prince who is anxious, at all events, to do no harm, is afforded by social science. He may devote himself to this pursuit as much as he likes. If he really has studied and understands any branch of the subject, his rank will give weight to truths which, enunciated by a humbler person, would possibly meet with neglect. If he is quite ignorant, his countenance is still valuable to those who are not, and his want of knowledge may be veiled by generalities. We therefore earnestly entreat princes in want of employment to take up social science. It is a field that much needs cultivation, and has hitherto been but superficially scratched. It is inexhaustible also, and, no matter how numerous our royal family may become, there will be ample occupation for every one of them. The greatest of English poets has hazarded a conjecture that Alexander's dust may be used to stop a bunghole; how much more glorious would it be for our princes were some of them to use their influence, while still alive, to get our drains cleaned!

From Chambers' Journal.

THE GREEN FLAG OF THE PROPHET.

SINCE the commencement of the war between Russia and Turkey, the world has several times been startled by the announcement that the "flag of the Prophet" was about to be unfurled in the streets of Stamboul. Such an event, if it should happen (which may Heaven avert), would proclaim a crusade in which all true Mussulmans would be bound to take an active part, and to fight against Christianity in every part of the world. They may be in India, Arabia, Egypt, or wherever else their scattered race has found a home: the raising of the green standard is a call which none may disobey, without, as the Koran lays it down, sacrificing all his hopes of Paradise.

This fearful appeal to all the worst passions of the Eastern races hangs like a menace over the Mohammedan world; and if the word was once uttered and the dread flag unfurled, there is no telling to what sanguinary excesses it might lead an enthusiastic and half-savage people. It may be of interest to our readers if, under these circumstances, we endeavor to make them acquainted with the origin and history of a banner which has not seen the light of day since the empress Catharine of Russia attempted to reinstate Christianity in the city of the sultans, and which, once unfurled, would set a whole world ablaze.

There have been many flags or signals

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used by various nations at different crises in their history to incite the peoples to battle on behalf of religions, dynasties, and ideas; but none has attained to the fearful notoriety which appertains to the terrible flag of the Prophet, which is really a banner of blood, for it dispels the idea of mercy from the minds and hearts of its followers, and gives no quarter to man, woman, or child.

The red cross banner of the Christian Crusaders was an emblem of chivalry, mercy, gentleness, and love; but under its folds many a dark deed and many a shameless act were committed; and it was understood by the members of the Mohammedan faith to mean nothing less than the utter extermination of their race. This feeling, with its consequent hatred of Christianity, shows itself even at this advanced period in the world's history, by the recent refusal of the Turkish government to allow its ambulance corps and hospitals to bear the red cross of the Geneva Convention (a sign which is entirely neutral, and is designed to protect its wearers while they are engaged on their errands of mercy to the sick and wounded of both sides), adopting instead thereof their own emblem of the crescent. Thus we see these rival emblems once more waving over the field of battle, though, happily, to mitigate rather than increase the horrors of war.

In France the "oriflamme," or golden sun upon a field of crimson, signified "no quarter;" but this celebrated flag of the Prophet means infinitely more than this. It is a summons to an anti-Christian crusade, a challenge of every believer in the Prophet to arms; a war-signal in fact, which, like the fiery cross of Scotland, would flash its dread command through the domain of Islam. In the interests of humanity, however, we may hope that the "commander of the faithful" will never utter the dreadful word; for then indeed would the whole soul and strength of Christendom turn against the enemy of all civilized laws, human and divine.

The Prophet himself predicted that one day when his followers should number a hundred millions — which they do now, with twenty millions more added to it — his flag should fly against the advancing power of the northern races; and the Koran, or Mohammedan Bible, says that when its silken folds are flung forth "the earth will shake, the mountains melt into dust, the seas blaze up in fire, and the children's hair grow white with anguish." This language is of course metaphorical; but it is easy to conceive, by the light of very recent history, that some such catastrophe might take place, as the displaying of this terrible symbol would raise a frenzy of fanaticism in the breasts of the Mohammedan race all over the globe.

The origin of the insignia is a curious one. Mohammed gazing out upon a vast prospect of fields, said: "Nature is green, and green shall be my emblem, for it is everlasting and universal." In course of time, however, it lost that innocent significance; and, amid his visions, the great dreamer saw the green flag floating as a sign that all true believers should take up their arms and march against the infidel; in fact the green turban was the sacred head-dress of the pilgrim or perfected Islamite who had gone to Mecca; and hence the sanctity of this formidable standard.

When once unfurled, it summons all Islam by an adjuration from the Koran that the sword is the solitary emblem and instrument of faith, independence, and patriotism; that armies, not priests, make converts; and that sharpened steel is the "true key to heaven or hell." Upon that fearful ensign are inserted the words which are supposed to have been written at Mecca itself — namely, "All who draw it [the sword] will be rewarded with temporal advantages; every drop shed of their blood, every peril and hardship endured by them, will be registered on high as more meritorious than either fasting or praying. If they fall in battle, their sins will be at once blotted out, and they will be transported to Paradise, there to revel in eternal pleasures in the arms of black-eyed houris. But for the first heaven are reserved those of the faithful who die within sight of the green flag of the Prophet." Then follow the terrible and all-significant words, the fearful war-cry against God and man: "Then may no man give or expect mercy!"

This is the outburst of barbarism with which the world is threatened in this year of grace 1877; and the reader cannot do otherwise than mark the cunning nature of the portentous words inscribed on the Prophet's banner. What would not most men do, civilized or savage, for "temporal advantages"? While to the Eastern peoples fasting and praying are looked upon as of so meritorious a nature that to find something else, which, in the eyes of Allah, would be deemed of greater value still, would be a desideratum which none would fail to grasp, by any means what-

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ever, if it came within their reach. But Mohammed's wonderful knowledge of human nature, and more especially of Eastern human nature, is shown in his picture of Paradise as prepared for the Faithful who fall in battle; while his declaration that the highest heaven in this so-called Paradise will be reserved for those who die within sight of the green flag, is a masterpiece of devilish policy unequalled in the annals of mankind.

It scarcely needed the fearful words which follow to add emphasis to this dreadful appeal to the passions of a semi-barbarous race. Another motto on this sacred flag is not without significance at the present time: "The gates of Paradise are under the shade of swords;" and this alone would, if the flag were unfurled in the holy mosque of Constantinople, give to the Turk a moral power over his subordinates the effect of which it would be vain to calculate. Civilized though he partially is, he still firmly believes in the old doctrine of *kismet* or fatality, and in angels fighting on his behalf; not less implicitly than did his ancestors at the battle of Beder, where this formidable green standard was first unfurled. "There," says the historian, "they elevated the standard, which Mohammed from his height in heaven blessed."

Thus arose the great tradition of this sacred war-emblem, which it is a Turkish boast was never yet captured in battle, though it was once in extreme peril in a fight between hill and plain; when Mohammed himself had it snatched out of his hands. Ali, his kinsman, however, thrust himself in front of a hundred spears, and won the victory with the immaculate flag flying over his head.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that a race so superstitious as the Turks should attach an almost miraculous value to such a symbol of their past history and their present power. It is a spell wherever their race or religion flourishes, and its invocation in the serious form now menaced cannot be regarded without anxiety. The day of the military apostles of Mohammed may be past, it is true; but the tradition survives; and the unfurling of this flag might be the spark which would set fire to the latent enthusiasm of the Mohammedan race and involve the world in a religious war.

We have referred to the great French banner, the oriflamme; and it was that which led the French Crusaders through the Holy Land and headed the royal armies of France in the campaigns of the sixteenth century, while it also divided the Blue from the White in the Burgundian civil wars; but this flag of the Prophet to-day exercises a magical influence over one hundred and twenty millions of the human race, scattered about in Arabia, Syria, Asia Minor, Persia, and Egypt, over the Nile and the Ganges, and from Jerusalem to the Red Sea.

The desire of Mohammed, however, was, that while all pilgrims whose task had been duly fulfilled should wear the green turban, no sovereign in his succession should unfurl the green flag of the faith unless Islam were in imminent peril. The unfurling of the banner would be performed with great religious ceremony, and in the presence of the commander of the faithful, who is himself supposed to carry it at the head of his army; while a fearful curse would be called down upon the head of every Mohammedan who, capable of bearing arms, failed to rally round it.

The standard itself is not a very handsome one, and is surpassed both in value and appearance by many of the banners which belong to the various benefit societies and other mutual associations of men in this country. It is of green silk, with a large crescent on the top of the staff, from which is suspended a long plume of horsehair (said to have been the tail of the Prophet's favorite Arab steed), while the broad folds of the flag exhibit the crescent and the quotations from the Koran already mentioned.

The state color of one of our regiments of the Guards is a much prettier and more expensive standard than the great banner of Islam; but (to such small things is man's enthusiasm attached) if the latter were the veriest "rag" in existence, nothing could mar the beauty which the prestige of more than a thousand years has given to it in the eyes of a Mussulman.

The flag of the Prophet is kept in the mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople, and is in the custody of the Sheik-ul-Islam, or Mohammedan chief priest, where all well-wishers of humanity may sincerely trust it will ever remain.

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POETRY.

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DEATH'S CHANGED FACE.

SWEET Saviour, since the time thy human feet
Trod thirty years our parched and dusty ways,
How hath the wilderness of life grown sweet
With flowers and warbled praise!

How hath the heavy mist that wrapt us round,
The weary mist of tears and soul-wrung sighs,
Lifted, and bared to us the blue profound
Of God's far quiet skies!

And more than all, how hath a gracious change,
To poor scared men that slunk with fluttering breath,
Passed o'er the face, that erst was stern and strange,
Of thy strong angel, Death!

Lo, through the mazes of a tangled wood,
Nowhither bound, we groped through vistas dim,
While shadowlike amid the shadows stood
Old Death, the archer grim.

We deemed his face was pitiless and blind;
Shot all at random seemed each whirring dart,
Yet none did fail a resting-place to find
In some wrung, quivering heart.

And there, with writhen limbs and sightless stare,
Down in the drenchèd grass the victim lay,
What erst was man, erect and tall and fair,
Now shrunk and fading clay.

And over him in dull and hopeless pain
The mourners stood, sore stricken and perplext:
"He lieth prone; he will not rise again;
And who shall fall the next?"

O sweet changed face! We see, we know him now,—
Rent the thick mist that blurred our straining ken,—
Death: of all angels round the throne that bow,
Most pitiful to men!

Through the dusk chamber where the watchers weep
Slowly he moves with calm and noiseless tread,
And o'er the weary one that longs for sleep
He bends his gracious head.

"Poor eyes!" he saith, "long have ye wept and waked;
I come to bid your tears and vigils cease."
"Poor heart!" he saith, "long hast thou yearned and ached;
I come to give thee peace."

"Be of good cheer," he saith, "world-weary waif.
One sharp, swift step, and all the way is trod:
Through the heaped darkness I will lead thee safe
To the great light of God."

A sharp, sweet silence smites the tingling ears.
How snow-like falls the peace upon his brow!
Hark! happy mourners, smiling through their tears,
Whisper, "He sleepeth now!"

Good Words. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

THE EXPLORER.

LUCRECE.

OUT of the unknown into the known,
From the infinite sea to the sea of time
Cometh a voyager, sailing alone,
Steering with confidence all sublime
Straight to the land of joy and rest:
The tropic isle of his mother's breast.

Little he cares whether hall or cot
Shelter his shallop from wind and wet;
Cotton or velvet, he heedeth not—
Peasant or lord—they are nothing yet!
Crown for head and sceptre for hand
Are toys and playthings in baby-land.

Oh, but he finds out wonderful things!
The dome of his cradle high and wide;
The drowsy sense when the mother sings;
The swinging ebb of the outward tide,
Which somewhere underneath him seems
To drift him into the land of dreams!

Then wide awake, from the distance dim
In far, mysterious realms of space,
A soft, bright moon doth rise for him:
The tender round of his mother's face.
In this wide world finds he charm on charm,
As he rides round the room on his mother's arm.

Smiles and tears in your bonny eyes,
Shine and cloud on your coral lips,
Little explorer, out of the skies,
Searching out truth with your finger-tips!
You know not yet, as we old folks know,
There is nothing new in this world below!

Ah! What disdainful looks you cast—
Captain, who sailed from the unknown shore!
Rogue's eyes answer me: "Not so fast,
Filling my ears with your well-worn lore;
Baby or fairy or sprite or elf,
You'll find I am something new myself!"

Golden Rule.

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From The Church Quarterly Review.

A BROAD-CHURCH BISHOP.*

IF there be a country in the world in which Episcopacy is on its trial, that country is Scotland. It is there exposed to the rivalry of a form of the Christian religion which retains the fundamental doctrines of the faith; it ministers to flocks composed of elements identical with those of the various bodies, Free and Established, around them; and it is inevitable that comparisons should be constantly drawn between the two polities — the Episcopal and Presbyterian. The spiritual results of each will be carefully scanned. The Scottish Church, like all branches of the ancient catholic organization, makes a high claim for itself; and the inquiry will certainly be made how far that claim is justified by facts, how far the intensity of spiritual force generated within her pale, how far the spiritual standard reached by her sons and daughters, recommends the claim made in her traditions and formularies to an organization of apostolic authority, to a ministerial commission transmitted through successive generations, direct from the Founder of Christianity himself.

Especially will such a severity of criticism follow the persons and the actions of the bishops themselves. Upon the catholic theory to which we have been referring, they are the foremost men of their communion — the *élite* of its entire ministry. It is true that the "gift which is in them" does not include personal infallibility, and has never been even supposed necessarily to guarantee learning, or ability, or even holiness of life. It has a strictly defined purpose, viz., to continue the ministry of the Church and to guarantee the grace of the sacraments. Whatever is not precisely involved in these objects cannot be supposed to be supplied by that which is confined to the attainment of them alone. But, nevertheless, the higher be the conception which is formed of the episcopate, the more exacting surely will be the tests applied to the men who are to bear and to exercise it; and any church will be acting with criminal levity and disrespect of the gift committed to its guardianship, which selects, or suffers to be selected, any other than its foremost sons to fill an office so exacting and so august.

The episcopate may be characterized in fact as *the most highly vitalized* portion of the Church's organization, and the motive power of the whole. If even a part of its spiritual force be neutralized by its being committed to unfit men, — men, that is to say, whose natural powers or whose acquired habitudes do not work in harmony with the requirements of their office — men whose want of learning causes it to be lightly esteemed, whose secularity of temper finds a *spiritual* office uncongenial, or, worse than all, whose want of faith paralyzes spiritual energy, and saps with secret decay all the life of the dioceses entrusted to them, — then the Church whose chief pastors are such as these will find herself, just in the proportion in which their influence and example extend, unfruitful within her own borders and unable, perhaps even undesirous, to extend those borders; in short, she will have failed in her mission. Of so great importance to a Church are pious and faithful bishops. And in following this train of thought, which the perusal of the memoir before us has aroused in our minds, we by no means intend to prejudge the career of the bishop who is its subject, but merely seek to indicate some of the conditions under which it was run.

Alexander Ewing, first bishop after its revival of the ancient diocese of Argyll and the Isles, was born in 1814, at Aberdeen, and was therefore a Highlander *pur sang*. His childhood was not eventful until the loss, when he was but in his fourteenth year, of his father by death, which was followed in the next year by that of his mother, and speedily afterwards of an only sister, thus leaving him and his brother alone in the world. We need not linger over his youth and early manhood. It was a scrambling kind of education that he got; first at one place, then at another; and for a considerable time not even the pretence of learning was kept up. The two youths received occasional attention

* *Memoir of Alexander Ewing, D.C.L., Bishop of Argyll and the Isles.* By ALEXANDER J. ROSS, B.D., Vicar of S. Philip's, Stepney. 1877. (Daldy, Isbister, & Co., 56 Ludgate Hill.)

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from their guardians; but in a general way they seem to have lived where they pleased and done what seemed good in their own eyes. "It surprised their neighbors somewhat," says their biographer, "that two youths, without a tutor or other senior, should be left so entirely without any visible control over their actions." Well it might!

One consequence of this unrestrained freedom of action was that the elder brother became engaged to be married before he was twenty; but on the whole it answered better than could have been expected. The younger brother, John, was, indeed, afterwards brought under more systematic training at Oxford, was ordained in the Church of England, and is at the present time, we believe, rector of Westmill, in Herts. But with a brief attendance at some of the classes of the University of Edinburgh in 1834-5, Alexander Ewing's *status pupillaris* came to an end. The deficiency in theological learning, as in power of exact thought, which the inadequacy of his early studies left in his mind, cannot be said to have been ever quite filled up. The miscellaneous gatherings of his subsequent reading, which, however, seems to have lain but little along the severer and more arduous paths of literature, and the powers of a mind rather elegant than massive, enabled him to reach a respectable proficiency in one or two directions. But there was always an amateur air about most of his work. He never at any period of his life had any pretension to have gone below the surface of systematic theology; and the consequence was that he was always more or less at the mercy of theological quacks. What he might have been and have done, had his unquestionable powers been educed and bent to work in youth by serious and continuous training, and his memory stored with the elements of the higher knowledge, it is hard to say. For the present we resume the thread of the narrative before us.

He married in 1835, three months after he was twenty-one, and tried to settle down to the tranquil enjoyment of that "love in a cottage" which so many have dreamed of in their callow youth. He does not seem to have felt the slightest need or desire for *a career* at this time. We hear nothing of any whispers of ambition, or any stirrings of latent powers in his nature. "Here I should like to live all my life," he says, "with Katherine and John, and my books and the river." But his Eden-dream was soon shattered by an attack of illness which came near being a fatal one; and a long, tedious convalescence, followed by a change of residence, opened new horizons in his life; and it is at this point that we hear first of an inclination towards the sacred ministry. He was attracted at first towards the English Church. "He had discovered," we are told, "and been attracted by the comprehensiveness of many of her great affirmations on the subject of the redemption of humanity; while life in an English country parsonage seemed to him the ideal of quiet beauty and secluded usefulness." But we are not surprised to find that he shrank from the labor and excitement of a career at Oxford or Cambridge, although encouraged by the Bishop of Winchester, to whom he applied on the subject, and ultimately he *drifted* by the force of events towards the ministry of the Scottish Episcopal Church. His biographer relates the circumstances which precipitated his decision at last, in a passage whose curiously infelicitous wording is characteristic, and will meet us often: —

He was led by a special combination of circumstances seriously to entertain the thought of applying for orders in the Scottish Episcopal Church. For there were those, and they too Episcopalians, who seemed to have been of opinion that Mr. Ewing was possessed of ministerial gifts which no ordination by human hands could insure, and on the 9th of March, 1837, a formal proposal was made to him to undertake the charge of the Episcopalian congregation at Elgin. This proposal he declined, chiefly on the ground of his own inexperience; but that it should have been addressed to him while still a layman, and only in his twenty-third year, by his own immediate neighbors, must be regarded as the highest testimony that could be borne by them to his religious character and intellectual endowment; and there is no doubt that this entirely unexpected manifestation of feeling on the part of the Elgin congregation first suggested the question

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whether there might not be special work for him to do in the Scottish Episcopal Church (p. 35).

Still more odd are the circumstances that followed. This proposal from Elgin seems to have dropped; Mr. Ewing determined to spend one or two years abroad; and, *therefore*, "formed the resolution of applying for admission to the ministry of the Scottish Episcopal Church." We confess that after all the biographer's elaborate explanations, we are unable to understand the *therefore*; and we refrain from ascribing hypothetical reasons. The material fact is that he was ordained deacon by Bishop Low, of Ross and Moray, in 1838, without cure or title as far as appears, and left Scotland a fortnight afterwards to spend some years upon the Continent. On this we must needs observe with his biographer that the determination to give some years to foreign travel "might have been reason enough for deferring to a future day" this step of ordination. Probably his course was regarded as nothing unusual in the Scottish Church then. We have no reason to suppose that the same Church, in the earnestness of her great revival, would tolerate anything like this now. But in that day of small things in the sister Church it was then more unusual than happily it is now to find men of good family and competent fortune offering themselves for ordination; and they were eagerly accepted when they did come. Still, it is manifest that to treat the ministry as a mere ornament and subordinate adjunct of a country gentleman's life was not to give it its due; and there must have been a certain sense of unreality in a solemn ordination to the ministry which was followed by no corresponding action, and, for the moment at least, was treated as if it were of no account.

He remained abroad at Pisa, Lucca, and Rome about three years, living the usual *dilettante* life of the English abroad, but growing strong physically, and growing also in mental breadth and stature. His correspondence during this time is much occupied with Italian art, as was not unnatural.

In 1841 he returned to Scotland, was ordained a priest by the Bishop of Aberdeen, and undertook clerical *duty* for the first time in the charge of a congregation at Forres. During some four years of quiet work in that charge, Mr. Ewing distinguished himself, as his biographer seems to think, by the part which he took in the controversies of the day. It may, at all events, be conceded that he had taken his line and declared it decidedly enough on two important questions — the disabilities of the Scottish Episcopal Church and the Scottish communion office, to which he thus early declared his hostility. He was now thirty-three years of age; and we are next to find him elected and consecrated Bishop of Argyll and the Isles. The circumstances under which he became bishop were somewhat peculiar.

The office of bishop in the Scottish Church is an onerous one; and apostolic as in other respects, so in this, that it is not burdened with the goods of this world. Bishop Eden, speaking in 1861 at London House on behalf of the Argyll fund, makes the remarkable statement that "the Scotch bishops for some years have been living on incomes of £127 a year, and that without any house or residence." We believe that matters are somewhat better now; but at that time it was evidently impossible for any but rich men to accept the episcopal office in Scotland. Mr. Ewing was a man of competent means, and did not need to depend upon the small endowment of the see (which never amounted to more than £270 a year); on the contrary, he spent his own private fortune liberally upon it in his early years as bishop. But the fact of the general poverty of the see tended most undesirably to limit the choice of possible men for bishops, and to make the selection turn, not so much upon learning or mental power or personal fitnesses of any kind as on the possession of pecuniary means to enable the bishop-elect to live independently of official emoluments, and to uphold in temporal matters the dignity of the episcopate. We are not saying that the other necessary pre-requisites were in practice neglected, but that they could not be made the *sole criteria*; and this was bad. Bish-

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op Ewing himself draws the inference in a letter to the Hon. G. Boyle in 1855: —

In the Episcopal Church, according to the theory of its constitution, more than in any other system, it must always hold good that, "if the head suffers, all the members suffer with it;" and I am of opinion that, until something is done to enable us to hold our episcopates without constant pecuniary anxiety, no real good will be effected by our Church. It is true that we *can* get down wealthy men from England; but this mode of filling the Scottish bench does not develop the resources of the native Church, does not foster the real growth of the native plant. I do think that, if our bishops and deans could be provided with such means for the efficient discharge of their offices as are supplied even to the colonial bishops and deans, we should find the road opening to a better state of things in Scotland (p. 244).

Without undervaluing the many estimable qualities that afterwards showed themselves in him, it was probably more because he was a wealthy man than for any other reason that Mr. Ewing, a comparatively young man, and quite undistinguished in every way, was selected by Bishop Low to administer the re-founded diocese for which he himself had, with marked and splendid generosity, provided a modest endowment of £7,000. He was confirmed as bishop after some delay and demur, consecrated at Aberdeen in 1847, and seems to have thrown himself at once with great energy and devotion into the work of his diocese. "He was at once initiated," says his biographer, "into that locomotive amphibious kind of life which must be led by every Bishop of Argyll and the Isles who simply does his duty." He had made the circuit of his scattered diocese, we are told, before a month was over; and then at once proceeded to hold a synod of the revived diocese at Oban. His first charge, delivered at this synod, appears to us a very suitable one. It shows, indeed, already the signs of that disposition in the bishop's mind habitually to dissociate the sign and the thing signified — the outward and the inward — in the ordinances of the Church, and to depreciate the former, of which we shall see the workings later on. For the present the material interests of his diocese required his consideration; and no man could have set himself to have supplied these with more judgment and goodwill, nor, we may add, with more munificent liberality, than did Bishop Ewing. The scattered communities of Episcopalians in the Highlands and islands were sadly in want of his pastoral care. "There were wanted additional pastors, schoolmasters, schoolmistresses, churches, parsonages, schoolhouses, Gaelic Bibles and prayer-books." The synod service was held, it seems, "within the old abbey [at Iona], and was the subject of a sketch in the *Illustrated Times* of the day;" but "so great was the sectarian bitterness displayed by certain Scotch papers, that the Duke of Argyll was moved to write to the bishop a remonstrance on the invasion of his private property," a want of courtesy which seems scarcely credible to those who have no personal acquaintance with the rancor which theological differences can occasion in Scotland. The bishop was not without other reminders that his very existence was an offence to some of his Presbyterian neighbors, who seem hardly to have realized that the Church in Scotland had obtained even mere toleration.

In journeying to Iona, Bishop Ewing made the acquaintance of the Rev. H. B. Wilson, of "Essays and Reviews" celebrity; and on the return voyage of the steamer the latter, forgetful or unaware at the time of the relation of the Episcopal Church of Scotland to the great majority of the population, stood up and proposed, at the crowded dinner-table, a toast that he was sure would be specially acceptable to all present, "The health of the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles." The English tourists on board were, of course, ready to drink the bishop's health; but the words of Mr. Wilson called forth from the Scottish passengers expressions and looks of utter astonishment, which for a brief space threatened to convert the dining-saloon into an arena of ecclesiastical controversy; but in the end the good-humor and good breeding of the majority of the voyagers prevailed (p. 141).

Besides this gentleman, whose zeal, it may perhaps be thought, outran, though very innocently and pardonably, his discretion, we find other well-known names with whom the bishop delighted to surround himself. Dean Stanley was an *habitué* of the new church at Oban; with Mr. Jowett the bishop maintained a close friendship; and his biographer relates how Dr. Sumner, the Bishop of Winchester, who had "come down to Oban rather disposed to regard the Church in Scotland as a very questionable daughter of the Reformation, with Laudian proclivities," went back with "an entirely new feeling of interest in the future of Episcopacy in Scotland," and ever thereafter maintained "a lifelong intimacy" with the "Highland chieftain," who was then the Bishop of Argyll. This we presume to be one of

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the examples of the biographer's historical imagination; for, let a man have the dialectical skill and the gift of tongue of a Crichton, he could hardly produce such wondrous effects in a ten minutes' conversation.

It now, however, became abundantly clear that Bishop Ewing meant to take, or took without meaning, a line in the Scottish Church strictly analogous to that taken among ourselves by Dr. Stanley or Mr. Jowett. But, as the poet laureate says of another matter, he was

Not like in like, but like in difference.

He was broad enough in all conscience; but, as became his nationality, he was *broad with unction*. Other differences occur to us. His liberal views on religion were the outcome of far less culture and scholarship than those of his southern congeners, and, as a consequence, they were far less original. He took them up from time to time from one or another among more powerful thinkers; as, for example, Mr. Erskine, of Linlathen, of whom the bishop wrote in his impulsive way, and with a momentary forgetfulness of his usual good taste, "He is the man of God, indeed, and with reverence I may say of him that he takes away the sins of the world from all who have the happiness of knowing him," and *to* whom he wrote still more strongly: —

> Now as to your two letters, I cannot say what help and comfort they have been to me and others; for you know, my dear sir, I am but a medium for communicating your spirit rappings and sensations, a bank for issuing your notes. Stanley, Jowett, the Bishop of London, and the Bishop of Oxford (with the last of whom, *en route* here, I stayed three days last week), Miss Winkworth (who is here), and many others have read, and were all more or less benefited by them.
>
> It is a most charming place. I wish you were able to come, or I to go and see you. I owe you more, dear sir, than to any man alive: *I owe you belief in God — in God as my and our true friend and Father.*

Mr. Campbell of Row, Mr. F. H. Myers, the author of "Catholic Thoughts," may also be mentioned as sources from which he derived *what was peculiar* (which, after all, was not much) in his theology. So far as it was original, it appears to us to be the common-sense method of a mind rather receptive and intelligent than powerful, and for the most part ignorant of theology in the scientific sense. He did not, we fully believe, know what treasures of divine thought there are in the "queen of sciences," and would have been far more respectful to it had he known. He was so *good* a man, and so sincerely modest and deferential (as we have just seen) to those few men in whom he recognized the leaders of his mind, that it was a pity he allowed himself to adopt so violent a tone of partisanship, to use terms so disparaging and undignified in controversy as for example at the time of the Lambeth Conference; terms which stand now as an exception to his usual amiability and tolerance of disposition. His charge before his diocesan synod in 1860, also, belongs to this class of little-worthy utterances; indeed, the language which he uses in it about the catholic view of the holy communion,* calling it "an apparatus manipulated by a priestly caste, from contact with which alone eternal life was to be secured" (p. 304), and saying that, "according to the materialistic conception of the sacrament, the secret of Hamlet would be mastered by eating a bit of Shakespeare's body" (p. 305), seems to us simply horrible; and, considering the official character of the speaker, and the occasion upon which it was used, we cannot characterize it as it deserves without using strong language ourselves. His complete misunderstanding of the catholic doctrine is evident enough. And he had a *feminine* kind of way of jumping to conclusions which was also characteristic.

Going back for the present to the point we had reached before our digression, we find the next noticeable point in the bishop's career to be the Gorham decision in 1850 on baptism, and the action taken thereon. It is true that this "great liberating decision of the Privy Council," as the present biographer calls it, had no legal authority in the Church of Scotland, as the bishops took care immediately to make known. But the body of the Scottish clergy were laudably anxious that the doctrine of baptismal regeneration should not be compromised. The effect of the decision of the State was to make the question an open one in England, as far as the establishment was concerned. The Scottish clergy and most of the bishops were determined that it should not be so among them. A demonstration was immediately organized in support of the protest of Bishop Blomfield; and an agitation arose for a fresh definition of doctrine, which Bishop Ewing did his best to stem. He disliked, as we know, dogmatic "fetters"

* It was at the time of the Brechin and Cheyne trials for alleged unsound doctrine on this subject.

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each and all. In this case he had the further ground for opposition that any fresh doctrinal decision would "erect a fresh wall of partition between their own communion and that of the Church of England," which he held, not without reason, would be a "fatal blunder." For there can be no doubt whatever, that, if the Church of *England* has suffered grievously from its isolation, the Church of Scotland has very nearly died from the same cause; and that there is a real necessity that the smaller and the weaker community should seek in all respects, as far as is possible, to share the fortunes of its southern sister; and to recruit with the life-blood of a larger and richer organization the energies which unpropitious circumstances, and a poverty far from fully deserved, have sometimes caused to flag. And such a connection is almost as advantageous to England as to Scotland. Any step, therefore, which would have had the effect of hindering this intercommunion in the very smallest degree would have been a mistake; and it seems to us that their projected action would have been a mistake. It was eminently praiseworthy, and was prompted by the purest of motives; but it was a mistake all the same; and it was well, that, whether by Bishop Ewing or somebody else, it should be quietly shelved. Not that Bishop Ewing's plan of action seems to us in all respects admirable. His strategy was a little uncandid; and that he disliked the Aberdeen resolutions, although he gave his adhesion to them, is evident enough. His object, he says, was "*to prevent a general synod*, which would probably have undertaken to lay down some formula on baptism, which might have been the cause of severing our connection with the Church of England. To avert such a catastrophe, I went further than I had intended, as you will see; but I could not set myself in opposition to the words of our formularies, and the resolutions are almost entirely based upon them." Nor was there, if we are to take the following letter to his brother as representing a deliberate view of doctrine, any reason why he should so set himself in opposition: —

What I objected to in the Declaration was the Declaration itself; for I did not see that we were called upon to take any action whatever in the matter, and I do not think that we are affected by the Gorham decision. The Catholic Church has always held that some special benefit was attached to the due administration of the rite of baptism; and, so far, I am not prepared to dissent from the teaching of the Catholic Church, and take part with the Zuinglians (p. 175).

In short, he was altogether right here. Not so in the matter of the Scottish communion office, "the Dagon of a Scottish office" as he called it. In this case, strong dislike of the doctrine which the formulary was supposed to teach, combined with his wish to efface all marks of distinction between his own and the English Church, to make him its most bitter and persistent opponent; and we shall find him in later years making effort after effort to get rid of it.

At the present time his mind was full of another scheme, and one which could hardly have been entertained by any other bishop of the entire Anglican communion. This was nothing else than to settle himself in Turin as a bishop *unattached*, and supply episcopal ministrations to the non-Catholic Vaudois — or as he puts it in a letter to his brother: —

I think it not unlikely that a bishop representing the Church of England, and whose mission it would be to form a centre of unity for the descendants of the "slaughtered saints" among the Vaudois, and for others who are claiming liberty of faith in Sardinia, would be acceptable in Turin. . . . This position for a year or two would suit me delightfully (p. 227).

Strange as it may seem, this preposterous scheme was a pet project of his, and one which he made great efforts to carry out, going so far as even to make a public appeal for funds. But after endless correspondence, the plan fell through the hands even of Bishop Ewing and his friends. Cooler thinkers pointed out that the *English* population of Turin was at all times small and essentially fluctuating in character, that there was little probability of the Italian Protestants caring for episcopal ministrations, and a *great* probability that the Italian government would regard such a mission with marked jealousy and disfavor; if indeed they had not put a *veto* upon it altogether. In short, the thing *would not do;* this those persons who were in an authoritative position gave Bishop Ewing distinctly to understand, and its abandonment followed of course. It does not seem to have occurred to any one of those concerned, what an enormous and unprovoked breach of Church order and propriety it involved; for it would not have at all fallen under the shelter of the principle upon which the Gibraltar bish-

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opric was founded, upon British territory and for British subjects.*

It was not surprising, considering the views which Dr. Ewing † held, that this should not have occurred to him in the least; and as a matter of personal choice to be made by himself the scheme had much to recommend it. The climate of Scotland had been too severe for his always feeble and uncertain health. He "talked with Bishop Trower about going as a missionary bishop to foreign parts" (for which, with his feeble health, he was most unfit), in order to live in a milder climate. Then the pecuniary responsibilities of his diocese (from which he had all this time but 270*l.* a year of income) were too heavy for his means. So he writes to his brother, his constant and confidential correspondent: —

> I am almost afraid of my ability to carry on the work of this Argyll bishopric. The expenses are very heavy, and the continual journeying is as laborious as if I were a bishop in New Zealand. I have not as yet obtained the income arising from the endowment of the see, and I have had to sacrifice no inconsiderable amount of my capital. If this kind of expense goes on, in the event of my being called out of the world my children would be ill provided for. I have, therefore, been thinking of offering myself as a missionary bishop to our Church. Some years ago a proposal to send out such a missionary from the Scotch Church was mooted, but no definite action was taken in the matter. In fact, the project was reckoned premature. I have no doubt it would receive a more general support now, and might be carried through. I believe the Bishop of London would lend it all his influence, and our Church would give to the mission all she now contributes to the various missionary societies. Probably Australia or a Pacific island would be the spot or sphere chosen (p. 189).

However, all these various plans came to nothing; and at length he resolved to bear to the end the burden laid upon him in Scotland, and we hear thenceforth no more of projects for removal. But to the end of his life, we are told, so persistent is a fixed idea, he remained of opinion that in the Turin scheme a great opportunity had been missed.

We must pass over, without special notice, the bishop's efforts in furtherance of the Highland emigration fund, to relieve the widespread distress among the Highlanders, caused by the failure of the potato crop, and go on to give some slight sketch, so far as it is narrated here, of Bishop Ewing's connection with the college at Cumbrae, the munificent foundation of the noble family of Boyle. The Church in Scotland has sometimes been accused of "lairdism." But if the "lairds" were always willing to display a similar liberality to that shown during a long series of years, in the foundation and nurture of this college, the charge would become the highest title to honor of the laity of the Scottish Church; and specifically, the clergy would ere this have a less inadequate provision than the pittance which, in some dioceses, is to this day all they receive. As to Cumbrae, after being originally founded in 1849 by the present Lord Glasgow, then the Hon. G. F. Boyle, for the training of theological students to minister as clergy in the diocese of Argyll and the Isles only, it has gradually extended its scope until it is at the present time one of the two great feeders of a native ministry to the Scottish Church. To the same liberality it owes the imposing pile of collegiate buildings, of which the central portion is a noble cathedral church, occupying the island of the Little Cumbrae in the Frith of Clyde, which is some three miles long by two broad.

The objects of this foundation were of a pious and catholic kind, and the language of the statutes recalls those "ages of faith" with whose noble benefactions this institution may of right be classed. Its intention was to further "the worship and service of Almighty God, by daily prayer and frequent celebration of the holy communion." There was to be a provost and three to six canons, and, besides being a theological college, it was to be a centre for clergy to be habitually engaged in mission work somewhere in the diocese; and the bishop was to be provost. Accordingly this noble gift, with a suitable endowment, was made over by the founder to trustees, representing the diocese of Argyll and the Isles, and solemnly accepted by the synod which met at Lochgilphead in 1853, when a unanimous and well-deserved resolution of thanks was returned to the donor. The following year the bishop was himself installed as provost; and we find him writing to Lady Glasgow of "the ceremonies of the installation, the splendor of the evening services, and the solemnity of those of the next day. . . . Our services in church and

* "One of the Oxford authorities, while warning him against 'the Waldensian heresy,' said, greatly to his surprise, 'You are surely far more needed in your own country, to proclaim there the Church's great message of the redemption of all mankind by Christ'" (p. 235).

† We ought to have mentioned that he had received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford in 1851.

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meetings for various purposes are really doing us all good."

But these bright anticipations were too soon overclouded. The ritual and service at Cumbrae fell under what was, we have no doubt, very unmerited suspicion. The bishop began to "feel a difficulty in being officially connected with an institution which was generally regarded with extreme suspicion as a seminary established for the diffusion of anti-Reformation principles" (as they were then understood, it may be, in Scotland). In 1858, when the declaration on the eucharist was causing wide-spread strife throughout the Scottish Church, we find the bishop observing that it was "hot at Cumbrae." In fact, in the 1860 synod of Argyll and the Isles, Mr. Cheyne's case was brought forward by Mr. Cazenove, Mr. Keigwin, and Mr. Mapleton, the first two being canons of Cumbrae, which thus espoused the condemned eucharistic doctrine. An English visitor, a clergyman, observes on this: —

> Whether Cumbrae, with the tone of mind prevailing there, is a benefit to your brother's diocese, seems to me a question. Whether Episcopalians there look to their Church as a means of sustaining their inner life, or whether they regard their ritual only as the expression of a high-caste religion, seems to me also a question. My complete ignorance of course suggests these questions; and I speak of them only as questions, and not as convictions. Mr. Boyle himself, beyond a doubt, looks to his Church in its best and highest sense (p. 307).

There was undoubtedly a wide divergence of opinion from the first, and it grew wider as years went on. The bishop was altogether out of harmony, not only with the authorities at Cumbrae, and with the religious and catholic tone which the founder had with sedulous care impressed upon the place, but with the entire body of clerical opinion throughout the Scottish Church. And so, after holding the provostship for thirteen years, though his connection with the college was not much more than nominal, it was felt by him too irksome to be borne, and he severed it. We are anticipating somewhat the course of events; but we shall complete our view of this episode in the bishop's career if we insert here the letter, dated 1866, in which the bishop expressed to the founder his resignation of the office of provost: —

> The fact of my having, in all probability, to be abroad for the next three or four months, induces me to come to a conclusion on a subject which I have long had on my mind, and which I feel ought no longer to be delayed — my resignation of the office of provost of the college. I need not say with what regret I have formed this resolution, but I feel that it is due both to you and to myself. I am of no active benefit to the college, and I feel that my spirit is not in unison with that which is most precious to you. You may feel quite sure that this resignation which I now make is prompted by no greater divergence on matters of opinion than that which existed between us from the first. My acceptance of the office was prompted by the difficulty which existed at the time of finding a suitable head; that difficulty does not now exist. No one, I conceive, could be found more suited for the post than your present excellent vice-provost, Mr. Cazenove, who has had so long experience of the work. In severing my nominal connection with the college, I hope I do not sever any real bonds between us. Believe me, I shall ever retain for you and yours a feeling of the deepest honor and friendship (p. 457).

It should not, however, be imagined that the bishop's personal relations with the staff of the college were other than most kind and cordial throughout. The personal winningness and amiability which were remarkably characteristic of Bishop Ewing prevented the theological divergence ever hardening into a rupture of friendliness. And he more than once withstood attacks made by others upon the institution. And when (we have been told) an alteration of the canons of the Scottish Church appeared to discountenance the use of the simple vestments which had always been worn at Cumbrae, the bishop, far from taking advantage of this to urge their discontinuance, said that he did not read so the new canon, and would be sorry to see the vestments discontinued.

When he had divested himself of *responsibility* for the college his kindly interest increased. He was in the habit of attending, whenever he could, the meetings of chapter; and it was, we are told, "the dearest wish of his heart to see the collegiate church raised to the position of cathedral of the Isles; and on the last occasion when he was present in chapter, he expressed himself strongly on this head. Owing to the peculiar circumstances of the college at that time, he was unable to see his wish realized, but the difficulties having at length been removed, one of the first steps taken by his successor was to carry out his wishes in this respect."

In 1856 Mrs. Ewing died; and the bishop, a man who was always, as we have seen, particularly home-loving and affectionate, was heart-broken. His letters at

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this time, though inexpressibly touching, breathe an utter depression and complete abandonment to sorrow, too absolute, we may say, or at all events very unusual for a man. He says himself in one of his letters, "No *man* understands me — I fear I was intended to be feminine!" He felt acutely the deprivation of a helper the strength of whose character seems to have made up what was wanting in his own; and some of the letters are so unreserved in their expressions of feeling, that we almost doubt whether they should have been printed. A sorrow, so full and overshadowing, so almost bitter at times (p. 271), would naturally be peculiarly open to the beneficent influences of time. He grew calmer and more resigned after some years, and in 1862 he married, for the second time, Lady Alice Douglas, daughter of the Earl of Morton.

Meanwhile his work went on; and he was brought face to face with that subject which had already been, and continued still more to be, one of the great preoccupations of his life, — the doctrine of the eucharist and the Scotch communion office; for 1857 had seen the issue by Bishop Forbes of his famous charge on the doctrine of the eucharist, which at once "alarmed the Protestant feelings of many, both of the clergy and laity," and was freely stigmatized as "Romanizing and materialistic" — terms of opprobrium, whose meaning it may be fairly questioned whether many of those who used them understood. An episcopal declaration which Bishop Ewing, after some hesitation, signed, condemning the Bishop of Brechin's views, proved insufficient to calm the storm; and a formal trial for unsound doctrine was resolved on.

The bishop's hesitation arose partly from his dislike to new "definitions on the eucharist," and partly because he thought a more drastic measure was needful — the disuse of the Scotch office. He had long disliked it as "Laudian," and as an obstacle to "identification in all points with the Church of England." In his own diocese, he had, as far as he could, put an end to its use; and he would fain have done so universally. Now the time seemed favorable for an attempt. So he went into print with his "letter to the primus," which he followed up by a motion (in the synod that condemned Bishop Forbes) to depose the office from its position among the formularies of the Church; but even here he had *not one* supporter. Then came on the charge against Mr. Cheyne, and by this time Bishop Ewing was himself senior bishop,* and presided at Mr. Cheyne's trial, though without voting or taking any active part in the proceedings.

In fact, he could not have spoken at all without seeming to affront the right reverend brethren by whom he was surrounded, for while agreeing with the majority of them in their beliefs as to the symbolic significance of the holy communion, and while he could not regard with indifference the blundering materialism of Mr. Cheyne, he deprecated from his inmost heart all doctrinal persecutions. He shrank from "definitions of the undefinable," and, in the present instance, his rooted conviction was that the prosecution struck the wrong object. The sentence of indefinite suspension was pronounced by the synod against Mr. Cheyne, but Bishop Ewing could not record his vote in favor of "a judgment involving penal consequences" (p. 285).

"Mr. Keble," he writes immediately afterwards, "was at the trial, and left today in very low spirits. We all thought Mr. Henderson too much for the Bishop of Brechin. As to the judgment itself, I should be prepared to move that we should not deliver any penal sentence, and chiefly on the ground of our sanctioning the use of an office for the holy communion which teaches we know not what. So long as that is used, similar troubles must and will arise." He expressed sentiments strongly resembling this, besides entering fully in his usual *a priori* way into the doctrinal aspect of the question in his charge this year (1860). For this he was (justly as we think) exposed to the reprehension of his brother bishops, one of whom told him that "he deserved a presentment."

The two following years were marked chiefly by the institution in London of an Argyll episcopal fund, which was very successful. By its success, the bishop was reimbursed some part of the great pecuniary advances he had made for his diocese, and may be said to have been freed from anxiety upon the subject for the future.

In 1862 and 1863 the Scottish Church was again convulsed with the question of the abolition of the Scottish office, on which two successive meetings of synod voted with varying results, the more decided course of entire abolition from the service of the Church not proving to be sustained by the feeling of the various diocesan synods, to whom, in accordance, we believe, with the constitution of the Scottish Church, it was submitted in the

* The primus was just at this time laid aside by a stroke of paralysis.

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interim. Bishop Ewing was, of course, in the forefront of the abolition party. It was one of the great questions which he had made his own all through his career. But his success was only partial, notwithstanding that he had a great body of lay opinion at his back, and that a gradual modification of view had been proceeding among the bishops themselves. The upper house in the Scottish Church is so small (only *six* bishops sat on this occasion), that when opinions are evenly balanced, a defection of *one vote* from either side decides a question; and that was precisely the issue on this occasion. A compromise, therefore, was arrived at, by which the English prayer-book was to be ordinarily and generally used; but that each new *congregation* might elect to use either the Scottish or the English office in the holy communion. The bishop called this "a great victory for the Scottish-office party," which it certainly was not, unless it be a victory to avoid entire defeat; and looking to the circumstances of the case, we cannot but regard this compromise (which is still in force, and forms the rule of the Church) as a wise and statesmanlike course. So one of Bishop Ewing's great objects was at length partially attained; and although he protested, "This synod has thrown back our Church twenty years. We have, I fear, done a very foolish or a very wrong thing. There was no feeling for the Scotch office until the last fifteen years. It is altogether a Tractarian galvanizement;" yet he was well contented to let the matter rest, and have an end of it so far as he was concerned. In truth he saw and said that there was "nothing else for him to do." The matter had been fought out to the end, and there was no more to be said.

The "Essays and Reviews" controversy was to the bishop as a storm looked upon from a safe distance, and it does not appear to have extended at all to the Scottish Church. We find abundant evidence in his letters, however, that he viewed it with the keenest interest. "I would," he says, when writing to Bishop Tait, "be a Liberal as to the future, a Conservative as to the past, *i.e.*, tolerate Wilson and ask Stanley to leave the standards alone." On this latter point he is emphatic; and there is a striking letter from him to the same prelate on the subject which is worth transcribing in part: —

I am not, and I have not been, ever satisfied that much can be done at present in the way of alterations of subscriptions or standards. The questions now at issue are beyond solution by small amendments, and great ones none of us are prepared to make. I think that when such questions are in the field as "Has God indeed spoken, and to what extent?" any move which does not relate to them is, in military language, changing our front in face of the enemy — an operation of great hazard. I do not think, moreover, that any great number of men whom it is desirable to satisfy would be satisfied by such alterations as we are prepared to make, and the others are not worthy of much consideration — not so much, at least, as removing landmarks for their sakes. I am, on the whole, inclined myself at present to an attitude of simple conservatism, believing that the only difficulties really pressing are not those which alteration of standards or subscriptions would satisfy. My own opinion is, that standards go a very little way towards the formation or maintenance of belief, and that this is pretty much formed and held apart from standards and is untouched by them, people throwing them off, perhaps, with violence when they oppress the conscience by their sanction of visible evils, as at the time of the Reformation; but when they do not, sitting quietly under them, as if unconscious of them, or signing them merely as conventionalities. If the clergy could agree by memorial to their bishop upon what they would like done, I would gladly go along with them. I doubt if it is wise to go ahead of them, except in matters of faith. I look upon standards as a sort of property, which, without their own consent, I would not take from the clergy. Let us seek to alter opinion rather than change the standards. These must be changed (or will be) so soon as opinion is really formed and pressing. I doubt very much if it is so yet. I am sure that it is not so as to what changes are desirable (p. 358).

The question especially of future punishment was of intense interest to him, and he had strong views on the subject, which we find expressed in various letters *à propos* of the Wilson and Colenso cases. "I think," he writes to his brother, "that the Bishop of Capetown has weakened his case by introducing so many counts in his indictment against Colenso; for by so doing he has censured views, that on future punishment among the number, on which Colenso has sympathizers." And in the same letter: . . . "Observe that Colenso was only killed on the head of every man, by Capetown firing off the creed of St. Athanasius. Do not *you* fire that *Mons Meg*. It is a barbarous old piece, honeycombed, rusty, more dangerous to friends than foes." To Bishop Wordsworth (of St. Andrew's), he says, "I am against altering the standards, save St. Athanasius!"

To Bishop Tait again: "Evil has noth-

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ing divine in it, and must end." Such utterances show clearly enough in what direction his sympathies were tending, and what *he would have called* his doctrinal position was. Yet there is a pregnant utterance in a (somewhat questionable) letter to his brother some time before: —

> One sentence, however, before I close, on "eternal judgment." That expression, as I conceive, simply means *that we are always under unchanging laws.* It reminds us that God is *always* judging us, or rewarding us, "according to our works," ordaining for us that that which we sow we shall also reap. But whereas it is said that "after death is the judgment," I can only understand the words as conveying to us the intimation that the righteous judgments of God which are now always taking place, but which we do not always recognize, will at last be made manifest to the heart and conscience (p. 319).

Such utterances were the *intuitions* of the man, and show the manner of his inmost thought. But they do not seem to have been got by any deliberate reasoning process. They are utterly arbitrary and *a priori* in character. *Cogito* — not *ergo sum*, but "*Cogito ergo credo.*" Owing, it may be to the somewhat slender outfit of theological knowledge upon which we have remarked before, the bishop was thrown back more than was good for himself or others upon this method; and a very dangerous method it is for most men. Thus it was that his treatment of most questions, broadest of liberalizing Churchmen though he was, was wanting in the *breadth* which a fuller study would have given to him. It proceeds invariably upon a single line of more or less valid inference, which was always liable to be upset by the fact that he was dealing with *one face* of the question only, and that fuller knowledge would probably modify the premises which he took for granted.

In 1864, he sojourned at Ems, and afterwards at Palermo and various Italian towns. From Sion, in the Valais, he writes to the Bishop of London, *à propos*, we suppose, of the movement for a new court of ecclesiastical appeal: —

> But now of Dr. Pusey and this movement, of which I see a lengthened account in the *Guardian* just sent me. He cannot do much harm, there is so much good in him; but the Church of England would surely have been on the wrong tack (and he knows it), in a catholic sense, if she had *defined* in the Gorham case, or any of those matters left undecided by the Privy Council. Dr. Pusey seems to think there is no belief if there is not definition of everything seen in the mount, even to the scarlet and blue edgings. In this age, when the conveyance of property is simplified, property is as much property as before. He is a religious botanist, with a large *hortus siccus*, and long dry names. Nevertheless, the poor and ignorant are saved, and although England may be hazy as to the Monophysite question, I think the mass of the English people are in a healthier state of mind than Dr. Newman (p. 387).

We may say once for all, about Bishop Ewing's letters, that they are among the most charming letters we have ever read — clear, pleasant, and with a bright, lively touch for persons and things, which he puts not seldom in a new point of view. The writing of letters was a very congenial occupation to him, as the great number of them inserted in this memoir proves; and it suited the light artillery of his mental equipment better than labored disquisitions. A curious incident is recounted as having happened to him on this tour: —

> At Bologna there was a service in the hotel, and the bishop came down to be among the worshippers. The service began by the officiating minister giving out a hymn, and then asking if there was any one among the congregation who could "raise the tune." As no one volunteered, Dr. Ewing himself led the music. It was not until the service was over that the bishop discovered that he for the nonce had been "precentor" to a Wesleyan preacher (p. 387).

We find in these later years the bishop's aversion to dogma stronger than ever, and *now* we observe with regret some want of that kindliness of temper always observable in earlier years. He refused to concur in the approval expressed by the other Scottish bishops, of the sentence on Bishop Colenso. "Can I join in an excommunication," he writes, "because a man will not say that six times six is thirty-seven? Can excommunication alter a matter of fact?" and so on; which is painful to read. Against Bishop Gray, his cry was law, law, law: the law of the Church of England as a State establishment; and he looks no higher. One would suppose from his letters at this period, and on this subject, that he had never heard of the Church Catholic, or that he supposed it to have no existence out of England, or that it had no laws of its own. The Erastianism which had so got hold of him by this time is unintentionally illustrated by a passage in one of his letters to the Bishop of London, after the latter's serious illness: —

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Pray, my dear bishop and brother, keep yourself for these things. *Any one can do your ordinations and confirmations, and other such business*, but no one can take your place at the Privy Council, or in Parliament, or in Convocation. Pray tide over the summer anywhere out of London, and come and spend the winter with me in Italy. *I am quite serious. All your other work is nothing to that which you can do, and you only*, in the Privy Council in the years to come (p. 447).

Our readers will perhaps wonder that they have heard so little of Bishop Ewing's performance of similar duties to those he thus relegated to the second place; or of the administration of his diocese, and the progress of his people. But the fact is that we hear little of them after the first years of organization, of keen energy and interest, and that they apparently ceased to be the chief business of his life. His diocesan synod consisted of twelve clergy, as far as we can gather; and his "charges" were manifestoes, for the most part, to the world without, and not to the "few sheep in the wilderness" within his pale.

With a few words on the description given here of the Pan-Anglican Conference, and of Bishop Ewing's attitude towards it, we must bring this review of his life to a conclusion.

What is said of the former must be considered to be the biographer's work; and it could not well be worse in taste and temper than it is. The one aim of the writer appears to be to *belittle* the Conference itself, and especially the colonial and foreign bishops, to deny their statements, to ridicule their pretensions, and to represent the entire meeting as "a conspiracy against Protestantism in the interests of sacerdotal dictation." Of such words and of such a temper we cannot approve. Nor is Bishop Ewing's own language better. It needs hardly to be said that he was in the Extreme Left all through; he was averse to the action attempted to be taken about the bishopric of Natal; he fully approved of the inexcusably discourteous refusal of Westminster Abbey for the closing service. But we had better quote entire what is represented to be the record of a conversation held between the bishop and some unnamed interlocutor immediately after the closing, which will speak for itself: —

"What," said the interrogator, "is your main feeling after the Conference?" "Relief, relief, relief." — "Was there any sense of solemnity at any part of the proceedings?" "Only the solemnity of being on board a ship that might blow up at any moment." — "Any possibility of thinking that it was an assembly in which the Spirit of God was at work?" "That depended on where I sat. When I was with the Bishop of Chester (Jacobson), yes; but when near, etc., etc., quite the reverse." — "What was your impression at the conversazione?" "It was like a scene from 'Hypatia.'" — "What is the worst thing that has been done?" "That the meeting has taken place at all. You will never get rid of it. They will always be clinging to it. They know that they have got fifty-six names which they can append to any document that they choose." — "What do you think of the pastoral letter?" "It is words, words, words, and nothing else. It was written by the Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce), and very much shortened and cut down by the others. The Bishop of Winchester (Sumner), by one clean sweep, took out the whole viscera of a sentence in the Declaration on the Councils, and remained the hero of the field on the first day. We fought through it paragraph by paragraph, and by that evening reached the word primitive. Then the Bishop of Oxford proposed that the remainder of the sentence should be referred to a committee, which endeavored on the next day to undo what had been done on the day before, but they were beaten." — "Great havoc made on the second and third days on the schemes for establishing ecclesiastical tribunals?" "A splendid speech from the Bishop of London (Tait), knocking them all to pieces. The metropolitans were kept down by a masterly argument of Bishop Harold Browne. . . . The Natal question was brought on at the very last moment by a kind of *ruse*. . . . One or two comical things took place. On the 28th, at Lambeth Church, the first lesson was Tobit ii. None of the American bishops would read it, so the Bishop of Lincoln (Jackson) did" (p. 481).

I am not sorry that the battle of the Establishment (*in re* Colenso) was dropped. It never could have been fought on worse ground. For, consciously or unconsciously, the Bible was felt to be the question at stake, and all the Evangelicals, etc., were to a man with the priestly party. Had not Dr. Pusey, by a strange infatuation, thrown over the Americans by his tract on the Scandinavian admission first, before the meeting at Lambeth (in which he sneered at the American Church as a whole), they also would as one man have joined the metropolitans! Happily the Americans' *amour propre* made them hang in the wind (p. 485).

After the Conference had separated, he wrote an article upon it, containing even stronger language, which several magazines declined to publish, and which its author at length put forth at his own expense in pamphlet form.

From this time his activity of mind took for the most part a literary direction. The "Present-Day Papers" which the bishop himself projected, and to which he contributed no less than eleven papers, besides

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editing the whole, served as the outlet for many of his most cherished ideas; and the series ran to three volumes before it was discontinued. There is much in these volumes that is admirable; and while they exhibit the characteristic faults of the writer's mode of thought, it would be unjust not to acknowledge that they show also much earnestness of thought, considerable charm of style, and an increased degree of spiritual insight. Thought is the best of educations; and Dr. Ewing had now been a thinker for many years.

At this point, however (1871), we must bring to an end our long scrutiny of this interesting life; a life which, however we may lament some incidents of it, was one of high aims, pure affections, and blameless tenor, not unworthy of a Christian bishop. Bishop Ewing passed away in 1873.

We are by no means certain that it is needful to say anything more by way of pointing the moral of his career. That he had many winning and lovable qualities as a man, is perfectly clear; and we have already pointed out the unselfishness and generosity with which he discharged the duties of his office. But the episcopate is not a mere matter of routine to be worked by (as it were) turning a crank. It requires a clear, undoubting belief in the spiritual powers of the office, and a strong and straightforward purpose, in order that the episcopate may convey its full weight, and do the entire work for which it is intended. How far the subject of the present memoir came up to these requirements, we must leave it to our readers to determine.

Another point that occurs to us is, the demoralizing tendency of ecclesiastical controversy, and that Bishop Ewing's career exemplifies it. Too often, it is to be feared, the *haute politique* of parties calls to its aid passions and tempers the very reverse of spiritual; and we cannot but think that the hard, partisan tone of the bishop's letters and public utterances in the later years of his life, so unlike the sweet persuasiveness of his earlier years, shows that this influence had told upon him for evil. He is not the first — we fear he will not be the last — to whom "our unhappy divisions" have done harm. History repeats itself; and the embittered party spirit and mutual repulsion which are caused by the wide divergence of belief, and still more of speculation, among us in this age recall nothing so forcibly as the factions of the Lower Empire, and the bitter comment of St. Gregory Nazianzen.

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MACLEOD OF DARE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XII.

WHITE HEATHER.

AND now behold! the red flag flying from the summit of Castle Dare — a spot of brilliant color in this world of whirling mist and flashing sunlight. For there is half a gale blowing in from the Atlantic, and gusty clouds come sweeping over the islands, so that now the Dutchman, and now Fladda, and now Ulva disappears from sight, and then emerges into the sunlight again, dripping and shining after the bath, while ever and anon the huge promontory of Ru-Treshanish shows a gloomy purple far in the north. But the wind and weather may do what they like to-day; for has not the word just come down from the hill that the smoke of the steamer has been made out in the south? and old Hamish is flying this way and that, fairly at his wits' end with excitement; and Janet Macleod has cast a last look at the decorations of heather and juniper in the great hall; while Lady Macleod, dressed in the most stately fashion, has declared that she is as able as the youngest of them to walk down to the point to welcome home her son.

"Ay, your leddyship, it is very bad," complains the distracted Hamish, "that it will be so rough a day this day, and Sir Keith not to come ashore in his own gig, but in a fishing-boat, and to come ashore at the fishing quay, too; but it is his own men will go out for him, and not the fishermen at all, though I am sure they will hef a dram whatever when Sir Keith comes ashore. And will you not tek the pony, your leddyship? for it is a long road to the quay."

"No, I will not take the pony, Hamish," said the tall, white-haired dame, "and it is not of much consequence what boat Sir Keith has, so long as he comes back to us. And now I think you had better go down to the quay yourself, and see that the cart is waiting and the boat ready."

But how could old Hamish go down to the quay? He was in his own person skipper, head keeper, steward, butler, and general major-domo, and ought on such a day as this to have been in half a dozen places at once. From the earliest morning he had been hurrying hither and thither, in his impatience making use of

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much voluble Gaelic. He had seen the yacht's crew in their new jerseys. He had been round the kennels. He had got out a couple of bottles of the best claret that Castle Dare could afford. He had his master's letters arranged on the library table, and had given a final rub to the guns and rifles on the rack. He had even been down to the quay, swearing at the salmon-fishers for having so much lumber lying about the place where Sir Keith Macleod was to land. And if he was to go down to the quay now, how could he be sure that the ancient Christina, who was mistress of the kitchen as far as her husband Hamish would allow her to be, would remember all his instructions? And then the little granddaughter Christina — would she remember her part in the ceremony?

However, as Hamish could not be in six places at once, he decided to obey his mistress's directions, and went hurriedly off to the quay, overtaking on his way Donald the piper lad, who was apparelled in all his professional finery.

"And if ever you put wind in your pipes, you will put wind in your pipes this day, Donald," said he to the red-haired lad. "And I will tell you now what you will play when you come ashore from the steamer: it is 'The Farewell to Chubraltar' you will play."

"'The Farewell to Gibraltar'!" said Donald peevishly, for he was bound in honor to let no man interfere with his proper business. "It is a better march than that I will play, Hamish. It is 'The Heights of Alma,' that was made by Mr. Ross, the queen's own piper; and will you tell me that 'The Heights of Alma' is not a better march than 'The Farewell to Gibraltar'?"

Hamish pretended to pay no heed to this impertinent boy. His eye was fixed on a distant black speck that was becoming more and more pronounced out there amid the grays and greens of the windy and sunlit sea. Occasionally it disappeared altogether, as a cloud of rain swept across toward the giant cliffs of Mull, and then again it would appear, sharper and blacker than ever, while the masts and funnel were now visible as well as the hull. When Donald and his companion got down to the quay, they found the men already in the big boat, getting ready to hoist the huge brown lug-sail; and there was a good deal of laughing and talking going on, perhaps in anticipation of the dram they were sure to get when their master returned to Castle Dare. Donald jumped down on the rude stone ballast, and made his way up to the bow; Hamish, who remained on shore, helped to shove her off; then the heavy lug-sail was quickly hoisted, the sheet hauled tight; and presently the broad-beamed boat was ploughing its way through the rushing seas, with an occasional cloud of spray coming right over her from stem to stern. "*Fhir a bhata,*" the men sung, until Donald struck in with his pipes, and the wild skirl of "The Barren Rocks of Aden" was a fitter sort of music to go with those sweeping winds and plunging seas.

And now we will board the steamer, where Keith Macleod is up on the bridge, occasionally using a glass, and again talking to the captain, who is beside him. First of all on board he had caught sight of the red flag floating over Castle Dare; and his heart had leaped up at that sign of welcome. Then he could make out the dark figures on the quay, the hoisting of the lug-sail, and the putting off of the boat. It was not a good day for observing things; for heavy clouds were quickly passing over, followed by bewildering gleams of a sort of watery sunlight; but as it happened one of these sudden flashes chanced to light up a small plateau on the side of the hill above the quay, just as the glass was directed on that point. Surely — surely — these two figures?

"Why, it is the mother — and Janet!" he cried.

He hastily gave the glass to his companion.

"Look!" said he. "Don't you think that is Lady Macleod and my cousin? What could have tempted the old lady to come away down there on such a squally day?"

"Oh yes, I think it is the ladies," said the captain; and then he added, with a friendly smile, "and I think it is to see you all the sooner, Sir Keith, that they have come down to the shore."

"Then," said he, "I must go down and get my gillie, and show him his future home."

He went below the hurricane deck to a corner in which Oscar was chained up. Beside the dog, sitting on a camp-stool, and wrapped round with a tartan plaid, was the person whom Macleod had doubtless referred to as his gillie. He was not a distinguished-looking attendant to be travelling with a Highland chieftain.

"Johnny, my man, come on deck now, and I will show you where you are going to live. You're all right now, aren't you? And you will be on the solid land again in about ten minutes."

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Macleod's gillie rose — or rather, got down — from the camp-stool, and showed himself to be a miserable, emaciated child of ten or eleven, with a perfectly colorless face, frightened gray eyes, and starved white hands. The contrast between the bronzed and bearded sailors — who were now hurrying about to receive the boat from Dare — and this pallid and shrunken scrap of humanity was striking; and when Macleod took his hand, and half led and half carried him up on deck, the look of terror that he directed on the plunging waters all around showed that he had not had much experience of the sea. Involuntarily he had grasped hold of Macleod's coat as if for protection.

"Now, Johnny, look right ahead. Do you see the big house on the cliffs over yonder?"

The child, still clinging on to his protector, looked all round with the dull, pale eyes, and at length said,—

"No."

"Can't you see that house, poor chap? Well, do you see that boat over there? You must be able to see that."

"Yes, sir."

"That boat is to take you ashore. You needn't be afraid. If you don't like to look at the sea, get down into the bottom of the boat, and take Oscar with you, and you'll see nothing until you are ashore. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come along, then."

For now the wild skirl of Donald's pipes was plainly audible; and the various packages — the new rifle, the wooden case containing the wonderful dresses for Lady Macleod and her niece, and what not — were all ranged ready; to say nothing of some loaves of white bread that the steward was sending ashore at Hamish's request. And then the heaving boat came close to her, her sail hauled down; and a rope was thrown and caught; and then there was a hazardous scrambling down the dripping iron steps, and a notable spring on the part of Oscar, who had escaped from the hands of the sailors. As for the new gillie, he resembled nothing so much as a limp bunch of clothes, as Macleod's men, wondering not a little, caught him up and passed him astern. Then the rope was thrown off, the steamer steamed slowly ahead, the lug-sail was run up again, and away the boat plunged for the shore, with Donald playing "The Heights of Alma" as though he would rend the skies.

"Hold your noise, Donald!" his master called to him. "You will have plenty of time to play the pipes in the evening."

For he was greatly delighted to be among his own people again; and he was eager in his questions of the men as to all that had happened in his absence; and it was no small thing to them that Sir Keith Macleod should remember their affairs, too, and ask after their families and friends. Donald's loyalty was stronger than his professional pride. He was not offended that he had been silenced; he only bottled up his musical fervor all the more; and at length, as he neared the land, and knew that Lady Macleod and Miss Macleod were within hearing, he took it that he knew better than any one else what was proper to the occasion, and once more the proud and stirring march strove with the sound of the hurrying waves. Nor was that all. The piper lad was doing his best. Never before had he put such fire into his work; but as they got close inshore the joy in his heart got altogether the mastery of him, and away he broke into the mad delight of "Lady Mary Ramsay's Reel." Hamish on the quay heard, and he strutted about as if he were himself playing, and that before the queen. And then he heard another sound — that of Macleod's voice.

"*Stand by, lads! . . . Down with her!*" — and the flapping sail, with its swinging gaff, rattled down into the boat. At the same moment Oscar made a clean spring into the water, gained the landing-steps, and dashed upward — dripping as he was — to two ladies who were standing on the quay above. And Janet Macleod so far forgot what was due to her best gown that she caught his head in her arms, as he pawed and whined with delight.

That was a glad enough party that started off and up the hillside for Castle Dare. Janet Macleod did not care to conceal that she had been crying a little bit; and there were proud tears in the eyes of the stately old dame who walked with her; but the most excited of all was Hamish, who could by no means be got to understand that his master did not all at once want to hear about the trial of the young setters, and the price of the sheep sold the week before at Tobermory, and the stag that was chased by the Carsaig men on Tuesday.

"Confound it, Hamish," Macleod said, laughing, "leave all those things till after dinner."

"Oh ay, oh ay, Sir Keith, we will hef plenty of time after dinner," said Hamish, just as if he were one of the party, but very nervously working with the ends of his thumbs all the time, "and I will tell

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you of the fine big stag that has been coming down every night — every night, as I am a living man — to Mrs. Murdoch's corn; and I wass saying to her, 'Just hold your tongue, Mrs. Murdoch' — that wass what I will say to her — 'just hold your tongue, Mrs. Murdoch, and be a civil woman, for a day or two days, and when Sir Keith comes home it iss no more at all the stag will trouble you — oh no, no more at all; there will be no more trouble about the stag when Sir Keith comes home.'"

And old Hamish laughed at his own wit, but it was in a sort of excited way.

"Look here, Hamish, I want you to do this for me," Macleod said; and instantly the face of the old man — it was a fine face, too, with its aquiline nose, and grizzled hair, and keen hawk-like eyes — was full of an eager attention. "Go back and fetch that little boy I left with Donald. You had better look after him yourself. I don't think any water came over him; but give him dry clothes if he is wet at all. And feed him up: the little beggar will take a lot of fattening without any harm."

"Where is he to go to?" said Hamish doubtfully.

"You are to make a keeper of him. When you have fattened him up a bit, teach him to feed the dogs. When he gets bigger, he can clean the guns."

"I will let no man or boy clean the guns for you but myself, Sir Keith," the old man said, quite simply, and without a shadow of disrespect. "I will hef no risk of the kind."

"Very well, then; but go and get the boy, and make him at home as much as you can. Feed him up."

"Who is it, Keith," his cousin said, "that you are speaking of as if he was a sheep or a calf?"

"Faith," said he, laughing, "if the philanthropists heard of it, they would prosecute me for slave-stealing. I bought the boy — for a sovereign."

"I think you have made a bad bargain, Keith," his mother said; but she was quite prepared to hear of some absurd whim of his.

"Well," said he, "I was going into Trafalgar Square, where the National Gallery of pictures is, mother, and there is a cab-stand in the street, and there was a cabman standing there, munching at a lump of dry bread that he cut with a jack-knife. I never saw a cabman do that before; I should have been less surprised if he had been having a chicken and a bottle of port. However, in front of this big cabman this little chap I have brought with me was standing; quite in rags; no shoes on his feet, no cap on his wild hair; and he was looking fixedly at the big lump of bread. I never saw any animal look so starved and so hungry; his eyes were quite glazed with the fascination of seeing the man ploughing away at this lump of loaf. And I never saw any child so thin. His hands were like the claws of a bird; and his trousers were short and torn so that you could see his legs were like two pipe-stems. At last the cabman saw him. 'Get out o' the way,' says he. The little chap slunk off, frightened, I suppose. Then the man changed his mind. 'Come here,' says he. But the little chap was frightened, and wouldn't come back; so he went after him, and thrust the loaf into his hand, and bade him be off. I can tell you the way he went into that loaf was very fine to see. It was like a weasel at the neck of a rabbit. It was like an otter at the back of a salmon. And that was how I made his acquaintance," Macleod added carelessly.

"But you have not told us why you brought him up here," his mother said.

"Oh," said he, with a sort of laugh, "I was looking at him, and I wondered whether Highland mutton and Highland air would make any difference in the wretched little skeleton; and so I made his acquaintance. I went home with him to a fearful place — I have got the address, but I did not know there were such quarters in London — and I saw his mother. The poor woman was very ill, and she had a lot of children; and she seemed quite glad when I offered to take this one and make a herd or a gamekeeper of him. I promised he should go to visit her once a year, that she might see whether there was any difference. And I gave her a sovereign."

"You were quite right, Keith," his cousin said gravely; "you run a great risk. Do they hang slavers?"

"Mother," said he, for by this time the ladies were standing still, so that Hamish and the new gillie should overtake them, "you mustn't laugh at the little chap when you see him with the plaid taken off. The fact is, I took him to a shop in the neighborhood to get some clothes for him, but I couldn't get anything small enough. He *does* look ridiculous; but you mustn't laugh at him, for he is like a girl for sensitiveness. But when he has been fed up a bit, and got some Highland air into his lungs, his own mother won't know him. And you will get him some other clothes, Janet — some kilts, maybe — when his legs get stronger."

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Whatever Keith Macleod did was sure to be right in his mother's eyes; and she only said, with a laugh, —

"Well, Keith, you are not like your brothers. When they brought me home presents, it was pretty things; but all your curiosities, wherever you go, are the halt and the lame and the blind, so that the people laugh at you, and say that Castle Dare is becoming the hospital of Mull."

"Mother, I don't care what the people say."

"And indeed I know that," she answered.

Their waiting had allowed Hamish and the new gillie to overtake them, and certainly the latter — deprived of his plaid — presented a sufficiently ridiculous appearance in the trousers and jacket that were obviously too big for him. But neither Lady Macleod nor Janet laughed at all when they saw this starved London waif before them.

"Johnny," said Macleod, "here are two ladies who will be very kind to you, so you needn't be afraid to live here."

But Johnny did look mortally afraid, and instinctively once more took hold of Macleod's coat. Then he seemed to have some notion of his duty. He drew back one foot and made a sort of curtsy. Probably he had seen girls do this, in mock-heroic fashion, in some London court.

"And are you very tired?" said Janet Macleod, in that soft voice of hers that all children loved.

"Yes," said the child.

"Kott bless me," cried Hamish, "I did not know that!" — and therewith the old man caught up Johnny Wickes as if he had been a bit of ribbon, and flung him on to his shoulder, and marched off to Castle Dare.

Then the three Macleods continued on their way — through the damp-smelling fir wood; over the bridge that spanned the brawling brook; again through the fir wood; until they reached the open space surrounding the big stone house. They stood for a minute there — high over the great plain of the sea, that was beautiful with a thousand tints of light. And there was the green island of Ulva, and there the darker rocks of Colonsay, and further out, amid the windy vapor and sunlight, Lunga, and Fladda, and the Dutchman's Cap, changing in their hue every minute as the clouds came driving over the sea.

"Mother," said he, "I have not tasted fresh air since I left. I am not sorry to get back to Dare."

"And I don't think we are sorry to see you back, Keith," his cousin said modestly.

And yet the manner of his welcome was not imposing; they are not very good at grand ceremonies on the western shores of Mull. It is true that Donald, relieved of the care of Johnny Wickes, had sped by a short cut through the fir wood, and was now standing in the gravelled space outside the house, playing "The Heights of Alma" with a spirit worthy of all the MacCruimins that ever lived. But as for the ceremony of welcome, this was all there was of it. When Keith Macleod went up to the hall door, he found a small girl of five or six standing quite by herself at the open entrance. This was Christina, the granddaughter of Hamish, a pretty little girl with wide blue eyes and yellow hair.

"Hallo, Christina," said Macleod, "won't you let me into the house?"

"This is for you, Sir Keith," said she, in the Gaelic, and she presented him with a beautiful bunch of white heather. Now white heather, in that part of the country, is known to bring great good fortune to the possessor of it.

"And it is a good omen," said he, lightly, as he took the child up and kissed her. And that was the manner of his welcome to Castle Dare.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT HOME.

THE two women-folk, with whom he was most nearly brought into contact, were quite convinced that his stay in London had in no wise altered the buoyant humor and brisk activity of Keith Macleod. Castle Dare awoke into a new life on his return. He was all about and over the place, accompanied by the faithful Hamish; and he had a friendly word and smile for every one he met. He was a good master: perhaps he was none the less liked because it was pretty well understood that he meant to be master. His good-nature had nothing of weakness in it. "If you love me, I love you," says the Gaelic proverb; "*otherwise do not come near me.*" There was not a man or lad about the place who would not have adventured his life for Macleod; but all the same they were well aware that the handsome young master, who seemed to go through life with a merry laugh on his face, was not one to be trifled with. This John Fraser, an Aberdeen man, discovered

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on the second night after Macleod's return to Castle Dare.

Macleod had the salmon-fishing on this part of the coast, and had a boat's crew of four men engaged in the work. One of these having fallen sick, Hamish had to hire a new hand, an Aberdeenshire man, who joined the crew just before Macleod's departure from London. This Fraser turned out to be a "dour" man; and his discontent and grumbling seemed to be affecting the others, so that the domestic peace of Dare was threatened. On the night in question old Hamish came into Macleod's conjoint library and gun-room.

"The fishermen hef been asking me again, sir," observed Hamish, with his cap in his hand. "What will I say to them?"

"Oh, about the wages?" Macleod said, turning round.

"Ay, sir."

"Well, Hamish, I don't object. Tell them that what they say is right. This year has been a very good year; we have made some money; I will give them the two shillings a week more if they like. But then, look here, Hamish. If they have their wages raised in a good year, they must have them lowered in a bad year. They cannot expect to share the profit without sharing the loss too. Do you understand that, Hamish?"

"Yes, Sir Keith, I think I do."

"Do you think you could put it into good Gaelic for them?"

"Oh, ay."

"Then tell them to choose for themselves. But make it clear."

"Ay, Sir Keith," said Hamish. "And if it was not for that —— man, John Fraser, there would be no word of this thing. And there is another thing I will hef to speak to you about, Sir Keith; and it is John Fraser, too, who is at the bottom of this, I will know that fine. It is more than two or three times that you will warn the men not to bathe in the bay below the castle; and not for many a day will any one do that, for the Cave Bay it is not more as half a mile away. And when you you were in London, Sir Keith, it was this man John Fraser he would bathe in the bay below the castle in the morning, and he got one or two of the others to join him; and when I bade him go away, he will say that the sea belongs to no man. And this morning, too ——"

"This morning!" Macleod said, jumping to his feet. There was an angry flash in his eyes.

"Ay, sir, this very morning I saw two of them myself — and John Fraser he was one of them — and I went down and said to them, 'It will be a bad day for you, says I to them, 'if Sir Keith will find you in this bay.'"

"Are they down at the quay now?" Macleod said.

"Ay, they will be in the house now."

"Come along with me, Hamish. I think we will put this right."

He lifted his cap and went out into the cool night air, followed by Hamish. They passed through the dark fir wood until they came in sight of the Atlantic again, which was smooth enough to show the troubled reflection of the bigger stars. They went down the hillside until they were close to the shore, and then they followed the rough path to the quay. The door of the square stone building was open; the men were seated on rude stools or on spare coils of rope, smoking. Macleod called them out, and they came to the door.

"Now look here, boys," said he, "you know I will not allow any man to bathe in the bay before the house. I told you before; I tell you now for the last time. They that want to bathe can go along to the Cave Bay; and the end of it is this — and there will be no more words about it — that the first man I catch in the bay before the house I will take a horsewhip to him, and he will have as good a run as ever he had in his life."

With that he was turning away, when he heard one of the men mutter, "*I would like to see you do it.*" He wheeled round instantly — and if some of his London friends could have seen the look of his face at this moment, they might have altered their opinion about the obliteration of certain qualities from the temperament of the Highlanders of our own day.

"Who said that?" he exclaimed.

There was no answer.

"Come out here, you four men!" he said. "Stand in a line there. Now let the man who said that step out and face me. I will show him who is to be master here. If he thinks he can master me, well; but it is one or the other of us who will be master!"

There was not a sound or a motion; but Macleod suddenly sprang forward, caught the man Fraser by the throat, and shook him thrice — as he might have shaken a reed.

"You scoundrel!" he said. "You coward!" Are you afraid to own it was you? There has been nothing but bad feeling since ever you brought your ugly face

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among us — well, we've had enough of you!"

He flung him back.

"Hamish," said he, "you will pay this man his month's wages to-night. Pack him off with the Gometra men in the morning; they will take him out to the 'Pioneer.' And look you here, sir," he added, turning to Fraser, "it will be a bad day for you the day that I see your face again anywhere about Castle Dare."

He walked off and up to the house again, followed by the reluctant Hamish. Hamish had spoken of this matter only that Macleod should give the men a renewed warning; he had no notion that this act of vengeance would be the result. And where were they to get a man to put in Fraser's place?

It was about an hour later that Hamish again came into the room.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said he, "but the men are outside."

"I cannot see them."

"They are ferry sorry, sir, about the whole matter, and there will be no more bathing in the front of the house, and the man Fraser they hef brought him up to say he is ferry sorry too."

"They have brought him up?"

"Ay, sir," said Hamish, with a grave smile. "It was for fighting him they were one after the other because he will make a bad speech to you; and he could not fight three men one after the other; and so they hef made him come up to say he is ferry sorry too; and will you let him stay on to the end of the season?"

"No. Tell the men that if they will behave themselves, we can go on as we did before, in peace and friendliness; but I mean to be master in this place. And I will not have a sulky fellow like this Fraser stirring up quarrels. He must pack and be off."

"It will not be easy to get another man, Sir Keith," old Hamish ventured to say.

"Get Sandy over from the 'Umpire.'"

"But surely you will want the yacht, sir, when Mr. Ogilvie comes to Dare?"

"I tell you, Hamish, that I will not have that fellow about the place. That is an end of it. Did you think it was only a threat that I meant? And have you not heard the old saying that 'one does not apply plaster to a threat'? You will send him to Gometra in the morning in time for the boat."

And so the sentence of banishment was confirmed; and Hamish got a young fellow from Ulva to take the place of Fraser; and from that time to the end of the fishing season perfect peace and harmony prevailed between master and men.

But if Lady Macleod and Janet saw no change whatever in Macleod's manner after his return from the south, Hamish, who was more alone with the young man, did. Why this strange indifference to the very occupations that used to be the chief interest of his life? He would not go out after the deer: the velvet would be on their horns yet. He would not go out after the grouse: what was the use of disturbing them before Mr. Ogilvie came up?

"I am in no hurry," he said, almost petulantly. "Shall I not have to be here the whole winter for the shooting?" — and Hamish was amazed to hear him talk of the winter shooting as some compulsory duty, whereas in these parts it far exceeded in variety and interest the very limited low-ground shooting of the autumn. Until young Ogilvie came up, Macleod never had a gun in his hand. He had gone fishing two or three days; but had generally ended by surrendering his rod to Hamish, and going for a walk up the glen, alone. The only thing he seemed to care about, in the way of out-of-door occupation, was the procuring of otter-skins; and every man and boy in his service was ordered to keep a sharp look-out on that stormy coast for the prince of fur-bearing animals. Years before he had got enough skins together for a jacket for his cousin Janet; and that garment of beautiful thick black fur — dyed black, of course — was as silken and rich as when it was made. Why should he forget his own theory of letting all animals have a chance in urging a war of extermination against the otter?

This preoccupation of mind, of which Hamish was alone observant, was nearly inflicting a cruel injury on Hamish himself. On the morning of the day on which Ogilvie was expected to arrive, Hamish went into his master's library. Macleod had been reading a book, but he had pushed it aside, and now both his elbows were on the table, and he was leaning his head on his hands, apparently in deep meditation of some kind or other.

"Will I tek the bandage off Nell's foot now, sir?"

"Oh yes, if you like. You know as much as I do about it."

"Oh, I am quite sure," said Hamish brightly, "that she will do ferry well tomorrow. I will tek her whatever; and I can send her home if it is too much for her."

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Macleod took up his book again.

"Very well, Hamish. But you have plenty to do about the house. Duncan and Sandy can go with us to-morrow."

The old man started and looked at his master for a second. Then he said, "Ferry well, sir," in a low voice, and left the room.

But for the hurt and the wounded and the sorrowful there was always one refuge of consolation in Castle Dare. Hamish went straight to Janet Macleod; and she was astonished to see the emotion of which the keen, hard, handsome face of the old man was capable. Who before had ever seen tears in the eyes of Hamish MacIntyre?

"And perhaps it is so," said Hamish, with his head hanging down, "and perhaps it is that I am an old man now, and not able any more to go up to the hills; but if I am not able for that, I am not able for anything; and I will not ask Sir Keith to keep me about the house, or about the yacht. It is younger men will do better as me; and I can go away to Greenock; and if it is an old man I am, maybe I will find a place in a smack, for all that ——"

"Oh, nonsense, Hamish," Janet Macleod said, with her kindly eyes bent on him. "You may be sure Sir Keith did not mean any thing like that ——"

"Ay, mem," said the old man proudly, "and who wass it that first put a gun into his hand; and who wass it skinned the ferry first seal that he shot in Loch Scridain; and who wass it told him the name of every spar and sheet of the 'Umpire,' and showed him how to hold a tiller? And if there is any man knows more as me about the birds and the deer, that is right — let him go out; but it is the first day I hef not been out with Sir Keith since ever I wass at Castle Dare; and now it is time that I am going away; for I am an old man; and the younger men they will be better on the hills, and in the yacht too. But I can make my living whatever."

"Hamish, you are speaking like a foolish man," said Janet Macleod to him. "You will wait here now till I go to Sir Keith."

She went to him.

"Keith," said she, "do you know that you have nearly broken old Hamish's heart?"

"What is the matter?" said he, looking up in wonder.

"He says you have told him he is not to go out to the shooting with you to-morrow; and that is the first time he has been superseded; and he takes it that you think he is an old man; and he talks of going away to Greenock to join a smack."

"Oh, nonsense," Macleod said. "I was not thinking when I told him. He may come with us if he likes. At the same time, Janet, I should think Norman Ogilvie will laugh at seeing the butler come out as a keeper."

"You know quite well, Keith," said his cousin, "that Hamish is no more a butler than he is captain of the 'Umpire' or clerk of the accounts. Hamish is simply everybody and everything at Castle Dare. And if you speak of Norman Ogilvie — well, I think it would be more like yourself, Keith, to consult the feelings of an old man rather than the opinions of a young one."

"You are always on the right side, Janet. Tell Hamish I am very sorry. I meant him no disrespect. And he may call me at one in the morning if he likes. He never looked on me but as a bit of his various machinery for killing things."

"That is not fair of you, Keith. Old Hamish would give his right hand to save you the scratch of a thorn."

She went off to cheer the old man, and he turned to his book. But it was not to read it; it was only to stare at the outside of it in an absent sort of way. The fact is, he had found in it the story of a young aide-de-camp who was intrusted with a message to a distant part of the field while a battle was going forward, and who in mere bravado rode across a part of the ground open to the enemy's fire. He came back laughing. He had been hit, he confessed, but he had escaped; and he carelessly shook a drop or two of blood from a flesh wound on his hand. Suddenly, however, he turned pale, wavered a little, and then fell forward on his horse's neck, a corpse.

Macleod was thinking about this story rather gloomily. But at last he got up with a more cheerful air, and seized his cap.

"And if it is my death-wound I have got," he was thinking to himself, as he set out for the boat that was waiting for him at the shore, "I will not cry out too soon."

From The Contemporary Review.

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

Mr. Froude's appearance on the field of mediæval history will hardly be matter of rejoicing to those who have made medi-

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æval history one of the chief studies of their lives. They cannot welcome him as a partner in their labors, as a fellow-worker in the cause of historic truth. On the other hand they cannot afford to pass by his appearance without notice. He cannot be treated as one of the crowd of blunderers who may be left to perish of their own insignificance. Mr. Froude has a name and a following. What he writes will be read by many and will be believed by some. Even if he were now beginning as an unknown writer, he would be sure of a more attentive and favorable hearing than falls to the lot of most unknown writers. His style is admired by many, and it undoubtedly has its merits. When Mr. Froude can keep himself both from metaphors and from vulgarisms, he knows how to tell a story clearly and attractively. It would be a pleasure to read a narrative by Mr. Froude about times, places, and persons of which one had never heard before, among which there would therefore be no means of judging whether his statements were accurate or inaccurate. In such a case the critical faculty would slumber, and we might simply enjoy what we might be sure would supply much for us to enjoy. And there can be little doubt that there are many with whom the influence of Mr. Froude's style goes very much further than this. His way of writing is eminently fitted to impose on those who have not the means of judging for themselves. When Mr. Froude is most inaccurate, when he is most thoroughly ignorant of the subject on which he writes, he still writes with an air of quiet confidence which is likely to take in all whose own studies have not qualified them to answer him. It is because the air of confidence is so quiet that it is so dangerous. As a rule, those who write on subjects which they have not mastered betray their lack of mastery in their manner. But there is nothing in Mr. Froude's manner to suggest either lack of knowledge or unfair treatment of materials. Never surely did a false prophet succeed so thoroughly in putting on the outward garb of the true. There can be no doubt that many who read in perfect good faith and with a sincere desire of knowledge are led away by this singular appearance of knowledge and fairness where both are in truth absent. Still it is lucky that, even when Mr. Froude is most plausible, he is almost sure to let something out to startle the reader who reads in good faith, however small may be his amount of critical knowledge. Many were doubtless tempted to accept Mr. Froude's new theory of Henry the Eighth,—a theory which Hallam so vigorously demolished beforehand,—who drew back when they were asked to believe that Henry beheaded Anne one day and married Jane the next from no motive but the severest sense of public duty. So Mr. Froude, in his present attempt to paint the picture of the great men of the twelfth century, puts on the outward garb of one who has read and tested his materials, and has come to a critical judgment on what he has read and tested. But he happily leaves a little cranny open which enables us to look within. The very first words of Mr. Froude's "Life and Times of Thomas Becket"* are enough to show us that the seeming historical inquiry is really designed as a manifesto against a theological party which once numbered its author among its members. To those who know the whole literature of the subject, it has a look more unpleasant still. Those whose study of twelfth-century history goes back to times when those who are now in their second half-century were young, will not fail to remember a time when the name of Froude reminded them of another, an earlier, and I have no hesitation in saying a worthier, treatment of the same subject. And some of those who go back so far may be tempted to think that natural kindliness, if no other feeling, might have kept back the fiercest of partisans from ignoring the honest work of a long-deceased brother, and from dealing stabs in the dark at a brother's almost forgotten fame.

Of the historical work of the elder Froude with regard to the great controversy of the reign of Henry the Second I shall have a few words to say presently. I am as yet concerned rather with the relation of the younger bearer of that name to the reign of Henry the Second and to mediæval history generally. Mr. J. A. Froude has mainly confined himself to later periods of English history; in one of his works he has dealt with times which a few living men can still remember. He has appeared as the apologist of Henry the Eighth, and as the apologist of Flogging Fitzgerald. The way in which he has treated his subjects has been commonly such as now and then to suggest the thought that the whole thing is an elaborate joke. The thought will force itself upon the mind that Mr. Froude is simply laughing at his readers, and trying to see what amount of paradox they may

* *Nineteenth Century*, June, 1877, p. 548.

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be made to swallow. That any man could venture, in a civilized, not to say in a Christian, community, to put forth some of the moral theories which Mr. Froude puts forth, to defend some of the acts which Mr. Froude defends, might indeed seem beyond human belief. Yet some very astounding performances in this line are no more than might be looked for from one who turned from legendary hagiography to write "Shadows of the Clouds" and "The Nemesis of Faith." On purely moral points there is no need for me now to enlarge; every man who knows right from wrong ought to be able to see through the web of ingenious sophistry which tries to justify the slaughter of More and Fisher. Still the apologist of King Harry has hardly done the best that might be done for his own hero. Mr. Froude's flattering picture comes hardly nearer to the real man than the vulgar Bluebeard portrait of which he very rightly complains. Both pictures alike slur over the distinguishing lines in a character which is in truth a most singular moral study. In Mr. Froude's lofty contempt for ecclesiastical details he perhaps hardly thought it a fact worthy of his attention that Henry the Eighth himself drew up the statutes of some of the cathedral churches which he refounded, that he drew them up with his own hand, and that the statutes so drawn up breathe a spirit worthy of the most pious founders on record. That this same man had robbed those very churches of their most sacred treasures, that he had squandered and gambled away all that men before his time had agreed to respect, that his hand had been stretched out to lay waste and to spoil the very resting-places of the dead, seems at first one of the strangest of moral contradictions. Yet both are parts of a strangely mixed character, the character of a tyrant the form of whose tyranny has no exact parallel elsewhere. Mr. Froude's belief that Henry married Jane Seymour as "an indifferent official act," which he went through for the good of the nation, quite wipes out the peculiar character of Henry's tyranny with regard to his marriages as with regard to anything else. A tyrant who was determined to have his own will in all things, but who always strove to find something like legal sanction for the gratification of his own will, was specially ingenious in finding out pretexts which gave some kind of legal sanction to his divorces, beheadings, and remarriages. We can well believe that when Henry had beheaded Anne and married Jane, he returned thanks that he had reformed his "old and detestable life," that he was no longer an adulterer as other kings were, not even as his friend and brother, Francis of France. A character like this deserved drawing in its minutest lights and shadows; but all its characteristic features have been daubed out by the indiscriminate apology of Mr. Froude. From the purely artistic point of view, it is to be regretted that so remarkable a specimen of human nature has not had better justice done to it. From the point of view of historic and of moral truth, it is to be regretted that a portrait so wide of the reality should be accepted as genuine. It is still more to be regretted, if any have been found at once to accept Mr. Froude's statement of Henry's acts and to accept his judgment upon them.

Mr. Froude, it may be remembered, made his first appearance as a writer on historical subjects — for his contribution to the "Lives of the Saints" can hardly be looked on as history — in a paper in one of the volumes of "Oxford Essays," which deservedly drew to itself much attention, and in which truth and error were mingled in a remarkable way. Mr. Froude's main proposition was that English history ought to be studied in the statute-book. Taken with some qualifications, the profession is a thoroughly true one. It is perfectly true that many readers and writers of history have devoted themselves to personal matters, or at the most to battles and negotiations, and have left legislation and all that legislation touches too much in the background. Mr. Froude did really good service by calling attention to the necessity of giving to the internal legislation of any country at least as prominent a part in its history as any of those aspects of the story by which internal legislation has often been overshadowed. But, in putting forth this really important truth, Mr. Froude was led into two errors. One of these lurks in the word "statute-book." If we are allowed to extend the meaning of the word "statute-book" so as to take in our earliest written "dooms," and our scattered notices of laws and institutions yet older than our earliest written "dooms," then we may fully admit that the statute-book is the true text-book of English history. Still the use of the phrase "statute-book" might seem to imply a somewhat modern way of looking at things; it might seem to imply that the study of the laws and history of England could safely begin at some arbitrary point later than their beginning. And while Mr. Froude did right

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in claiming for acts of Parliament and for other public documents their due value among the sources of history, he went further, and seemed to claim for them a kind of infallibility which the lawyers themselves do not venture to assert. It is, I believe, an acknowledged legal rule that the preamble of an act of Parliament need not be received as of any binding force. Mr. Froude seems to think otherwise. He seems to look on the statements of motives and causes set forth in any public document as being of necessity the real motives and causes. On this point Gibbon and Sismondi held quite another view from Mr. Froude.* Acts of Parliament, proclamations, public documents of every kind, have indeed their use; but it is not the particular use which was claimed for them by Mr. Froude. The motives which are set forth in a public proclamation are by no means necessarily the real motives of the potentate who puts forth the proclamation. But they have their historical value none the less. For it is often important to know, not only by what motives a man really acted, but by what motives he wished that others should believe that he acted. Now these two forms of error, which disfigured an argument which was highly ingenious and to a great extent true, are both of them worth studying, because they point to one great cause of error in Mr. Froude's writings. They are exactly the errors of a novice; they are the errors of a man who had taken up historical writing and historical study in the middle instead of at the beginning. Mr. Froude had clear-sightedness enough to see at a glance the importance of documentary evidence. But the conviction had to him something of the charm of a discovery; an official proclamation, judgment, assertion of any kind, became in his eyes clothed with a kind of sacred character, before which the ordinary rules of morals and the ordinary rules of historical evidence had to give way. All this could hardly have happened to one who had made history the study of his life. But Mr. Froude, by his own statement, had not made history the study of his life. Nor was he, like Mr. Finlay, led to the study of the past because he saw that no otherwise could he find the key to what he saw around him in the present.

* I am unavoidably writing without the means of reference to books, except such as I have brought with me for the express purpose in hand. But I have discussed Mr. Froude's way of treating documents, and quoted the passages from Sismondi and Gibbon, in an article in the *Fortnightly Review* (No. 57, September, 1871) on "The Use of Historical Documents."

Mr. Froude, in that singular confession which he once published,* explained that he took to the writing of English history chiefly because he had nothing else to do. The consequence naturally was that he rushed at a particular period without any preparation from the study of earlier periods. No one who really knows English history can fail to see in almost every page of Mr. Froude's account of Henry the Eighth signs of imperfect knowledge of the days before Henry the Eighth. This fault mends itself to some extent as he goes on; but its effects can never be fully got rid of. Constant inaccuracy of reference and quotation betray the man who has begun to write without having gone through any thorough discipline of reading. Endless displays of ignorance on points of detail bear the same witness. The man who insisted on the statute-book being the text-book of English history showed that he had never heard of *peine forte et dure* and had no clear notion of the nature of a bill of attainder. A crowd of mistakes on ecclesiastical and foreign points have been pointed out by Mr. Froude's reviewers. And there is one point in which Mr. Froude shows a striking contrast to Lord Macaulay. One of the best points in Lord Macaulay's history is the vivid way in which he brings before his readers the past history and present state of every place which witnessed any event of importance in his story. Lord Macaulay clearly made it his business to see with his own eyes the places of which he had to speak. Mr. Froude seems never to have done anything of the kind. He can vividly describe a place which he has seen; but it is plain that a large part of the places which figure in his story he has never seen. Take the story of the martyrdom of Hooper. As far as personal incident goes, Mr. Froude tells his story well; but Lord Macaulay would have added a vivid picture of Gloucester city in its transition state, when the abbey had so lately become the cathedral church. In Mr. Froude's hands the story, full of personal life, is utterly without that local life which it would certainly have received at the hands of Lord Macaulay.

But, besides all this, Mr. Froude's treatment of later times displays one characteristic which goes yet further than all these to disqualify him for treating any subject of mediæval history. This is his fanatical hatred towards the English

* It appeared in a fly-leaf of "The English in Ireland."

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Church at all times and under all characters. Reformed or unreformed, it is all the same; be it the Church of Dunstan, of Anselm, or of Arundel, of Parker, of Laud, or of Tillotson, it is all one to Mr. Froude. It is a hatred compared to which I should think that the enmity of any Nonconformist, religious or political, must be a lukewarm feeling. It certainly surpasses anything into which an ordinary layman can throw himself even dramatically. It is, I should guess, a degree of hatred which must be peculiar to those who have entered her ministry and forsaken it, perhaps peculiar to the one man who first wrote "Lives of the Saints" and then "Shadows of the Clouds." How deep-set and bitter Mr. Froude's anti-ecclesiastical feelings are is shown by the fact that they are consistent with the fullest artistic perception of whatever is touching and poetic in the ecclesiastical system. Mr. Froude as a writer never reaches so high a point as in several passages where he describes various scenes and features of monastic life. To do justice to a bishop or a monk is what Mr. Froude can never bring himself to; but to paint this and that poetic aspect of a bishop or a monk is what few men can do better. Hatred must be fierce indeed which is in no way softened by so remarkable a power of merely artistic appreciation. In a student of mediæval history Mr. Froude's artistic appreciation is undoubtedly no contemptible help; but it will hardly stand in the place of unswerving justice. What the mediæval Church asks from the student of mediæval history is simply justice. And justice will never be done to her either by fanatical votaries or by fanatical enemies. Mr. Froude has tried both characters; and both characters are alike incompatible with justice, incompatible with truth.

Thus prepared or unprepared, Mr. Froude has made more than one raid, as it may be called, on the history of times earlier than those with which he deals in his chief work. It is curious to mark the exactly opposite way in which his mediæval sketches have been received by those who have, and those who have not, studied the times in which Mr. Froude has ventured himself. The sketches, simply as sketches, are brilliant and effective; the only unlucky thing is that the things sketched have, for the most part, no existence except in Mr. Froude's imagination. By those who are not themselves historical students, who have not the means of testing the truth of the pictures which Mr. Froude has given them, those pictures have naturally been admired. They have been admired as a well-executed picture, good in drawing and color, may be admired by those who have not the means of knowing that it bears no likeness whatever to the scene or the buildings which it professes to represent. But historical scholars, those who have lived and made their homes in the ages in which Mr. Froude shows himself only as an occasional marauder, have passed a different judgment. These lesser writings have indeed seriously affected their estimate of Mr. Froude's greater work. They are no longer inclined to look on the defence of Henry the Eighth as a mere ingenious paradox. They are now fully convinced that, even in dealing with the relations between Henry and his wives, Mr. Froude really meant what he said. They are now disposed to set down Mr. Froude's vagaries of narrative and judgment to an inborn and incurable twist, which makes it impossible for him to make an accurate statement about any matter. They see in these lesser writings that when Mr. Froude undertakes one of the simplest of tasks, that of fairly reporting the statements made by a single writer, he cannot do it. By some destiny which it would seem that he cannot escape, instead of the narrative which he finds — at least which all other readers find — in his book, he invariably substitutes another narrative out of his own head. That Mr. Froude can hardly be called a free agent in this matter appears from the nature of the points of difference between his narratives and those of the writers whom he professes to copy. That Mr. Froude should color his story in accordance with his own ideas is not very wonderful: everybody does so more or less; Mr. Froude could hardly fail to do so a great deal. That Mr. Froude, in writing the history of a monastic house, turns everything as far as may be to the discredit of monasticism and of the ecclesiastical system generally might have been taken for granted beforehand. But it is the smallest instances which best prove a law; and the law which compels Mr. Froude to tell his story in a different way from his authority is best illustrated by those instances which are of no controversial and of little historical importance. Be the matter in hand what it may, be the interest of the story great or small, Mr. Froude finds the same necessity laid upon him. Come what may, Mr. Froude's story must not be the story in the book. If the book calls a man by one name or title, Mr.

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Froude must give him another name or title. If the book says that a thing happened in one place, Mr. Froude must say that it happened in another place. If the book says that it happened on one day of the week, Mr. Froude must say that it happened on another day. It is only on this theory of overwhelming necessity that some of Mr. Froude's astounding departures from his text can be explained. It cannot be supposed that a man who has undertaken to write any part of the history of England can be ignorant of the name of Robert Fitzwalter, marshal of the army of God and of the holy Church. Mr. Froude could not have been a free agent when, meeting with "Robertus filius *Walteri*," fully and clearly described, he changed him into "Sir Robert Fitz*william*," without any description at all. Nor can it be supposed that a man who has been fellow of Exeter College can really believe that "*prædictæ rationes*" means "shortened rations," or that "*sæcularis potestas*" means "rude policeman from London." But the necessity was upon him; as his book said one thing, Mr. Froude was bound to say something else.

Now all this opens a serious question with regard to Mr. Froude's earlier writings. In those writings Mr. Froude's narrative constantly depends on authorities which very few of us can examine and see whether they bear out the statements which Mr. Froude draws from them. Very few of us can test references to manuscripts at Simancas; it is not every one who can, at a moment's notice, test references to manuscripts much nearer home. But every man who has learned Latin can test statements which profess to be grounded on the volumes published by authority of the master of the rolls. When we find that, whenever Mr. Froude professes to tell the same story which is found in those volumes, he nine times out of ten tells us a quite different story, we are tempted to argue from the known to the unknown, and to suspect that the Simancas manuscripts stand to Mr. Froude's narrative of later times in the same relation in which the Saint Albans history stands to Mr. Froude's narrative of earlier times. The feeling is the same as when a profound inquirer into early Eastern history expects us to take his word for his knowledge of Hamite, Scythic, and Babylonish, while he shows in the course of his argument that he does not understand Greek, Latin, French, or English. It may be that the suspicion is unjust in both cases; it may be that some special guidance is afforded to walkers in rough places which is not to be looked for by those who keep in smoother roads. Still, rightly or wrongly, the thought will force itself upon the mind that the man who cannot be trusted for a single detail in a narrative where every educated man can test him is not likely to be more trustworthy in a narrative where he has the vast majority of his readers at his mercy.

Mr. Froude's present attempt at mediæval history is the third of his efforts in the same field. Their scale has grown with each attempt. He first dealt with the life of Saint Hugh of Lincoln, professing to found his story on the "*Magna Vita Sancti Hugonis*" published by Mr. Dimock in the master of the rolls' series. This monograph appeared in one of the earlier volumes of Mr. Froude's "Short Studies on Great Subjects." The last volume of that collection contains "The Annals of an English Abbey," which profess to be founded on the series of Saint Albans histories — beginning with the "*Gesta Abbatum*" of Matthew Paris — which are also published in the "Chronicles and Memorials." In both of these cases the relation between Mr. Froude's narrative and the original which he professes to copy is of the kind which has been already described. If there is any difference between the two, it is that the departures from the original narrative are far more numerous and glaring in Mr. Froude's second mediæval study than they were in the first. Mr. Froude's annals of Saint Albans are in no sense the same story as the annals of Saint Albans of the only writers to whom Mr. Froude has to go for his facts. Mr. Froude's narrative differs from the original on countless points great and small, some of which may serve for controversial purposes, while in others the departure from the original seems to be wholly arbitrary. Mr. Froude's annals are in short annals of his own devising, of which the utmost that can be said is that most of the names and many of the incidents seem to have been suggested by the original annals. The narrative was not long ago so minutely examined in one of the weekly journals that it is needless to go again through the whole of the evidence which shows the real character of Mr. Froude's imaginary history of the greatest of English abbeys. I will only once more remind the reader that this is not a case for any deep research, nor a case where there is any field for difference of opinion. It is not a case where the truth has to be got by comparing various and sometimes con-

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flicting statements. In such cases men of equal learning, equal judgment, and equal honesty may often come to different conclusions. In the Saint Albans history there is no such balancing of statements to be gone through. There is only one detailed narrative; there is nothing to confirm or to contradict its statements, except when our one source for the local history of Saint Albans comes into contact with some of our many sources for the general history of England. In all other cases we must take our story for what it is worth, and judge it by internal evidence only. It is open to Mr. Froude or to anybody else to make any objections which he may think good to its authority. But Mr. Froude makes no objections to its authority. He professes to follow it as an authentic narrative, and then gives us a quite different narrative of his own instead. And, as an instance of Mr. Froude's singular indifference to accuracy in local matters, it is plain that he wrote nearly the whole of his Saint Albans narrative in the belief that the abbey church, lately raised to cathedral rank, was a ruin like Rievaux or Tintern.

In his third undertaking Mr. Froude has ventured upon a subject of far greater importance and far greater difficulty than the life of Saint Hugh or the annals of Saint Albans Abbey. The life and times of Thomas Becket form a subject which has been surrounded with controversy from the days of Thomas to our own day. It is a subject which involves the treatment of some of the greatest questions which ever divided Western Christendom. It is a subject which involves the portraiture of some of the foremost men of our own history, and which is not dealt with in its fulness without some notice of men in other lands who were famous on a yet wider field. It is a subject which involves the examination of a state of things when causes which had been long working were bringing forth their final results; it calls for the treatment of the time when we see the issue of the Norman Conquest and of the causes which led to the Norman Conquest, and when we see that that issue was, not to turn Englishmen into Normans, but to turn Normans into Englishmen. It calls too for the treatment of that time in its œcumenical, as well as in its insular rspect. The days of the first Angevin king were days when the immediate rule, not of England but of her ruler, stretched from the Pyrenees to the Cheviots, and when his policy took in all lands from Ireland to Jerusalem. Emperors and popes, Sicilian kings and Lombard commonwealths, should be as familiar to him who would write the "Life and Times of Thomas Becket" as the text of the Constitutions of Clarendon or the relations between the sees of Canterbury and York. And the mastery of so vast a subject calls, not for the study of a single narrative, the biography of a single man, or the annals of a single monastery, but for familiarity with a whole contemporary literature. The life of Thomas Becket has to be read in a crowd of independent biographies, and yet more in the endless correspondence of himself, his friends, and his enemies. All these writings have to be carefully studied, carefully weighed, alike in their actual statements and in the coloring with which their statements are overlaid. And to master the times of Thomas Becket needs a further study of the general sources of English, and indeed of European, history. Nor is contemporary history enough either in England or elsewhere. No man can understand the twelfth century, who has not thoroughly mastered the eleventh. And no man can master the eleventh century who has not gone pretty deep into the centuries before it. A man who should begin his studies of the eleventh century in the eleventh century itself, will certainly find it a hard matter to grasp the true position either of William king of the English or of Henry emperor of the Romans.

But, beyond all this, the life and times of Thomas Becket is, of all subjects, that which should least be approached in the spirit of the fanatic or of the partisan. It is a time of controversy, of controversy from which we should, as far as may be, shut out the passions and even the memories of our own times. There are times, distant times, whose controversies are absolutely the same in principle as the controversies of our own day. Both in the earlier and the later shape of those controversies, we must do all that we can to be fair to the supporters of both sides; but we cannot help taking a side ourselves. We feel that, being what we are, we must, if we had lived in those times, have thrown in our lot with one side against the other. In the controversies of the twelfth century there is no absolute need thus to take a side. The controversies are quite unlike anything which we can conceive going on in our own times. Looking at the dispute between Henry and Thomas by the light of earlier and of later ages, we see that the cause of Henry was the right one; that is, we see that it was well that the cause of

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Henry triumphed in the long run. But we cannot feel at all certain whether, being what we are, we should, if we had lived in the days of Henry and Thomas, have taken the side of Henry or the side of Thomas. We feel that, with the same sense of right and wrong which we have now, we must, whether we had been clerk or laymen, earl or churl, have gone along with Stephen Langton and Simon of Montfort. In those controversies right is distinctly on one side and wrong is distinctly on the other. In the dispute between Henry and Thomas, we now see that right was on one side, but it would be too much to say that wrong was on the other side. Given the same sense of right and wrong which we have now, our application of it to the points at issue would most likely have varied, according as we might have been clerks or laymen, earls or churls. In estimating such a time and its actors, we ought to be specially able to throw ourselves into the position of the men of both sides, to understand how both sides felt, and fully to take in that there were wise and good men on both sides. There are those who hold that, in any dispute between a king and a bishop, the king must necessarily be right and the bishop wrong. There are others who hold that, in any such dispute, the bishop must necessarily be right and the king wrong. Some on each side go so far as instinctively to set down the king or the bishop not only as being necessarily in the wrong in the controversy, but as being necessarily an evil man in himself. Fanatics of either of these kinds can never deal fairly with the great controversy which Mr. Froude has taken in hand. If we look calmly at the matter, we shall see that both Henry and Thomas acted as, being the men that they were and placed in the position in which they were placed, they could hardly fail to have acted. We may give our sympathy to both as far as the general case of each side goes. We must refuse our sympathy to very many of the particular acts and sayings of both. Both disputants have sadly degenerated from an earlier pair of disputants in a quarrel which has many points of connection with their own. Henry the First and Anselm knew how to carry on a controversy without loss of dignity on either side, and even without breach of personal friendship. Henry the Second and Thomas had doubtless their predecessors before them as their models; but the copy was in either case very far from reproducing the better points of the original.

Such is, according to my notions, the way in which the life and times of Thomas Becket ought to be approached. And I do not fear that any one who knows what the twelfth century was, whether his view either of king or archbishop be more or less favorable than mine, will think any other way of approaching it likely to be of service to the cause of historic truth. Let us contrast Mr. Froude's way of approaching it. He is controversial, something more than controversial, from the beginning. He undertakes the study, not to throw fresh light on the history of the twelfth century, but to deal a blow at a party in the nineteenth. His first words are, —

> Among the earliest efforts of the modern sacerdotal party in the Church of England was an attempt to re-establish the memory of the martyr of Canterbury.

It is not everybody who reads this who will fully take in what is here meant. The first attempt made, within the memory of our own generation, to examine and compare the materials for the great controversy between king and primate, was made by Richard Hurrell Froude of Oriel College — the Froude of the once famous "Remains," the elder brother of the man who makes this somewhat unbrotherly reference. The elder Froude doubtless belonged to what the younger calls "the modern sacerdotal party." His wish undoubtedly was "to re-establish the memory of the martyr of Canterbury." To those with whom historic truth comes foremost, and who have no special fanaticism, sacerdotal or anti-sacerdotal, the effort of a "sacerdotal party" to re-establish the memory of Thomas of Canterbury may seem at least as worthy an object as to re-establish the memory of Flogging Fitzgerald or of King Harry himself. To re-establish the memory of Thomas is at the worst a question of words and names, and of a certain law; it does not, like the two other "re-establishments," imply the defence of any matter of wrong or wicked lewdness. And the elder Froude's history of the controversy, if undertaken with a purpose of theological partisanship, was still a piece of creditable historical work. Done forty years or so ago, it was of course not up to the level of modern criticism on the subject. But it was the beginning of modern criticism on this subject. The elder Froude is entitled, at the hands of every one who writes or reads the story of Thomas, to that measure of respectful thanks which belongs to a pioneer on any subject. As

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for his spirit of partisanship, those who stand outside the arena of all such partisanship might say that, when the elder Froude wrote, it was time that the other side should be heard in its turn. The name of "Thomas à Becket" had been so long the object of vulgar and ignorant scorn; his character and objects had been treated with such marked unfairness, even by historians of real merit, that fair play might welcome a vindication, even if it went too far the other way. Such a vindication was the object of the elder Froude: in the course of it he got rid of several prevalent errors, and made ready the way for more impartial and critical examination at the hands of others. The elder Froude did something to put one who, whatever were his objects, whatever were his errors, was still a great and heroic Englishman, in a historic place more worthy of him. At all events, he deserves better than to have his work thus sneeringly spoken of by his own younger brother: —

> And while churchmen are raising up Becket as a brazen serpent, on which the world is to look to be healed of its incredulities, the incredulous world may look with advantage at him from its own point of view, and if unconvinced that he was a saint, may still find instruction in a study of his actions and his fate.

This way of speaking may seem startling to those who know the relation between the long-deceased champion of the one side and the living champion of the other. It may cease to be startling to those who have read Mr. Froude's slenderly veiled works of fiction, and who know the key to them. But to come to more general questions, the point of view of those whose sole object is historic truth may well be different either from the point of view of "churchmen" or from that of "the incredulous world." At all events, historic truth has nothing to do with the point of view of either. From that point of view which regards historic truth alone, Thomas appears in more than one character of which Mr. Froude takes no notice. In the wider view of history, the primate and martyr may perhaps hardly claim a larger space than the Englishman of Norman descent whose career shows before all things how soon England turned her foreign conquerors and settlers into her own children. The canonized saint may, perhaps, hardly claim a larger space than the great chancellor who did more than any holder of that office to raise it to its later greatness, and who, in that office, was the right-hand man of one of our greatest kings, in bringing back peace and order after the days of anarchy. Had Thomas never become primate, martyr, and saint, he would still have been entitled to no small place in English history. Indeed, with him as with not a few characters in history, a world-wide fame of one kind has gone far to defraud him of a fame less brilliant, but perhaps more solid, of another kind. Leaving "churchmen" and "the incredulous world" to dispute about his saintship, both may perhaps "find instruction in the study of his actions" in that part of his life when he appears as the great minister of a great king.

And here I would ask leave for a word or two of a more personal kind. In approaching the life and times of Thomas Becket, I may perhaps be allowed to speak as one who cannot call himself a novice in the study of the subject. It is a subject which has been before my eyes, I might say, from my childhood. I long ago said what I had to say on the matter, in an essay which was reprinted in the first series of my collected "Historical Essays." I have since had occasion to give a summary of the tale in the last volume of the "History of the Norman Conquest." And I feel that, at both stages, I have labored, with whatever success, to extract the simple truth out of conflicting statements, and to deal fairly with the disputants on either side. I have drawn my picture of Thomas according to my light; and I suspect that I have not drawn him exactly according to the pattern either of those whom Mr. Froude calls "churchmen," or of those whom he calls "the incredulous world." That Mr. Froude has ever done me the honor to read those writings of mine I cannot venture to think. I am vain enough to believe that, if he had, he would have altered, not perhaps any expressions of opinion, but possibly some statements about plain facts. But I discern in Mr. Froude's treatment of his subject signs of a far greater lack than failure to read anything of mine. I see no sign of his having made use of the advantages which are offered in a special degree to him who studies the English history of the latter half of the twelfth century. To the popular mind, Mr. Froude probably seems to be, before all other men, the historian of Henry the Eighth; he seems to be, in those days at least, master of a domain which is thoroughly his own. It is perhaps only a scholar here and there who knows that the domain which seems to be Mr. Froude's is in truth the rightful pos-

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session of Mr. Brewer. But there is at least no doubt to whose domain the reign of Henry the Second belongs. The Angevin reigns are the immediate possession of the great master of English history. He must be a bold man who shall venture to paint King Henry and King Richard, Bishop Hugh of Puiset and Bishop William of Longchamp, in rivalry or in ignorance of the living portraits which have been given to us by Professor Stubbs. In his great prefaces, the professor has set before us the reign of Henry the Second in every aspect but one. Unhappily the master of rolls has given the special memorials of Thomas to another hand, and has thus hindered us from having the whole reign of Henry, in all its relations, dealt with by the one man who could do justice to it.* Had Professor Stubbs directly told the story of Thomas, the appearance of Mr. Froude in the same field would have been grotesque indeed. As it is, one would have thought that no man would have ventured to deal with any matter in the Angevin period without mastering the writings which make the men of the Angevin period, the state of England and Europe during the Angevin period, stand out in full life before us. But Mr. Froude's sketch of the state of things when Henry and Thomas come on the stage shows no sign of any such studies. Even where Mr. Froude does not directly misconceive everything, nothing can be more meagre than his general picture. There is not a word to show how the controversy came about, not a word to connect it with earlier controversies. Yet the reign of Henry the Second cannot be understood without going back to the reigns of William the Conqueror, of William Rufus, and of Henry the First. Mr. Froude, in his introductory sketch, has something to say about Gregory the Seventh; he has not a word to say about Anselm. Yet the position of Thomas cannot be understood without understanding the career of Anselm. Of the great work of the century, the fusion of Normans and English, that fusion of which Thomas himself is the most illustrious example, Mr. Froude clearly knows nothing. Nothing is more certain than the origin of Thomas. The idea that he was of old-English descent, the conscious champion of English nationality against the Norman, is a dream of Thierry's, which is now as thoroughly exploded as the wild legend of his Saracen mother, which Mr. Froude rejects indeed, but still seems to think worthy of discussion. Some of Thierry's kindred dreams I trust that I have myself dispelled; but this one was dispelled long ago by Dr. Giles and Mr. Robertson, following out hints given by the elder Froude. The mistake was most likely owing to the fact that Thomas was the first Englishman — in the sense of a native of England of whichever race — who rose to the metropolitan throne after the Norman Conquest. This fact might easily be so misunderstood as to represent him as having been an Englishman in the sense of being of old-English descent. The fact that, from the Conquest to the elevation of Thomas, no Archbishop of Canterbury, and not very many bishops of any see, were natives of England is in itself one of importance; but it has not the meaning which Thierry puts upon it. To Mr. Froude the fact seems to suggest nothing one way or another. But a point of far more importance in the history of Thomas and his age is the fact that Thomas himself, born in London of Norman parents, in the second decade of the twelfth century, was in all but actual descent a thorough Englishman. He has the warmest national patriotism for England, the warmest local patriotism for London. Of the feeling conventionally attributed to men of Norman descent in his age, there is not a trace in his story. There is not a word in the history of the writings of himself, his friends, or his enemies, which could suggest that Thomas was looked on by any man in the land as a stranger, or that he looked on any man in the land as other than his countryman. The importance of all these facts in forming our conception of the life, and still more of the times of Thomas Becket, can hardly be overrated. But Mr. Froude is so far from being able to make any inferences from the facts that he has not yet mastered the most elementary facts themselves. We seem to

* Let me do all justice to the editor, Mr. J. C. Robertson, who has been actually chosen for this work. On the score of minute accuracy, nothing is to be said against him. Some time back he wrote a life of Thomas, which forms a very useful summary, and in which he has cleared up several points of detail. Its fault is a sneering and carping spirit, the result, it would seem, of sheer inability to understand men of the scale of Henry and Thomas. Even local association — for Mr. Robertson is described on his title-page as a canon of Canterbury — cannot raise him to the level of his subject. But in all minute points, Mr. Robertson's hard-working accuracy is most praiseworthy. In the volumes of the "Memorials" which have already appeared, we have to thank him for a good text, well edited, to take the place of the helpless attempts of Dr. Giles. And in his prefaces he gives us many sound and useful editorial remarks. But the master hand would have given us all this, and much more. The whole materials for the Angevin reigns from the hands of the editor of Benedict and Roger of Howden would have been a possession indeed.

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have gone back a generation or so when we read: —

Thomas Becket was born in London in the year 1118. His father, Gilbert Becket, was a citizen in moderate circumstances. His name denotes Saxon extraction. Few Normans as yet were to be found in the English towns condescending to trade. Of his mother nothing authentic is known, except that she was a religious woman who brought up her children in the fear of God.

Mr. Froude adds in a note: —

The story that she was a Saracen is a late legend. Becket was afterwards taunted with the lowness of his birth. The absence of any allusion to a fact so curious if it was true, either in the taunt or in Becket's reply to it, may be taken as conclusive.

The argument doubtless is conclusive; but at this time of day the historical scholar as little needs conclusive arguments to prove that Thomas's mother was not a Saracen as the astronomer needs conclusive arguments to prove that the moon is not made of green cheese. As for the other point Mr. Froude does not vouchsafe to explain how either the name Gilbert or the surname or nickname Becket "denotes Saxon extraction." As however Thomas's father was a Norman of Rouen, while his mother came from Caen,* Mr. Froude's etymological speculations do not greatly matter. And, as Gilbert Becket was not engaged in trade,† Mr. Froude's somewhat hasty assumption against the likelihood of a Norman "condescending to trade" does not much matter either. These assumptions are important only as showing with how little knowledge of his subject a man may undertake to describe the life and times of one of the most representative characters in English history, when his avowed object is, not to discover or to set forth historic truth, but to run a tilt against a theological party which he has forsaken.

In short Mr. Froude, in his opening picture, gives us no picture at all of the state of Europe or of England. We get, to be sure, a few grotesque misstatements.

Over Scotland the English monarchs asserted a semi-feudal sovereignty, to which Stephen, at the Battle of the Standard, had given a semblance of reality.

What form of the threefold relation in which the English overlord stood to Scotland proper, to Lothian, and to the old Scottish fief of Cumberland may be darkly hinted at in Mr. Froude's queer phrase of "semi-feudal sovereignty," it might be vain to ask. But Mr. Froude seemingly thinks that Stephen was present at the Battle of the Standard; he clearly thinks that the English supremacy over Scotland was more firmly established after the Battle of the Standard than it was before. He plainly never took in that David, worsted in the battle, was successful in the war; he would seem never to have heard how the Northumberland of Waltheof and the Cumberland of Rufus were granted to a Scottish prince as its result. So we presently read: —

In 1159 Pope Adrian died. Alexander the Third was chosen to succeed him with the usual formalities, but the election was challenged by Frederic Barbarossa, who set up an antipope.

This is an odd way of expressing the fact that, in a disputed election, the emperor took the side of the candidate who, as his party was in the end unsuccessful, appears in ecclesiastical history as an antipope. In short, Mr. Froude took no trouble at all to master the real state of things in England or in Europe; he had work on hand much more to his liking; he had lighted on a contemporary writer whose witness he thought would tell with killing effect against the contemporary Church.

Mr. Froude's excuse for thus giving an opening picture of the times of Thomas Becket in which every characteristic feature of the man and his times is slurred over is that "characteristic incidents, particular things which men representative of their age indisputably did, convey a clearer idea than any general description." In a certain sense this is true: a particular story is likely to fix itself more strongly on the mind than any general description. But, if only the general description be a true one, the idea given by the particular incident, though it may be clearer, is not likely to be more accurate, unless the particular incidents are chosen with great care both as to the actors and as to the particular acts chosen. It may always be a question what are "characteristic incidents," what men are "representative of their age." If any man in a prominent

* The whole matter of Thomas' parentage is discussed by Mr. Robertson: see "Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury: a Biography," p. 14.

† I think that the witness of William Fitz-Stephen must be accepted on this head. He says (p. 183, Giles) that Thomas was born "ex legitimo matrimonio et honestis parentibus; patre Gilberto, qui et vicecomes aliquando Londoniæ fuit, matre Matilde, civibus Londonæ mediastinis neque fœnerantibus neque officiose negotiantibus, sed de reditibus suis honorifice viventibus." The Lambeth writer, on the other hand, makes Gilbert a merchant.

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position, a king, a bishop, or the like, may be taken as a representative man, and if anything that he indisputably did may be taken as a characteristic incident, it would be possible to give several ideas of the age, all of which might be very clear, but which would be singularly inconsistent with one another. One chooser of anecdotes might represent all twelfth-century bishops as being like Saint Hugh; another might represent them as being all like William of Longchamp. Nay, it would be easy to convey most opposite ideas by picking out different anecdotes of the same man. By taking this or that act which Henry the Second or his son Richard, to go no further, indisputably did, one might make a series of remarkably incongruous pictures of the ideal king of the twelfth century. Mr. Froude picks out the story of the death of the young king Henry, son of Henry the Second,* as showing "one aspect of the twelfth century, the darkest crimes and the most real superstition existing in the same character." To me the story is a very touching one. I am not clear that, under the circumstances, Mr. Froude's language is not a little too strong. That Henry rebelled against his father, that, having rebelled against his father, he carried on the war according to the brutal fashion of the time, are indisputable facts. The "burning towns and churches," and so forth, of which Mr. Froude complains, was bad enough, but it was at least not worse than the kind of warfare waged in Scotland by Edward Earl of Hertford at the express bidding of Henry the Eighth. And blameworthy as was young Henry's rebellion, it should be remembered that his mother and his overlord had a share in it as well as himself. If the elder Henry had been a better husband, he might have had more dutiful sons. And if, as Mr. Froude says, young Henry "drew on himself general hatred," he also drew to himself the deep affection of some. There is a contemporary narrative which even strives to make him out to be a saint and martyr.* And I can at least see nothing to sneer at in the deep and solemn repentance of his death-bed. I do not know whether Mr. Froude would have thought better of him, if his life had been equally criminal and his latest hours had not been equally penitent.

Mr. Froude next wishes to prove that "men who had so little pity on themselves were as pitiless to others." He tells — from Stowe † — the story of the heretics who were condemned at Oxford in 1166. It is a very remarkable story in many ways. I suspect that their tale concerns Mr. Tylor at one end and Mr. Arthur Evans at the other. At all events, Mr. Froude would have done well to mention that they are the only recorded heretics in English history for several centuries, and that they made only one English proselyte. They seem to have belonged to some of the sects which passed from Asia into Bulgaria and Bosnia, and thence into various parts of western Europe, southern Gaul above all. They were not burned or put to death in any way; they were whipped and branded, and turned loose, all men being forbidden to help them. Mr. Froude truly calls this "a fate more piteous than the stake." I think that we may see in this sentence a feeling of superstition — I can this time freely use the word — deeper than Mr. Froude seems to suspect. It is of a piece with various ways in which men have sought to cause death without incurring the responsibility of taking life, especially in the form of shedding blood. It is of a piece with the imprisonment of Antigonê in the tomb; it is of a piece with Bishop Odo's club on the day of Senlac. I will not say that it is of a piece with the substitution of mutilation for death in the legislation of the Conqueror, because I believe that that was honestly meant to be a legislation of mercy, however different it

* The hand of a novice is curiously displayed in Mr. Froude's description of the young king, Henry the Third, as some called him in his own day. He becomes "Henry Plantagenet, eldest son of Henry the Second, Prince of Wales as we should now call him, called then the 'young king,' for he was crowned in his father's lifetime." This is not the way in which those who are familiar with the young king and with his coronation would speak of him. The phrase "Henry Plantagenet" shows that Mr. Froude is one of those who fancy that the nickname of Count Geoffrey was borne as a hereditary surname by his grandchildren. And why "Prince of Wales as we should now call him"? We call the present heir-apparent Prince of Wales, because his mother and sovereign has so created him. If the creation had not taken place — and in the case of several heirs-apparent it did not take place till long after their birth — we should not call him Prince of Wales. But why anybody should have dreamed of the eldest son of the king of England being Prince of Wales in the twelfth century, no man can guess. It is like the Dauphin who, in so many histories, is made to invade England in the time of John, a good deal more than a hundred years before the Viennese Dauphiny became the possession of the eldest son of the French king. Elsewhere Mr. Froude talks about "Prince William," "Princess Margaret," exactly as if they had belonged to the illustrious house of Hanover.

* This is a piece by Thomas Agnellus, a canon of Wells, printed, I think, in one of Mr. Robertson's volumes.

† Not that Stowe is to be despised. He was the only writer who made use of the contemporary life of Edward the Confessor while it was still in manuscript. Still it is odd to quote from him rather than from a contemporary writer.

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may now seem in our eyes. But in any case the partisans of Thomas may comfort themselves with the thought that with this act he and his friends had nothing to do; it was wholly the doing of the king and of the bishops of his party.

Mr. Froude then goes on to ask, "What were the bishops and clergy like themselves?" The answer which any fair inquirer into the time would give is that there were among them, as among other men, both good and bad. The fault lay not at all in the absence of the good, but in the toleration of the bad. The bishops of Henry the Second's reign — setting aside the saint of Lincoln who had not yet shown himself, and numbering among them some men who were strongly opposed to Thomas — were by no means a contemptible set of men, either in attainments or in character. Age had tamed the fire of Henry of Winchester; Gilbert of London, Bartholomew of Exeter, Hilary of Chichester, were by no means men to be thrust aside in a few general words. Some of them had distinctly risen by personal merit. But all that Mr. Froude has to say in answer to his own question is to tell, and — what Mr. Froude surely need not have done — to spoil in the telling, the grotesque story of the scuffle between the two archbishops in the Council of 1176. As Mr. Froude has given an extract from Stowe, I will send my readers to enjoy the story in its fulness in Godwin's "Catalogue of Bishops." Here the chief performer was Roger Archbishop of York, Thomas's great enemy. Of him it is perfectly true that John of Salisbury repeats, as Mr. Froude says, a tale of crime than which nothing could be worse. But I suspect that Mr. Froude has hardly stopped to think on what light evidence such stories were told and believed in days when the restraints which in our day put a check on both speaking and writing were quite unknown. A man must have a large faith in the depravity of mankind, if he believes that all the enemies of Giraldus were quite so black as Giraldus paints them. John of Salisbury was a man of higher stamp than Giraldus; but it is easy to believe that even he would not bring the severest rules of evidence to bear on a story which told so strongly against the chief of the other party. And against the report which described Archbishop Roger as the most infamous of mankind, we may fairly set the fact, that his early promotions were due to the favor of such a man as Archbishop Theobald.

Mr. Froude then goes on to say: —

> As to the inferior clergy, it might be enough to quote the language used about them at the conference at Montmiraux in 1169, where their general character was said to be atrocious, a great number of them being church-robbers, adulterers, highwaymen, thieves, ravishers of virgins, incendiaries, and murderers.

Mr. Froude gives the original in a note, and adds the reference, "John of Salisbury to the Bishop of Exeter. Letters, 1169." A reader who did not verify the reference might be tempted to think that it was John of Salisbury who gave this description of his brethren. But happily the letters of John of Salisbury are not at Simancas, and the passage may be found with an effort, even in the edition of Dr. Giles. He who makes the effort will find that the words come from the mouth of King Henry. The reader may judge how much or how little qualification is to be made on this account; but at all events when Mr. Froude says, "it is said," he should have added who it was that said it.

One specimen more does Mr. Froude give before he comes to his strong point of all. This is the character of Abbot Clarembald of Saint Augustines. Nothing, except the story about Roger, can be worse, and there is no reason to doubt the truth of an official report. Some might whisper that one cause of evil in this case was the exemption of the monastery from ordinary jurisdiction. But this is just the kind of point which Mr. Froude is not likely to stop and think about. The case of Clarembald — a strong partisan of the king's, as Mr. Froude does not conceal — undoubtedly proves a fearful lack of discipline when such a man could have been endured for a day. But it does not prove, as Mr. Froude evidently wishes to imply, that the clergy in general, or that abbots in general, were men of the same type. It would be just as fair to describe the virtues of Saint Hugh or of Saint William of York, and to infer that all other bishops were like them.

But Mr. Froude has a stronger point than all. He loves to take some one book or some one author, and to make use of him as a kind of text. It is not always a fair way of handling a subject; but it is often an effective way. Mr. Froude, we know, has tried it with the "*Magna Vita Sancti Hugonis*" and with the "*Gesta Abbatum*." He now tries it with the satires, prose and verse, of Nigel of Canterbury, printed among the "Satirical Poems" in the "Chronicles and Memorials." Here beyond sea I have not the book at hand; but I remember its general purport,

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and Mr. Froude gives large extracts. Mr. Froude says with truth: —

> In reading him we feel that we are looking at the old England through an extremely keen pair of eyes. We discern, too, perhaps that he was a clever fellow, constitutionally a satirist, and disappointed of promotion, and we make the necessary allowances.

A man must have a much deeper acquaintance with the writings of those times than we can fairly give Mr. Froude credit for before he fully understands how much allowance is necessary in such a case. Mr. Froude, in drawing his black picture of the twelfth century, has left out one of its chief vices, utter unscrupulousness of statement in the whole class of writings of which these of Nigel are specimens. I have mentioned some examples already. It is a case in which goodness of purpose is no guaranty of literal truth. No man was so likely to draw an utterly one-sided, a grossly exaggerated, picture, as a man who was really stirred up by righteous zeal against the vices of his age. As a rule, no sinner uses fiercer, or even fouler, language than a saint in a rage. One chief motive which imposes some measure of restraint on a modern reformer was absent. In our times, with our endless variety of sects and parties, each is a check on every other. Each is on its good behavior in the presence of all the rest. Gross scandals are less likely to happen, and, when they do happen, if there are those whose interest it is to expose them, there are those whose interest it is to hush them up. Every man observes some moderation in denouncing the vices of his own party, lest, in denouncing its vices, he should chance to endanger either its principles or its success. Every disputant now remembers the saying about washing one's dirty linen at home. But when all western Europe, setting aside Jews and Saracens, was of one theological mind, none of these motives had any play. Wherever the dirty linen was washed, it was equally at home. Wherever and to whomever the fierce reformer made his declaration, there were no Nonconformists, no outsiders of any kind, to hear it. He might rebuke the vices of priests, bishops, and popes, without being supposed to shake the foundations of the priesthood, the episcopate, or the popedom. The greater was his faith in the thing itself, the more unsparing, the more reckless, would be his denunciations of all its abuses. In such a case we must take off at least as much from the denunciations of an internal reformer as we should now take off from the denunciations of an external enemy. In both cases the charges are sure to have some foundation in fact: in both cases they are sure to be exaggerated; in both cases there is sure to be that particular form of exaggeration which consists in taking the worst case that can be found and making it typical of the whole class. In this way it would be easy to draw a very black picture of almost any class of men in almost any age. It would certainly be easy to draw a very black picture of classes of men whose average is far higher than that of the English clergy in the twelfth century. When we turn to the particular charges made by Nigel, we shall see that some of them, allowing for exaggeration, are true enough, while others seem quite wide of the mark. When he complains that the officers of the king's court and household were forced as bishops upon unwilling chapters and convents, he describes one of the chief abuses of the time, and it is quite possible that in this or that particular case all the scandalous details which he describes may have taken place. But when he speaks of the sons of nobles being put into bishoprics while they were still children, he is describing an abuse which was rather Continental than English. The English bishops of that age did not, as a rule, belong to great families, and they were not, as a rule, appointed in extreme youth. Henry of Winchester, grandson, nephew, and brother of kings, stands alone among the bishops with whom Thomas had to deal as an example of a bishop belonging to the highest rank.* Most of the prelates of his time had made their way to high places by personal qualifications of some kind, though those qualifications were not always of a kind for which we should now think ecclesiastical office the fitting reward. On one point there is little doubt that Mr. Froude has failed, through lack of familiarity with the language of the time, to understand the formulas of reviling employed by his author. Hugh Nonant, Bishop of Chester, Coventry, or Lichfield, whichever we choose to call him, drove out the monks of Coventry and put secular canons in their stead. Richard of Devizes bewails the act as well as Nigel.

* Saint William of York is also said to have been a nephew of King Stephen; but the pedigree is hard to make out. The custom of using bishoprics as provisions for cadets or bastards of the royal family, so common in some other countries, never prevailed in England. Bishops of noble families were not wholly unknown at any time, but they became much more common some centuries later.

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In an age when change more commonly was the other way, the act of Bishop Hugh was indeed startling. Any one who knows the age will understand how any monastic writer would speak of it. The monk Nigel speaks of the monastery being turned into a brothel and of harlots being openly brought into cloister and chapter-house. Most likely all this means nothing more than that some of the canons were married.

I do not undertake the defence of an age when the deepest abuses were undoubtedly rife. But I ask for justice. I ask that a whole class of men shall not be described from the portraits of the very worst among them. And, leaving this matter aside, I ask that a picture of the faults of one class of men in that or in any other age shall not be taken as a sufficient picture of that age. To understand the life and times of Thomas Becket, it is indeed necessary to take in the great and crying evils which prevailed in the Church of that day. But it is also necessary to take in a great many other things, to the understanding of which Mr. Froude gives no help whatever. Having thus cleared the way by giving the reader some help towards forming an estimate of Mr. Froude's capacity for dealing with twelfth-century history, I may go on in another paper to see how he deals in detail with the life and times of the man whose age he has so thoroughly failed to understand, and whose own origin and position he has so utterly mistaken.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

ERICA.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRAU VON INGERSLEBEN.

XXXIX.

THE GUARDIAN'S LETTER.

ELMAR had resolved to say nothing to Katharina about the discovery of the document, but merely use it as a shield against the attack which she would probably soon commence. Moreover, he thought that Wehlen would speedily search for the hidden treasure, and, on missing it, suspect the truth and withhold Katharina from any violent assault, and in this way there was a prospect of avoiding an open quarrel with his sister.

* Copyright 1877, by Littell & Gay.

The young pastor, who was greatly depressed by the consciousness that he had involuntarily been greatly to blame in bestowing his confidence upon Wehlen, was kindly, nay, even cordially, consoled by Elmar, while at the same time he informed him, so far as he was able, of the man's past career, as well as the circumstances which compelled him to permit the presence of such a person.

The worthy Reinhardt was actually horrified by these communications, and as he also remembered that Wehlen had told him at Dorneck that he owed his parish to his efforts, felt doubly saddened by the thought that, in a certain sense, he had been placed in his present position only to serve as Wehlen's tool.

A happy smile hovered around Elmar's lips, as he assured him that Wehlen's intercession had been utterly useless, and very different considerations had induced him to allow Reinhardt to appear as a candidate for his present parish.

Although the young baron rarely dined with his grandmother, he appeared at the dinner hour the following day, and the old lady must have expected him, for though he had not announced his intention, he found a place prepared.

All were very gay, even Sidonie was more talkative than usual, and Elmar was so delighted with his companions that he did not, as usual, go to his own room after dinner to smoke his cigar, but remained in the baroness's apartments. In spite of this, however, the old lady soon retired to take her usual afternoon nap, and Sidonie — though she generally spent this time in reading by the fire — also preferred the solitude of her room.

Erica, on the contrary, had taken her favorite seat, and when Elmar approached, said mischievously, —

"I am sure you are going to appeal to my compassionate heart, Elmar; so, out of my overflowing kindness, I will anticipate your request, and most solemnly grant you permission to smoke your cigar."

"Are you really so sure that your compassionate heart is to be put in requisition for a cigar, or have you perhaps some faint suspicion that, at this moment, it is very far from my thoughts?" replied Elmar, laughing as he seated himself beside her.

"How could I imagine such a remarkable circumstance?" replied Erica, also laughing, though there was something in her voice which belied the words.

Elmar leaned eagerly forward and looked into her face, but Erica's eyes were fixed intently on the fire, and he could not

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catch a glance. "You are, as I told you in Dorneck, a wicked little coquette, Erica," he said at last; "no longer the truthful little heather-blossom, whose feelings were so legible in her eyes."

"If that were the case," replied Erica, still fixing her thoughtful gaze upon the flames, "you must have read a great deal of anger against yourself, for at first I was in a state of chronic rebellion against you."

"Against me, Erica? I don't believe it. I saw only resistance against the feelings with which I inspired you. The little untamed bird struggled against imprisonment, as was natural."

"You at least have kept your sincerity, Elmar," replied Erica, laughing gaily. "This frank confession of the blindest vanity can almost be called magnificent."

"Will you deny your childish love, Erica? Can you look me in the eyes and say that my image was not in your heart in those days?"

The young girl must have feared that this experiment would disclose the truth, for instead of looking at him, she cast down her eyes and made no reply.

"Since the little heather-blossom has been transformed into a lady, who no longer shows her feelings so openly," continued Elmar, in a lower tone, "I am not so sure of my happiness, but I hope the lady will not give the lie to the child."

In spite of the treacherous flush on her cheeks, Erica answered in her former tone,—

"If the child really behaved like a little goose, we will, on the contrary, hope that the girl has become more sensible."

"Such boundless coquetry deserves a severe punishment, Erica," cried Elmar; and he seemed to wish to leave her in no uncertainty as to the nature of the punishment, for he leaned hastily forward, and only her quick movement saved her cheek from his kiss, for his lips lightly brushed her hair.

"I will tell grandmamma, Elmar," she said, pouting.

"Tell tales, Erica?" he asked, without apparently being much alarmed by the threat.

"To expose any one to well-merited punishment is not telling tales."

"Then if I am to be reproved, I will at least deserve it;" and this time he carried out his intention more successfully, for ere Erica had time to prevent it, she felt his kiss on her lips.

"Elmar!" she exclaimed, breathless with indignation, and tried to spring from her seat to leave the room, but the arm he had thrown around her waist held her firmly, and she could make no resistance when he whispered,—

"These are the consequences of incautious threats, Erica."

"But, my sweet little heather-blossom," he continued in the same low whisper, "how happy I am in the thought that I can soon show the little woodland fairy to the world as my bride! When I bade you farewell in Waldbad, I was forced to summon up all my strength of will not to clasp you to my heart, and call you mine. The tears you shed at our parting fell heavily on my heart, and my resolution, which had hitherto wavered, became firm; I vowed at some future day to claim you for my own."

"If those tears were the cause of your resolution, I must unhappily undeceive you, Elmar. Those tears were principally caused by the separation from little Carlos."

His arm clasped her still more closely, as he said, "You forget that in those days I could read the language of your eyes very plainly. Those deep brown eyes, into which I so unexpectedly gazed when I awoke, are really to blame for everything, for they exerted a magnetic power over me. I have often thought of the strange fatality by which Katharina's obstinacy in insisting upon choosing that particular watering-place, to protect me from all the arrows of Cupid, was the turning-point in my destiny, and I — who had hitherto felt only a passing fancy — must needs fall seriously in love with a child."

"And what part did Caroline Sternau play in these passing fancies?" asked Erica archly.

"A very pleasant one. But for the society of that agreeable girl, I should, in spite of everything, have been scarcely able to endure the stupidity of Waldbad, and as, moreover, she served to divert Katharina's suspicion, she played a most praiseworthy double *rôle*. But, Erica," continued Elmar, again bending towards her, "you must now give me a direct answer to my suit."

"To your suit? You have not asked for my love, sir, but only authoritatively declared that you intended to show me to the world as your bride."

"You frighten me, Erica. I am in despair that my kiss has so signally failed in interpreting my feelings. I will try to make amends for the oversight as soon as possible;" and Erica did not seem to be so much on her guard as before, for he again succeeded in pressing his lips to hers.

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"Elmar, you monster!" she murmured, but made no farther attempt to escape, and Elmar would perhaps have continued his declaration of love still longer in this very impressive manner, had not a slight noise in the ante-room announced the return of the old baroness.

"Grandmamma!" exclaimed Erica in alarm, trying to release herself from Elmar's arm.

"Will you tell tales, Erica?" he whispered, and seemed inclined to make the old lady a witness of the scene. At last, however, he slowly withdrew his arm, and had scarcely placed the necessary distance between himself and Erica, when the baroness entered the room.

"I hope you have slept well, for you have stayed away a long time, grandmamma," cried Elmar.

The old lady glanced at the young couple, took her usual seat, and said, smiling: "You look as if you could have dispensed with my society for some time longer, children."

"There you are mistaken, grandmamma, for your entrance, as on the first time you found us here, interrupted a very serious quarrel. The young lady by my side was just bitterly reproaching me for not having made her a satisfactory declaration of love."

Erica flushed crimson, but instantly regained her composure, and said: "The insolent assurance with which Elmar takes my love for granted, is really insulting, grandmamma."

"I hope you have repelled his bold advances with fitting severity, Erica."

"I was just doing so when you came in, grandmamma."

"So I appeared at a very unsuitable time. But calm yourself, my little Erica. I will protect you in your rights, and insist that Elmar shall go down on his knees to express his feelings in a proper manner and conquer your hard heart by his humility. But defer your quarrel for the present. I hear Sidonie coming; she received the long-expected letter from her guardian to-day, so she will not be in the mood to feel any special interest in your affairs."

The expression of Sidonie's face when she entered the room certainly seemed to justify this prediction. She was deadly pale, dark rings surrounded her eyes, and her delicate lips were firmly compressed. She held the letter she had just received in her hand, and approaching the old lady, said in a hollow tone, —

"Read it, grandmamma."

She then took her usual seat, rested her head on her hand, and gazed at the fire, almost without noticing the presence of Elmar and Erica.

The old baroness took the letter, and read the following lines: —

"My reply has been long delayed, my dear Sidonie, partly because I wished to give you time to repent of your foolish refusal to marry Meerburg, and partly because I could not send you the necessary information before.

"You know that the sudden death of your parents prevented me from seeing them to tell them how gladly I undertook the charge of your property, and how much pleasure it would give me to receive you into my own family, if your uncle Rodenwald did not have the nearest claim to you. But at the same time, this sad circumstance deprived me of obtaining any exact information in regard to their wishes concerning you, and although aware that young Count Meerburg was intended for your husband, and the marriage was desirable on account of your property, my knowledge of the matter was very incomplete and superficial.

"By an unlucky accident, this future husband's uncle and guardian, at whose suggestion the arrangements for the marriage had been made, died almost immediately after your parents. You were still a child; Werner Meerburg was roaming about in Spain or Egypt, so I felt that there was no occasion to trouble myself much about the affair. When, however, Meerburg returned, and you reached your nineteenth year, I went to him — as matters did not seem to progress very rapidly — and asked for further particulars about the intended alliance, with which he, as I knew, was thoroughly familiar.

"He would not speak frankly, declared he knew nothing about any imperative considerations of property, and when I urged him to conclude his marriage, told me — it must be said, my dear Sidonie — that if he should decide to do so, he would not at any rate be betrothed to you until you had reached your twentieth year, as he hated such early marriages. I plainly perceived that this was a mere subterfuge to delay the decisive moment, and therefore became somewhat vexed, and said I would give him that length of time, but should then insist upon his declaration.

"As he would not consent that this should be the limit, I unfortunately believed that he was averse to the marriage, but thought it my duty to ask the question in plain terms, and was extremely sur-

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prised by his answer. Instead of, as I supposed, being averse to it, he declared his willingness in terms of almost exaggerated joy.

"This was very satisfactory to me, and I supposed the affair settled, for I could not imagine that you, my dear Sidonie, would have any possible objection to Werner Meerburg. Your letter, which reached me soon after Werner's, therefore fell upon me like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, and you must hear that I was really very angry with you, nay, am so still.

"Of course it now first of all became my unpleasant duty to ascertain the exact reasons for the intended alliance, and I therefore applied to Herr Sommer, the lawyer who had managed all old Meerburg's affairs, and was therefore probably acquainted with the matter. As, however, I preferred to discuss the affair verbally, and the gout confined me to my bed for some time, after which I was detained by other important business, I have only just succeeded in calling upon him.

"The news he gave me was certainly exact enough, but at the same time of such a different nature from what I expected, that I reproached myself for not having obtained more particular information sooner, in order to prevent a refusal on your part. Your parents were almost compelled to betroth their only child, when scarcely out of her cradle, to Meerburg's son, for this boy was the real owner of all your father's entailed estates. Yes, my dear Sidonie, a document Sommer showed me proves that Werner Meerburg is the heir of all the estates which have descended to you, and — if you persist in your refusal — only a small property, which bears no comparison to your present income, will remain.

"I hope, however, my dear child, that a due consideration of all these circumstances will change this capricious whim. Werner Meerburg is in every respect a brilliant match, for besides his great wealth, he is clever, agreeable, honorable, and, so far as I can judge, a handsome young man — a refusal to marry him, without any special reason, is madness. I should certainly shut my Luise up in her own room for her obstinacy, if she played me such a trick as you have done, my little daughter; and though you may be sure that I shall not stretch my authority over you so far, it is absolutely necessary for me to represent the matter verbally in all its bearings, that you may not run into any misfortune. Therefore, if you persist in your folly, I shall insist upon having a visit from you, for you cannot expect your gouty old cousin to come to Altenborn.

"As for your desire to become abbess of Herdrungen, I have no reply to make, my dear Sidonie, for the whole affair is quite too ridiculous. Women do not become abbesses when they are young and beautiful, but wait until both charms have vanished, so there is no other course for you except to defer your wish until you are of age, and I am no longer accountable for your folly. I trust, however, that during the long time I have given you for reflection, you have grown more sensible, and will not continue to annoy me, since the gout and similar things afford me vexation enough. In this hope I am, my dear Sidonie,

"Your affectionate cousin,

"GUNTHER HARDECK."

The baroness laid the letter on the table, and looked at Sidonie. "This is no pleasant news, my dear child," she said quietly, "but I confess that I share Count Hardeck's hope, and see in it the only solution of this complicated affair."

Sidonie's black eyes flashed with a light by no means in harmony with the old lady's words, and the old repellant expression was once more plainly visible in the haughty curl of her lip. "You are joking, grandmamma," she answered, drawing herself up to her full height. "If it was formerly possible for me to retract my refusal, the opportunity is now forever lost. If, for the sake of paltry wealth, I should now consent where I before declined, I should be forced to despise myself, and never dare to hold up my head again. No; rather poverty and wretchedness, than happiness purchased by such dishonor!"

Elmar and Erica gazed in astonishment at Sidonie, whose loud, passionate words formed so striking a contrast to her usual manner. Elmar recollected Werner's words, and found in them the key to the mystery, so he turned towards her saying,—

"I know that Werner feared the impression of the news you have just received, Sidonie."

"What? You knew that Werner was the real heir of my property, and yet left me in ignorance of the fact," cried Sidonie vehemently, her dark eyes blazing with an almost threatening light.

"No, Sidonie, I did not know it. Werner expressed himself in general terms, and was the more cautious, as he cher-

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ished the hope that this dreaded information would never reach you."

"A generosity for which I owe him little gratitude," replied Sidonie, with quivering lips; "it wounds, humiliates me. I am ashamed of the elegance of my dress, the luxury which has hitherto surrounded me, for I am in consequence Count Meerburg's debtor. I believe the thought flattered his vanity and caused his silence."

"You are excited, Sidonie, or you would not make such an unjust accusation. In spite of your prejudice against him, you must feel how sincerely Werner loves you, and ——"

A hasty wave of the hand silenced him. "Hush, Elmar!" she passionately exclaimed, "I will hear nothing about him. He has tried to humiliate me in every way, and I reject with loathing a love, which ——"

"Sidonie!" interrupted the grave, almost angry voice of the baroness.

The reproof expressed in the exclamation seemed to fall heavily on Sidonie's heart, for she relapsed into silence, and gazed steadily into the fire, while her usually quiet features, now distorted with pain, looked actually corpse-like in their pallor. Suddenly she started up, and, hastily approaching the old lady, threw her arms around her neck, burst into tears, and exclaimed amid her sobs,—

"Forgive me, grandmamma, forgive me! You do not know how utterly miserable I am."

The old lady clasped the weeping girl in her arms, murmuring low, soothing words, and then led her into her own room, where she remained a long time, until Sidonie had become comparatively calm. She thought it perfectly natural, however, that the latter declined to return to the drawing-room, but preferred to spend the evening in her own appartment, as she needed solitude to regain her composure.

After Sidonie left the room, Elmar instantly rose, went to the table, read the letter lying upon it, and then communicated its contents to Erica. It was a sorrowful thought to both, that just as their own happiness was beginning to dawn, this new shadow should fall upon Werner and Sidonie. The baroness found the young lovers engaged in earnest conversation, and they still continued to talk of Sidonie, so the evening was spent in a much more serious way than it had begun. But when Elmar withdrew, notwithstanding the baroness's presence, he could not refrain from clasping the blushing Erica in his arms, and in spite of the unsatisfactory declaration of love, she permitted his good-night kiss.

XL.

THE RIDE.

When Sidonie entered the sitting-room the next morning her features again wore their usual quiet, cold expression, and her increased pallor alone betrayed past agitation, as the weary look in her eyes perhaps revealed a sleepless night. She did not mention the letter again, and both the old lady and Erica knew her well enough to be aware that she had conquered her grief so far as not to show any external signs of it, and therefore desired total silence to be maintained in regard to the affair.

In the course of the morning the princess, who for several days had not been well, and therefore remained in her own room, asked if the young ladies felt disposed to join her in a ride. In spite of the season of the year, the air was mild and pleasant, the sun shone brightly, and Erica's eyes sparkled at the thought of once more enjoying the pleasure of a swift gallop. Sidonie hesitated, she evidently wished to gain sufficient self-control to accept the invitation. The bodily weakness caused by her mental sufferings was, however, so great, that, against her will, she was obliged to decline, and, perhaps in order to render her own absence less remarkable, earnestly desired Erica to make one of the party, and eagerly persuaded her to join it.

"Perhaps Elmar will be displeased, grandmamma?" asked Erica doubtfully, in order to obtain the old lady's sanction.

The baroness certainly feared that Elmar would not be particularly pleased to learn that his betrothed bride was in Wehlen's company, but she had already gone out to ride with him several times, and the sight of Erica's sparkling eyes made it impossible for her to deprive her of the eagerly desired pleasure.

"You can go without fear, little one," she said; "Elmar, as you know, drove over to one of the neighboring estates early this morning, so we cannot get his opinion. I think, however, he will have no objection."

Erica was therefore soon standing in her riding-habit on the terrace, where Miss Ella was already waiting. Katharina had not yet appeared, but Wehlen was there, and apparently engaged in some little dispute with the head groom. Both were standing close beside Miss Ella, and she heard the latter say angrily,—

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"The horse was saddled under my care, Herr von Wehlen, and does not need your inspection."

"I have no desire to interfere with your business," replied Wehlen, in a much more courteous tone; "I am only surprised that a lady's horse should be ridden with a mere snaffle."

"It is easily governed, docile, and good-tempered, so it does not need the curb."

"Very well," said Wehlen, shrugging his shoulders, "I am not responsible if any accident happens."

He now perceived Erica, and approaching her greeted her with courteous ease,— not even the quiver of a muscle betrayed any recollection of the unpleasant scene they had had at their last meeting. Erica did not possess this ready tact, and answered curtly in an almost embarrassed manner.

Katharina now appeared, and the whole party mounted and set off at a gallop. Wehlen's horse must have become impatient from waiting so long, for it suddenly reared and then sprang forward so violently that it required all his skill to keep his saddle.

"Wouldn't one suppose Herr von Wehlen was riding Satan, the head groom's horse, instead of Antonius, the quietest beast in the whole stable?" said one of the stable-boys, who had remained on the terrace, looking after the party. "I believe he spurred the animal to show off before the ladies."

"I think so too," remarked one of his companions, "for he gave special orders that Antonius should be saddled for him to-day, and it wasn't out of fear, I'll bet. A man can always show off his riding better on a docile horse than a spirited one."

"And did you hear how our head groom was quarrelling with him again? He seems full of gall and venom whenever he sees him."

"To be sure, and it is only because Lebrecht was sent off yesterday evening. He has deserved it often enough, for he is a perfect idler, but his connection with Herr von Wehlen was what first made him lose favor with the head groom."

"And did he find it out last evening?" asked one of the men.

"Well, he has probably suspected for a long time that Lebrecht was a spy, and told everything that happened in the stable, but yesterday evening, as the head groom happened to go in to look after one of the horses, he found the strange gentleman busily talking to Lebrecht, and saw him put some money into his hand. I don't know whether he heard anything wrong or not, but at any rate he took the sickness of Cleopatra, the horse Lebrecht almost killed, for an excuse, and discharged him on the spot. Herr von Wehlen tried to intercede for him, but received no very pleasant answer, Heaven knows, and oh! if the head groom had only seen the look he gave him when he went out of the stable, he might perhaps be a little anxious about his own place here."

Meantime the little party had gone down the winding avenue and passed through the gate of the park, where, leaving the castle on one side, they entered a road which led them now between level fields, anon past high hills, and then for a considerable distance along the banks of a brawling stream. In summer it was undoubtedly one of the most charming roads that could be selected, but, notwithstanding this, the head groom was not pleased with the choice, as in the slippery condition of the soil at this season of the year, it might not be wholly free from danger. He therefore rode forward to the princess, and remonstrated with her, but the latter was not in the habit of relinquishing her caprices, and perhaps was rendered still more obstinate by the half-contemptuous smile that curled Wehlen's lips, so she made a short, stern reply, and, touching her horse with the whip, dashed swiftly forward along the road selected.

The air was delightful, and — rare combination — united to the mild softness of spring the bracing freshness of autumn. The riders eagerly inhaled the invigorating atmosphere, their cheeks flushed, their eyes sparkled, and if the reins were sometimes involuntarily held in a looser grasp, that they might more fully enjoy the delicious air by riding at a slower pace, its very freshness soon tempted them into a swift gallop. The blue veils of the ladies fluttered in the breeze, their dark habits were sprinkled with flakes of foam from the horses' bits, and their gloved hands applied the whip lightly, but in consequence of always striking the same spot, in a tolerably impressive fashion. Either Miss Ella was offended by the persistent caress of the riding-whip, or, in spite of the fine weather, she felt in a remarkably bad humor; at all events, she did not show her usual quiet docility. Several times already she had shied violently, though Erica had been unable to discover any cause for her alarm, and now, with a loud snort of terror, she again sprang entirely across the road, so that the young girl was nearly thrown from the saddle.

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The head groom was instantly at her side to offer his assistance; but Erica laughingly declined it, and patted the trembling animal, which in answer to the caress, turned its head trustingly towards its mistress.

"What is the matter with you to-day, miss? You are not apt to be timid," said the latter, as she again patted the horse's slender neck.

"I think I have noticed that Ella shies whenever An — Antonius approaches her;" said the head groom in a low tone, fixing his eyes angrily on Wehlen.

"We sympathize with each other, Ella," replied Erica gaily. "You don't like the horse, nor I the rider, so we will both be on our guard."

"That is what I would seriously advise, Fräulein," said the head groom significantly. "I don't understand this business at all, our steady Antonius seems positively frantic to-day."

"He has probably been standing a long time, and the beautiful weather excites him," replied Erica carelessly, and giving her horse a light tap with the whip, galloped swiftly forward over the soft, grass-grown road.

The head groom remained a little in the rear looking after her slender figure. The graceful ease with which she sat her horse seemed to relieve his anxiety a little, for his face brightened, though he continued to watch Wehlen distrustfully, to see how far his suspicions were justified. Antonius, however, appeared to have grown more quiet, for Wehlen rode for some time beside the princess, engaged in eager conversation.

This had probably withdrawn his attention from his horse, for the latter suddenly became restless again, and ere his rider could prevent it, darted forward, and the next instant was close beside Erica, who was riding alone. So violent was the bound with which the unruly animal sprang against Erica's horse, that the latter was pushed on one side of the road, and in its terror reared, and was in imminent danger of plunging over the steep bank into the stream. Erica's cheeks grew pale, and her trembling lips were firmly compressed, but the next instant her eyes sparkled, and turning her horse with all her strength, she guided it directly against Wehlen. For a moment the two animals dashed forward side by side, then Ella darted ahead, and was soon in safety on the other side of the road.

Erica now looked back, and saw Wehlen bending down to soothe his horse. She could not see his eyes, but even through the drooping lids felt the hate and anger they expressed. He pressed his hand upon his foot, as if it pained him, or he wished to convince himself that it was not injured, and then rode slowly towards her.

"I shall be careful to choose the other side, Fräulein," he said on reaching her, "that I may not again run the risk of having my foot crushed by your horse. In this situation, in case of a similar manœuvre, Ella's fair rider would suffer even more than I, so I feel perfectly safe."

"I am sorry if I have unintentionally hurt you, Herr von Wehlen," replied Erica gravely; "but I cannot apologize, as it was the only way to save myself from falling into the stream and thereby meeting instant death."

Wehlen laughed loudly. "I beg ten thousand pardons, Fräulein," he said courteously, "but this view of the matter really seems somewhat ridiculous. A quiet horse like yours does not plunge recklessly into a river, and even if you had lost control over it, the soft bank would have yielded and Miss Ella at the utmost only wet her feet."

"Perhaps so," replied Erica curtly, "my position, however, seemed dangerous."

"Then I have to apologize for placing you in this apparent danger. I don't know what has happened to Antonius to-day. I chose him particularly because I always like to ride a quiet horse when I accompany ladies."

Wehlen seemed disposed to ride on with Erica, for though she did not reply, and gave no tokens that she desired his presence, he remained at her side, and regulated the pace of his horse by hers. Erica did not know how to avoid the companionship, as she did not wish to openly offend this dangerous man, so she silently endured his presence, while reflecting upon some means to get away.

"For so little experience, you are already a very skilful rider, Fräulein," Wehlen began, after a short pause. "I see you know the favorite manner of apparently playing with the whip, and yet making it plainly felt."

"It is not necessary in galloping, but the English trot cannot be kept up for any length of time without it," replied Erica, whose interest in the subject conquered her repugnance to the speaker. "In galloping the regular movement goes on naturally, while the trot, on the contrary, must be skilfully aided, in order

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to maintain its uniformity. An actual blow, by suddenly increasing the speed of the horse, would destroy this regularity, while this constant playing with the whip encourages the animal, and keeps it moving at the same pace."

"So the art of riding has been reduced to a certain system. But do you know how to make a horse caracole?"

"I am not curious about it, Herr von Wehlen, for I don't ride for others' pleasure, but my own."

"You are still in the first stage of riding, Fräulein Erica," cried Wehlen, laughing; "afterwards we are no longer satisfied with that; we want to shine, to reap fame and honor by our horsemanship. Besides, these little feats are very easy, and excite more fear in the spectators than is at all necessary."

"Does our road lead into the mountains?" asked Erica, almost anxiously, fixing her eyes on some lofty hills that rose before them.

"I hope we have not missed our way," said Wehlen, looking round; "besides, so far as I am aware, it only leads through the mountains for a short distance, and we then come out on the level ground again."

"We have left the others far behind," exclaimed Erica in alarm, as she also looked around. "Let us turn and ride back."

"Or rather go forward more slowly, to give them time to overtake us. If you will allow me, I can show you some of the feats of horsemanship we were just talking about."

"Thank you," replied Erica coldly, "but I have no desire to make Ella restless so near these cliffs."

"As you please, Fräulein," replied Wehlen, with a contempt, which, spite of his efforts, be was unable to conceal.

His tone and manner affected Erica very unpleasantly. The fact that she was alone with him suddenly fell with oppressive weight upon her heart, and she resolved to turn back and join the princess, who was at some distance in the rear.

"Merciful God, Fräulein, what are you doing? Take care of your horse!" shouted Wehlen anxiously, as, without informing him of her intention, she tried to turn Miss Ella. She had either pulled the bridle too hard, or the sudden exclamation frightened the horse, for it again started violently, sprang half way across the road, so that Erica almost lost her seat, and then stood still for a moment, trembling all over, while its nostrils dilated with its terrified snorting.

"Keep back!" she cried angrily, as Wehlen officiously hurried to her assistance, but the latter paid no heed and was already at her side.

"Pull the bridle firmly, that you may keep your control over the horse!" he exclaimed anxiously.

She made no reply, but took good care not to follow the advice, for the same manœuvre had just made Ella rear. Strangely enough, the latter suddenly, without any apparent cause, once more rose in the air, and then, as if pursued by the furies, darted forward at such furious speed that Erica momentarily expected to be thrown from the saddle.

Wehlen instantly dashed after her, and Ella, as if in mortal fear of her pursuer, only quickened her pace whenever she heard him approach. Erica retained sufficient presence of mind to exert all her skill to keep in the saddle, while she held the reins loosely in her hands, as the terrified animal could not yet be controlled.

The road now entered the mountains, and as it grew narrower, the declivities on either side became more steep, and the wild speed of the horse more dangerous. Erica felt that she must fight for her life for the second time, and terror began to make her eyes grow dim, and rob her mind of its clearness. By a violent effort she struggled against the weakness, and summoned all her strength to try to regain control of the horse. The bridle was suddenly pulled with so powerful a hand that the animal, taken by surprise, seemed to yield to her authority, and Erica perceived with delight that she was beginning to regain her control.

It was high time, for the road constantly became wilder and more dangerous, the precipices on either side deeper, and Erica gazed in horror at the dangers surrounding her, whose full extent she realized for the first time when they seemed almost at an end. But Wehlen now rode up close beside her, and his snorting horse frightened Ella again, so that she reared, sprang from the road, dashed along a projecting cliff, and rushed straight towards the spot where it fell abruptly down into the valley.

Erica's deathlike pallor showed that she was only too well aware of this new and terrible danger, yet she did not lose her presence of mind, but exerted all her strength to save herself.

"Throw yourself from the horse! In God's name, be quick! Throw yourself from the horse!" she heard the voice of the head groom shouting from the distance.

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Scarcely had her ear caught the words, when, with the quick, supple activity peculiar to her, she released herself from the saddle, and, spite of the horse's furious speed, sprang to the ground. She fell heavily on the earth, for a moment her long riding-habit caught and she was dragged along, but the next instant it fell, and she remained unhurt, while Ella dashed on, and in a few moments rushed over the edge of the precipice.

Erica heard the plunge of the horse, and the dull thud as it rolled from one projection of the cliff to another, and then fainted. When she recovered her consciousness, she saw the head groom kneeling beside her, looking anxiously into her face. She raised herself a little, and said soothingly, —

"No harm has happened to me. God has mercifully preserved my life; but without your shout I should probably be lying yonder beside poor Ella."

She shuddered, and her eyes filled with tears. "Look for Ella," she continued, sobbing, "perhaps she can still be saved."

"That is impossible, Fräulein," he answered sadly, "we must devote our whole attention to you. Lean on my arm, and try to stand, that we may see whether any of your limbs are broken."

Erica took his arm, and, with some little difficulty, stood erect. She felt bruised and lame, but seemed to have sustained no other injury. She walked slowly forward a few steps, to be sure that no bones were broken, and when she saw the princess and Wehlen waiting in the road, looking at her, a sudden shudder ran through her whole frame, and, turning to her companion, she murmured with quivering lips, —

"Keep that man from coming near me again; take me home, and see that he does not approach us."

"Unfortunately that is not in my power, Fräulein. I am the princess's servant, and cannot act independently in her presence. If it is possible, try to walk the little distance to where she is waiting, for she cannot possibly ride here."

Leaning on the arm of the head groom, Erica slowly approached Katharina, who called to her in a tone by no means so sympathizing as the young girl had probably expected.

"These are the consequences of your obstinacy, Fräulein! Why did you presume to enter another road of your own accord? I was half inclined to leave you to your fate, if my good-nature had not interceded in your behalf."

Erica gazed at Katharina, without fully understanding her words. Her head felt so confused that she was incapable of thought, and the expression of her features must have aroused the princess's sympathy, for she said more kindly, —

"You have been punished for your obstinacy severely enough, so I won't scold you about it. The head groom must take you on his horse, for how are we to continue our ride?"

"I should like to have some one look after Miss Ella first," replied Erica faintly. "If it is impossible to help her, it is our duty to put her out of her misery."

Katharina's eyes lost their gentle expression, as she answered harshly, "I believe it is my place to give orders here, not yours. Your conduct has already caused so much trouble that you have every reason not to tax my patience farther."

"Your Highness would undoubtedly have given the same order immediately yourself," said Wehlen, laughing, "and your caution has provided even for this very remarkable case; since the groom always carries pistols in his saddle-bags."

"That is true," replied Katharina, her face brightening; "and Elmar always declared my precaution ridiculous, and said I was not on the steppes of Russia. We see the wisdom of my order now."

"I presume no one ever seriously doubted that," replied Wehlen craftily. "Shall I give the necessary commands, your Highness?" he continued, and, without waiting for her reply, turned to communicate the order to the groom. The latter sprang from his horse, took one of the pistols from his saddle-bags, and entered a narrow footpath which led gradually down to the depths into which poor Ella had just plunged.

Erica sat down on a rock, and seemed to take no notice of those who surrounded her. The bewilderment caused by the mortal peril to which she had just been exposed, as well as her violent fall, produced a heavy stupor, which she was unable to shake off. The report of the pistol which echoed from the valley and announced Miss Ella's death, roused her from her lethargy, and made her start. She passed her hand over her eyes to conceal the tears that filled them, and then gazed eagerly at the approaching figure of the groom. She even tried to rise and meet him, but felt too faint to do so.

"Was Ella crushed, did she suffer very much?" she asked.

"No, Fräulein. The fall was too great,

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she was probably killed at once," the man replied, placing the side-saddle he had taken from the dead horse on the ground beside her.

"Her Highness wishes you to put the saddle on your horse, Worlitz," said Wehlen.

"On Salvator?" asked the man in surprise.

The head groom now approached, and said: "On the contrary, the princess ordered me to take the young lady on my horse."

"As in the ancient days of romance, when elopements were conducted in that way," exclaimed Wehlen, laughing. "It would, however, attract considerable attention, if we made our entrance into the little city, from which we are fortunately not very far away, in so chivalric a fashion."

"We have probably had enough riding to-day, and shall return home," replied the head groom angrily.

"Will your Highness yield to your servant's very decidedly expressed wish?" asked Wehlen scornfully.

"I have no idea of doing so," cried Katharina, frowning. "Worlitz shall dismount, put the saddle on his horse, and go home on foot."

"Salvator is not a lady's horse," remonstrated the head groom, "and the young lady might easily meet with an accident a second time."

"Then give her your horse."

"I am riding Satan, and your Highness knows he deserves his name only too well. Antonius —— "

"You surely will not recommend *my* horse, which has nearly broken my neck several times to-day?" cried Wehlen, and, as if in confirmation of his words, the animal reared and plunged violently.

"I forbid any farther objections," said Katharina angrily. "Obey my first order, and make haste; I am tired of waiting. Mount, Erica, that we may at last reach our destination."

"I shall ride home," said Erica resolutely.

The princess's eyes flashed angrily. "What does this mean, Fräulein? You will ride where I say."

Erica's wan features grew more animated, her eyes sparkled as they met Katharina's, and her lips curled with mingled anger and defiance, as she answered,

"I shall ride home, Princess Bagadoff, and never trouble you with my company in your excursions again. If my horse is not disturbed, I am not afraid to ride Salvator, and shall probably be able to find my way." She sprang into the saddle, waved her hand, and rode quietly in the opposite direction.

Katharina was at first petrified with astonishment, then she burst into loud reproaches. The head groom, who had involuntarily followed Erica, was angrily recalled, and had only time to whisper, —

"Don't keep too tight a rein, Salvator cannot bear it. Ride him quietly, but not too slowly, for that makes him impatient. And don't be afraid, he is only unruly when people irritate him."

Erica nodded and rode on. Salvator seemed to find the light hand that held the reins pleasant, for he behaved perfectly well, and evidently knew the way to his stable, for when Erica hesitated at a cross-road, he chose the direction so decidedly that she quietly yielded. The castle soon appeared, and she reached the park gates without accident. Salvator moved up the winding avenue at a somewhat rapid pace, for it was long after his dinner hour.

Elmar was standing on the terrace watching for the party. The news of Erica's expedition had not affected him very pleasantly. Wehlen's companionship, without the protection of his presence, excited his anxiety. Now, to his surprise, he saw a solitary rider coming up the avenue, and soon recognized Erica. His heart began to throb with vague alarm, and he hurried forward to meet her. Salvator, who was anxious to reach his stable, now approached at a rapid gallop, and, without heeding his rider's attempt to check him, dashed past Elmar and stopped directly before the door of the castle. One of the grooms instantly sprang forward to help the lady dismount, but Elmar was already beside her, and lifted her from the saddle. She smiled at him, but could not utter a syllable; his anxious eyes wandered from her pale face to the horse, and he asked in bewilderment, —

"What has happened, Erica?"

She waved her hand, as if to say that she would answer presently, and Elmar instantly led her into the castle. When she found herself alone with her companion, she suddenly threw both arms around his neck, and, sobbing convulsively, exclaimed,

"Save me, Elmar! He will murder me," and then murmured in a lower tone, with the same convulsive sobs: "Save me, Elmar; save me!"

The little riding-cap had fallen from her head, and her hair fell in dishevelled waves over her shoulders. Trembling and sob-

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bing, she clung to his arm; now that she knew herself safe, the strain upon her nerves, caused by her exertions to save herself, relaxed, and an agitation, bordering almost upon insanity, threatened to throw her into convulsions.

Elmar's first surprise was now changed to the most agonizing anxiety about her condition. He kissed her quivering lips, her tearful eyes, and whispered with soothing tenderness: "Be calm, my darling, you are in my arms, you are safe."

She clasped him in a convulsive embrace, as if she could not impress the certainty of his presence upon her mind vividly enough, and again murmured: "Save me; don't let him come near me."

Elmar well knew the name of the person who had thus aroused her terror, and, spite of the deep anxiety his features expressed, a heavy frown darkened his brow. He made no reply, however, but took the trembling girl in his arms, and carried her up the staircase into the old baroness's drawing-room.

When he entered with his burden, a loud cry of terror escaped Sidonie's lips, while the old lady started up in astonishment and hurried towards him.

"Erica has had a terrible fright," said Elmar as calmly as possible. "Her nerves have been greatly excited, and you must try, grandmamma, to soothe her and put her to sleep."

He went to one of the sofas and laid his burden gently down upon it. Erica seemed scarcely to notice the presence of the others; her dim eyes rested upon Elmar, and when he now moved as if to turn away, she seized his hand in terror, saying imploringly, —

"Don't go! Stay with me, Elmar! I am frightened when you leave me."

In spite of the young man's anxiety, a feeling of inexpressible joy thrilled his heart. Could he receive a stronger proof of her love, than this half-unconscious clinging to him as her support and protector? He instantly bent over her again, stroked her hair as one soothes a child, and whispered fondly, —

"I will not leave you, my darling; I will sit down here by your sofa and watch you."

She smiled, but held his hand so firmly that it was somewhat difficult for him to keep his word, and sit down in a chair beside her couch. The baroness now brought a soothing-powder, but Erica instead of looking at the old lady, fixed her eyes on Elmar's face, and only when the latter bent over her and begged her to take the medicine, obediently submitted.

It was a strong narcotic, whose effect was soon visible. The convulsive trembling gradually ceased, and only at rare intervals a shiver ran through the young girl's limbs; the lids drooped heavily over her eyes, and her regular breathing showed that Erica was beginning to enter the kingdom of sleep.

Now and then her eyes suddenly opened, and her eager glance sought Elmar's figure, as if she wished to convince herself of his presence. Her hand still grasped his, but by degrees the pressure grew lighter, the fingers gradually loosened their clasp, and Elmar laid the sleeper's hand gently on the silk coverlid which the baroness had carefully spread over her.

XLI.

NEW OBSTACLES.

When Elmar cautiously rose from his seat and approached the old lady and Sidonie, both looked anxiously into his face with an expression of eager inquiry.

"I can tell you nothing," he said gloomily, in reply to the mute question; "I lifted Erica from her horse in the condition in which you saw her. She came alone and rode Salvator."

"Salvator!" exclaimed Sidonie almost aloud.

He made a hasty, anxious sign for her to be cautious. "It is some rascally trick of that worthless scoundrel," he whispered softly, while, in spite of his apparent composure, his teeth were pressed so firmly on his under lip that it bled. "Her incoherent exclamations revealed so much. The miserable coward probably tried to revenge himself in this way."

"And Katharina?" asked the baroness in surprise.

"Katharina, I hope, will soon be fit for the insane asylum, where her caprices can be watched, and do no farther mischief."

There was such deep anger in the speaker's words, spite of the low tone in which they were uttered, that the old lady answered reprovingly, —

"Your excitement carries you too far, my dear Elmar."

"It only reveals what has long been hidden in my heart. There are the worthy couple!" he exclaimed, interrupting himself and approaching the window. Katharina is talking to Wehlen; it seems as if I could hear her disagreeable laugh. There is no trace of anxiety about Erica's fate, no qualms of conscience."

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Elmar paused, and his teeth again pressed his under lip till it bled.

"I will go down, grandmamma," he said, when he had partially regained his self-control; "I want to send for the head groom to ascertain the particulars of the affair."

The latter came to Elmar's room just as he was in the act of summoning him, and, after relating the events which had occured, said, —

"I came to you myself, Herr Baron, to beg you to interfere, and send that man away from the princess and the castle. Although I have no positive proofs, I am perfectly sure that he is to blame for the whole accident, and indeed caused it intentionally. Terrible as the accusation sounds, it must have been his design to murder the young lady, and Lebrecht, to whom I heard him talking secretly in the stable yesterday, was to have given Ella something to make her unmanageable. As this plan failed, in consequence of my dismissing the rascally fellow, Herr Wehlen probably intended to perform the trick himself, for he had scarcely come out of the castle, when he went up to Ella, took her from the groom, and led her a few paces by the bridle, as if he wanted to see whether she was properly saddled. My approach prevented this also, and so he tried to gain his object in another way.

"At first I thought he was frightening Ella out of malice, to make me angry; but afterwards I saw very plainly that he really had designs on the young lady's safety. The latter, however, had ridden forward, and the princess was talking to me, so I could not prevent what I really thought was only a fancy caused by my distrust of the gentleman. Afterwards I almost decided to defy the princess's orders, and ride back with Fräulein Erica, but I knew that Salvator, unlike other horses, always goes most quietly alone, and besides, I could not risk a sudden dismissal from my place. I have a wife and children, and the former's sickness has used up my savings, and even while I am employed causes me to practise the greatest economy, so ——"

"Have no anxiety, my good Willich," interrupted Elmar; "you have done all you could, and I thank you for it. Leave the rest to me."

When Erica opened her eyes, her first glance fell upon Elmar, who had resumed his former seat. A sunny smile flitted over her face, and she held out her hand, but no convulsive pressure betrayed any agitation. Her face was calm, though somewhat pale, and she said, in a jesting tone, —

"Do you know, Elmar, I have given you the *rôle* old Christel so often played in my childhood. When I was afraid to go to sleep, I made her sit down by me and held her apron, so that she could not get away, but she was not so faithful a guardian as you, for when I awoke I found myself alone, and the apron lying beside my bed."

"Don't praise me so much, Erica," replied Elmar, laughing; "I have not remained at my post all the time, for I went away to dinner."

"What! is it so late?" cried Erica in astonishment, starting up. "Why, yes, the lamps are lighted, and there is grandmamma too! I have a dim recollection that you were in the room before, grandmamma, and I did not notice you; pardon my rudeness."

"Don't trouble yourself about that, little one; but think what you will have to eat, for I hope you are hungry."

"No, I am only tired, spite of my long nap; I will take tea with Elmar at his little marble table, if you will allow it."

"The marble table is entirely at your service; but you will probably want to change your dress first."

Erica's startled eyes rested upon her riding-habit, whose torn, soiled condition bore only too distinct traces of her fall. She shuddered, and the old lady, fearing that her former agitation would return, tried to divert her attention, and then led her to her own room.

On her return, she took her usual seat by the fire, and called Sandor to her side.

"If you had been with me, Sandor," she exclaimed, patting the dog's head, "you would have protected me and saved Ella. You do not know, Elmar, that poor Ella is dead, lying crushed at the bottom of a precipice. I shall never ride her again."

Tears filled her eyes, and Elmar anxiously threw his arm around her and said hastily: "Calm yourself, my darling, I know all, and in order to do nothing hastily, shall not speak to Katharina until to-morrow morning."

Erica involuntarily started, and then, with flashing eyes, exclaimed: "I will never go to the princess's rooms again. How could she treat me so unkindly, so cruelly?"

"I think you will soon be entirely relieved of her presence, Erica; from what I know of her character, she will prefer to leave Altenborn with the chamberlain she has chosen, rather than yield. But let us

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talk of pleasanter things now, and one of them is that Fritz is coming to visit us."

"Fritz coming here! cried Erica joyously, and then eagerly asked for the news from Dorneck, which his letter undoubtedly contained. But she could scarcely understand Elmar's answer; the exhaustion which she had hitherto conquered by the exertion of all her strength now overpowered her, so that she was obliged to withdraw and retire to rest, even before she had taken tea at the little marble table.

The following morning Elmar went to his sister, to demand Wehlen's instant departure. He had hesitated for some time, whether to satisfy himself with his mere removal, or hold him answerable for his conduct before a court of justice, but finally decided upon the former course. When he entered Katharina's drawing-room, he found Wehlen himself in the apartment, and the sight sent the blood so quickly to his heart, that he turned deadly pale. The next instant, however, by exerting all the strength of will of which he was capable, he controlled himself, and without looking at Wehlen, said, —

"Leave the room, sir. I wish to speak to my sister alone."

"I will await the princess's commands, Herr Baron," replied Wehlen with scornful defiance.

Katharina, who at her brother's entrance had displayed a little timidity, was now perfectly calm.

"You are quite right, Herr von Wehlen; it is a little too soon for you to play the master, my dear Elmar," she said, with her disagreeable laugh.

Elmar looked at her in surprise — her words excited no little astonishment, as Wehlen had undoubtedly informed her of the discovery of the document — and saw in her restless eyes the strange light which sometimes terrified him by its appearance, though its existence after it had vanished once more seemed merely a horrible fancy. But he now perceived that there was less hope than ever of conquering his sister by calm reasoning, and, in order to avoid everything which would irritate her, said as quietly as possible, —

"Give the order, my dear Kathinka, I wish to speak to you alone."

"I regret that I cannot gratify your wish. Herr von Wehlen must hear what you have to say to me."

Elmar's steady gaze caused a vague feeling of discomfort, and to avoid it she rose, and began to move about the room.

"Then the gentleman can thank himself, if he hears things which ——"

"I forbid any such conversation, Elmar," Katharina hastily interrupted. "I will hear nothing against Herr von Wehlen."

"You will be compelled to do so, Kathinka, for ——"

"Do you mean to insult me in my own apartments, Elmar?" exclaimed Katharina, angrily approaching him. The strange light in her eyes glittered so brightly, and there was such undoubted certainty of its existence, that he involuntarily turned away with a shudder.

"You see he does not venture to defy me, Wehlen," cried the princess exultantly; "he knows that I am the real owner of this house."

Elmar had regained his composure, and answered quietly, but in a loud, resolute tone: "You are mistaken, Kathinka, on the contrary I have come to use my authority as master. You will send this — your pretended chamberlain away to-day, or leave Altenborn with him."

Katharina laughed shrilly, and Wehlen's lip curled with scarcely perceptible but still deeper scorn.

"You hear, Wehlen, what we should have to expect from this so-called brother of mine, if you had not ——"

"Do not allow yourself to become so much excited, your Highness," interrupted Wehlen, hastily approaching her. "Consider your delicate health."

"And all this ado about that ugly little girl, to whom I really gave the few attractions she has. You have practised a most unwarrantable deception upon me in this respect, Elmar," she suddenly continued, in a very different tone. "You always spoke of her with indifference, to mislead me, and you too, Wehlen, you never rested in your machinations until I took this creature into my house. I am deceived and betrayed by all!" she exclaimed passionately, as she paced up and down the room wringing her hands.

Elmar stood at the window with folded arms, considering what course to pursue. He could scarcely talk to his sister to-day, and was inclined to leave the room and send the doctor to her, when she suddenly paused before him, and said hoarsely,—

"Elmar, you cannot possibly be so destitute of all sense of honor, as to make this low, worthless creature your wife."

The blood rushed to his brain, his eyes blazed with anger, and, seizing her hand as she tried to turn away, he exclaimed in a threatening tone,—

"Beware of trying my patience too far,

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Katharina. Your treatment of Erica yesterday was shameful, disgraceful, and if I thought you fully responsible for your acts, I would hold you to a strict account for it."

Katharina seemed intimidated by his glance or the firm grasp of his hand, for her restless eyes sought the ground, and she asked almost timidly: "Is she really your betrothed bride, as Wehlen says?"

"Herr von Wehlen is the last person of whom I should make a confidant, but he may now hear, with you, that I have been engaged to her a short time."

Katharina wrested her hand from Elmar's, and once more paced wildly up and down the room. "I'll go to grandmamma! She must interfere, must prevent this horrible affair."

"Grandmamma entirely approves of my choice, and sincerely loves Erica."

"Of course, you were always the favorite, whose faults were continually overlooked." Katharina threw herself into a chair so violently, that it was in danger of breaking. "Come here, Wehlen! Repeat what you just told me."

Wehlen obeyed, approached her, and whispered a few words. Elmar also came forward, for as Katharina seemed somewhat calmer, he hoped to make her listen to reason.

"I trust you will not forget what I told you just now, Katharina. If your chamberlain does not leave Castle Altenborn before nightfall, the abuse of my hospitality to you will force me to adopt severe measures, and cause your own departure. The gentleman may congratulate himself on escaping so easily, but I think the jail will not be deprived of his presence long."

"You shall give me satisfaction for this insult!" exclaimed Wehlen furiously.

Elmar shrugged his shoulders. "I should consider myself dishonored to use even my riding-whip on you, and if the task were necessary, would commit it to the lowest of my servants."

"You shall answer for this, sir!" Wehlen hissed between his clenched teeth, while his eyes flashed with fury.

"I hope you have understood me, Kathinka," continued Elmar, turning to her, without taking any farther notice of Wehlen, "and will act accordingly."

The strange glitter had vanished from her eyes, but they only expressed a deeper contempt, as she replied,

"We will mutually adopt our own measures. You must be satisfied with love in a cottage, while I take possession of Castle Altenborn as my rightful inheritance."

"What do you mean by that, Kathinka?"

"I mean to cleanse my father's memory from the stain of having made a woman who was so far beneath him his wife. In a mistress, one can, fortunately, be less particular in his choice."

"Katharina!" exclaimed Elmar, trembling with anger, as he pressed her forcibly back into the chair from which she attempted to rise. "If madness has already overpowered you so far that you wish to expose the honor of your father and the woman who so lovingly watched over your childhood to public scorn, it is my duty to interfere, and I will prove your mental incapacity."

"In that case, I will appear as a witness for the princess, Herr Baron," interrupted Wehlen. "True, it is a frequent expedient in English novels, to make troublesome persons harmless by placing them in a mad-house, but in Germany you would probably find it somewhat difficult to execute such an infamous plan. Besides, the assertion, which certainly greatly imperils your rights, has by no means originated with the princess. The rumor has long been in circulation, and at last reached her ears."

"A rumor, which is fully worthy of the originator. But this new piece of rascality, which does not spare even the dead, shall not prevent me from enforcing my rights as the master of the house."

"Those rights will be denied, sir. Even by the most liberal interpretation of the terms used in the document which establishes the entail, Baron von Altenborn's natural son can never be acknowledged as the heir."

Elmar summoned up all his self-control, that the scene might not become still more repulsive than it was already. He too now paced up and down the room several times to regain his composure, and after a pause, said,—

"I believe we are already in the mad-house just mentioned. My mother lived here for years as my father's loved and honored wife, and I have been the acknowledged heir from my boyhood. Your chamberlain seems to have exhausted his intrigues, Kathinka, or he would not have hit upon this half-absurd, though disgraceful expedient."

The princess had leaned back in her chair, and her restless glances wandered uneasily around the room. She seemed startled herself by the accusation she had made, and, as her excitement gradually passed away, her face assumed a weary,

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haggard expression. Now she started, and said with evident effort: "On the contrary, is it not shameful to have been so long defrauded of my rights?" She suddenly paused, and sinking back again, murmured faintly, "Speak for me, Wehlen, I cannot remember what I wanted to say."

"If you wish to remain here as master any longer," Wehlen obediently began, "you will, under any circumstances, be obliged to produce your parents' marriage certificate. It is not to be found in the church. So long as your rights are not proved by this document, the property belongs to the princess, and ——"

"Do not attempt to prove the consistency of your words, or you will repent it!" cried Elmar, with flashing eyes. "If this evening finds you still in the castle, you shall be put out by my servants; so make your arrangements accordingly."

Without vouchsafing his enemy a glance, Elmar left the room, but when the door closed behind him, he involuntarily paused to draw a long breath, and then passed his hand over his forehead as if to smooth away the angry frown, but a deep line still remained between the eyebrows. When he had reached his room, he paced up and down several times, murmuring involuntarily,—

"He knows that the scandal this matter will excite, the indignation at the insult offered to the dead, will cause me inexpressible annoyance and grief; so even if the whole affair is speedily settled, his revenge will be sufficiently gratified. And yet I see no way to prevent it, for, even if he leaves the castle, his influence over that crack-brained woman will remain."

From Chambers' Journal.

STORY OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

A PASSING sigh of regret has noted the recent demise, at the good old age of eighty-six, of one of the most remarkable men of our time. Seldom has it been our lot to record in the pages of this journal the story of one whose genius was of so wild and fantastic a character as that of this veteran artist, who won his maiden fame in the days of George III., and has passed away in the latter part of the reign of Queen Victoria.

George Cruikshank, who was of Scotch parentage, was born in London on September 27, 1792. His father was an artist of the caricature order, contemporary with Gilray; and his elder brother Robert was a draughtsman who, though of no great ability, had a strong Cruikshankian manner about him. George began to sketch at a very early age; and at the commencement of the present century he got a living by making etchings for the booksellers. His father had originally intended to train up his son for the stage; but perceiving that his inclinations lay in quite another direction, he allowed him to cultivate those artistic talents which were afterwards to be a source of delight to himself and to the public. In 1805 the lad sketched Lord Nelson's funeral car; and his illustrations of the "O. P." riots at Covent Garden Theatre in 1809 attracted considerable attention at the time. Some of his earliest sketches depict characters who were the centre of interest at that period, but whose names have now quite an ancient ring about them.

Before the reign of George III. was over, the young artist had made a conspicuous name as a caricaturist and comic designer. His first designs were in connection with cheap songs and children's books; and after that he furnished political caricatures to the *Scourge* and other satirical publications, besides doing a good deal of work for Mr. Hone's books and periodicals during several years. Indeed this famous publisher was the first to perceive the talents of the artist, and to introduce his rather eccentric sketches to the public. It is related of the young Cruikshank that, having a desire to follow art in the higher department, he endeavored on one occasion to study at the Academy. The schools at that period were restricted in space and much crowded. On sending up to Fuseli his figure in plaster, the professor returned the characteristic but discouraging answer: "He may come, but he will have to fight for a seat." Cruikshank never repeated his attempt to enter the Academy, although he afterwards became an exhibitor. His pencil was ever enlisted on the side of suffering and against oppression, and it is therefore not surprising to find that the cause of the ill-used Queen Caroline was greatly benefited by its scathing satire. Some special hits were made by the artist on this occasion, for it was a subject on which the public mind was very much excited, and one design, which was entitled "The Queen's Matrimonial Ladder," ran through fifty editions.

In 1830, when the government had determined to suppress the agitation for

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Parliamentary reform, Cruikshank, at the request of his old patron Hone, produced some political illustrations, which are said to have convulsed with laughter the ministry at whom they were directed, and to whom they did incalculable damage. One of these, called "The Political House that Jack Built," was particularly good, and within a very short time one hundred thousand copies of it were sold. A few years later George abandoned political caricature and gave himself up to the illustration of works of humor and fancy, to the exposure of passing follies in dress and social manners, and to grave and often tragic moralizing on the vices of mankind.

In the year 1821 he illustrated — and indeed originated — the celebrated "Life in London" of Pierce Egan, a work better known by the title of "Tom and Jerry." The book was published in sheets and enjoyed an enormous success, establishing the name of George Cruikshank as the first comic artist of the day. The plates for this work were in *aquatint*, and though not in Cruikshank's best manner, they exhibited that variety of observation and marvellous fulness of detail for which the designer was always remarkable. The letterpress of the work was, however, written in too free a manner for the moral intention with which the plates were drawn; and offended at the gross use to which his illustrations were applied, the great artist retired from the engagement before the work was completed.

It was related to the writer of this article by Cruikshank himself that, when a very young man, he was one day engaged in hastily sketching a work of rather questionable character. While he was doing it, his mother and another lady entered the room, and he quickly hid the sketch away. The act, however, so disturbed him that he resolved never to allow his pencil to produce any work in the future at which a virtuous woman could not look without a blush. The pure moral tone of all his works attests how well he kept so noble a resolve.

From 1823 down to many years later, George Cruikshank was the most highly esteemed of English book-illustrators. Work poured in upon him at a prodigious rate; but being a man of singular energy and tireless industry, he was always equal to the demand. His designs for "Italian Tales," Grimm's "German Stories," the wild legend of "Peter Schlemihl," the shadowless man, "Baron Munchausen," and Sir Walter Scott's "Demonology and Witchcraft," are amongst his best and highest works. He also illustrated some of Washington Irving's works of fiction, Fielding and Smollett's books, beside Maxwell's graphic "History of the Irish Rebellion." It would, however, be impossible, in this brief notice of his life, to mention one tithe of the works that have emanated from the untiring pencil of this remarkable man. But the generation which is passing away cannot fail to remember his celebrated "Mornings at Bow Street," a series of sketches which depicted and ruthlessly exposed the dark and savage side of London life.

The genius of Charles Dickens, as we formerly had occasion to remark, received invaluable assistance from Cruikshank's pencil, which illustrated the first writings of the young author, and thus paved the way for him to a larger audience than he might otherwise have had. In the first month of 1837 appeared the opening number of *Bentley's Miscellany*, edited by "Boz" (Charles Dickens), then in the flush of his "Pickwick" success, and illustrated by Cruikshank. In the second number of the *Miscellany*, Dickens commenced "Oliver Twist," a work not only illustrated by Cruikshank, but for which the latter it appears had himself supplied, unwittingly, some of the characters.

George used to say that he had drawn the figures of Fagin, Bill Sikes and his dog, Nancy, the Artful Dodger, and Charley Bates, before "Oliver Twist" was written; and that Dickens seeing the sketches one day shortly after the commencement of the story, determined to change his plot, and instead of keeping Oliver in the country, resolved to bring him to town, and throw him (with entire innocence) into the company of thieves. Fagin, was sketched from a rascally old Jew whom Cruikshank had observed in the neighborhood of Saffron Hill, and whom he watched and "studied" for several weeks. The artist had also conceived the terrible face of "Fagin in the Condemned Cell" as he sits gnawing his nails, in the curious, accidental way we lately narrated to our readers. He had been working at the subject for some days without satisfying himself; when sitting up in bed one morning with his hands on his chin and his fingers in his mouth, he saw his face in the glass, and at once exclaimed: "*That's it! that's the face I want!*"

Nobody who has seen the sketches to "Oliver Twist" can ever forget them, and two at least of the series are perfect *chefs-d'œuvre* of genius, namely the death of

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Sikes on the roof of the old house at the river-side, and the despair of Fagin in his cell. In fact some of Cruikshank's best work in the delineation of low and depraved life and the squalid picturesqueness of criminal haunts, appeared in the above-named book. His illustrations to Harrison Ainsworth's works were also for the most part charming specimens of what may be appropriately termed the "Cruikshankian" art. At the same time he sketched the designs for some of the "Ingoldsby Legends," as they appeared from time to time in the *Miscellany*. In 1841 he set up on his own account a monthly periodical called the *Omnibus*, of which Laman Blanchard was the editor; and subsequently joined Mr. Ainsworth in the magazine which that gentleman had started in his own name; the great artist, in a series of splendid plates of the highest conception, illustrating "The Miser's Daughter" and other works from the pen of the proprietor. For several years Cruikshank had been publishing a "Comic Almanac," which was a great favorite with the public, and was always brimming full of fun and prodigal invention. In 1863 a "Cruikshank Gallery" was opened at Exeter Hall, in which were exhibited a great number of his works, extending over a period of *sixty* years. The exhibition originated from a desire on the artist's part to shew the public that they were all done by the same hand, and that he was not, in fact, *his own grandfather;* some people having asserted that the author of his later works was the grandson of the man who had sketched the earliest ones.

He will perhaps be remembered most affectionately by the great industrial portion of the people as the apostle as well as the artist of temperance. Perceiving drunkenness to be the national vice, he depicted its horrors from the studio, and denounced its woes from the platform. It was about the year 1845 that he joined the teetotalers; and in 1847 he brought out a set of plates called "The Bottle," a kind of "Drunkard's Progress," in eight designs, executed in glyphograpy with remarkable power and tragic intensity, not unlike some of the works of Hogarth. The success of these extraordinary engravings was enormous. Dramas were founded on the story at the minor theatres, and the several tableaux were reproduced on the stage. He soon published a sequel to "The Bottle," and did a great deal of work for the temperance societies; but it was observed that his style suffered somewhat by the contraction of his ideas and sympathies, and his reputation declined amongst the general public in proportion to the increase of his popularity amongst the teetotalers. He remained, however, the staunch friend and ally of the temperance leaders up to the day of his death; and he used to say that for years before he became a total abstainer he was the enemy of drunkenness with his pencil, but that later experience had taught him that precept without example was of little avail. There is no doubt that, though the good he was able to do by persuading others to whom drink was a positive injury, brought great satisfaction to his mind, it alienated from him to a great extent the friendship, to their loss, of his former companions. But to know his duty was for George Cruikshank to do it, and nobly did he stand by the cause which he had espoused. His advocacy of temperance is also said to have been a great pecuniary loss to him; and the writer of this article remembers having heard him say, a few years since, that he had lost a commission to paint the portrait of a nobleman, because somebody had told the latter that since George Cruikshank had become a teetotaler he had lost all his talent! The hearty laugh which accompanied the recital of the story rings in the writer's ears still.

Perhaps his greatest work in the cause of temperance, as it is certainly his most extraordinary one, is the large oil-painting called "The Worship of Bacchus," which now hangs in the National Gallery. It represents the various phases of our national drinking system, from the child in its cradle to the man's descent to the grave. There are many hundreds of figures depicted on the canvas, engaged in all the different customs of so-called civilized life; and the sad lesson it reads is well deserving the attention of all who love their country, and would prefer to witness its increased prosperity rather than its decline. Cruikshank had the honor of describing the picture to her Majesty the queen at Windsor in 1863; and since then it has been exhibited in all the principal towns and cities of the United Kingdom. Finally, it was presented by the teetotalers to the nation, having been purchased from the artist by means of a subscription. The time spent in the preparation of this work must have been very great, indeed it might well have been the study of an ordinary lifetime. An engraving of the picture was published some time ago, in which all the figures were outlined by the painter and finished by Mr. Mottram.

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In his own way, George Cruikshank was a philanthropist, and to the end of his life it was his proud boast that he had put a stop to hanging for forging bank-notes. The story, as told by himself, is so interesting, that we need not apologize for placing it before our readers. He lived in Salisbury Square, Fleet Street; and on his returning from the bank of England one morning he was horrified at seeing several persons, two of whom were women, hanging on the gibbet in front of Newgate. On his making inquiries as to the nature of their crime, he was told that they had been put to death for forging *one-pound* Bank of England notes. The fact that a poor woman could be put to death for such a minor offence had such an effect upon him, that he hurried home, determined, if possible, to put a stop to such wholesale destruction of life.

Cruikshank was well acquainted with the habits of the low class of society in London at that time, as it had been necessary for him to study them in the furtherance of his art, and he knew well that it was most likely that the poor women in question were simply the unconscious instruments of the miscreants who forged the notes, and had been induced by them to tender the false money to some publican or other. In a few minutes after his arrival at his residence he had designed and sketched a "Bank-note not to be Imitated." Shortly afterwards, William Hone, the publisher, called on him, and seeing the sketch lying on the table, he was much struck with it.

"What are you going to do with this, George?" he asked.

"To publish it," replied the artist.

"Will you let me have it?" inquired Hone.

"Willingly," said Cruikshank; and making an etching of it there and then, he gave it to Hone, and it was published; the result being, that "I had the satisfaction of knowing that no man or woman was ever hanged afterwards for passing forged one-pound Bank of England notes."

In 1863 he published an amusing pamphlet against the belief in ghosts, illustrated by some weird fantastic sketches on wood. But his public appearances now became less frequent. During the later years of his life he gave considerable attention to oil-painting, and he used greatly to regret that he had not received a more artistic education, stating that when he first saw the cartoons of Raphael he felt overpowered by a sort of shame at his own comparative deficiencies. He has, however, left some good specimens of his power in oil in "Tam o' Shanter," "A Runaway Knock," and "Disturbing the Congregation;" the last-named having been bought by the late prince consort, and afterwards engraved. The design of the Bruce Memorial, which has been so much admired, was also from the pencil of George Cruikshank; and the last contribution from his pen to the public press was a letter on this subject.

His personal appearance was no less remarkable than his works. Rather below middle stature, and thick-set, with a rather sharp Roman nose, piercing eyes, a mouth full of lurking humor, and wild elf-locks flowing about his face, he at once attracted attention as a man of genius, energy, and character. He was always famous for great courage and spirit, which, added to his muscular power, made him very capable of holding his own everywhere.

Though accustomed to depict life in its shadier phases, Cruikshank was of a naturally joyous disposition. In social life his humor was inimitable; and his readiness to add to the amusement of his host and his host's guests was only equalled by the unique way in which he played the part of actor, singer, and dancer. The fact of his being a teetotaler in no way interfered with his honest natural merry nature; with old and young alike he was a deserved favorite. Young folks were especially fond of the dear old man. Dining with some other guests at the London house of a friend of the writer's some five-and-twenty years ago, Mr. Cruikshank when asked to favor the company with a song, struck up the comic ditty of "Billy Taylor, that Brisk Young Fellow," and danced an accompaniment, much to the amusement of the good folks present. "Not so bad for one of your teetotalers," quoth the veteran as he returned to his seat.

In his earlier years he ventured alone into the worst dens of criminal London, and since he had grown old he actually captured a burglar in his own house and with his own hands. In many ways he contributed to the public amusement and the public good; and during the later years of his life he was in receipt of a government pension, for though he helped to make fortunes for others, he made very little money for himself. He was a volunteer so far back as 1804; and in our own days he commanded a regiment of citizen soldiers of teetotal principles.

There is on view at the Westminster Aquarium at the present time a splendid

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collection of Cruikshank's works, each of which is a study in itself, while the whole, consisting of about five hundred sketches, forms a unique monument to his skill and genius.

As an artist he will be certain of lasting fame, for he managed his lights and shades with a skill akin to Rembrandt, while his delineation of low life in its every phase was marvellous. His illustrations to fairy and goblin stories were also beyond praise, as they could not be surpassed in strangeness and elfin oddity; and in this respect he was popular with young and old. His sketches must be innumerable, for he was, like all true men of genius, a great worker, and he must have toiled unceasingly through at least *seventy* years of his long life. He was attacked with bronchitis a few weeks previous to his death, yet with great care he was actually enabled to recover from this disease; but alas! only to succumb to an older complaint from which he had been free for years. He died painlessly, on the evening of the first of February last, at his residence in Hampstead Road, London; and while to comparatively few was given the inestimable privilege of the great artist's friendship, the grief of a nation for his loss attests the universality of his fame.

From Nature.

THE ANALOGIES OF PLANT AND ANIMAL LIFE.*

LET us begin our inquiry into the analogies of plant and animal life by comparing the egg of an animal with the seed of a plant. Let it be the ripe seed of a common plant, and the egg of a bird. Both seed and egg may be said to consist of the young creature and a supply of food which is stored up for its use, and is gradually exhausted as the young creature develops. Every one who has tried when a boy to blow a late bird's egg must have been painfully alive to the fact of its containing a young animal, and the egg we eat for breakfast may serve to remind us of the store of food which we diverted from its proper course of nourishing a young chicken.

Here is a diagram representing a section through the seed of a poppy, in which the young plant may be seen lying in its store of food containing a supply of carbohydrates and nitrogenous matter, which is consumed as the yolk of the egg is consumed by the young chicken. Other seeds, such as a bean, an acorn, or an almond, seem at first sight to consist of nothing but the young plant, and to have no store of food. The two halves into which a pea splits are the two first leaves or cotyledons of the young plant, the embryo stem and root being represented by the little projecting mass lying between the two halves at one end of the seed. Here the store of food is laid up in the body of the young plant just as many young animals carry with them a store of food in the shape of the masses of fat with which they are cushioned; the two leaves which seem so gigantic compared with the rest of the plant are filled with nutriment, and perform the same function of supplying food for the growth of the seedling, which is performed by the mass of nutrient material in which the embryo of the poppy seed is embedded. Recent researches have shown that embryo plants are possessed of powers which even in the present day it seems almost ludicrous to ascribe to them. I mean powers of digestion. Gorup-Besanez,* a distinguished German chemist, found that in the germinating seed of a vetch a ferment exists similar to the ferment in the pancreatic secretion of animals — a secretion having the power of reducing both nitrogenous bodies and starch to a condition in which they can be utilized and absorbed by the tissues, so that the embryo plant behaves exactly as if it were a minute animal digesting and absorbing the store of food with which it is supplied. The power of digesting starch possessed by the embryo plant has been brilliantly demonstrated by Van Tieghem,† who found that the embryo removed from the seed of the marvel of Peru (*Mirabilis jalapa*) was distinctly nourished if placed in an artificial seed made of starch paste. He found that the starch paste was actually corroded by the young plant, proving that a digestive ferment had been at work.

This wonderful experiment is of special interest as proving that the digestive ferment is a product of the young plant itself, just as the digestive juice of an animal is a secretion from its stomach. It is indeed a striking thought that whether we grind up a grain of wheat to flour and eat it ourselves as bread, or whether we let the seed germinate, in which case the young

* A lecture delivered at the London Institution on March 11 by Francis Darwin, M.B.

* *Deutsch. chem. Gesellsch.*, 1874; *Botanische Zeitung*, 1875, p. 565.

† *An. Sc. Nat.*, 1873, xvii., p. 205.

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plant eats it, the process is identically the same.

The power of storing up food in a fixed condition and utilizing it when required is a most important function both in animal and plant physiology. And just as this utilization is seen in the seed to be brought about by a ferment — by a digestive process — so probably wherever the transference or utilization of food-stores occurs it is effected by ferments. If this be so it would seem that the processes of digestion proper, as they occur in the stomach and intestines of animals and on the leaves of carnivorous plants, I say it is probable that these processes are only a specialization * of a widely-spread power, which may exist in the simplest protoplasmic ancestor of animals and plants. In this case we shall have no right to consider the existence of carnivorous plants anything strange or bizarre; we should not consider it, as seems sometimes to be done, an eccentric and unaccountable assumption of animal properties by plants; but rather the appearance of a function which we have quite as much right to expect in plants as in animals. Not that this view makes the fact of vegetable digestion any less wonderful, but rather more interesting as probably binding together by community of descent a wide class of physiological functions. Let us now pass on to consider the analogies of plants and animals in a more advanced stage of life.

Great differences exist among animals as to the degree of development attained before the young ones enter the world. A young kangaroo is born in a comparatively early stage of development, and is merely capable of passive existence in its mother's pouch, while a young calf or lamb soon leads an active existence. Or compare a human child which passes through so prolonged a condition of helplessness, with a young chicken which runs about and picks up grain directly it is out of its shell. As analogous cases among plants, we may take the mangrove and the tobacco-plant. The ripe seed of the mangrove is not scattered abroad, but remains attached to the capsule still hanging on the mother plant. In this state the seeds germinate and the roots grow out and down to the sea-level, and the plant is not deserted by its mother until it has got well established in the mud. It is due to the young mangrove to say that the conditions of life against which it has to make a start are very hard on it. The most intrepid seedling might well cling to its parent on finding that it was expected to germinate on soft mud daily flooded by the tide. Perhaps the same excuse may be offered for the helplessness of babies — the more complicated the conditions of life, the greater dependence must there be of offspring on parent.

Now compare a young tobacco-plant with the mangrove. All the help the seedling tobacco receives from its parent is a very small supply of food; this it uses up in forming its first pair of leaves; it has then nothing left by way of reserve, but must depend on its own exertions for subsistence. By its own exertions I mean its power of manufacturing starch (which is the great article of food required by plants) from the carbonic acid in the air. In this respect it is like a caterpillar which is formed from the contents of the egg, but has to get its own living as soon as it is born.

In many cases there is a certain degree of independence in young creatures, which are nevertheless largely dependent on their parents' help. Thus, young chickens, though able to feed themselves, depend on their mother for warmth and guidance. A somewhat parallel case may be found among plants. It has been shown that the large store of reserve material in a bean is not all needed for the development of the seedling. It has been proved that well-formed and flourishing seedlings are produced, even when a large part of the cotyledons has been removed. In fact, the store of food in the bean has been said to play a double part in the economy of the plant,* first, as giving absolutely necessary formative material, and secondly, as protecting the young plant in the struggle with other plants, by supplying it with food till it is well established and able to make its own food. This view was fully established by my father,† who sowed various kinds of seed among grass in order to observe the struggle; he found that peas and beans were able to make a vigorous start in growth, while many other young plants were killed off as soon as they germinated.

The young bean is thus indirectly protected by its mother from death, which the severe competition entails on less fortunate seedlings. This kind of protection can only in a certain general sense be com-

* See Morren, "*La Digestion Végétale*," Gand, 1876; and Pfeffer, "*Landwirth. Jahrb.*," 1877.

* Haberlandt, "*Schutzeinrichtungen in der Entwickelungen der Keimpflanzen*," 1877, p. 29. The idea is quoted as originally given by Sachs, *Vienna Acad.*, xxxvii., 1859.

† See "Origin of Species," 6th edition, p. 60.

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pared with the protection given by parent to offspring. Nevertheless, a more strictly parallel case may be found among animals. Certain fishes retain the yolk-bag, still containing a supply of food, and swim about leading an independent life, carrying this store with them. Among plants, a good case of a retention of a store of food occurs * in the oak. Young trees possessing woody stems and several leaves may still have an acorn underground with an unexhausted store of food.

In comparing the lives of plants and animals, one is struck with the different relation which the welfare of the race bears to the welfare of the individual. In plants it is far more obvious that the aim and object of existence is the perpetuation of the species. The striking and varied development of the reproductive organs in plants is one factor in this difference. Roughly speaking, plants strike us most by their flowers and seed — that is by organs serving the interest of the race. Animals are most striking on account of their movements, which are chiefly connected with the wants of the individual. If a child wants to know whether a stick *is* a stick or a caterpillar, he touches it, and if it walks off, classes it in the animal kingdom. Of course, I do not mean that the power of movement is a mark of distinction between animals and plants, but it certainly is a power which is well developed in most animals, and badly developed in most plants. It is the absence of locomotive powers (as opposed to the absence of simple movements) that especially characterizes most plants. One sees the meaning of this if one inquires into mode of life of stationary and of locomotive animals. Stationary animals either inhabit the water, or else are parasitic in habits, and live on tissues of plants or animals. In either case the absence of locomotion has the same meaning. Many aquatic animals derive their food from the minute organic particles floating in the water, so that even though they lead a stationary life, food will be brought to them by the currents in the water. Parasitic animals obtain their food directly from the juices or sap of their host, so that they do not need to move about as other animals do in search of food. In the same way plants live like parasites on the earth, penetrating it with their roots, and sucking out its juices; and their food — carbonic acid — is brought to them by the currents of the air, so that like both an aquatic and a parasitic animal, they have no need of locomotion, as far as concerns the obtaining of food.

In the case of many young animals their powers of locomotion would be useless unless the eggs were deposited by the mother in a proper place; one cannot imagine anything more forlorn than a caterpillar reared from an egg laid anywhere by chance, and expected to find its proper plant. The necessity of finding proper places to lay her eggs implies the necessity of locomotion on the part of the mother. This need of locomotion is, of course, equally a need to the plant, but it is supplied in a distributed way. The seeds themselves become locomotive; they either acquire plumes to fly on the wind like the seeds of dandelions or they become burrs and cling to passing animals, or are distributed in other ways. Various and strange are the means of transportal adopted by seeds; for instance, the acorn seems to distribute itself by deliberately trading on the carelessness of creatures which are usually considered its superiors in intelligence. Good evidence exists that young oaks which grow scattered in large number over a wide extent of wild, healthy land have sprung from the acorns accidentally dropped by passing rooks. In all these cases the young plant has to trust to chance as to what kind of soil it will be deposited in, and this of course accounts for the enormous number of seeds produced by plants. Some seeds are more fortunate in possessing a kind of mechanical choice or power of selecting suitable places to grow in. Many years ago my father described a plumed seed which, when damped, poured out a sticky substance capable of glueing the seed firmly to whatever touched it. Imagine such a plant blown by the wind over some sandy waste; nothing tends to stay its course till it happens to pass by a region where the soil is damper; then it sends out its sticky anchors, and thus comes to rest just where it has a chance of germinating favorably. Again, some seeds have a certain amount of locomotive power independent of such external agencies as wind or passing animals. I mean a power of burying themselves in the ground; the seeds of grasses are the best known of these self-burying seeds; and among them the feather-grass, or *Stipa pennata*, is the most conspicuous. These seeds possess a strong, sharp point, armed with a plume or tuft of recurved hairs, which act like the barbs of an arrow and prevent the seed from coming out again when it has once

* Haberlandt, p. 12.

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penetrated the soil. This arrow-like point is fixed at the lower end of a strong awn, which has the remarkable property of twisting when dried and untwisting when wetted. Thus the mere alternations of damp nights and dry days cause the arrow-like point to rotate, and by another contrivance, which it would take too long to go into, the point is pressed against the surface of the ground and actually bores its way into it. Fritz Müller described in a letter to me how these twisting grass-seeds bury themselves in the extremely hard and dry soil of Brazil, and are thus no doubt enabled to germinate. Unfortunately these boring grass-seeds do not always confine themselves to penetrating the soil, but exercise their powers on both men and animals. I have received accounts from India and from Italy of the way in which the sharp-pointed seeds work their way through thick trousers into the legs of unfortunate sportsmen. But the most extraordinary case is that of certain grasses which work their way into sheep. They often penetrate the skin deeply and in large numbers, inflicting great tortures, and often causing death by emaciation. Mr. Hinde, of Toronto, has given me the details of this plague to sheep-farmers as it occurs in Buenos Ayres. Another observer has described it in Australia.* He states that not unfrequently the seeds are found actually piercing the heart, liver, and kidneys of sheep which have died from the effects. I believe that the northern part of Queensland has been actually given up as a sheep country because of the presence of this grass.

Another use to which locomotion is applied by animals is that of finding a mate at the proper season. The curious imitation of the courtship of animals which is found in *Vallismeria* is well known. The stalk grows with extreme rapidity up through the water till the female flower reaches the surface, and there awaits the approach of the male flower, which breaks loose and floats down the stream to meet her. But most plants have not even this amount of locomotive power, and are therefore compelled to employ either the wind or insects as go-betweens. Fortunately for the beauty and sweetness of our woods and fields, insect fertilization is the commonest means adopted; and all the bright flowers and sweet smells of flowers are nothing but allurements held out to insects to entice them to carry the fertilizing pollen from one flower to another. It is curious to find a plant adopting a new mode of conveying its pollen when the old one fails. Thus, a wild, cabbage-like plant which grows in Kerguelen's Land is now fertilized by the wind, that is, it produces dry, dust-like pollen, which is easily carried by the wind. Now this cabbage is the only species in the enormous order of the *Cruciferæ* which is not fertilized by insects; so that we may be certain that a change has taken place for which some sufficient reason must exist. And the reason of the change is no doubt that the insects in Kerguelen's Land are wingless, and are therefore bad distributors of pollen. And to go one step further back, the reason why the insects are wingless is to be found in the prevalent high winds. Those insects which attempt to fly get blown out to sea, and only those are preserved which are gradually giving up the habit of flying. Thus the pollen of the cabbage has to learn to fly, because the insects will not fly for it.

In considering the analogies between plants and animals, one cannot merely compare those functions which are strictly and physiologically similar in the two kingdoms. One rather sets to work and studies the needs which arise in either a plant or an animal, and then discovers in what way the same need is supplied in the other kingdom. There is no connection between a plant having bright flowers and an animal's power of walking about, yet they may, as we have seen, play the same part in the economy of the two lives.

In the life of animals the first needs that arise are supplied by certain instinctive movements. The young chicken only escapes from its egg by some such movements. Mr. W. Marshall has also shown that the chrysalides of certain moths possess instinctive movements by which they escape from the cocoon or outer case. In one case a sharp spike is developed, sticking out from the side of the chrysalis, and as the latter rotates the spike saws the cocoon all round, so that the top lifts off like a lid. Again, in young chickens Spalding has shown the existence of an instinctive power of obtaining food, and instinctive recognition of the hen by sound only. This was proved by a newly-hatched chicken, which had never heard or seen its mother, running towards a cask under which a clucking hen was hidden. The powers of growth which exist in young seedlings would certainly be called instinctive if they existed in animals, and they are quite as indispensable as those

* C. Prentice, *Journal of Botany*, 1872, p. 22.

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just mentioned in supplying the wants which first arise.

These two instincts are the power of directing the growth in relation to the force of gravity, and in relation to light; the first being called geotropism, the second heliotropism. As soon as the young root emerges from the seed-coats, it turns abruptly downwards, perceiving like the chick in what direction the earth, its mother, lies. Thus the young plant fixes itself firmly in the ground as quickly as possible, and is enabled to begin to make arrangements for its water-supply. At the same time the young stem grows upwards, and thus raises itself as much as possible over its neighbors. The power of directing itself vertically upwards is also a necessity to the plant, because without it no massive growth like that of a tree would be possible. It would be like a child trying to build a wooden house with bricks that did not stand straight. Thus, both the young stem and the young root have an instinctive knowledge as to where the centre of the earth is — one growing towards the point, the other directly away from it. This fact is so familiar to us, that we fail to think of it as wonderful; it seems a matter of course, like a stone falling or a cork floating on water. Yet we cannot even generalize the fact so far as to say it is the nature of all stems to grow up, and all roots to grow down, for some stems, such as the runner of a strawberry, have a strong wish to grow down instead of up, and side roots that spring from the main ones, though their method of growth is identical with that of the main roots, have no wish to grow downwards. We can find no structural reason at all why a root should grow down and a stem up. But we can see that if a plant took to burying its leaves and rearing its roots into the air, it would have a bad chance in the struggle for life. It is, in fact, the needs of existence which have impressed these modes of growth on the different organs of the plant in accordance with their various requirements. On the other hand, the plant is not absolutely tied down by geotropism, it is not bound to grow *always* in a vertical line, but is ready to be turned from its course if some other direction can be shown to be more advantageous. Thus Sachs * planted peas in a little sieve, and as the roots emerged underneath, they were enticed from the vertical by an oblique damp surface. This power of giving up the line of growth for the sake of a more advantageous position, must be of great service to roots, by enabling them to choose out damp places in the earth which a blind adherence to rule would have caused them to pass by.

* "Text-Book of Botany," Eng. Tr., p. 764.

The other tendency, which may be also compared to an instinct, is the power possessed by the growing parts of plants of perceiving the position of the chief source of light. This tendency of course interferes with the geotropic tendency, for if the tip of a growing shoot bends towards the light it deviates from its vertical course. This contest between two instincts is well shown by placing a pot of seedlings close to a lamp or a window, in which case the heliotropic beats the geotropic tendency and the young plants curve strongly to the light; now if the pot is removed to a dark room the geotropic tendency reasserts itself, and the seedlings become once more upright. One might fancy from this that the darkness of night would be always undoing any good gained by heliotropic growth in the day. An imaginary case in the life of a seedling will show that it is not so. A seedling germinates under a pile of sticks: having few competitors it makes a good start, but in consequence of the darkness it begins to starve as soon as it has exhausted the supply of food given it by its mother plant stored up in the seed from which it sprang. It starves because it is dark under the pile of sticks, and without light it cannot decompose the carbonic acid of the air and make starch; carbonic acid may be said to be the raw material from which a plant makes its food, but without the help of the light the plant is powerless to make food — it starves in the midst of plenty. So that the power of knowing where the light is and of moving towards it may be just as necessary to prevent a young plant starving as the power of knowing a grain of corn when it sees one and of snapping it up are to a young chicken. Luckily for our imaginary plant a ray of light streams in between two sticks — if the plant insisted on growing straight up in obedience to the geotropic instinct it would lose its chance of life. Fortunately the other light seeking instinct wins the day and the plant thrusts its summit between the sticks and reaches the light. And now it is clear that when the plant has once got between the sticks the tendency to straighten again in the night will not be able to undo the advantage gained in the day by heliotropism. Besides the tendency to seek the light, there is in some plants another exactly opposite tendency to grow away from it. Just as in the case

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of geotropism no reason can be given why two organs should be affected in exactly an opposite manner by the same cause, no difference of structure can be perceived and no difference in manner of growth can be found between a tendril which grows away from the light and one which grows towards it. The convenience of the plant seems to dictate the result. Thus the Virginian creeper climbs by forming little sticky feet at the end of its tendrils, and as it climbs up a support each new tendril is enabled by its power of seeking for darkness rather than light to find out little dark crannies in which to place its feet. On the other hand a bryony climbs by seizing anything it can get hold of, and as each tendril reaches out towards the light the whole plant will tend to be dragged towards the lighter side of the bush or hedge on which it clambers.

It looks as if the case might be put thus: given the fact that light produces some kind of movement, the convenience of the plant shall decide whether it be towards the light or away from it; or in other words, grant the plant the power of knowing where the centre of the earth is, and grant it the power of knowing where the light comes from, then the plant itself can decide what course of growth is most advantageous.*

* I have spoken as if the existence of positive and negative helio- and geotropism could be simply explained by considering the convenience of the plant. But in details many difficulties arise; for instance, some roots are heliotropic. (Sachs' "Text-Book," p. 755.)

From The Spectator.

THE TOBACCO-TAX IN GERMANY.

IN spite of all the preoccupations in Germany, the tobacco-tax may almost be called the question of the day. It has a political as well as a financial aspect, and although the latter seems at first sight to be the most important, a little reflection will show that it is not much more so than the former. It is pretty well known by this time in England what is the nature of the proposal made by Prince Bismarck in this matter. He starts with the argument that the tobacco-duties in Germany are now lower than they need be, and he proposes to raise them accordingly, with a view to the benefit of the national exchequer. This alteration, moreover, he proposes to make by gradual and progressive steps. First, the cultivation and consumption of tobacco within the German Empire is to be subjected to a higher impost; next, its importation will begin to be restricted by more onerous dues at the ports and frontiers, and last of all the reform would be completed by establishing a government monopoly such as exists in France and some other countries. The first of these steps is that which is now recommended, but it is pretty well understood by all parties in the German Parliament that it forms the basis of the more complete changes above described as likely to follow. Under these circumstances, it is not difficult to understand why a vehement opposition is expected, and indeed already apparent, on the part of the National Liberals. The effect of the complete scheme, when carried out, would be to strengthen immensely the hands of the central government, and to give it *pro tanto*, in as far as its financial resources were augmented, that which Charles II. and Louis XIV. used to call "a position independent of Parliament." This is exactly the sort of independence in which the National Liberals do not intend Bismarck to entrench himself, and they see, accordingly, in the chancellor's proposals and arguments, not so much a scheme for reorganizing the national finances, as a design to grasp more firmly the reins of arbitrary power, and depress the already weak representatives of popular election. As for the several states of the empire, they have an equal interest in resisting what they deem another attack upon their separate prerogatives, and a fresh means of aggrandizing the central authority at their expense.

Beset by such a host of adversaries as this, backed, as they are, by a solid grievance, and fortified by the natural unpopularity which the proposed tax must excite, it is obviously necessary for Prince Bismarck to show some very good grounds for his propositions. He does so by proving, in the first place, the absolute need of fresh supplies; and secondly, by attempting to make out that no other means of procuring these supplies is so easy, natural, just, and satisfactory as that which he suggests. He disposes at a blow of all ideas of an increase in direct taxation, by reverting to the well-known objections always urged against this sort of impost; and on the other four points — the justice of the tobacco-tax, its utility, its obviousness, and the facility with which it can be levied — he enters into details which may be grouped together and explained in a few words.

The assumption that Germany is under-

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taxed in the matter of tobacco is not, of course, one about which there need be any doubt. The thing is a question of statistics, and the statistics show without possibility of doubt that on this first and essential point the chancellor has complete reason on his side. The duties upon tobacco in Germany amount to 12*s.* 2*d.* a cwt. for unmanufactured tobacco, £1 13*s.* 6d. for manufactured sorts; and about £3 for cigars. The only rates which are lower than these are those levied in Belgium and Holland, in which latter country they are so ridiculously small as to be hardly worth mentioning. Comparing rates current in other countries, it is found that they vary from about £2 in Denmark to £35 in Austria, if regard is had only to the unmanufactured leaf, while the duty on manufactured tobacco and cigars varies in a like proportion, some countries being, however, like Austria and England, far more indulgent to cigars, while others, like Russia, charge enormous rates for this luxury, but are comparatively lenient to simple tobacco. It may be taken as a thoroughly well-established fact, therefore, that the impost in Germany, whether resulting from import dues or internal taxation, is exceptionally low, and might be raised without at all violating any principles of abstract justice which a financier might choose to set up. With regard to the facility with which Germany could afford to pay a higher tax, there is little greater difficulty in giving an affirmative answer. No one who has ever travelled in a German railway-carriage, or sat an evening in a German students' club, will for one moment deny that Germans smoke too much. The excess of nicotine which they imbibe does not apparently damage their appetites nor perceptibly impair their vitality, but it makes them blind, and it makes them unhealthy, and makes them very unpleasant companions. It may be urged that to impose a tax would drive them only to smoke worse tobacco, and not to smoke less of it; but the argument is fallacious, for the simple reason that they could not procure worse. The cheapness of German tobacco and German cigars is such that no cheaper could be made, and the whole population smokes the cheapest that can be bought, leaving the superior sorts for princes, Englishmen, and Americans. To prove this fact, it is only necessary to examine the statistics of import into any German town, and observe what is the proportion of Cuban cigars to raw leaf and other cheap tobacco. To say that an augmentation of the tax would soon be regarded only as a natural phenomenon, is only to describe one part of the modern Teuton's character. He has become used to changes of such infinitely greater dimensions, and has been taught by such severe lessons to acquiesce, that a change which would reduce the consumption of tobacco from twenty to fifteen pipes a day would certainly not be long before it was accepted, as an evil to be patiently borne in the great cause of the united fatherland.

We arrive at the question how far the proposed tax would fulfil its destined purpose in regenerating the national finances. And the simplest answer to this inquiry is to be found in the fact that the Germans are a nation of smokers. From the time when Frederick William I. started his tobacco-club till now, every soul in the country, from prince to peasant and from professor to schoolboy, is early broken to a love for tobacco, and persists in it to his dying day. The average consumption for each head of the population in 1873 was no less than five and one-half pounds in the year; and although this total sank in the year following to less than four pounds, there is a constant tendency to revert to the standard of consumption which in a temporary flush of prosperity has been attained. To provide tobacco for this enormous number of smokers, there are in cultivation in the empire some seventy-four thousand acres of land. The tobacco grown within the empire provides, practically speaking, for the whole needs of the consumers, for although Germany imports a vast quantity, notably of the inferior sorts, yet it exports annually in its turn a somewhat larger quantity, these exports being, of course, of a still coarser quality than that which is delivered at the ports. An estimate of the quantity of cigars and tobacco brought into Germany may be formed from a glance at the statistics of the port of Bremen, at which there paid duty in 1874 one million hundredweights of unmanufactured leaf, two hundred and fifteen thousand hundredweights of manufactured tobacco, and thirty-six and one-half millions of cigars, the number of the latter having suddenly decreased in that year from fifty-six millions, or thirty per cent. It must be admitted, however, that no other port in Germany shows anything like such figures, and probably all of them together do not import as large a quantity as Bremen alone. It results from these data that it will not require a great augmentation either in the excise or custom duties, or both together, to increase the German Imperial revenues by a very re-

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spectable amount. By adding only one mark to the tax on the production or consumption of tobacco, and increasing the import duties in a like proportion, some two millions would be gained, while by doubling each of these imports the chancellor would obtain the two and a half millions upon which he seems to count.

This is, however, supposing that the consumption and importation of tobacco remained pretty much the same after the new taxes had been imposed as they were in the preceding years. Is there any reason to suppose that this would be the case? Herein lies the gist of this, as of most other fiscal projects. The Germans are, it is true, "a nation of smokers," but are they too securely wedded to the practice to be able to diminish the huge mass of tobacco which they burn every day and every year? Those who cultivate the plant in Wurtemburg and Baden and in the Prussian provinces make a living out of their labors, but they do not grow rich upon it. Would they continue the cultivation, if a new impediment were thrown in the way of their profits? On the other hand, are there not signs that the revenue from tobacco is precarious and insecure? We have seen that the consumption per man sank suddenly in one year from five and a half pounds to four pounds, and that in the same year the importation of cigars to Bremen declined from fifty-six millions to thirty-six and one-half millions. It may be added that the general revenue from tobacco sank in that same year (1874) from above thirty-three millions of thalers to very little over twenty-three millions. Whatever may be the various reasons alleged for those changes, one thing seems beyond dispute, — that the consumption of tobacco in the country is very fluctuating in its amount, and that the demand for it is very sensitive, and liable to be easily and seriously affected. Everything, or almost everything, that has been said upon the last subject is applicable to the proposal to establish an ultimate government monopoly. By undertaking the exclusive trade in tobacco, the government would, according to Prince Bismarck's calculation, make some twelve or fifteen millions sterling a year, instead of the comparatively petty revenue which it now derives from the duties. But to assume the exclusive privilege would be a very strong measure, and the boldest financier would not dream of attempting it at one stroke. The other countries where such a monopoly is enjoyed are France, Spain, Italy, and Turkey, and in these it has been established either by slow steps, or very long ago. In France the monopoly was assumed by the government two hundred years ago, and only interrupted during the great Revolution, for a period of ten years. The French have acquiesced easily in the system, because they are rich enough to afford it, and are content to regard smoking as a luxury rather than a necessity. They do not grumble, because they have always been accustomed to the price they pay and the way in which they pay it, and in all questions of national finance that is most easy which has been longest regarded as the rule. It is a very different question whether a poorer nation, which regards tobacco as almost a prime necessity of life, would admit with ease or advantage a fiscal arrangement to which they are altogether unused, and against which the objections above mentioned, and perhaps a great many others, may be raised on every side. If it is to do so, it can only be by degrees, and after a course of gradual preparation. And this is the reason why Prince Bismarck has elected to begin with a very thin end of the wedge.

From The Spectator.

THE GARDENER BIRD.

In the last number of the *Gardener's Chronicle*, a very curious account is translated for that journal, and illustrated with engravings by a traveller in New Guinea, — Signor Odoardi Beccari, — of a new species of bower-bird, very similar in its habits to the Australian bower-birds of which Mr. Darwin gives so striking an account in the second volume of his "Descent of Man." This new Papuan variety is called the *Amblyornis inornata*, and is, in fact, a bird of paradise in plain clothes, without the gorgeous costume that is usually associated with the name. It is, says Signor Beccari, about the size of the ordinary turtle-dove, and both the male and the female appear to have a plumage of the most unostentatious description,— their feathers only showing a few different varieties of brown. But it would be a very mistaken inference to suppose that bright coloring is not enjoyed and valued by these birds. They appear, indeed, to be birds of great capacity for the plastic arts. They are wonderful actors, — in the sense of presenting accurately the voices and notes of a great variety of other birds, so as to deceive completely those who are in search of them. "It is a clever bird,"

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says Signor Beccari, "called by the inhabitants *buruck gurea*,—'master bird,'—since it imitates the songs and screamings of numerous birds so well, that it brought my hunters to despair, who were but too often misled by the bird. Another name of the bird is *tukan robon*, which means 'a gardener,'" and in fact, the chief peculiarity of the bird is its great taste for landscape gardening, in which art it seems to excel almost all the bower-birds. Signor Beccari apparently regards the bower he describes as the bird's "nest," but unless the New Guinea variety differs in this respect from the other kinds of birds of this description, he was probably mistaken in this. Mr. Darwin says distinctly, "The bowers, which, as we shall hereafter see, are highly decorated with feathers, shells, bones, and leaves, are built on the ground for the sole purpose of courtship, *for their nests are formed in trees*." We should think it most likely that this is the case also with the New Guinea species. And if so, the beautiful arbors described and illustrated by Signor Beccari, are mere places of social resort, like our marquees or tents for picnics; and though so much more beautiful, are much more durable also, for Signor Beccari says that the amblyornis bowers last for three or four years, which our marquees, even in that climate, hardly would. And the beauty of the structure shows how far superior these birds are to human beings in their æsthetic architecture. They select for their bowers a flat space round a small tree, the stem of which is not thicker than a walking-stick, and clear of branches near the ground. Round this they build a cone of moss of the size of a man's hand, the object of which does not seem to be explained, but may be perhaps merely to make a soft cushion round the tree in parts where the birds are most likely to strike against it. At a little height above this moss cushion, and about two feet from the ground, they attach to the tree twigs of a particular orchid (*Dendrobium*), which grows in large tufts on the trunks and branches of trees, its twigs being very pliant, and weave them together, fastening them to the ground at a distance of about eighteen inches from the tree all round, leaving, of course, an opening by which the birds enter the arbor. Thus they make a conical arbor of some two feet in height, and three feet (on the ground) in diameter, with a wide ring round the moss cushion for promenading; and here they are sheltered from the elements, and have a pavilion of the most delicate materials. They appear to select this particular orchid for their building, because, besides the extreme pliancy, the stalks and leaves live long after they are detached from the plant on which they grow. Both leaves and stalks remain fresh and beautiful, says Signor Beccari, for a very long period after they have been plaited in this way into the roofing of the arbor.

But *all* birds are great architects, and the only peculiarity in this respect of the bower-bird is that it builds separate structures for domestic life and for social amusement; that its house is not its pavilion for pleasure but a different kind of structure altogether. The bower-birds, however, are still more remarkable for laying out pleasances round their pavilions, than even for building these special resorts for social amusement. The satin bower-bird, says Mr. Darwin, "collects gaily-colored articles, such as the blue tail-feathers of parakeets, bleached bones and shells, which it sticks between the twigs or arranges at the entrance. Mr. Gould found in one bower a neatly-worked stone tomahawk and a slip of blue cotton, evidently procured from a native encampment. These objects are continually rearranged and carried about by the birds whilst at play. The bower of the spotted bower-bird is 'beautifully lined with tall grasses, so disposed that the heads nearly meet, and the decorations are very profuse.' Round stones are used to keep the grass-stems in their proper places, and to make divergent paths leading to the bower. The stones and shells are often brought from a great distance. The regent bird, as described by Mr. Ramsay, ornaments its short bower with bleached land-shells belonging to five or six species, and with 'berries of various colors, blue, red, and black, which give it, when fresh, a very pretty appearance. Besides these, there were several newly-picked leaves and young shoots of a pinkish color, the whole showing a decided taste for the beautiful.'" And now to this description is to be added Signor Beccari's description of the greatest of landscape gardeners amongst birds, who makes himself first a lawn of moss before the bower,—the Papuan grass, like all tropical grass, is probably of the poorest and coarsest kind, and quite incapable of anything like the velvet smoothness of an English lawn,—and then strews this mossy lawn with the most beautiful flowers and fruits it can find, so arranged as to produce the same effect as

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the flower-bed of an English garden, or more exactly, perhaps, the flower-strewn turf of an English churchyard. The gardener bird is very careful to keep its lawn free from any disfigurement, and though it does not seem to have invented a garden roller, the moss probably is a material which does not need such an instrument. This is what Signor Beccari says: "Before the cottage there is a meadow of moss. This is brought to the spot, and kept free from grass, stones, or anything which would offend the eye. On this green turf, flowers and fruits of pretty color are placed, so as to form an elegant little garden. The greater part of the decoration is collected round the entrance to the nest, and it would appear that the husband offers there his daily gifts to his wife. The objects are very various, but always of vivid color. There were some fruits of a garcinia like a small sized apple. Others were the fruits of gardenias of a deep-yellow color in the interior. I saw also small rosy fruits, probably of a scitaminaceous plant, and beautiful rosy flowers of a splendid new vaccinium (*Agapetes amblyornidis*). There were also fungi and mottled insects placed on the turf. As soon as the objects are faded, they are moved to the back of the hut." So that the gardener bird carefully renews the beauty of his garden. Just as the gardener takes away the flowers whose bloom is over, and replaces them with new ones whose beauty is still fresh, so the amblyornis removes to the back of its pavilion all the faded flowers and fruits, and renews the coloring on its lawn by a fresh supply. Thus at least three of the plastic arts are pursued by this remarkable bird, and all of them apparently from artistic feeling, rather than from any domestic want. As we have seen, it is a great actor, deceiving the most experienced ear, by rendering in turn the songs and screams of all its various companions. It is a great architect, and this, again, — if the analogy of the other bower-birds may be trusted, — not in the interest of family life, but of the lighter social amusements of its tribe. And it is a great gardener, making artificially for itself a lawn of moss, and disposing on this lawn all the beautiful coloring with which the blossoms and fruits of the neighborhood supply it. Signor Beccari contrasts its habits in this way with those of the human inhabitants of the neighborhood. "I discovered," he says, "that the inhabitants of Arfak did not follow the example of the amblyornis. Their houses are quite inaccessible from dirt."

Indeed, the sense of beauty and of art which these bower-birds seem to possess is so great, that we may well imagine it possible that they may, to some extent, generalize upon the principles of art, and that amongst these plain, brown-clad birds of paradise there may be some germinal Burkes, or even rudimentary Ruskins. If such there be, what, we wonder, are the principles of beauty which recommend themselves to these winged devotees of the plastic arts? Do they, perhaps, believe, as our theorists upon art do, that there is no true art in imitation, — nor indeed without an expression of the mind of the artist? Would they not maintain, perhaps, — if they could expressly maintain anything, — that the key to a true picture consists in the bird-thought, — the "aviary element," — which gives it unity; that the secret of beauty in their bowers, and mossy lawns, and in the flowers and fruits of various colors strewn thereupon, is never in the mere form and color, but rather in the explicit reference to the feelings of the brown birds which thus lay down their offerings, and the other brown birds to whose affections and hopes these offerings appeal? Our own artists assure us that landscape, however beautiful, is naught without the "human element" to give it meaning. Do the birds of paradise think the same, — substituting, of course, the "aviary" for the "human" element? When he looks at the Papuan forests and fruits, does the amblyornis think of them merely with a view to the nests or the bowers and gardens for which they are available? If he could picture nature as delicately as he can build, and as he can arrange color, would he find fault with any landscape in which there was nothing better than a human interest, unless indeed that human interest happened also to involve an "aviary" interest, — in other words, unless the men concerned were intending to bring about tragedies among the birds? Certainly, if the great artistic teachers of our own society are right, this should be so; and art should have a different meaning for each species of creature capable of conceiving in any degree what art means. Yet, so far as we can see, the ideas of beauty and art entertained by the bower-birds, though very rudimentary indeed, are entirely of one piece and one origin with the more developed ideas of the human race.

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THE LEGITIMATE SPHERE OF AGNOSTICISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPECTATOR.

SIR, — Among the many hindrances to clearness of faith in these days, there is one which does not appear to me to be sufficiently recognized in its bearing upon the spiritual life. It is the vastness of the supply of materials for theory, and therefore for controversy, provided by the extraordinarily complete system of literary irritation, by which every house in the kingdom is saturated with daily information from all the ends of the earth about the doings and the sufferings, the struggles and the destinies, of some hundreds of millions of human beings. The mass of problems challenging our faith grows daily more unmanageably vast and intricate, while the intellectual and spiritual organs by which they must be dealt with are incapable of any corresponding increase of grasp. The mere demand upon our sympathies is exhausting (if not hardening), but when we are called upon not only to rejoice with thousands and to weep with millions, but to justify the ways of God towards nation after nation, according to each day's telegraphic reports of famine and slaughter, on pain of confessing that we have no sufficient reason for the faith that is in us, then it does seem to me that it is time for a resolute limitation of our jurisdiction.

Some recent discussions in your own columns have goaded me to enter this protest on behalf of those of your readers whose knowledge, like my own, is by no means as complete as might be wished. I believe there are many besides myself to whom (to speak only of the most external framework of knowledge) the history of China for the last three centuries is not much better known than its history for the next three, and who would be very sorry without due notice to enter an examination in the histories of Russia and Turkey, in the provisions of the American Constitution, on the relations between France and Germany for the last few centuries, not to mention many facts in the history of Austria, of Italy, of Denmark, of Prussia, and of the British possessions in India, a knowledge of which would be essential to any true judgment upon the right and wrong of the most exciting events of the last twenty years. Yet all these events are forced upon the imagination with a vividness and minuteness of detail which make havoc of our impartiality, and cast the sense of our ignorance to the winds. The most peaceable of recluses can find no shelter from the din of battle; the most stay-at-home of women cannot shut her eyes to the horrors of Oriental famine and pestilence. And not only are the events themselves daily and almost hourly brought home to us, and often strangely jumbled in our half-educated minds, but all sorts of questions arising out of them are discussed in every newspaper, at every table, almost in every morning call. Questions which a generation or two ago were reserved for the deepest study of the wise and prudent are now debated by every babe without any study at all, and if we have not a ready answer for every difficulty, our neighbors are apt to make short work with our faith.

I do not complain of this. Accusation and reply are often about equally shallow, and if we choose to discuss the attributes of the Creator in the columns of our newspapers, and to plead before the editor that the Lord's ways are equal, we cannot complain of any incidental shocks to our reverence. What I wish to suggest is that it is altogether idle to suppose that when the premises are utterly beyond our grasp, our conclusions can be worth anything, and that the battle between faith and agnosticism (if that be the proper opposition) must by most of us be fought upon a narrower field, if it is to be fought to any purpose. If the battle-field be the universe, agnosticism is the only condition of mind possible to limited mortals. But if the battle-field be the human heart, and my own trust all that I am called upon to justify, then surely the wars and rumors of wars, the pestilences and famines, the vast surrounding atmosphere of suffering and perplexity and evil in every form to which I may not shut my eyes, are yet, with all their infinite actual importance, only secondary, in point of relevance and logical impact, to the experience of pain and sin derived from my own narrow struggles. The only faith which cannot be touched by difficulties suggested from without, is that which springs from a victory won within, and the best use of our unlimited exposure to attack is to enforce a more perfect inward discipline. Giving up the attempt to "solve the riddle of the painful earth," not because we see it to be insoluble, but because we see ourselves to be incompetent, we may yet learn, in the words of one of your own recent contributors, that

> Each interprets for the whole
> When he learns his destiny.

I am, Sir, etc., M.

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LOST AND FOUND.

I LOST the brook as it wound its way
Like a thread of silver hue;
Through greenwood and valley, through meadows gay,
'Twas hidden away from view:
But I found it again a noble river,
Sparkling and broad and free,
Wider and fairer growing ever,
Till it reached the boundless sea.

I lost the tiny seed that I sowed
With many a sigh and tear,
And vainly waited through sunshine and cold
For the young green to appear;
But surely after many long days
The blossom and fruit will come,
And the reapers on high the sheaves will raise
For a joyful harvest-home.

I lost the life that grew by my own
For one short summer day;
And then it left me to wander alone,
And silently passed away:
But I know I shall find it further on,
Though not as it left me here;
For the shadows and mists will have passed and gone,
I shall see it fair and clear.

I lost the notes of the heavenly chime
That once came floating by;
I have listened and waited many a time
For the echo, though distantly:
But I know in the halls of glory it thrills,
Ever by day and night;
I shall hear it complete when its harmony fills
My soul with great delight.

I lost the love that made my life,
A love that was all for me;
Oh! vainly I sought it amid the strife
Of the stormy, raging sea:
But deeper and purer I know it waits
Beyond my wistful eyes;
I shall find it again within the gates
Of the garden of paradise.

I shall lose this life! it will disappear,
With its wonderful mystery;
Some day it will move no longer here,
But will vanish silently:
But I know I shall find it again once more,
In a beauty no song hath told;
It will meet with me at the golden door,
And round me forever fold.

Golden Hours. M.

AT THE THEATRE.

ON the stage an acted horror,
A king crime-haunted to death;
Around me glitter and glare,
And fans that harry an air
That stifles me breath by breath;
And eyes all one way gazing
On the magical master-player,
Whose face, chameleon-wise,
Reflects all moods that arise,—
Craft, crime, and credulous prayer.

I gaze, and listen—but sudden
I dream in midst of the play;
And the king may threaten or whine,
It seems no matter of mine,—
I am twenty miles away.

Down in a mossy dingle,
Where sinless, a stranger to pain,
And friend to all winds that blow,
And hearing the fresh herbs grow,
And feeling the dew or the rain,

A slight wind-flower is hiding,
Green-scarfed, white-faced as the snow;
The young year's earliest child,
That I found last morn growing wild,
And spoke with, and left it to grow.

Spectator. F. WYVILLE HOME.
7 *Belgrave Villas, Lee, S.E.*

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

BEAUTIFUL faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where hearth-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro—
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight, at set of sun,
Beautiful goal, with race well won,
Beautiful rest, with work well done.

Beautiful graves, where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
Over worn-out hands—oh, beautiful sleep!

ELLEN P. ALLERTON.

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From The Nineteenth Century.

ENGLAND AS A MILITARY POWER IN 1854 AND IN 1878.

When a house in your neighborhood is on fire, it is high time to look to your water-supply, and to ascertain the condition of your perhaps hitherto neglected fire-engine. If that is out of order, your only resource is to patch it up as best you can to meet the immediate emergency; but as soon as the danger is over, some trifling or unexpected accident having perchance saved your property from destruction — unless, indeed, you are a recklessly unthrifty and unbusinesslike householder — you will lose no time in taking precautions against any future recurrence of such a danger. The man who has had a warning of that nature and failed to benefit by it, meets with no sympathy when, a few years later, nothing of his house remains to him but some smoking ruins.

What holds good with individuals may be appropriately applied to nations also. England has had many warnings and several hairbreadth escapes from calamity, but we have learned experience from none. We can only be saved from the fire of war — the greatest of all scourges — by our national fire-engines, the army and the navy. When danger approaches we realize this, but during a spell of profound peace we laugh at the dangers we have escaped, and we scoff at those which foreseeing men tell us may be in store for us. We take the advice of medical men upon sanitary subjects; we follow their recommendations to protect us from epidemics; to guard ourselves, or those who are to come after us, against injury arising from ill-constructed wills, leases, or other legal documents, we employ the best lawyer we can afford to pay; and, lest our house should tumble about our heads, we build in accordance with the advice of an experienced architect. When danger is upon us, when an angry country insists upon our ministry vindicating its insulted honor by force of arms, the soldier is sent for and his opinion requested, but until then his views are decried as foolish, and the warnings he dares to utter are neglected with undisguised scorn. We never tire in advertising ourselves as an eminently practical people; as individuals or as commercial companies we insure our lives, our ships, our houses, etc., against various risks, but as a nation we take no trouble to insure our empire against disasters of the most serious nature. The Duke of Wellington in his day, with all the weight of his renown, was unable to convince the English people of the terrible dangers to which the country was then exposed, and all the best of our soldiers since his time have been equally unsuccessful. As a rule we have been content to patch up our fire-engine in a temporary and, I may add, in a most ineffective manner upon each occasion when our neighbor's property was in flames; but no sooner has the fire been put out, even although it had, we know, ruined our friend before it was got under, than we put back our engine into its former resting-place, taking no trouble to remedy the defects which a practical trial of it had brought to light. Lord Palmerston alone of all our recent ministers, it would seem, was alive to England's danger, and, thanks to him, the Thames and our principal dockyards are now safe against a *coup de main*. The heart of our empire may now be said to be tolerably safe, but how about our extremities? Our commerce, we boast, covers the globe, but to protect it in distant seas our ships of war must practically encircle our sphere also. Our fleet is now propelled by steam, so it cannot keep the sea unless we have coaling stations in every ocean. But unless these coaling places are fortified they can be of no use during war. Year after year the vital importance of erecting works to protect those stations has been urged by soldiers upon successive administrations, both officially and in the press, but still they remain at the mercy of the first enemy's ironclad that reaches them.

To illustrate our present unfortunate position I have only to tell the following story. When the czar's army crossed the Pruth last year, his ironclad squadron, which happened to be in European waters, was despatched to America, evidently in the first instance to get it away from our fleet in the event of England's having declared war. Let us consider what that insignificant squadron might have done

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against us. Being kept ready coaled and prepared for sea, as soon as the telegraph announced the declaration of war it would most probably have started for St. Helena, picking up some of our finest West India and South America steamers *en route.* Upon arrival at St. Helena it would most likely have found there one of the small English wooden war-vessels belonging to our west coast of Africa squadron. Such a vessel would of course have fallen an easy prey to the Russians, who, filling up with coal, burning all they could not carry away, and, having taken from Jamestown as much money as it could pay to save it from destruction, would steam for Simon's Bay, where the same performance would be gone through. There we have a small dockyard establishment, and almost always one or two wooden war-vessels. All would be destroyed as well as every coal store in Cape Town; every merchantman in Table Bay — and there is always a large quantity of shipping there — would be captured, and most probably burned. This game would then be repeated at the Mauritius, Aden, Bombay, Point de Galle, Singapore, and Hongkong, whence the Russian squadron would make its way to Petropolovski, where it would be comparatively safe from our fleet. Now this is no fanciful chimera; it is a practical and feasible scheme, and I have no doubt in my own mind that had we declared war it would have been attempted. Not only should we have thus lost millions of pounds' worth of property and several small ships flying her Majesty's pennant, but the destruction of the coal stores at those several ports would have completely paralyzed the action of our war-vessels in those seas, and would therefore have secured the Russians against all danger of pursuit. It would have brought our trade almost to a standstill, for merchantmen depend now nearly as much upon coal as our navy does.

To all thinking men in both services the dangers we should be exposed to in the event of war are familiar, and many, even the bravest among us, turn pale as they count them over. Should war find the nation unprepared, it is we who shall have to pay the penalty with our lives; and yet we are daily taunted publicly with wishing for it, and with desiring for our own selfish ends to force on a conflict for which we, above all others, know we are never ready. Past history teaches us how little mercy we may expect at the hands of whatever party happens to be in power. British ministries have never failed to shift the blame of failure from themselves to the commanders, no matter how hard may have been their struggle for victory, and notwithstanding the ministers' responsibility for their selection.

The English general has not hitherto occupied an enviable position in the field; he has always been pitted against an enemy his superior in numbers, and he has often had to act with jealous allies, whose touchy susceptibilities it has been no easy matter to avoid offending. The small army placed under his orders is generally composed of raw, disjointed units, unaccustomed to work together, with a faulty, inexperienced administration suddenly called into existence for the occasion, and generally with a totally inadequate supply of transport. It is a poor scratch pack which he has to whip into shape if he is given time to do so. This he is seldom allowed, for an impatient people at home call aloud for immediate active operations, and few ministries have ever had the firmness to resist such a cry. To add to his difficulties, his unwillingness to act until he is ready lays him open to be misunderstood and even misrepresented by his subordinates, who find themselves called upon to take part in an organization with the working of which they are wholly unfamiliar. Of all the many difficulties with which the Duke of Wellington had to contend in the Peninsula, none was greater than the distrust of his best-planned schemes which was excited in England by letters from officers serving under his orders. The same evil was rampant in the Crimea. It will be aggravated in future campaigns by the almost irresistible temptation presented to even the best-intentioned newspaper correspondents to court popularity with the officers and men they are thrown amongst, by retailing for home readers every grumble they hear which sounds like effective

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military criticism. In reality these grumbles represent only the sense of annoyance felt by men called upon to work out ideas they do not comprehend — ideas which as a whole are unknown to them, and their special share of which they regard as absurd, because they do not understand how it fits in with some other part that supplements and completes it.

How different all this is from what takes place in the German army, where every man during war is called upon merely to help in the working of a machine that all have been accustomed to in peace! In this respect the German commander has a great advantage over the English general, for the German subordinate officers during peace training have acquired confidence in their military system and in their superiors entrusted with its working. They are less prone to criticise the acts of those above them, because they understand the machinery employed, and have learned to appreciate grumblers at their true value. In the English army, unfortunately, our peace system, clearly indicated as it is by regulations, is not based upon the requirements for war; a new system has therefore to be inaugurated by the general in the field, when his time and thoughts are already severely strained by the responsibilities of his position.

The history of the Crimean war is still fresh in the memory of those who took part in it. Never was any expedition planned by a home government with more reckless ignorance of war and its requirements than that which landed at Eupatoria. At the beginning of the campaign our treasury was as parsimonious as it was subsequently lavish in expenditure. About twenty-four thousand British soldiers — no finer body of men have ever worn her Majesty's uniform — were hurled ashore without the means of carrying their wounded, and even without sufficient tools to bury their dead. British discipline in two or three hard-fought battles won for England a brilliant but a short-lived success; and when, through the military ignorance of those in Downing Street who planned the campaign, that devoted little army dwindled down almost to a handful of half-starved scarecrows, those who had starved us through their ignorant parsimony sent out commissioners, whose avowed business it was to select a victim from amongst our generals on whom to cast the blame. They selected the ablest of them as their scapegoat, and held him up to public opprobrium because he had not made a road from Balaclava to the camp, although they knew full well he had neither the tools nor the labor at his disposal for such an undertaking.

At the present time, when war may be forced upon us at any moment, we see the same spirit of ignorance upon war's requirements rife in the country. Owing to this ignorance many, who are as sincere patriots as any of our public men, denounce the present ministry for asking for money to make those preparations which their military advisers declare to be necessary in the event of war if they wish to avoid the mistakes and their attendant misfortunes of 1854. We hear men say: "Why ask for money now? if war is forced upon you, it will be ample time to ask for it then." In 1854 there was perhaps some excuse for the military ignorance of our statesmen, but after the lessons taught us that year no one can now plead ignorance in justification of such conduct.

Why is it that England is never ready for war, nor possesses the machinery by means of which she can expand her military peace establishments into a condition for active service? It is a proverbial saying that we are never fit for anything in the first campaign. Writing of the English troops which landed at Calais in 1475, Philippe de Comines says: "*Car il n'est rien plus sot ny plus mal adroit, quand ils passent premièrement: mais en bien peu d'espace ils sont très-bonnes gens de guerre, sages et hardis.*" As it was then, so it is in a measure at present. During peace our government — that is, in reality, the English people — reduce our military establishments to such an extent that nothing remains but the bare skeletons of weak regiments, the administrative departments being kept up in name only. John Bull has been taught by experience that he cannot buy ready-made soldiers, much less a ready-made army, as he can his clothes in a slop-shop; still he

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never will take that lesson to heart. He is such a believer in money, and has been so often told that it is the real sinews of war, that he cannot or will not realize how impossible it is for him to procure an army with it the moment he wants one. What have we seen within the last few days? The ministry obliged to ask for 6,000,000*l.* to prepare, not for war, but to fill its magazines, naval and military stores, so that, in case of necessity, its little army may be in a condition to mobilize — in fact, to bring it to that state in which the armies of all the other great powers are always kept in peace.

I have alluded to the military ignorance of our ministers in the Crimean war: here is an example of it. A letter was read in the House of Parliament one evening from an officer in the field, in which he referred to the want of all means for conveying our sick and wounded to the ships for embarkation, adding that our army had to depend upon the French *cacolets* lent to us for that purpose. The English minister who was responsible for army affairs at once got up and indignantly denied the statement, adding that he knew it to be untrue because he had the best authority for asserting positively that there were a hundred hospital panniers at that moment in the Crimea. He might just as well have said there were so many toothpicks there, as a hospital pannier, which he evidently thought was a conveyance of some sort, is nothing more than a wicker-work basket, made in a peculiar manner, for the reception of medicines, operating instruments, and other medical appliances. The page of Hansard which records that reply is the gravest of all possible satires upon our war administration of that time. Great reforms have been effected in our system of home military administration since then, and the war minister has now always at his side the field-marshal commanding-in-chief and his able staff. That staff is no longer composed of men selected through family or political interests, but on account of their well-proved merits and ability. We are fond of depreciating everything we possess, but I do not hesitate to assert that our headquarter staff would compare most favorably on every point with that belonging to any other army.

It is an interesting study to go back to 1854 and compare the staff which left England early that year for Turkey with the staff employed upon recent expeditions, such as that to Ashanti, or with that now at Aldershot or at almost any of our military stations. Curious stories without end might be told to illustrate my statement as to the inefficiency of many of those who composed the staff which originally embarked in 1854: here is one as it was told me by an eye-witness. Whilst the army was in Turkey before it left for the Crimea, an important military operation had to be undertaken. A few days before that named for the operation my friend went to a staff-officer in high position, who was his immediate superior, and whose duty it was to make all the necessary arrangements, and to draw up instructions for all the departments and general officers concerned, and asked if he had any orders to give. The reply was: "No; I have not yet thought over the matter, but I will see to it by-and-by." The next day the question was repeated with a similar result, and upon the third day — the day before this very complicated and difficult operation was to have taken place — as my friend repeated his question he saw that his superior was whittling a piece of a stick. That superior was an amiable old gentleman and an excellent carpenter. He listened calmly to my friend, who was rather excited, seeing that nothing was ready for the move, and that no attempt had as yet been made to prepare for it. After a pause the man on whom for the moment a great national responsibility rested, looked up and said: "Perhaps, Captain ——, you do not know what I am doing." "No, sir," replied my friend. "Well," said the old general, "upon strolling about here this morning I perceived that there was no latch or bolt to Lord Raglan's cupboard, and I am making one as an agreeable surprise for him." Here was an army about to begin a most serious undertaking, the preparations and arrangements for which could only be made by this high official; but so utterly was he incapable of taking in the serious responsibility that rested on him, so ignorant was he of the duties attached to his position, that he employed his time in carpentering when all his intellect, all his energies, should have been devoted to the great duty which devolved upon him. He was neither lazy nor stupid, but if ever there was a round man in a square hole it was he. Such a man in that position would be impossible nowadays, and why? Because public opinion would not sanction it.

Public opinion had little weight in the selection of general officers in 1854 when the war began. But when the splendid victories with which our army opened the

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campaign were succeeded by the calamities which befell it during the winter, the people at home grew angry, and accused those in power of selecting men for high military positions rather for their family and political connections than for their proved ability. In writing to Baron V. von Ense, in March, 1855, on this subject, Miss Charlotte Williams-Wynn says: "The people are determined on a reform in the army and the official appointments." She adds: "The lower and middle classes are certainly in thorough earnest in their determination that the aristocracy shall have justice and not favor; but so long as they only clamor for the fittest men to be put into the different posts, I can see no cause for alarm. They will repudiate an idiot sailor in an office as much as an idiot lord; and the nation is too sensible to join in an empty cry merely against a class." Notwithstanding this determination, however, on the part of the people, all the inefficient men originally appointed to the staff from England were never got rid of. As an illustration of how strong family interest was to the end of the war, I remember a general officer reporting one of his staff as utterly useless, and imploring his removal. His inefficiency was patent to all who had any dealings with him, yet owing to his family influence at home he was retained in his place. All appointments to high office in both army and navy are now sharply criticised, and "Dowb" must in future be content to stand or rise on his own personal merits.

Yet we hear it said that the English people take no interest in their army or in military matters. I deny that this is the case at present, although I admit that it was true in past times. During the long peace that intervened between the great French war and 1854, no one seems to have realized that frequent reforms are as necessary to the well-being of an army as they are to that of all political constitutions. Our troops under Wellington had then won for England a great military reputation, upon the credit of which we lived, and, politically speaking, traded, for nearly fifty years. The excellence of our soldiers was unquestioned abroad, and to have doubted it at home would have earned for the unbeliever a reputation of silliness. Had not the army of all other European nations bowed the neck before Napoleon's legions? had not Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, Moscow, and all great capitals except London received French garrisons? and yet had not those renowned soldiers been signally defeated by our army in Spain and in Portugal, and finally crushed by it at Waterloo? It is no wonder, therefore, that for many years afterwards the English people should have regarded their army as so perfect that there was no necessity for their troubling themselves about it. From time to time, especially during periods of commercial depression when the necessaries of life were dear and taxation was felt severely, a cry arose to reduce our army expenditure. Even then, however, the people took little interest in military details, and Parliament contented itself with curtailing the army estimates by one or two millions of money, leaving it to the military authorities in power to distribute that reduction over the numerous items of expenditure as they thought best. A general confidence was then felt in our military chiefs who had won their spurs in action; they had proved their ability as leaders in the field, and the country was satisfied to leave the army during peace in the hands of those who had shown themselves capable of directing it in war. The militia had disappeared; nowhere at home was any considerable body of troops to be seen; public attention was directed to questions of internal government and political reform, which absorbed all general interest so completely that the army was forgotten as if it had never existed. As a consequence of this condition of things, the nation lapsed into ignorance of all military subjects, and those who desired to obtain a reputation as economists were allowed to pare and pare away until absolutely nothing was left of those establishments and departments which are as essential to an army as coal is to a steam-engine. This was allowed to go on through ignorance until at last nothing remained but a handful of splendid soldiers fed and clothed by contract. Shortly before our war with Russia, one step was taken towards restoring our military strength by the revival of the militia force; but with this single exception the warnings of our ablest soldiers were ignored, and the war of 1854 found us in consequence totally unprepared, with an army in every respect unfit for field service. The misfortunes which overtook our gallant soldiers in the winter of 1854-55 — the direct result of the nation's ignorance of war and of its requirements — turned public attention to military subjects. Ministers rushed into studies of army administration, some even dipped into "Jomini," and since then our public men have had at least a superficial knowledge of soldiers and their science. It was not, however, until the volunteer

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movement had directed the thoughts of England's manhood generally towards those subjects, that the nation really set about studying them in earnest. It was that movement which popularized the army and everything belonging to it. The soldier became the model whom a large and important section of the community sought to imitate and to equal in military knowledge, and a public opinion upon army subjects has sprung up in consequence. It would be impossible for such a public opinion to be absent from a country possessing, as we do now, a splendid force of one hundred and ninety-three thousand drilled men under arms, whilst over six hundred thousand more, having passed through that force, are scattered about the kingdom, most of whom are ready and willing to rejoin in case of need.

The volunteer force was called into existence for the protection of our shores. It was a spontaneous movement of the people to supply a want that our government had not the courage to provide against. It is a great and real element of strength, and should this country ever be invaded, it will be a sword of might in the hands of those who know how to use it. Its existence alters greatly the conditions under which we shall henceforth engage in any European conflict, for, thanks to it, we could now send every regular soldier out of England, entrusting the home defence to that force. To it the army especially owes a deep debt of gratitude for many reforms in drill brought about through the persistent advocacy of its members, who have especially devoted themselves to that particular subject. The Elcho bayonet and the Moncrieff gun-carriage are inventions of its members, and it is very much to be doubted whether we should at present have the admirable small-bore rifle with which we are armed, if the volunteer force had never existed.

Most of the great reforms recently effected in our institutions and professions have come from without: it is to the pressure of public opinion brought to bear upon abuses or obsolete systems that we are indebted for all great useful changes. Few professions — and the army, I think, least of all — are capable of reforming themselves. The cause is easily explained. The governing body in all great services at home and in foreign countries is usually composed of men advanced in years; this is markedly the case with armies during peace, whose generals must naturally be then mostly past the prime of life. I think it will be found that the older men grow, the less they are disposed to changes in the institutions or professions they have belonged to for most of their lives. This is peculiarly the case in an army, where the young school with advanced ideas are held very much in check by habits of discipline and by their own inward respect for their military superiors, and have consequently a greater difficulty than is experienced in other professions in making their own views known. Trochu was tabooed in the French army for pointing out its defects and advocating their reform; the same was the fate in the German army of the gifted author of the "Tactical Retrospect." It is no wonder, therefore, that great reforms are seldom effected in an army except after great reverses. A great successful war may lead to very important changes when the nation concerned is essentially military, as was the case with the German army after the Bohemian campaign of 1866; but that result was exceptional.

Although many most important reforms have been carried out of late years in our army, much still remains to be done. Indeed, if it is to be converted into a really effective fighting instrument, not only equal, but superior in every respect, except in numbers, to the best army in Europe, then most assuredly it must undergo considerable modifications. No army can stand still and be effective in these days; frequent reforms in its armament, and consequently in its tactical formations, in its organization and administration, are essentially necessary. Without them it can never reap all the benefits opened to it by successive inventions and discoveries, such as those of railways, telegraphs, etc. The tendency with us general officers is to go asleep, to accept as perfect the army as it has descended to us, and to be blind to its defects — to forget that what were in many points its highest excellences some five-and-twenty or thirty years ago may now possibly be its weakest points most hurtful to efficiency. It is men like Mr. Holms who wake us up, and, by directing public attention to the army, cause searching inquiry to be made into its condition. Although the remedies they themselves prescribe may be fanciful and even unpractical, still so powerful is the stream of light which is thrown upon it when examined by the microscope of public opinion, that its real diseases are discovered, although their exact seat and their real nature may not agree with the diagnosis made by the amateur practitioner. What a boon homœopathy has conferred

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upon mankind, not, as I take it, so much by the cures it has effected, as through the reforms it has been the happy means of bringing about in the general practice of physic! In the same way I believe we owe many of our improvements in the army since the Duke of Wellington's time to the suggestions made by civilians; and I must in fairness add that many of them were carried out by the force of public opinion, in direct opposition to the wishes, views, and opinions of our senior officers.

When, towards the close of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries, the army of England was billeted amongst the people, it can scarcely be said to have been a standing army at all. A few regiments had been for some years in existence under varying titles, but it was not until the wars under Marlborough that the army as a permanent institution took final root in the country. The people for a long time had a great aversion to the construction of barracks, regarding their erection as indicating the fixed intention of the government to keep a standing army on foot. The theory of our constitution has always been that standing armies were dangerous to civil liberty. It is no wonder that under the despotism of the Stuarts the maintenance of an armed force, raised and paid by the king, should have been generally dreaded. With such a weapon in the hands of a despot all civil liberties were in danger; but when constitutional took the place of personal government, and the funds for the payment of the army had to be annually voted by Parliament, this danger became a myth, and passed into the limbo where constitutional theories are interred, its epitaph being, however, recorded in the Mutiny Act to remind us of a fear entertained by our ancestors which is now as unreal as the wildest bogie of our childhood. Prior to the erection of the numerous barracks which now exist, public opinion was very much exercised in opposition to any increase to our army. It was not, however, a healthy, unbiassed public opinion; it was a selfish, although perhaps, under the circumstances, a very natural, feeling. The troops, being billeted upon the people, were an intolerable nuisance to them. It is a feeling we are well acquainted with even now, for so intense is the hatred to this system at present that in practice billeting is restricted to public-houses, inns, and hotels, the owners of which obtain the special privilege of selling intoxicating liquor to her Majesty's subjects on condition of furnishing billets to her Majesty's soldiers when required by the exigencies of the service. In the last century those who were strongly opposed to the erection of barracks based their opposition upon a dread lest the army should become "so closely united as to be able to support itself against the law," and not upon any idea that barracks would so withdraw the army from the influence of public opinion that all interest in its organization would cease. The plan of housing the home garrisons in barracks was not adopted with a view to stifle public opinion, as was then alleged by the opposition. It was because the billeting system was felt by the people to be such an intolerable burden, that it had become a question of either building barracks or of having no army at all. Mr. Pulteney and Mr. Fox in their speeches pleaded in favor of the billeting system, as it encouraged "the mixing of the soldiers with the people, by which they imbibed the same principles and the same sentiments," and so secured "the Constitution against the danger of a standing army." These sentiments are out of date now: any fear that the army can be dangerous to the Constitution is a nightmare, as unreal as would be now the dread of Spain which haunted our forefathers in the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First.

It is a very common error on the part of non-military men to imagine that "the conversion of the recruit into an efficient soldier" is a purely mechanical process — that you have merely to teach him a certain amount of drill, and to make him proficient in the use of his rifle. The highest and the most essential quality to be learned by the soldier is discipline; without it all true military efficiency is impossible. Without it, no large army in the field can ever achieve great things; the undisciplined army will be destroyed, if opposed to an army of disciplined soldiers, as effectually as the rods of Pharoah's sorcerers were swallowed up by that of Aaron. It is the influence of discipline that distinguishes an army from a mob. It is when both of two contending armies are undisciplined that wars are unmarked by decisive battles, and are spun out over many years, the American struggle between the North and South being a striking example. A man may be perfect in all that the drill-instructor can impart, but unless his mind is as disciplined as his body, unless he has learned self-control, unquestioning obedience and respect for his superiors, and habits of order and of method, he never can be a really useful soldier in the field. These are attributes

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more easily imparted to individuals the higher they are in the social scale of life, and more easily acquired by a body of men like a regiment the more the mass is leavened by men of education and of the better classes. In a country like Germany, where every able-bodied man is obliged to serve as a soldier, all classes of the body politic are represented in every individual battalion, and consequently it is far easier to convert it into a disciplined unit than with us, whose army is, I may say, unfortunately to a large extent composed of the lowest classes in our community.

This great difficulty of converting the ignorant rustic laborer, the urban idler, and the waifs and strays generally of the nation into disciplined soldiers has been of late seriously but unavoidably increased through the action of short service. Formerly the thirty or forty recruits who joined a regiment annually were lost in the hundreds of disciplined soldiers by whom they were surrounded and kept in order. The force of example soon imparted habits of cleanliness, order, and punctuality to the three or four recruits in a company. It is very different now, where, during peace, the recruits in a battalion are more numerous than the disciplined soldiers. This discipline of the mind can only be satisfactorily imparted to our men when removed from the influence of their own class in civil life. In billets, very little check can be placed on their doings; neither their health, cleanliness, feeding, nor moral conduct, can be effectively looked after. It is a well-known fact that in the militia those regiments for whom it is impossible to provide barrack accommodation when out for training, are never as well disciplined — in other words, are not as effective military instruments — as those housed in barracks or collected together in camps. The great cry on the part of militia colonels has long been, "Give us barracks for our men; billets are their ruination." Many a country youth who joins a militia regiment is ruined for life by the habits he acquires from the associations he is surrounded by when trained in billets. To put the case concisely, discipline is a process by which a little leaven is made to leaven the whole mass, but, that the leaven may act, there must be a mass to be acted upon. You cannot leaven scattered crumbs. Although the volunteer force is mostly composed of a different stamp of men from those who join the army, still I think it is generally admitted that the one great defect from which it suffers, and must always suffer, is a want of discipline, which it has a difficulty in acquiring except when collected together by regiments in barracks or camps. All connected with that splendid force know well what an advantage it is for a corps to be in camp for a week or a fortnight — to have, in fact, a slight taste of the system which some, through ignorance of it, denounce as "a curse to the country."

Since the days when the system of housing men in barracks was finally adopted, the greatest and most radical change effected in our military organization has been the final adoption of the short-service system of enlistment. When that system has reached its full development, our standing army at home will be little more than a great national training-school, where disciplined soldiers will be "manufactured" by a three years' training, and then returned to civil life for nine more years, receiving a small monthly retaining fee as a compensation for the liability they assume of being recalled to the colors when required for active service. To form the regimental machinery and provide the "hands" and superintendents required to work it, about one hundred and fifty or two hundred non-commissioned officers and other oldish soldiers — *i.e.*, men over six years' service — will be required for each battalion. It is evident that if all were young, inexperienced men, the machine could not be worked to any good effect; the manufactured article would be of very poor quality, even as regards drill knowledge, and utterly deficient in discipline, the most essential of all military qualities. The cordial acceptance of that system a few years ago answers the question: "When will this country accept the plain truth that the safety of the nation does not depend upon the number of men under lock and key in barracks, but upon the number of trained young men in the country living freely in their own homes?"

If, however, all the military requirements of our extensive empire are to be provided for, the necessary number of these trained reserved men cannot be obtained from an army smaller than that now maintained in Great Britain. Those requirements differ materially and essentially from those of all other nations. In common with other countries we must have an army strong enough to defend our territory from invasion. Being surrounded by a broad wet ditch, our home fortress does not require an overgrown army like that maintained by France, by Germany and by other Continental states; but unlike them we have

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great distant outworks, some of them located amongst hostile populations, for which necessarily strong garrisons are required. Most of these outworks are so far removed from the main fortress itself, that troops can only be conveyed to them at considerable expense per head. Financially speaking, it would be therefore impossible to have these garrisons composed of men engaged to remain only three years with the colors. As the number of men required for those garrisons is about equal to that we must keep on foot in England for the purpose of manufacturing the reserve army required for the defence of our shores and the protection of other great imperial interests, we have to encounter here a difficulty unknown to the army of Germany. Let my reader picture to himself what the military difficulties of the German Empire would be, had it to provide not only a home army of four hundred and six thousand men, but also a similar number for the defence of provinces many thousands of miles distant from its seaboard!

Another great difficulty surrounding the military question with us is the possession of distant colonies more or less peopled by barbarous tribes; and, although we may not find it necessary to keep strong garrisons in them permanently, yet we must be ready at all times to despatch thither a small force to repress internal rebellion, or to resist the inroad of neighboring warlike tribes. This latter difficulty is one for which we have not yet effectively prepared ourselves. Our home regiments, being little more than training-schools under the short-service system, are not composed of the seasoned material necessary for contending with tribes inured to war, and to whom fighting is the only recognized occupation of existence. When a force is required for such small wars as those of New Zealand, Ashanti, or South Africa, it is wisely considered inexpedient to recall to the colors the reserve men from civil life who are intended to be used only for great and serious occasions. To do otherwise would strike a death-blow to the existence of that reserve; men would not willingly join a reserve from which they could be withdrawn at any moment to join a force required for these frequently recurring little colonial wars. Even upon the understanding that our reserve men are only to be recalled to serve in the event of a great national emergency, they have considerable difficulty in obtaining employment in civil life: the great employers of labor prefer engaging men free from all such engagements to the State. A couple of years ago the Army Reserve was called out for a few days' drill, really for the purpose of ascertaining the truth or falsehood of the croaking statements of those who, disliking the short-service system, predicted that the reserve was a myth, and would not be forthcoming if required. It was then found that in many instances the men who responded to the call — and there were only about five per cent. absent — lost their situations in civil life, being discharged there and then by their unpatriotic employers, who said they would not have servants subject to such a liability. If that liability were increased by the men being bound to rejoin at any moment for little colonial wars such as that now unfortunately existing on the river Kei, the creation of an effective army reserve would, I believe, be impossible. The necessity for always having some half dozen full battalions of effective soldiers ready to go abroad in cases of emergency will be more fully appreciated when I state that of the men sent to Malta last year as a precautionary measure, a considerable proportion — I believe about one-third of them — had never even fired a round of ball cartridge.

For the due relief of our foreign garrisons, we have annually to send abroad about six battalions of infantry. It is most essential that at least three years' supply for foreign requirements — namely, eighteen battalions — should be maintained on an establishment of eight or nine hundred men. If this were done, we should always be able to send abroad for any colonial emergency at least half that number of effective battalions on the shortest notice, and the danger and scandal of embarking men who might at any moment be required for serious work, undisciplined and even undrilled, would be to a great extent remedied. Indeed, having due regard to the many calls upon us, to which we are always liable, it is most desirable that the Aldershot division and the Curragh Brigade should always be kept with their ranks full of disciplined soldiers, all regiments required for foreign reliefs being invariably drawn from Aldershot, where every regiment embarked for ordinary foreign service should have been two years previously to leaving our shores. Aldershot is an admirable school for practical military instruction, and after two years' training there the men would be fairly fit for active service.

Much yet remains to be done before our army is thoroughly remodelled in accord-

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ance with modern requirements, but I cannot ignore the great strides that have been made in that direction since 1870, and still more since 1854. Indeed, when I remember the conservative elements — I do not use that expression in a political sense — of which our army, in common with that of all other nations, is composed, I am not so much astonished at what still remains to be accomplished, as at the great and important reforms already adopted. Of those improvements, none has been more remarkable or more calculated to reform our army than the progress made by its officers in professional education. The severity of the examinations which all must now undergo before they can obtain commissions secures the army against those dunces formerly only too numerous in it; and the subsequent examinations for promotion, on military subjects, insure that all the junior ranks shall be well grounded in the theory of military art. It is, from my point of view, to be regretted above all things that these professional examinations are not carried still further, by insisting that no man shall be given command of a regiment or made a general officer until he has passed a severe examination in tactics, strategy, fortification, and other important subjects. The time has now arrived when no man should be made a colonel or a general who is not a thorough master of his art. Formerly a large proportion of our officers entered the army because it held out the inducements of a pleasant life. They despised all study of military science: had not their fathers done well as leaders whilst ignorant on such points, and why should they not be allowed to follow in their footsteps? I am glad to say that this line of argument is confined to a small and antiquated school of thought in the army, now fast disappearing. Our officers of to-day are fully alive to the necessity for study, and are well aware that a mere knowledge of barrack-yard drill will no longer obtain for them the reputation of being good officers: that knowledge is as essential as ever, but it has ceased to be sufficient. There is abroad in the army an eagerness to learn unknown in 1854, and although progress may be somewhat retarded through the influence of a few commanding officers who still pooh-pooh education, still the mass of our regimental officers has been leavened with an amount of tactical knowledge entirely absent from our army five-and-twenty years ago. This has worked such an improvement in the fighting value of the army, that I have no hesitation in asserting that, had we now to send a force into the field, it would be in many most important respects infinitely superior to that which stormed the heights of the Alma, but in none more so than in the professional efficiency of its officers. The army now is the greatest and most important of our national schools, of which in future the officers will be the masters. The days of special instructors for the education of recruits are numbered, and company and troop officers must learn to teach their own men to drill, to shoot, and to ride without the assistance of musketry and gunnery instructors or of riding-masters.

Every military man is deeply impressed with the necessity of having behind our standing army a reserve of twice its strength; indeed, this is a universally admitted necessity in all armies. But in applying it to our peculiar position we are met with serious difficulties unknown to foreign nations. In considering deductions, which are based upon the German system, designed only for a home army, it must not be forgotten that at least one-half of our line battalions are constantly abroad — at present there are more — which must be always kept up to fighting strength and composed exclusively of good fighting material. They cannot be used as military schools for the creation of a reserve force; indeed, no recruit should ever be in their ranks. Upon our sixty-eight or sixty-nine line and seven guard battalions stationed at home must therefore fall, not only the responsibility of furnishing seasoned soldiers to fill up the gaps caused in the seventy-two or seventy-three battalions constantly abroad by the discharge of those who have completed their army engagement, by death, and by the invalids sent home from tropical climates, but also the duty of contributing the great bulk of those who are to form our army reserve.

The conditions to be fulfilled by our army are so totally different from those of the German army, that it is as unprofitable to draw any comparison between the systems upon which each is based, as it would be utterly and entirely impossible to apply that of Germany to England. If this be true as regards the conditions of military service in the two nations, how much more striking still is the difference between the fundamental principles and laws upon which their respective armies are based. With us all laws and customs are designed for the free exercise of individual liberty; no restrictions are placed

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upon men who wish to emigrate and transfer their allegiance to a foreign flag. To obtain men for the army and navy, we have to compete in the open labor market with those who offer their servants high wages; Parliament tells us it will not pay for soldiers at men's rate of hire, so all our coaxing to induce men to enlist is of no avail, and the military authorities are forced to be content with youths in their teens. Our population is so migratory that recruits are seldom enlisted in the parishes they were born in; and as a human being's age cannot, like that of a horse, be told by his teeth, we are obliged to accept the recruit's own statement on that point. The result is that we frequently get boys instead of even youths eighteen years old. When a recruit deserts, the civil authorities, who appear to assume that they exist exclusively for civil purposes, take no trouble to assist the military in their endeavors to recapture him. Even the police will only help when they are offered a good reward by the War Office for his apprehension. Magistrates too frequently avail themselves of every possible legal loophole to avoid convicting a deserter, lest their county should be saddled with the expense of maintaining him in its prison for a few months. How different is all this in Prussia, where everything is made to give way to the wants and requirements of the army; its interests and welfare are recognized as the first national consideration; the rights of the individual are regarded as of secondary importance. We may adopt the tactical formations of Germany in our army — although even in doing so we must be content to modify them, owing to the difference between the raw material of which the two armies are composed — but to attempt to engraft the Prussian military system upon the English Constitution as it exists at present, would be as impossible as to grow tropical orchids in the open air of this country. In Germany every citizen is liable to military or naval service from the beginning of his eighteenth to the end of his forty-second year of age. During those twenty-five years, every one physically capable of bearing arms is bound to serve in the army or navy for twelve years if called upon, and men between those two ages who are not called up for service in either are obliged to serve in the *Landsturm* in the event of war. The government of the country is, I may say, purely military, and for the convenience of military administration the whole empire is parcelled out into districts furnishing army corps, divisions, brigades, etc., down to companies, with as much precision as England is divided, for purposes of civil administration, into parishes and hundreds. To a German, military training is as much a part of his education as reading and writing are now to us under the school-board system. To say we should Anglicise the German system, but still retain our English characteristics, is as reasonable as it would be to say, "Let us convert beasts into birds without giving them wings or feathers." I have no intention here of entering upon any disquisition from a national point of view as to which system is best for the people. It is a great problem for the statesman whether the advantages of the physical and mental training undergone by the youth of Germany during their two or three years' service in the army do not compensate the empire for losing their labor at reproductive occupations by the improved physical development it imparts to their bodies, and by the habits of obedience, order, cleanliness, and method it instils. This is a larger subject than I wish to embark upon in this article; but this I maintain, that nothing approaching or resembling the German military system can be built up in any country, except upon the foundation of obligatory universal service. The professional architect knows it to be impossible, and it is only the amateur craftsman, whose knowledge is superficial, who would so attempt to make bricks without straw.

The maintenance of an army strong enough to meet our military requirements is only possible by having about two-thirds of it in a reserve employed in civil life; and for our home army, the shorter the time our men remain with the colors, compatible with their conversion into efficient soldiers, the better. These are axioms upon which all army reformers of the present day will agree. It is not, however, on account of any supposed demoralizing effects resulting upon a prolonged stay in barracks that these axioms are accepted, but because no considerable army reserve can be created under any system of long service in the ranks. It is therefore of vital interest to determine what is the shortest space of time in which it is possible to manufacture an efficient soldier, one who shall be efficient, not only in the volunteer sense of the word — that is, in his drill and in the management of his weapons — but thoroughly well disciplined. These are two points essentially distinct, although the non-military man may fail to appreciate the difference between them.

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About ninety-four or ninety-five per cent. of the volunteer force are efficients — that is, passed in drill — yet it must always compare unfavorably with the regular army through its want of discipline.

The time required to convert a civilian into an efficient soldier depends in some measure upon the class of life in which he has been brought up and educated, or not educated at all, as is too often the case with English recruits. Thus, without doubt, the volunteers learn their drill quicker than the men who join either the militia or the army, for as a rule they come from a higher stratum in the social scale of life. For the ordinary recruit who joins us at seventeen or eighteen years of age, few soldiers will argue that a shorter period of training than three years would suffice; he would thus pass into the reserve at twenty or twenty-one years of age, before which he is not physically fit for the hardships inseparable from war. In Germany the regulated period of training is four years for the cavalry and three for the infantry, but in reality it is a few months of less duration. For instance, a man who reaches the age of twenty at any time in 1878 will join his battalion about the middle of next November, and will pass into the reserve when the autumn manœuvres of 1881 are over, that is, about the latter end of the September in that year. It is common to allow them a short furlough for the harvest time in the last year of their training service, but after it is over they must return to take part in the annual manœuvres of that year. They are thus actually under arms with the colors for about two years and nine months, before receiving furlough to pass into the reserve, where they remain four years, and then pass into the *Landwehr*. All men whilst in the reserve are liable to be called upon twice to take part in annual manœuvres lasting eight weeks upon each occasion. It would be foreign to this article to go further into the German army system, or to describe the regulations regarding the four thousand men (about) who join annually for only one year's actual service, or those referring to the men whom the officer commanding a battalion can allow to pass into the reserve after two years' service in the ranks.

During last year I am glad to say that all men of three years' service who were supernumerary to our home infantry establishment, were passed on to the reserve, and I am sure that all army reformers will agree with me in hoping that this practice may be unswervingly persisted in, for it is only by doing so that we can ever hope to have an army reserve of any considerable numerical strength. This system cannot, however, be applied to our line battalions which are in India and the colonies. As already explained, the expense of applying that system to them would be enormous for the item of sea transport, even if it were desirable to do so, which it is not, for they should always be ready to take the field at any moment, and must therefore be composed of seasoned soldiers over twenty-one years of age. This question of age is a most important factor in this military problem, and nothing can be truer than the remark "that, as continuous training is somewhat severe, it is absolutely necessary to have completely formed men (and not boys) capable of bearing it." As I have already pointed out, at present we practically only obtain boys and youths of about eighteen years of age as recruits. Mr. Holms's solution to this difficulty is: "Abolish the militia, and improve our terms, and the supply of a better article will follow." As to the first-named remedy, more further on; but as to the latter one, it will be echoed by every British officer, and by none, I should imagine, more earnestly than by our present commander-in-chief. We want *men* as recruits, and for the sake of the safety and welfare of the empire we ought to have them. This is, however, a matter for the consideration of ministers and of Parliament. We soldiers are helpless in the matter: we can do nothing more than warn the nation of the terrible risk it incurs under our present system of boy recruits. If we are to enlist only men, we must offer them men's wages, and I do not believe that the expense of raising the soldier's pay would be anything like what is commonly supposed, for better pay would certainly supply us with an article better morally as well as physically. If better morally, we should not suffer, as at present, from desertion, and should therefore save largely in our prison expenses, and if better physically, we should not suffer as we now do from "invaliding," and our saving in hospital expenses would be considerable in consequence.

That a militia regiment is not as good as a line one, all will admit. That the militia force would be immensely improved if, instead of three months' training, the militia recruit upon joining were kept continuously with the colors for a year or a year and a half, all will agree also. But there are two considerations to be thought of on this point — first the expense, and

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secondly the question whether, under those conditions, we should be able to keep up our militia at all. Were we to insist upon this lengthened training, it is quite certain that the competition for recruits between the army and the militia, which I do not believe exists at present, would then become a reality, for both would be bidding for the same class of men. A perusal of the report of Mr. Stanley's militia committee of 1876, and of the evidence upon which it is based, will satisfy those who wish to go deeply into the matter that the militia and the line recruit from different classes, and that the large bulk of those who join the former would not enlist in the latter. Besides, it is generally believed that those doubtful men who might possibly in the first instance have joined the army had there been no militia, do in fact subsequently become soldiers. I have good grounds also for saying that many of the men who come to the army from the militia would never have become soldiers at all, if we had no militia force in which they can try whether a soldier's life suits them or not. Every facility is now given to the militiaman to transfer his services to the line, and, practically speaking, it would be no easy matter for any militia officer to prevent those under his command from becoming soldiers.

The militia force has doubtless many weak points, although recent reforms in its organization have done much to remove them. These points are made the most of by those who dislike the force, but in my opinion it is a great element of strength to the country, unobtainable under any other conditions as long as our military system is based upon voluntary recruiting. It draws into the military net men of ideas and aspirations different from the army recruit. It has the very great merit of being a cheap force, and in every respect fulfils the objects for which it is maintained. It is not designed for active service out of England, and before we can be invaded we should have time afforded us to convert it into a most reliable body of infantry. One of its weak points is the little military knowledge possessed by its officers and non-commissioned officers. However, much has recently been done to remedy this defect by forming schools at which they can qualify. It must not be forgotten that all the adjutants are officers now holding commissions in the regular army; that the quartermasters are almost all army officers, and will in future be exclusively so; that the non-commissioned staff of every regiment is composed of old soldiers; that belonging to every company of militia there are two sergeants of the line; and that finally over seven hundred of the officers belonging to the militia have served for years in the regular army.

In the event of war, without calling upon the volunteers, the militia will supply us with garrisons for Malta, Gibraltar, the Channel Islands, for North America if required, and for all our stations in Great Britain and Ireland, leaving an ample force still available to hold our base of operations wherever it may be abroad, and to guard our line of communications between it and our army in the field. The whole of our line battalions now at home, and those at the stations abroad already enumerated, besides seven battalions of foot guards, would thus become available if required for active service. This would supply us with more than the infantry required for four army corps.

According to our existing military system, upon war being declared the militia is called out, and hands over its reserve at once to the line, who together with our First Class Army Reserve would give us about forty-thousand good men to bring up our line battalions to war strength. Our Second Class Army Reserve, consisting of old soldiers, although past the prime of life, would supply us with about fifteen thousand bayonets quite fit for garrison duty. The four companies of regular infantry now at each of the seventy brigade depôts would at once be formed into the cadres of seventy depôt battalions, and begin recruiting locally. To them would be despatched all the men who last year joined the battalions it is intended to engage in active service. There is at present a considerable number of men in the country, who, having completed their ten years' army engagements, are employed in civil avocations; a large proportion of them could easily be induced to re-engage for any popular war by the offer of a good field allowance while it lasted, and the prospect of a bonus on discharge, calculated at the rate of about 1*l.* per month for the time they were called upon to serve. In no country would it be so easy as in ours to raise a special corps from the waifs and strays of the middle and upper classes, and under carefully selected officers it would be the finest military body in the world. If converted into mounted infantry — as I think it should be — it might have a very great influence upon the result of a campaign. Its value for scouting and raiding duties

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would be incalculable. Should war be forced upon us, I sincerely trust that a corps of this nature may be raised. The loyal spirit of our colonies has never been more healthy or sincere than now; I know Canada well, and I am only doing it justice when I say that in the event of war it would furnish us with a contingent of certainly ten thousand men, drawn from its militia, who would soon equal our best regiments.

Our island position and our commanding fleet give us many great military advantages possessed by no other nation. Great Britain could only be invaded by either France or Germany; indeed I might say only by both combined, and the operation, even under more than ordinarily favorable circumstances, would always be one of great magnitude and difficulty, and very hazardous. With our great naval supremacy we can at present afford to dismiss it from our calculations, and are consequently able to reckon on having ample time for our needed preparations. I have heard it said, "We cannot go to war because we are not ready." I should like to know when we ever were or ever can be so ready. Our Constitution secures us liberty and freedom of speech, but its very excellence precludes the possibility of the nation being ever prepared for war. Some of our ablest men who have been in power have lately told us emphatically, even when war is hanging in the balance, that it will be high time to prepare for war when it has been declared. Such an opinion could only emanate from a mind essentially non-military, however great it be in other fields of thought. Surely it behoves all true lovers of their country in a great national crisis to support those in power in preparing for the contingency of war. Whatever may be our individual opinions as to the conduct of our government in grave complications like that now existing, all real patriots agree in wishing to see the country strong, and the army ready for active service. We are most likely to avoid war by being able to speak with the confidence which real military strength alone can give us. I would venture to protest against the notion that we must play a feeble part because we are not as yet in every way quite ready for war. We must accept our position as we find it with all its advantages and disadvantages. We have enjoyed life and prospered under our Constitution, and we are not likely to surrender the daily blessings it confers upon us in order to be at all times ready to encounter the rarely occurring calamity of war. If therefore we are never to engage in hostilities because we are not prepared for them, we had better save the large sums we annually spend upon both army and navy, for under our existing Constitution it is hopeless to dream of our ever being ready to draw the sword without long previous preparation.

At no previous period of our history have we ever been so strong in a military sense as at present. In 1854 we were very weak in field artillery; the military force in these islands was under seventy thousand men, and there was no reserve whatever beyond some pensioners, who were too old for field service. Were war declared to-morrow, about four hundred thousand drilled men would fall into line if required, supported by three hundred and seventy-two field-guns, manned and horsed by the Royal Artillery. That number would roughly be made up as follows: —

Standing army at home . .	99,000 men
Army and Militia Reserve .	40,000 "
Militia	85,000 "
Volunteers	180,000 "
Second Class Army Reserve .	10,000 "
Total	414,000 men

In this calculation I have put the figures very low, and have left out altogether the ten thousand yeomanry who would be available for home service. I have likewise not taken into consideration the number of regular troops that would be available for war when the Mediterranean garrisons were furnished by the militia. It will thus be seen that we could at once take the field with two fully equipped army corps of more than thirty thousand soldiers each, leaving a similar force of regular troops at home as a reserve. When I compare the military strength of England now with what it was in 1854, I am as amazed at the condition of military weakness and helplessness in which we were when we began the Russian war of that year, as I am at the ignorance of those who are now to be heard croaking over our supposed want of strength and our alleged consequent inability to fight. Unlike most other nations, if we declare war we need have no apprehension of invasion; this confers upon us the great advantage of being able to choose our own time for beginning active hostilities, and as our army would necessarily have to be conveyed by sea to the theatre of war, we are always able to select the line of operations considered best and most suitable to the force we act with. In fact the initiative would

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rest with us, and I need not tell the student of history how invaluable it is to the commander who knows how to take advantage of it. But if we are to secure this national advantage of the initiative, we must act with unity of purpose. "In seasons of great peril it is good that one bear sway," and all should support the mode of action selected, even although some may think the plans they have themselves conceived would lead to better results. It is far more important in warlike matters that all should act as one man, than that the ideally best course of action should be adopted.

England can never engage in any great war unless it be thoroughly popular with the nation; but if the warlike spirit of the people be aroused in earnest we all know that her Majesty will never want soldiers to fight for the honor and welfare of her kingdom. A great empire has been built up for us by the military achievements of our forefathers. I for my part trust we may be able now and always to address them after the manner of Prince Hal: —

You won it, ruled it, kept it, gave it us,
Then plain and right must our possession be;
Which we with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

G. I. WOLSELEY.

ERICA.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRAU VON INGERSLEBEN.

XLII.

FRITZ.

WEHLEN seemed to fear Elmar's present authority, for before darkness closed in, the latter saw him drive away in the princess's carriage. He was glad to be spared an unpleasant scene, and this thought partially dispelled the gloom, which had been increased by a conversation with the baroness. Contrary to his expectation, the old lady could give him no information about his parents' marriage; she only knew that her son's wedding had taken place in a foreign country, and he had then brought his young wife to Altenborn.

A visit from Werner, which greatly surprised Elmar, roused him from his own troubles, and at the same time afforded him a pretext for not going to the baroness's room that evening, a state of affairs which harmonized with his wishes, inasmuch as it would otherwise have been scarcely possible to conceal his clouded brow from Erica, whose anxiety he did not wish to arouse. Werner, on learning that morning through a letter from Count Hardeck that Sidonie had been informed of his right to her property, had instantly driven over to Altenborn to discuss the matter with Elmar, whom he entreated to become his mediator and inform Sidonie that he should renounce this unlucky right in any case.

"I am afraid you will scarcely be able to do that, Werner," said Elmar thoughtfully; "for if you withdraw, other claimants will doubtless arise, so the matter would only grow worse."

"I am the last of my name, and therefore the only person who can stand between Sidonie and her inheritance. Do you suppose, Elmar, I would have made the marriage dependent upon my own inclination, if there had been no possibility of resigning my claims? In such a case, I should have considered the slightest hesitation dishonorable, and married the Countess Hardenfels, even if she had inspired me with actual aversion."

"Very well, Werner, only I doubt whether Sidonie will consent to the arrangement."

"I should sincerely deplore her opposition, but it can have no effect upon my resolution. If I state my intention to resign the entailed property in the daughter's favor, she cannot, with all her anger against me, prevent it."

"But she can also renounce her claims, and she will do so."

"Then let it go to the poor," exclaimed Werner bitterly. "For the present, however, she is under her guardian's authority, and Count Hardeck certainly will not give up the property."

"At any rate, you will have one of the most peculiar law-suits which has ever occurred. I assure you, Werner, that, though my own affairs give me sufficient occupation, I have constantly sought for some clue that might guide you out of the labyrinth where you are so helplessly wandering, but without avail. Sidonie's feelings towards you are so irritated or unduly excited, that the slightest allusion to the affair causes the most terrible agitation, and I really feel anxious about even delivering your message. Let us take no farther steps in this matter to-night. Sidonie

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has heard of your visit, through the apology I sent for my non-appearance, and can easily guess the object of your coming, so let her have time to reflect upon the subject until to-morrow, and, above all, to grow calmer."

Werner assented to the proposal, and they spent the evening in animated conversation. Elmar related to his friend the events which had recently occurred, and also told him of the half absurd, and yet exasperating and perhaps dangerous scheme, which had been planned by the subtle brain of the adventurer. Werner listened with interest and attention, and as the ambassador to whom the young baron must apply for the necessary information was nearly related to him, and therefore a personal friend, offered to write to him himself.

"I sincerely regret that we let the scoundrel off so easily," added Werner. "My sole thought was to save Rodenwald, and as I wished to gain my object in the easiest way, I very foolishly, as I now see, chose this expedient."

Elmar's interview with Sidonie on the following morning resulted exactly as he had anticipated. She obstinately refused to accept an inheritance which, under such circumstances, would seem exactly like a gift. Moreover, in her excited state of feeling, she looked upon Werner's conduct as designed to inflict a fresh humiliation upon her, and declared that if Count Hardeck, against her will, should favor the acceptance of this gift, he could never force her to make use of it during the interval before which she should have full freedom of action.

All Elmar's arguments fell powerless on Sidonie's firm resolution, and he returned to his friend in a very sorrowful mood.

Even Werner's entreaties that she would grant him a personal interview were refused, on the ground that it could lead to no other result, and although this denial plainly revealed the danger Sidonie apprehended from Werner's presence, her positive refusal showed the resolute will with which she resisted the peril.

Elmar proposed the expedient of a longer stay at Altenborn, that Werner might owe to some lucky chance the interview that was refused to his entreaties; but the young count would not consent, and was only persuaded to remain through the day, by the news that Fritz was expected to arrive before evening.

The latter came at the appointed hour, and his presence somewhat brightened the gloom that now brooded over Altenborn, and even cast a ray of sunlight upon Sidonie's marble-like face. As Werner's presence, and the latter's refusal to see him, made it impossible for the little party to assemble in the old baroness's room, Fritz divided his evening between the "two hostile camps," as he called them. Fortunately he had brought with him a sufficient stock of good spirits to cheer both parties, but he declined to give any detailed account of matters at Dorneck, reserving it until he was alone with Elmar. After taking tea with the baroness, and by his merry stories making Sidonie smile and Erica laugh, he went down to Elmar to talk to him and Werner.

Very soon, perhaps intentionally, Fritz turned the conversation upon Sidonie, and thus became acquainted with the last turn in the situation of affairs between the latter and Werner. He listened with interest and sympathy, but shook his head and said half laughing, —

"It is incredible. Here are two men, who I formerly supposed possessed some little share of common sense, and in this important matter they confess themselves utterly helpless. If my own invention leaves me in the lurch, I am at least clever enough to take advantage of the wit of others. Why do people read novels and go to plays, if they make no use of their manifold unfastenings of Gordian knots? Your brow darkens, most noble count; you doubtless think my words frivolous and indecorous; even when a secretary, you were inclined to exercise severe criticism, far more so than, to speak frankly, suited your position, to say nothing of the preference for the nobility, which awed me in the secretary, but seems very natural in the aristocrat."

"Your words form a somewhat intricate chain, Fritz," replied Werner; "in which I vainly seek the connection."

"Which I should be glad to find; acknowledge that, Werner. The complication, however, is a punishment for the frown on your brow, which condemns the frivolity you would willingly turn to account. But I won't allow people to wrap themselves in the majesty of manly dignity, when my boyish levity is to be used as a viaduct over yawning abysses."

"You are a young fool, Fritz!" replied Werner, with an involuntary smile. "What have you to propose? I am ready to hear the expedient drawn from your novels or plays."

"You must wait a little longer, I want to reflect upon the matter. It will be better for you to give me full power to act,

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and remain yourself as white as a snow-drop, especially as, in Sidonie's eyes, you already wear the hue of Othello. This time I will assume the dark livery of sin, and hope better things of your gratitude than that you will tell tales of the Moor after he has done his duty."

"I cannot give you authority to play any foolish trick upon Sidonie, Fritz; so if you can't reveal your wisdom, you won't dispose of your wares in this market."

"Then I'll make you happy on my own responsibility, Werner. I need no assistance, except your opportune appearance at my call, and with exactly the same expression you are kind enough to adopt towards me at the present moment. A proper blending of contempt and anger, with a slight dash of grief and resignation, and you will be exactly what I want for my tableau."

Werner rose and approached him. His face certainly plainly expressed the feelings Fritz had suggested, as he said: "I will not, under any circumstances, allow you to meddle with my affairs, Fritz!"

Fritz looked at him with a careless laugh. "If you can only prevent it, Werner. Besides, I don't see why you keep such a jealous watch over the privilege of being the only person who acts foolishly in regard to Sidonie; it could not fail to be an advantage to you to have me for a foil. Besides, I won't allow myself to be robbed of my right to give friendly assistance, so we will say no more about it."

Werner really perceived that he could not prevent an act, of which he was ignorant, or else thought the whole affair a mere piece of mischief on the part of Fritz, for he said no more, and the conversation soon turned upon other subjects. The little party did not separate until late at night, and Fritz, in bidding Werner farewell, promised him an immediate visit.

The next day, to make amends for his absence, Elmar remained in the baroness's drawing-room much longer than usual. All were extremely comfortable, as Katharina, either because she was angry with Elmar, or really ill, remained in her own apartments, would see no one, and even refused to welcome Fritz.

Although no one had informed the latter of the tie between Elmar and Erica, a very short time was sufficient to enlighten him.

"So the little heather-blossom has fallen a victim to the inevitable," he said to Erica. "Fatality and guilt in strange unison fill my heart with grief and horror."

"You seem to have been very much occupied with tragedies lately, Fritz," observed Elmar; "you revert to them so often."

"Well said, Elmar; we cannot do better than fly from the tragedy of life to that of nature. In spite of our sympathy, the sorrow of others excites a feeling of comfort, not unlike that which we experience when sitting in a warm room listening to the raging of a strom. Fate, however, has steadily worked out its own designs at Dorneck. The tangled skeins of the love-affairs have smoothed more and more, and seem to be gradually approaching their climax. I will not apply the laws of dramatic gradation to my tale, but begin at once with the most interesting subject, — myself.

"Since Elmar robbed us of the learned theological student and eloquent preacher Reinhardt, the instruction of our worthy pastor fully satisfied my own ardent thirst for knowledge, it is true, but not so mamma's aspiring desires. I was therefore sent every day to Bonn, to attend the high school, while I spent the evenings and nights at Dorneck as before. Of course the care of transporting my valuable person did not devolve upon papa's shoulders, or I should probably have been frequently compelled to spend the days at Dorneck and the nights at Bonn.

"Under such circumstances, my information increased to a most disproportionate extent, and when Uncle Rodenwald — the fox-hunter, Sidonie — came to visit us at Christmas, he was surprised, and, I think, a little annoyed at the dominion knowledge had acquired over me. He therefore declared that he would no longer delay a project which had occupied his mind ever since his wife's death, namely, to make me his adopted son and sole heir. As the family were pleased, I had no objection, so I was solemnly declared Uncle Rodenwald's adopted son; a ceremony which made little impression upon me, as from my earliest childhood I had considered myself the real son of my good old uncle.

"Thus the illustrious family of Rodenwald is now divided into an older and younger branch, and as my rich aunt has left her husband her whole property, the younger line of Rodenwald stands on the same footing as the older. I am now what the world calls a brilliant match, and expect that the mothers of marriageable daughters will consider me desirable game in the matrimonial chase.

"Mamma's eyes, I perceive, are fixed upon a granddaughter of old Countess

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Ingolstein, a little Princess von Runingen, who is still in short dresses. Our intercourse was characterized less by increasing tenderness, than great vivacity. During a quarrel, she pulled my curly hair with such energy that I lost several locks forever, and — when she wanted to sail on the Rhine on a plank, and all arguments proved powerless — I pinched her wrist so violently to pull her back, that she burst into a flood of tears, and complained of me to all the grandmothers, mothers, and aunts she possessed. These incidents have, of course, strengthened *my* mother's conviction that we were specially created for each other's happiness, so we are only waiting till she is out of short dresses, and my beard has grown, to fall lovingly into each other's arms.

"For the present, however, the thermometer of love, even without our affairs, stands high enough at Dorneck. It seems to be approaching the culminating point, from which any retreat is impossible. But before I speak of that, I'll say a few words about papa, who has altered strangely in some respects.

"When Sidonie and Erica came here, a very oppressive atmosphere brooded over Dorneck, which seemed all the more mysterious, as we felt, without being able to explain it. Papa was in the worst possible humor, and scarcely uttered a syllable. Mamma, as usual, appeared grave and cold, but her red eyelids and pale cheeks revealed a sorrow which she would not express in words. It required little keenness of perception to connect the disappearance of Herr von Wehlen, who had gone *sans adieu*, with this gloomy state of affairs; neither was it difficult to guess that here was a new proof that gold is not entirely the chimera philosophy and the aria from '*Robert le Diable*' would fain represent it.

"Papa, at all events, had squandered this gold very lavishly, and mamma probably meted out her lectures in proportion, for — spite of the latter's effort to conceal it — there was evidently a great coolness between them. My father was not only often hasty and rude to his wife, but treated her, if I may so express it, with studied want of consideration; and, as my good papa, with his natural love of self-indulgence, possesses plenty of this commodity, it was sometimes really painful to witness his conduct.

"This mood probably caused considerable bodily discomfort, for in a short time he fell sick, and was confined to his room. The illness increased, and the doctor was not without fears for his life, which perhaps we owe entirely to mamma's faithful, devoted nursing. She never left his bed night or day, and the invalid must have noticed this care, as well as her soothing composure and caution, for he would not let any one else come near him, and drove even the sister of charity who was sent to Dorneck out of his room.

"Terribly exhausting as the nursing thus became for mamma, she did not seem to suffer from *this* want of consideration, for her eyes grew brighter and her cheeks, spite of her want of sleep, seemed less pale. When papa's gradual convalescence gave her more liberty to dispose of her time, she instantly assumed control, not only of indoor but out-of-door matters. Although hitherto she had been utterly ignorant of these things, she soon contrived to make herself so familiar with them that papa, in his indolence, constantly delayed assuming the management again, and at last left them entirely in her hands. He only reserved the final decision in important matters and a few insignificant details, and with all due filial love and reverence for papa, we are all satisfied with the change.

"Mamma instantly sent for Werner, who came to Dorneck for some time to aid her with his advice. Papa was at first very angry with Werner; the thorough insight into his affairs which the latter had obtained had not annoyed him from the secretary, but was extremely vexatious in Count Meerburg. But this anger did not continue long, and the count at last won the same affection which had been bestowed upon the secretary. With Werner's assistance, mamma held a searching review of her servants; the negligent and useless were instantly dismissed, and I believe ere long the wheels of the domestic economy out of doors will roll as smoothly as those of the household have long done.

"No one is more comfortable in this situation of affairs than my dear father. Having no real interest in all these details, he formerly occupied himself very little with them, and the thought of this carelessness was often an uncomfortable monitor of his own indolence. Moreover, he is now relieved of the sometimes oppressive care of keeping a proper balance between the receipts and expenditures, while he himself has more money for his favorite pursuits than before, for mamma — who, between ourselves, as I perceived to my astonishment, has a little weakness for her beloved husband — really deprives

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herself of many things to be able to gratify his wishes. Werner has calculated that the revenues must increase at least a third, so in future they will probably be sufficient to supply her too.

"In addition to all these advantages, papa also has the extreme satisfaction of being adored by his servants, and hearing them sigh for his former rule, as the 'good old times.' He is therefore perfectly contented, does not trouble himself about the way in which his wife raises these large sums, and lets, as they say, Providence provide for him. He now follows his various amusements, among which, strangely enough, is the study of heraldry, though he values the illustrious name of Rodenwald far less than is agreeable to mamma. Now, however, he is collecting material and intends to write a history of the family, as a surprise to his wife on some Christmas or birthday festival.

"It is already evident that he feels it his duty to make some return for so much love, and we are therefore subjected to the strangest surprises. A short time ago he kissed mamma before us all, and she blushed like a young girl, and was so confused that she could not even reprove such a terrible breach of decorum. The junior members of the Rodenwald family were so startled that their cheeks reflected the color of mamma's — at least I can speak positively in regard to the younger branch — but papa did not notice it, and looked around the circle with the air of a conqueror. His boldness increases with his freedom from censure, and his comfortable self-indulgence passes the limits of all previous traditions.

"A short time ago, at the tea-table, he answered one of mamma's remarks with a thoroughly plebeian slap on her shoulder, and the still more vulgar exclamation: 'Right, as usual, my dear old lady!' This time blushes were not sufficient to express the feelings of the Rodenwald family, on the contrary we sat around the table like a row of marble images. My half-emptied cup fell from my hand, little Lolo stared at her delinquent papa with eyes dilated with horror, and the governess was so overcome that she sprang from her seat and hurried off to her own room, where, as I afterwards heard, she went into hysterics. Mamma remained the calmest of all; true she said in her usual manner: 'You are somewhat dramatic in your gestures, my dear Edwin!' but the smile which accompanied the words gave the reproof a shade of coquetry, which produced the most terrible effect upon papa. Before we were aware of it, he threw his arm around her, and drawing her towards him gave her another kiss, and said, —

"'Devil take me if you're not the best wife a man can want, Vally! I'm really in love with you.'

"It was fortunate for the governess, that her hysterics spared her this scene. We looked into our cups, examined the pattern of the damask table-cloth, scrutinized with absorbing interest the basket of cake, gazed at the pictures on the walls, in short everywhere except at papa and mamma. When I at last ventured to cast a glance at the latter, I saw tears sparkling in her eyes; she did not release herself from her husband's arm, but, bending towards him, whispered, 'Your words make me very happy, Edwin. I will always try to please you.'

"The younger Rodenwalds now raised their heads and uttered a sigh of relief. They knew that a new era was dawning upon Dorneck, and the rights of feeling would have a place beside the eternal laws of decorum and social etiquette. This expectation has not been disappointed, for although when in society we throw the necessary shade of aristocratic hauteur into our manners, we are far more cordial and affectionate among ourselves, or rather show our love more openly. No teacups fall victims to the sight of a little token of tenderness exchanged between our parents, and even the governess has submitted to fate, and when a short time ago papa pulled mamma's ear in jest, she only uttered one hysterical sob, and controlled herself sufficiently to remain in the room.

"This new and surprising warmth of feeling extends its sheltering wings even over the hitherto unhappy loves of the older scions of the family. Mamma, to be sure, has not changed her opinions — and, spite of her greater gentleness, she is still hard as steel where she thinks her duty is concerned — but circumstances have fortunately somewhat altered. A distant relative of Landsheim was kind enough to die and leave him a very handsome legacy, which though it does not make him rich, is enough to secure the future of his wife. Generode instantly reviewed all his relations, to see if he could not discover some rich uncle or ditto aunt, but was obliged to renounce the useless search in despair, for even the cousins to the twentieth and thirtieth degree were richly blessed with children.

"Nevertheless, little reason as he formerly had to aspire to the title, 'Cousin'

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Genererode has been mamma's special favorite for a long time. He ventured to come to Dorneck so often, that I was amazed at his presumption, and wondered still more that his reception continued cordial, and he was even frequently invited to supper. When one day he jestingly bewailed the numerous representatives of his family, who made him so destitute of expectations, mamma said, with a somewhat peculiar smile, —

"'You must marry a wife who has money, Generode.'

"The latter stared at her in perfect bewilderment, but he must have seen something in her face which gave him a clue to the words, for his cheeks flushed, and he said quickly, —

"'If, contrary to my expectation, the woman of my choice should bring me a dowry, my happiness would be complete, for I could then make her life as pleasant as I ardently desire it to be.'

"Olga must have considered herself 'the woman of his choice,' for she blushed crimson, and then looked at mamma with the same peculiar expression as Generode. I could not exactly understand the scene, but a few days after was informed that mamma had made her will and disinherited Ottomar and me, to share her property among her daughters. I also heard that the fortune was to be divided into five equal portions, and Olga, as crown princess, would receive twice as much as her younger sisters. So she will have a very pretty little property, and Generode probably will not delay in marrying the woman of his choice.

"For the present, both he and Landsheim spend every afternoon at Dorneck, and as they always stay to supper, and even remain some time after, it is usually midnight before they return to Bonn. If they don't break their necks in their nocturnal rides, or fall into the water and get drowned in some of their excursions on the Rhine, the summer sky will probably bend over two pairs of happy wedded lovers, and Dorneck become much quieter."

"Olga has written to me a full account of Generode," said Erica, "but, in spite of my questions, not a syllable about Sonnenstein. What does he say to a change so sad for him?"

"He says nothing at all, but looks more than ever like the knight of the sorrowful countenance. Since Generode so suddenly gained mamma's favor, a terrible suspicion that he had lost his last anchor of hope must have dawned upon him. He came to Dorneck more rarely, and then his appearance reminded one so vividly of a drowned poodle, that he could not have felt very comfortable. Mamma was just as friendly as ever, and favored him, if not his love, even more than usual. She gave him bushels of good advice, which he seemed to need, and at last sent him away with a sort of mentor, under the name of a friend, to travel. If the gosling that flew over the Rhine does not return a thorough fool, he will probably be quietly assigned to Lolo, to whom he has paid considerable attention of late in a very touching way. Besides, he is a thoroughly good man, and it would not be the worst fate that could befall little Lolo.

"Now I come to the schoolgirl Edith, and am unfortunately compelled, Queen Sidonie, to plant a dagger in your heart. Prince Eduard, in spite of your cruel disappearance, still remains in Bonn to continue his studies, and seems to try to act with me the part of the quarrelsome couple in the barometer, for when I come he goes, and when I go he comes; so he spends his nights in Bonn, and his days for the most part at Dorneck. As, however, he could not even sprain his foot again, much less always complain of headache or sudden giddiness, he did not often receive an invitation to supper, and therefore watched Generode with the bitterest envy.

"Edith, who enters society this winter, and at first pouted a great deal because mamma intends to spend it in the country, has now yielded to her fate with wonderful resignation, and modestly contents herself with Prince Eduard's homage. I must, however, confess that she has become far more amiable, for since she has been officially recognized as a young lady, she no longer takes any special trouble to constantly assert her dignity. Besides, she has developed into a beauty of the first rank, and the Rodenwald family, who are not too well endowed with the commodity, feel proud and pleased to be able to present such loveliness to the world.

"Prince Eduard, who at first probably devoted himself to Edith only to obtain news of Sidonie, gradually became more and more attached to her. She perhaps noticed the change in his feelings even before it was perceptible to himself, and as she had long been interested in him, met his advances in a way which strengthened his love. Mamma, perhaps for the first time in her life, was surprised with a *fait accompli*, and although she imposed her veto upon an immediate betrothal, Prince Eduard, even without a sprained

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ankle, is sometimes permitted to take his supper at Dorneck.

"As mamma was obliged to relinquish the hope of seeing Queen Sidonie Princess von Wolfenhagen, this was the best and only compensation which could be made for her baffled wish, and I fear her kindness will soon induce the prince to make the third in the midnight rides and sails on the Rhine. These visitors, however, are certainly not very interesting to impartial spectators, and papa openly declares that the stupidity is unendurable, and no power in the world shall prevent him from taking a nap in his sofa-corner directly after supper."

"I am sorry for poor Edith," remarked Sidonie gravely. "If my aunt had not been surprised with a *fait accompli*, I would have warned her against the prince."

"Your warning, under any circumstances, would have come too late, Sidonie, for, as I said before, Edith has long loved the prince. Perhaps he might also justify himself in your eyes, if you would only deign to make an accusation against him; for he is really winning and agreeable, and we all like him. Besides, Edith will play the princess admirably, for she is her mother's own daughter."

"You have not yet mentioned Ottomar, Fritz," said Sidonie, to change the subject. "I know less of him than any of the family, for he seldom writes."

"The favorable star which has risen in his sisters' heaven of love, seems disposed to cast its light on him also. He loves, as everybody knew except himself, the beautiful Rosa Steinfurt, and the latter, spite of his frequent assurances to the contrary, was firmly convinced of it. Mamma, who expected for her oldest and favorite son, if not a royal princess, at least the most exalted rank, struggled against this alliance with all her power, and, to please her, Ottomar resisted his own heart too, and the natural consequence of all these efforts was, that he only loved Rosa more passionately than ever.

"During a hunt which took place late in the autumn, young Steinfurt unfortunately met with such a terrible fall that he died a few days after. He was the only son, and the blow was crushing to the parents, while for Ottomar this loss resulted in the blooming of the flower of perfect happiness. Rosa will be the sole heiress of her parents' great wealth, and if she was formerly a brilliant match, her advantages are now so great that even the '*Gotha*' must stand back and drop the question of ancestry. Rheinau and Dorneck united will form a princely estate, and mamma already sees the ermine rustling around the shoulders of her first-born.

"Even the old countess has seen fit to mention the death with one wet and one sparkling eye, and while deeply commiserating the unfortunate parents, heartily congratulated mamma on the brilliant match Ottomar was making, and for which he would doubtless be the object of universal envy. The old lady's sanction, out of respect for the '*Gotha*,' was doubly valuable to mamma, and when, a short time ago, the beautiful Rosa came to Dorneck with her parents, mamma kissed her affectionately on the forehead as she bade her farewell.

"Ottomar gave vent to his delight by an enthusiastic hug, and though, spite of the increased display of family affection, such an indiscretion on the part of the younger branch would have called forth a grave rebuke, the candidate for the ermine was allowed to pass unpunished. The time for the wedding will probably be fixed as soon as the period of mourning has expired, and Hymen bind his fetters round this couple also. Mamma's sphere of activity will thus be so greatly diminished that the void can probably only be filled by increased zeal in the management of the estates of Dorneck, whose revenues will not only increase a third, but one-half."

Fritz paused and bowed, like an orator who has finished his speech. The little party gave him a vote of thanks for his circumstantial report, and when they parted, the light of pleasurable excitement again sparkled in Sidonie's eyes, and a smile played round her lips. For this change Fritz also received eager though unexpressed thanks, and all rejoiced that the uncle's longing to see his adopted son had enabled him to visit Altenborn on his way home.

XLIII.

SIDONIE.

ALTHOUGH Fritz had only received permission to remain absent from home a short time, the united entreaties of all, together with his own desire, induced him to defer resuming his studies in Bonn a few days longer; and these days passed all the more pleasantly, as Katharina still continued to play the invalid, and remained alone in her own apartments.

Elmar had learned through the head groom that Wehlen had only gone as far

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as the village inn, where he had taken lodgings. Disagreeably as this intelligence affected him, he had no power to prevent his remaining there, and was therefore obliged to content himself with telling his servants not to allow him to enter the castle on any pretence whatever.

Fritz had still delayed paying his promised visit to Werner, but when the end of his stay at Altenborn approached, begged Elmar to give him a conveyance to drive over there. The latter offered to accompany him, but Fritz laughingly declined, as he did not wish to arouse Erica's anger by taking her lover away so long. Elmar fancied that Fritz wished to go alone, and therefore made no farther opposition, especially as he had seen his friend a short time before.

When Fritz returned from his expedition that evening Sidonie's face expressed the old eager interest which her features always revealed whenever Elmar came home from a visit to Werner; but the questioning glance was soon transformed into one of anxiety, as she noticed the boy's excited yet troubled face.

"Has anything happened to Werner?" Elmar asked, as the first glimpse of Fritz's features aroused the same feeling. "You seem very much excited."

"You can't expect me to look otherwise, Elmar; for I'm not only excited, but thoroughly upset. Here is a letter from Werner to you; he will probably tell you what has happened himself, and thus spare me the recital."

Elmar hastily seized the note, while Sidonie, turning deadly pale, leaned back in her chair, and with half-closed eyes waited for farther disclosures.

"Werner does not say a syllable about any misfortune that has happened to him," Elmar said hastily, to soothe the fears of the little party. "But it is strange that he stops in the village, instead of coming here. I am to go there to take leave of him, and bring certain papers he minutely describes. Where is he going, Fritz, and why didn't you bring him here, at any rate?"

"I should have considered it positive cruelty, for I think it only too natural that, under the circumstances, he should wish to take leave of you alone."

"What are the circumstances, Fritz?" exclaimed Elmar anxiously; "pray speak out."

"He wants to tell you himself, Elmar. Just get into the carriage I ordered to wait at the door, and go to him at once; your presence is urgently needed."

Elmar hastily bade the little party farewell and left the room. A pause of painful suspense ensued. Fritz did not seem disposed to be communicative even now, for he gazed silently into the fire, while his features again assumed their former troubled expression. Sidonie asked no questions, but her quivering lips showed how deeply she was suffering. At last the baroness interrupted the silence.

"Did Werner forbid you to tell us about the misfortune that has befallen him, Fritz?"

"Oh, no, grandmamma. It must be a matter of very little importance to him who hears it, especially as he is going away at once. One can scarcely imagine a more rapid decision or energetic action. Preparations for a journey, which would occupy others months, cost him scarcely as many days."

"Where is he going to travel that it requires such extensive preparations? Do speak out, Fritz!" cried Erica impatiently.

"Travel is scarcely the right word. He intends to emigrate to America."

"To America!" exclaimed the baroness and Erica in astonishment, while Sidonie half sprang from her seat, and gazed at the speaker with dilating eyes.

"You are as much startled as I was," said Fritz sadly, "and you will be still more so when you learn the cause. 'People must not call the devil, or he will come,' says an old proverb, and it has proved sadly true in Werner's case. When the noble count transformed himself into a secretary, he little thought his disguise was very near reality."

"What do you mean by that, Fritz?" asked Sidonie, leaning forward in her chair, and speaking in a clear, almost loud tone.

"It sounds so incredible that, even while telling you, I can scarcely believe it myself, though Werner's own story unfortunately admits of no doubt. When I reached his house to-day, I found all the servants in such a state of excitement that they scarcely heeded the arrival of a guest. The butler was holding his head in both hands, the footmen were running helplessly about, and even the valet was in such a state, that he could not possibly show me to his master, so I was obliged to make my way myself, and only succeeded in finding Werner after a long search.

"He was sitting before a heap of papers, but, unlike his servants, seemed perfectly calm. 'Why, Fritz!' he exclaimed, 'have you already heard of the affair, and do you come to condole with, or congratulate

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me? For my own part, I really don't know on which side — the bright or the dark one — to look at my fate.'

"'What has happened, Werner?' I asked in my turn; 'I only came here to call on you.'

"'So you came to see Count Meerburg; but you must content yourself with a visit to plain Werner Bothmer.'

"He said this in a half-jesting tone, but I saw he was trying to appear more cheerful than he felt.

"'Are you going to take another position as secretary, Werner?' I asked, entering into the tone he had adopted.

"His face darkened for a moment, he cast a reproving, and yet half-sorrowful glance at me, and said sadly, 'Do not remind me of a fault which has been too bitterly punished. I told you just now that you are not visiting Count Meerburg, but Werner Bothmer, and the latter has even more cause to blush for a part he played with such mistaken anticipations, and for which the ruin of his whole happiness can scarcely atone. But we will say nothing about it now,' he continued in a somewhat imperious tone, 'let me, without farther circumlocution, tell you what has happened. While unknown individuals sometimes become princes and counts, fate has assigned to me the opposite destiny. I thought I had lost both my parents when a child, and yesterday was summoned to my father's death-bed.'

"'Your father's death-bed?' I repeated; I was so utterly amazed that I was scarcely capable of a single clear thought.

"'Yes, he is the accountant Bothmer, formerly employed by my father, or rather Count Meerburg, and has lived a long time in the nearest town. When he earnestly entreated me to visit him, I granted the request the more willingly, as he had so long and faithfully served my family, and myself.'

"Werner paused, covered his eyes with his hand, and then hastily continued: 'Spare me a long account of the sad affair. Enough — the dying man gave me unquestionable proof that I was his son, not Count Meerburg's. While the latter's child died immediately after its birth, Frau Bothmer at the same time had healthy twins, and as it was feared that the news of the infant's death might kill the countess, love for her aided the earnest entreaties of the count, and Frau Bothmer consented to give up one of her children.

"'Count Meerburg wished to wait until his wife's health improved before informing her of the deception that had been practised, but she remained so delicate that a confession seemed more and more impossible.'"

"But she died several years before her husband," interrupted the baroness.

"Certainly; but the count himself at last became so much attached to the boy, that he could not bear to part with him, and as the accountant's wife died before the countess, and the latter married a second time, he felt no special necessity for insisting upon the possession of little Werner."

"Egon Meerburg would have been acting in a most unwarrantable manner, to rear a boy in the expectation of a brilliant future, when he had no right to it," cried the old baroness, who was greatly agitated. "I do not believe it possible, for Meerburg was a man of honor."

"So far as I understood, the count intended to legally adopt him, but always deferred doing so on account of the explanation which would first be necessary, and at last died suddenly."

"And what proofs has this Herr Bothmer given for his assertion?"

"Werner did not tell me, he only said he was firmly convinced that he was Werner Bothmer."

"Then this man might have continued to keep silence!" exclaimed the old lady, in the utmost agitation. "Why did he uselessly destroy the happiness of a son, to whom he had never been a father?"

"He wanted to ease his conscience before his death, and moreover cherished the hope that Werner would keep the secret in his turn."

"The man must have troubled himself very little about his son, or he would have known that such an expectation was built on sand. Werner would never be made an accomplice in a fraud."

Sidonie, who had listened to the story as if bewildered, and in her drooping attitude looked as if its weight bowed her to the earth, now sat upright. Her eyes sparkled with a radiant light, and the deep flush crimsoned her cheeks, as she said with feverish excitement, —

"Steps must be taken to repair the count's unwarrantable negligence, and induce the king to make the intended adoption legal. It is the sacred duty of the whole nobility to support this petition to the monarch by their united influence, for he whom education has made so true a nobleman belongs to our ranks, and it must be our pride to give him a place among us."

"I scarcely know whether Werner

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would accept this expedient, for he is determined to make a new career by his own strength. Besides, he is overjoyed at the thought that he no longer stands between you and your inheritance, and this almost compensates him for his own loss."

Sidonie sprang from her seat; there was no longer any trace of her usual statuesque repose; every feature was instinct with life, and in the magical light shed by the fitful flames on the hearth her beauty looked almost unearthly in its transfiguration. Her eyes sparkled, a sweet smile hovered around her lips, and her bosom heaved passionately with her quickened breathing.

"Come here, Fritz, I want to speak to you!" she exclaimed in a ringing voice, and putting her hand on his shoulder, as if she wished to convince herself of his presence, drew him out of the room; but had scarcely entered the corridor, when she turned towards him with the hasty question, —

"Do you know where Werner is?"

"Yes, he is at old Morstedt's, whose son he saved from drowning."

"Very well, wait here for me a moment; I will come back directly."

She hurried to her own room, and the next instant stood beside him wrapped in a dark waterproof cloak, whose hood she had drawn over her head.

"Come, Fritz, take me!"

"To Werner? Am I to take you to Werner, Sidonie?" asked Fritz in breathless astonishment.

"Quick! We have no time to lose," replied Sidonie, without noticing his astonishment. "He will soon leave Altenborn."

"Then I will order a carriage; the avenue is dark and slippery; in this gloom, really dangerous."

"Come," was her only reply, as she drew him forward.

When they stepped into the open air, thick darkness surrounded them. Sky and atmosphere seemed blended into a black chaos; not a star gleamed from the heavens, and a keen cutting wind blew into their faces, bringing a chilling dampness, half rain, half mist, which covered them with a cold moisture. Fritz shivered as he drew the cloak he had hastily thrown on closer round him, and once more begged Sidonie to give up her plan.

"Come," was again her only reply, and, in spite of the darkness, she walked rapidly down the well-known road.

It grew somewhat lighter as their eyes became accustomed to the gloom, and ever and anon the wind rent the veil of clouds, and the moon, floating in the clear, bright ether, appeared for a moment and illuminated the scene with her rays, whose pale light gave the trees and bushes indistinct, huge, ghostly outlines, which looked so menacing and sinister that the beautiful surroundings appeared mysterious and horrible. The fountains, which usually plashed so cheerily, fell with a gloomy, monotonous cadence, and the sighing of the wind, as it moaned through the trees, or dashed their leafless branches violently against each other, increased the melancholy feelings aroused by the dense gloom. Now and then a branch fell crashing to the ground, and the oaks creaked loudly under the violent gusts, whose fury soon diminished, passed with long, wailing sighs, and finally died away in low moans.

Sidonie had neither ears for the weird modulations of the wind, eyes for the mysterious, ghostly scene around her, nor consciousness of the steady, fine rain, that drenched her clothing. The hood had half fallen from her head, but she did not heed it; her cloak fluttered in the wind without affording her any protection from the weather, yet she moved steadily forward. Her companion, though far more sensible of the discomfort of the walk, followed her example, and they went on in perfect silence.

On reaching the park-gates, they found them wide open, probably on account of the baron's expected return. Sidonie uttered a sigh of relief; she had dreaded the necessity of calling some one to unlock them, in which case she would certainly have been recognized. The lights of the village houses now pierced the gloom, and Elmar's carriage was standing before one of the first cottages they reached.

"Is it here?" said Sidonie, in a half-inquiring, half-exultant tone.

"Yes, it is here," replied Fritz. "Let me go first and see if Werner is alone."

"The whole world can hear what I have to say to him," she exclaimed, in a haughty, yet at the same time joyous tone, and she walked quickly towards the house, passing close by the windows, whose half-closed shutters afforded a glimpse of the room within.

Werner was seated in the middle of the apartment, gazing sadly at the ground, while Elmar stood beside him talking earnestly. Sidonie cast a hasty glance at both men, then turned the handle of the door and entered the house. She paused a moment in the dark entry, her bosom heaved convulsively, then she moved quickly forward and entered the room.

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Werner did not hear the door open, but Elmar suddenly stopped, and, starting violently, gazed towards it. Werner now turned, and springing to his feet with an inarticulate cry, stood directly before Sidonie. Her hood had fallen completely back, and her hair seemed dishevelled and wet, while her clothing was heavy with moisture, and here and there torn by the thorns against which she had brushed. The animated, eager expression of her face contrasted strangely with her disordered dress, and when she now threw aside the heavy cloak and approached Werner, her beauty was so dazzling that it almost seemed to illumine the low, dimly-lighted room.

"I have come to ask if you will take me for your wife, Werner," she said, before he had time to utter a word, in a manner as simple and quiet, as if her conduct were perfectly natural, nay, a matter of course.

She paused, but he made no reply. The surprise was so overpowering that it produced the paralyzing effect of terror, and perhaps both were mingled in the feeling that took possession of his soul.

"You do not answer, dear one," she instantly continued. "You are angry with me, but should I not have dishonored myself and you also, if I had pursued any other course? Did not the inexorable consistency of circumstances rest upon me like a mountain, which would soon have crushed me into an early grave, and will you not join in blessing a misfortune that removes this burden? Do not say I cannot love Werner Bothmer, if I felt dishonored by my affection for the secretary Werner. The sacred duty that compelled me to struggle against my regard for him, now bids me love Werner Bothmer. He is the man whom my parents selected to be my husband, who, but for this unhappy accident, would doubtless already occupy that relation; he is the man who has proved himself in every respect my peer, on whom the nobility look with pride. May not such an accident happen to any one of us, and is birth alone to decide? Ought not education and intellect to throw a greater weight into the scale? No, dearest. If, contrary to our expectation, contrary to justice, you are not once more declared to be Count Meerburg, the Countess Hardenfels will feel proud and honored to become the wife of Werner Bothmer. But you must not fly from your home, beloved, as if you were to blame. Let America become the refuge of those who can find no home in their native country; you, on the contrary, must remain a bright example to all who seek true nobility, not only in name but in deeds. My estates, which belonged to Count Meerburg, shall now be Werner Bothmer's as his wife's bridal gift; they will not only afford us a luxurious and beautiful home, but give you an ample field for all your energy, and I hope you will never regret that love detained you in your native land."

She had spoken quickly and eagerly, but with no excitement; her eyes rested lovingly upon his features, but they expressed no joy, no exultation. Surprise, it is true, had gradually disappeared, but only to give place to a look of terrible anxiety. He gazed into her radiant face with inexpressible tenderness and sorrow; several times he had attempted to interrupt her, but a wave of the hand induced him to relinquish his design. When she at last paused, he took her hands in his, and said in a tone in which ardent love struggled with deep anxiety, —

"Sidonie, dear Sidonie! What can have happened to excite you so?"

She cast a startled glance at his face, then hastily withdrew her hands, and, retreating a step, murmured in a tone of agony: "He does not love me, he rejects me."

Fritz, who had hitherto been standing with a very penitent air in a dark corner of the room, watching the scene, now came slowly forward. His usual vivacious spirits had entirely deserted him, and he was evidently very much troubled, as he said in a low tone, —

"I believe there is a misunderstanding here, my dear Werner. I had heard that you had discovered you were not Count Meerburg, and in despair intended to go to America, and was perhaps a little hasty in telling the news to Sidonie."

Werner's eyes darted a look of furious anger at the delinquent, but the next instant a far different expression brightened his face, anxiety and sorrow vanished, and love blended with the deepest emotion.

He again clasped Sidonie's hands, and said, in a trembling voice, —

"Fritz has practised a most unwarrantable deception upon you, Sidonie. I have neither been transformed into another person, nor do I intend to go away. But is the happiness this deception caused me to vanish with it like a *fata morgana?* Must Werner Meerburg renounce the joy with which you meant to bless Werner Bothmer?"

She gazed at him with dilated eyes; for

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a few moments surprise rendered her speechless, then, bursting into tears, she threw herself into his arms and stammered in broken accents, —

"Oh, thanks for a deception which has saved me from utter misery! I could not have borne to live without you, Werner, — I hoped and prayed that death would soon release me from my torture."

Werner, in an ecstasy of delight, pressed her to his heart, murmuring words of the fondest love, while Fritz, whose expression had wholly changed and become perfectly radiant, said pathetically, —

"'What is hid from the wise and prudent is revealed unto babes.'"

"Because the wise know and see dangers, over which the babe Fritz passes like a sleep-walker," said Elmar. "Your experiment might have had a very dangerous result."

"Might! But it didn't," exclaimed Fritz laughing. "The drama went off admirably. When Werner told me about his visit to Count Hardeck, and said he must see you a few minutes without coming to the castle, and moreover wanted to examine papers you were to bring with you, the plan instantly matured in my brain. I so constantly forgot the names of the papers, that if Werner did not openly call me a dunce, it was only on account of his innate courtesy. At last, in despair at my stupidity, he determined to write a few lines to you, and in so doing helped my design, for this mysterious letter had a great deal to do with the success of the little farce. Of course I was obliged to wait till you had gone, for you were quite capable of spoiling the whole affair, and when I had once got you safely out of the castle, I felt sure of my victory.

Grandmamma seemed most incredulous, while Erica was only sympathizing, and Sidonie instantly fell into the mood I desired. Grandmamma's objection that Countess Meerburg died before the count, almost spoiled my plan, for I had mentioned the change of children for her sole benefit, but I quickly recovered my wits, and the old count's touching love for Werner saved me the more quickly, as all thought it so natural."

The two persons most interested seemed for the present entirely indifferent to the story of the successful deception, for they paid no attention to the conversation between Fritz and Elmar. Sidonie was still clasped in Werner's arms, listening with a happy smile to his professions of love. The latter, however, now noticed her damp dress, and, greatly alarmed, hastily asked the cause.

"Water, my dear Werner, the usual cause of dampness," replied Fritz, before she could answer. "When people run here from the castle on foot, especially on a pitch-dark night, the matter is perfectly intelligible."

"You came here on foot through the darkness!" repeated Werner in horror, which was instantly transformed into delight, as he once more clasped Sidonie in his arms.

"It certainly was not very sensible," said Sidonie, smiling, "but Fritz had excited me so, that I really did not exactly know what I was doing."

"Then I will represent reason, and insist upon returning home as quickly as possible," said Elmar. "Where is your carriage, Werner? I'll order the coachman to drive up."

"I came with Fritz, and intended to take a post-chaise home."

"Excellent!" laughed Elmar, "and this carriage has only one seat, so Fritz and I are condemned to return on foot."

"Not at all!" exclaimed Fritz, "I had romance enough for one evening in coming down. I'll take the reins and act coachman."

"No, I prefer to assume that honorable office myself, Fritz. I believe it will be safer for all concerned. You can sit beside me as footman, and the two servants may return to the castle on foot and exchange their remarks upon the eccentricities of their superiors."

Werner would not allow Sidonie to put on her wet cloak again, but wrapped her in his own, and then helped her into the carriage, taking his seat beside her, while Elmar and Fritz mounted the box. Elmar took the whip from the dethroned and somewhat sulky coachman, and the carriage rolled through the park gates towards the castle.

The wind had increased almost to a gale, shook the boughs of the trees furiously, and howled fiercely down the ravines, but in so doing swept the sky clear; the moon shone brightly, and only now and then a long, ragged cloud floated rapidly over the heavens. The trees and bushes still seemed gigantic, but no longer ghostly and threatening, the loud creaking of the firs no longer sounded like moans of anguish, and the fountains plashed as if the night and storm only made them more gay. The melancholy nature had expressed only one short hour ago had dis-

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peared, and she now seemed to echo the happiness that filled Sidonie's heart.

When the carriage stopped before the door, the face of the servant who hurried forward bore a slight reflection of the surprise his master's features had portrayed a short time before. Werner lifted Sidonie, who was so muffled as to be unrecognizable, out of the vehicle, but she could scarcely ascend the steps in the heavy, uncomfortable cloak, and at last smilingly threw it back, took Werner's hand, and led him directly into the baroness's room.

Sidonie's absence had made both the latter and Erica very uneasy. As she could not be found in her own room, and none of the servants knew anything about her, both ladies probably suspected the true state of affairs, but only became more anxious about the result of the adventure.

When Sidonie now entered the room with Werner, she drew him towards the old lady, and said, with a warmth very unlike her usual cold manner, —

"Here is my betrothed husband, grandmamma. Unfortunately, he is not, as I hoped, Werner Bothmer, and I have been unable to make any sacrifice for him; but as he remains Count Meerburg, I must conquer my dislike, for, after all, he will always be Werner."

After the baroness and Erica had sufficiently recovered from their astonishment to be able to express their congratulations, Sidonie glided out of the room, leaving the explanation of the affair to the others. She soon appeared again in another dress, and the warm fire, as well as the hot tea the baroness instantly ordered, soon dispelled all chilly feelings.

"Have you thought of my reward yet?" asked Fritz in the course of the conversation. "I hope you won't forget that you would never have reached the goal but for me. Sidonie would probably have spent her life as the revered abbess of Herdrungen, and Werner remained a bachelor."

"I will remunerate you magnificently, Fritz. I'll give you three years' unlimited freedom to adore Sidonie," replied Werner.

"As if you could help that! I adored Sidonie before you were even mentioned."

"Well, then, we will say three years' unlimited freedom to pay attention to Sidonie."

"You mean because, during that time, it won't be dangerous, but you will be very much mistaken. For the present, however, I waive my right, and will try to make up for lost time in future. Grandmamma, I sincerely pity you. There seems to be a prospect of having about as much amusement here as at Dorneck, and you will have no resource except to follow papa's example, and take a little nap in the sofa corner."

"Dorneck reminds me of all my sins," said Werner, "but I can clear myself of one at least, Sidonie. I never insulted you so deeply as to ask you to grant me a clandestine interview; it was the work of that unprincipled adventurer, Wehlen."

"I don't understand you, Werner. I never received a letter containing such an insolent request from any one except Prince Eduard, and the regard I had previously felt for him instantly changed to loathing."

"You did him bitter injustice, Sidonie. I can give you my word that the letter was forged by Wehlen. He wished to ruin me, though he must also pitilessly cast you into the abyss. He thought me vain and presumptuous enough to be lured into the snare by a letter from you, while to you he put forward the prince, as he did not suppose the secretary's request would be sufficiently powerful."

"That was certainly the time when you asked the 'children' to meet you on the balcony, Werner!" cried Fritz eagerly. "Wehlen arranged the scene dramatically enough, but he was less successful than I. And that is the reason you treated the poor prince so coldly, Sidonie?"

"It has been the means of making the poor prince a happy man, and I have cause to be grateful for that deception, as well as the one practised upon me to-day. My regard for the prince might easily have induced me to give him my hand, in order to defy a certain very uncivil count, and escape a still ruder secretary. So thank the deception that saved me from myself."

"Then Wehlen for once did a good work, though against his will," said Elmar.

"That is natural, my dear Elmar," observed Fritz, with an air of precocious wisdom. "He is a portion of that power which ever seeks to do evil and always accomplishes good. Papa would never have pinched mamma's ear so affectionately, if Wehlen had not caused the terrible coldness between them which produced such a happy reaction."

The baroness now gave the signal to retire, and remarked that it was long after midnight. The lovers were obliged to separate, and when the two friends came into the corridor they fancied that a figure glided down the stairs before them.

"I should have thought that was Weh-

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len, Elmar," said Werner, "if you had not told me he was not allowed to enter the castle."

"I have certainly forbidden him to do so; but we will keep a strict watch, to see that the order is not disobeyed, for I also thought I recognized him."

From The Fortnightly Review.

MODERN JAPAN.

THE actual condition and the recent history of Japan present some of the most startling phenomena recorded anywhere in the authentic annals of the human race. In this marvellous country a few years have sufficed for effecting changes such as have elsewhere required many centuries, and even the best-informed of the strangers in whose presence these changes have actually been wrought are loud in their expressions of astonishment. It is sometimes said that the longer a foreigner remains in Japan the less he understands the country and its inhabitants; but of course this is merely a paradoxical mode of stating the difficulty of the subject, and the consciousness of ignorance which a careful study produces. Less than ten years ago the British envoy, while surrounded by Japanese officials and European soldiers, narrowly escaped assassination by the swords of fanatical patriots, and every foreigner on Japanese soil carried his life in his hand whenever he ventured to appear in public. Now the same foreigner rambles unarmed through town or country, with a sense of security equal to that of the legendary lady in Irish song, and far greater than he can feel in many countries of the civilized West. The truculent swaggering warriors of two swords have subsided into peaceable citizens, bearing no weapons more deadly than a fan and a Liliputian tobacco-pipe. A complete revolution, social and political, has taken place; feudalism, apparently in full force even as late as 1870, has been utterly swept away, and a centralized government with a national army has replaced the feudal levies and petty courts of the numerous semi-independent daimios. How it was possible that such a revolution could be wrought so rapidly, so thoroughly, and with so little bloodshed, may well perplex even those who have given much thought to the subject. One thing is evident, that a slight external impulse only was required to topple down the existing fabric of Japanese society at the time when foreigners forced their way into the country, producing an effect analogous to that of a solid dropping into a fluid on the verge of crystallization, and converting it suddenly into a solid mass.

It is well known in England that important changes have recently occurred in Japan, although their nature and extent are imperfectly understood, and a strong desire is manifested to understand them better. A traveller returning home from a tour of circumnavigation will (if I may judge from my own experience) be asked more questions about Japan than about any other foreign land, and will hear the strongest expressions of a desire to visit that country. The Japanese are known to be an intelligent and progressive people, but strange notions prevail as to the manner in which they have displayed their appreciation of Western ideas. Persons generally well-informed will even ask: "Is it not true that the Japanese have adopted the European costume, the English language, and the Christian religion in place of their own? Will not the distinctive charms of Japanese life and manners within a few years disappear forever beneath the monotonous surface of modern civilization?" A stranger landing at one of the treaty ports may fancy at first that there are some grounds for entertaining these notions, but a very different impression is produced by a visit to the interior, where the face and dress of a foreigner are rarely seen, where no foreign speech is ever heard, and where the country people are not less conservative of their costume, their language, and their religion, than the rural inhabitants of other lands. Even in the great cities, political and social changes have failed to destroy the characteristics and coloring of Japanese life, and have produced upon the mass of the people but little visible effect. It is true that European evening costume has been adopted as official full dress, and that military and police are clothed in European uniforms; but except those in government employ, very few Japanese have modified their national costume to any greater extent than is involved in wearing colored spectacles and a straw hat. Natives speaking English or other foreign languages are extremely rare, even in the treaty ports of Nagasaki, Hiogo-Ozaka, and Yokohama, although the common coolies can read directions written in their own difficult character. As regards religion, Buddhism, a foreign creed, has indeed been displaced from its position of supremacy, but there has never been any

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intention of establishing Christianity upon its ruins. Shinto, the ancient faith of Japan, has been identified with the revolution which restored the mikado to his legitimate position as ruling emperor, and Shinto in a purified form may now be regarded as the dominant national religion.

Japan is a lovely country, a sort of northern Java, rivalling the tropical island in its fertility and verdure, its volcanic mountains, its abundant rivers, and its stately forests. But the principal charm of travel in Japan is due to its human inhabitants, the most affable and friendly race in the world, so far as I have yet seen. It is indeed a new sensation to the European in Asia, when he finds that his dress and complexion produce an attractive instead of a repellent effect, and that even the women and children neither hate nor fear him. Without being able to speak three words of the language, you cannot help feeling at home in a country where every one seems delighted to see you, where the very dogs are too well-mannered to bark at a stranger, and where you are welcomed with friendly salutations of "*Ohaio!*" by all, from the village patriarch down to the smallest urchin. A ragged, neglected child may be looked for vainly in city or in country; plump, rosy, and clean, with ample clothing, and their little heads carefully shaven in a variety of fantastic fashions, the children afford a sure indication of prosperity among the lower orders in Japan. The rising generation, who in China (and even nearer home) will ridicule and insult a foreigner, display towards him in Japan a dignified courtesy, which is at once ludicrous and charming. Babies, carrying still smaller babies on their backs, greet the passing stranger with a gracious bow, and if he seats himself, collect around, silently surveying him with an intelligent interest. Their gravity, however, is merely on the surface, and if the aspect of the "red bristled barbarian" proves, as it occasionally does, too much for the nerves of a girl more timid than the rest, and sends her clattering away in a panic on her wooden pattens, her flight is the signal for a peal of derisive merriment from her companions. As soon as they receive a little encouragement they become more demonstrative, and are almost equally gratified by a distribution of small coins or by gestures of simulated wrath. In the latter case they disperse with shouts of laughter, only to collect again in larger numbers, until some of the elder children, usually girls, venture to approach close enough to touch and examine the stranger's coat and buttons, or the contents of his travelling-belt. All this is done in the most gentle and confiding manner, as if certain that there can be no cause for fear, and perhaps their trust is seldom misplaced; but certainly their behavior towards a stranger is in marked contrast to that of rural youth in other parts of the world, and it is to be hoped that when they know foreigners better they may not like them less. Affection for their children is a distinct characteristic of the Japanese, and their hearts are easily touched by kindness shown to the little ones, whose long robes and elaborate coiffure render them the very images of their parents in miniature. It is not too much to say that in Japan the class known as "gamins," "larrikins," or "hoodlums," has no existence at present; even the street boy is a little gentleman, and long may he so continue. On the other hand, if the children resemble grown men and women, these in their turn are eminently childlike in manners and disposition. The entire Japanese nation is still in its early youth, emerging for the first time upon the wide world, with no experience beyond the limits of its own home, eager for knowledge, eager for amusement, with a firm belief in the superior power and capacity of its elders, and a determination to imitate them now, in the hope of rivalling them hereafter. During a lethargic slumber of many centuries, this gifted race, unlike Taro, the Rip Van Winkle of Japan, has renewed its youth; the feudalism of yesterday has passed away like a dream, leaving scarcely a trace behind, and to-day all that we see reminds us far less of mediæval Europe than of earlier days, when Greece and Rome were young. As regards their dress, their amusements, their personal habits, and their ceremonial observances, the modern Japanese are remarkably classical, and many a scene of their daily life recalls the Roman pictures of Mr. Alma Tadema. They are a *gens togata*, long-robed and bareheaded. Their delight is in the warm bath. They practise cremation; they celebrate funeral games in honor of slain heroes (as was done the other day on the final suppression of the Satsuma insurgents). The sports which find favor among them are contests of naked athletes. In the cities professional wrestlers and fencers rivet the attention of large audiences for many hours in succession; but the bold and vigorous peasantry are not contented with merely witnessing manly sports, and love to conclude the day with athletic performances

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on their own account. Having lost our way after nightfall on the hills near Fuji Yama, we were guided by the glare of torches to an open space before a rustic temple, where we found the whole population of the village assembled to assist at a series of wrestling matches between the youths of the neighborhood, women and boys acting as torch-bearers, while the old men seated in front officiated as umpires. Each champion held the arena against all comers until he was overthrown, when the victorious challenger at once took his place, until he too in his turn went down before a fresh antagonist; they were fine, muscular young fellows, and seemed to think nothing of the violent falls which they occasionally experienced. Professional wrestlers are exceedingly fleshy, and do not struggle with as much zest and vigor as the village amateurs, although they make a far greater fuss about the matter. Seated opposite each other in two divisions, they await a signal from the umpire's fan; when this is given, from each side rises a hero, naked, with the exception of a small loin-cloth, and steps into the arena, slapping his thighs and stamping violently upon the ground. After glaring fiercely upon each other, both champions rinse out their mouths with water, take a little salt in their hands, and repeat the process of stamping and slapping, after which they take some more water and salt. They then squat down facing each other at very close quarters, the umpire asks if both are ready, and alternately one assents while the other objects, until at last the signal is given by mutual consent, and they leap up with a yell. The main point is to get an advantageous grip, and this causes considerable manœuvring, but when they have fairly tackled each other the struggle is soon over; "they tug, they strain, down, down they go," and the umpire's fan at once indicates the victor. As a rule the award is received in silence, the rivals retire, and a fresh pair steps to the front, but occasionally the excited audience demurs with loud cries, and the decision is then appealed to a referee.

A famous company of professional fencers were performing at Yokohama while I was there, and we went to see them along with several English residents, who had been many years in the country, but had never witnessed a similar exhibition. The gladiators were encased in armor, and were distinguished from each other by the color of their cuirasses; their appearance was heralded by the blast of a conch-shell, and all their proceedings were superintended by a handsome young man attired and shaven in the most orthodox style. Wielding his fan like a marshal's truncheon he set the combatants upon each other, and separated them, with loud ejaculations; it was clear that he believed thoroughly in his own office, and discharged it with as great punctilio as if the bamboos had been sharp swords and the combat *à outrance.* At each corner of the arena sat a judge with all the dignity of a Roman senator, motionless and silent until referred to upon a doubtful point of order. Cuts are interchanged so rapidly that it is often hard to say who had dealt the successful stroke. The weapons are long bamboos held in both hands like quarter-staffs, and any sort of blow above the waist is permissible, but the favorite is a good crack on the top of the helmet. Occasionally the combatants get too near together for striking, and the struggle becomes literally hand to hand until they are separated; notwithstanding their savage yells and fierce blows, they preserve the perfect good-humor characteristic of their race. By way of variety there was a fight between the sword and the "morning-star," a sphere fastened by a cord to a spiked handle. Although the latter appeared to be the inferior weapon, its bearer did not come badly off, as he played the part of a *retiarius* with the ball and string, and when at close quarters brought his sharp hook into active operation. Then two girls, elaborately attired in the wide sleeves and trousers of Japanese knights, attended by female squires to arm and equip them, took their places on opposite sides of the lists, and went through the motions of a fight, one having a halberd and the other a couple of swords. Finally, another amazon had a duel with a male antagonist, and completely overthrew him; but this was a mere burlesque, as he evidently tumbled over on purpose, and behaved like the clown in a pantomime, whereas an air of stern reality pervaded the other mimic battles. It is remarkable that the Japanese are able to derive keen enjoyment from performances which involve no peril to life or limb, and if their public spectacles differ in this respect from those of the Roman amphitheatre, they may also compare favorably with many which find favor in the eyes of the British public. Various games of skill, including "go bang," are popular, but the passion for gambling and cock-fighting, so strongly developed in most parts of eastern Asia, is not conspicuous in Japan,

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where animals in general may be said to have a good time. Among other civilized arrangements a close time is enforced for game during the breeding season.

There are no roads practicable for wheeled vehicles drawn by horses throughout the whole of Japan, except the streets of towns and a few recently constructed thoroughfares in the immediate neighborhood of the two capitals.* Travelling in the interior is usually done on foot, or in *kago* (an uncomfortable sort of litter), heavy baggage being transported on packhorses. Where the nature of the road will permit, those who can afford it employ the *jin-riki-sha*, or "man-power car," a light vehicle on two wheels, containing one or two persons, and propelled by men, as the name implies. Usually the jin-riki-sha is drawn by two men tandem-fashion, one in the shafts and another with a rope as leader; an individual of moderate weight may thus travel thirty miles in a day for a very small sum, and an extra trifle given to his faithful and willing bipeds makes them bow to the earth in gratitude. Where the ground is smooth and level they will go at racing speed — faster indeed than is pleasant, if one thinks of what might result from the wheeler's bare foot coming against a sharp stone — and even on rough, hilly roads they seem to consider it a bad compliment if one relieves them by walking. Crystal brooks are frequent by the wayside, and the coolies, who wear only a rag round the waist and another round the head, lose no opportunity of washing themselves and their limited wardrobe, after which they start again like giants refreshed. For pluck and endurance combined with politeness and good-humor, the Japanese coolie stands pre-eminent, and if properly trained and led would make a splendid light-infantry soldier. But so steep and rough in many places are the two main roads between Kioto and Yedo as to be practically impassable for loaded jin-riki-shas, and on the Nakasendo, or Central Mountain road, we found it expedient to send back our little vehicles, and to proceed on foot through a country eminently suited for a pedestrian excursion. In the months of July and August central Japan is certainly hot, even at the elevation of several thousand feet above the sea, and insect life is somewhat troublesome, but we experienced no other drawbacks, being accompanied by an interpreter who thoroughly understood his duties as dragoman, and was at once cook, waiter, guide, philosopher, and friend. The scenery is beautiful and varied, highly cultivated and richly wooded, with glassy, rushing rivers and flowery hills. Most of the trees are evergreens; but so numerous are the different tints of foliage, from the sombre hue of the pine to the tender green of the bamboo, as to impart an exquisitely varied coloring to the hanging woods, and to obviate the monotony which often characterizes forest scenery. Each village has its own peculiar industry: stone-carving, cotton-weaving, silk-winding, mat-plaiting, umbrella or comb making.

Trim little gardens, some not much larger than a tablecloth, exhibit the fondness of the Japanese for flowers and dwarfed shrubs; and each garden has its tiny pond full of goldfish. At frequent intervals along the road flags and streamers fluttering in the breeze indicate a tea-house, or native inn, whence proceeds a chorus of "*Ohaio!*" welcoming the strangers. When disposed to rest you kick off your shoes and step upon the spotless matting, where the first thing brought to you is fire for your pipe, the second is water for your feet, and the third is tea. All these services are performed by neat-handed, smiling maidens, tastefully attired in scarlet or purple sashes, hopping about, bird-like, with rapid movements and pleasant chirping voices. Village tea-houses contain no furniture except wooden pillows, mosquito-curtains, and little tables six inches high, so that the foreign pedestrian must adapt himself to native modes of sleeping and eating. Meat is very rarely to be had, even in the shape of a fowl, but fish and vegetables are abundant and good. Bathing is universal among the villagers, and there is a little room set apart for the purpose, where you may splash to your heart's content; and, however hot the weather may be, you have only to clap your hands in order to get ice-cold water. In short, any one who enjoys roughing it a little, with complete change of life and scene, will find few pleasanter places for an excursion than the uplands of "Dai Nihon," or Great Japan. The trains of feudal chiefs, proceeding with small armies of retainers to or from the capital, are no longer to be seen upon the roads leading to the Nihon Bashi, or central bridge of Yedo, and grass now grows between the large stones paving the pass of Hakoné. During the summer,

* Since 1868 Yedo, the great city of the shogun, and Kioto, the capital of the mikado, have received respectively the names of *Tokio* and *Saikio*. These words are derived from the Chinese, and signify eastern and western capital.

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however, all the young men in the country seem to start upon religious pilgrimages, which take them through the finest scenery to the tops of the highest mountains, and are, in fact, very pleasant holiday tours. Ascending Fuji San, the "Matchless Mountain," on the 5th of August, we found the pilgrims there in thousands, streaming up one track and down another in almost constant succession, all dressed in white, with clean mats on their shoulders, bells dangling at their sides, chaplets of beads round their necks, long poles in their hands, and large hats, marked with the names of their villages upon their heads.

Love of the beautiful in nature as well as in art is a marked characteristic of the Japanese, and although timber is used almost exclusively in the construction of every building, sacred and profane, every great city is adorned with groves of magnificent trees, and tracts of primeval forest enclose the mikado's capital. Here the heat and glare of the crowded streets may be at once exchanged for coolness and solitude beneath the dense shade of lofty conifers, whose red stems and dark-green foliage almost rival the giant sequoias of California. In these noble groves are many temples and tombs, clear fountains of water flow into many a basin of bronze or granite, doves and crows flutter overhead (the notes of the latter bird being oddly enough regarded by the Japanese as a "sweet, sad song," suggestive of love), and occasionally tame deer come out of the thickets to be fed by those whom piety and pleasure have attracted to these shady retreats. Even where fire or the axe may have caused a temporary denudation, the mischief is soon repaired; plantations are made, young seedlings spring up, and fencing is unnecessary, owing to the absence of sheep and goats and the scarcity of all domestic quadrupeds, except dogs and cats. Thus it comes about that waste land in Japan is usually covered with luxuriant forest, where the camellia is a tall tree, and the ground is covered with gardenia and azalea. This is, in fact, the only country that I have visited where no alarm of drought has been produced by the rapid destruction of timber in recent times, and where a dry season is even regarded with satisfaction, as promising a particularly good harvest. Judging by the experience of other countries, this state of matters would soon be altered, were a large increase to take place in the number of cattle and sheep. It is doubtful how far the latter animals will thrive in Japan, for as yet they are mere exotics; neither climate nor pasture seem suitable for them in the central districts, where rank, weedy herbage covers such land as is neither timbered nor cultivated, and where rice flourishes exceedingly.

In Japan the term "foreigner" is in general use, as "European" is inapplicable to a society largely composed of American citizens, and "white" is not a suitable adjective to distinguish Aryans from the fair and ruddy Japanese. The foreign element is restricted to the treaty ports, being found principally at Yokohama, near Yedo, and at Kobé, on the Inland Sea. In order to pass beyond the limits prescribed by treaty to the various settlements, a stranger must provide himself, through the minister of his own nation, with a passport, issued only for the journey which he has in view, and specifying his intended route, from which he may not diverge. This passport the traveller is bound to produce, if demanded, for the inspection of the police; and it is almost invariably asked for by the proprietor of any house where he may pass the night, or even remain for a few hours. Such regulations seem at first sight to be vexatious, but they are not dictated by jealousy of foreign intrusion on the part of the Japanese government, and have been adopted in consequence of the extra-territorial privileges enjoyed by foreigners, over whom the native magistrates have no jurisdiction, civil or criminal. If a foreigner should misconduct himself while travelling in the interior, he must be brought down for trial to the nearest port, where a consul of his nationality resides, the transmission of culprit and witnesses under police surveillance involving, of course, considerable expense and trouble. In business transactions, where money payable by foreigners has to be recovered, similar difficulties arise, and it is only natural that the Japanese authorities should seek to restrict the influx of persons for whose safety they are held responsible and over whose actions they can exercise no control. Hence passports for the interior are issued only to persons of known or supposed respectability, for a specific purpose and a limited period; but there is no doubt that the country would be at once thrown open to foreigners if the privileges of "extra-territoriality" were abolished. It is felt as a degradation by a high-spirited people not to be masters in their own house, and they cannot bear to be treated as a barbarous Asiatic race by the civilized nations of Europe and America, among whom it is their grand ambition to be

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ranked. They assert, with perfect truth, that life and property are now as secure in Japan as in any Western country, and they do not see why strangers wishing to visit their country should decline submission to the authorities by whom such security is maintained. "Come here and welcome! But if you accept our protection, accept our jurisdiction, otherwise we would rather be spared the difficulties and the humiliations which your presence within our territory is so apt to involve." These words appear to express the feelings of the Japanese government as to the admittance of foreigners into the country; but hitherto the answer given has been to this effect: "Our people claim the right of entering Japan, and you must admit them, but your judicial system is not satisfactory to us, and we cannot permit you to judge cases in which our countrymen are concerned." While the maritime powers concur in such a reply to all appeals on the subject of extra-territoriality, the Japanese must of course submit. Japan is not powerful enough to defend her own sovereignty single-handed against foreign aggression, and she is not protected by the *comitas gentium*, or the general indignation aroused in Christendom when a weak nation is the object of unprovoked attack. She has not been formally admitted into the society of civilized nations, and although her internal administration has given peace and prosperity to her own people, she is deprived within her own territory of rights enjoyed by the feeblest and worst-governed of Christian states. We have heard sad stories of ill-usage and injustice suffered by British subjects in Peru, and of mild, ineffectual remonstrances from the British Foreign Office. Even in Spain the diplomatic intervention of our government on behalf of imprisoned Englishmen has not always produced satisfactory results, and it would be easy to multiply instances illustrating the inconveniences to which English travellers, merchants, or sailors, must submit, when business or pleasure takes them to foreign shores. It is not very clear why Japan is entitled to less consideration than Peru, unless it be that having a well-organized civil government, with comparatively feeble military and naval resources, it is very easy to coerce her. From barbarians and savages, concessions or compensation must be extorted on each separate occasion after warfare and carnage, but the Japanese are acute observers, and have good memories, so that it is now only necessary to remind them that we possess long-range guns. They know that for the present resistance is hopeless, and while waiting for a time when they may be better able to vindicate their independence, they content themselves with protesting against a policy which holds in all cases the central government strictly responsible, but denies them the rights essential to their independence and self-respect.

Another grievance of the Japanese against foreigners is the tariff fixed by treaty to regulate the duties upon foreign goods imported into Japan, and they complain that they are compelled under this tariff to "receive such commerce as it suits the Western nations to offer, and have no word to say as to the terms upon which it is to be admitted." Either for the purpose of raising revenue, or of protecting native industry, they are powerless to fix the rate of duty which seems to them desirable, while foreign governments are bound by no reciprocal obligation, and the results are disastrous to Japanese finance, necessitating the imposition of export duties upon native manufacturers. For this infringement of financial liberty England, the apostle of free trade, is mainly responsible, but it must be admitted that upon this and kindred questions there prevails among the maritime powers a degree of unanimity which would be admirable if it did not lead to combined acts of injustice. Deliverance from the fetters placed upon Japanese commerce in the supposed interests of foreign traders can only be looked for through an awakening of public opinion in Europe, or through a falling out among the leagued oppressors.

The Japanese have never been a commercial people, and they regard with aversion what seems to them a grasping, covetous spirit in foreign governments no less than in foreign merchants. The exaction of pecuniary indemnities for personal injuries appears to a samurai sordid and unworthy either of a gentleman or of a great nation; but in this matter also modern ideas have prevailed with the present government, and an indemnity has been recently paid by China to Japan in connection with the Formosa difficulty.

It is remarkable at the present time to observe how in the case of Simonoseki Straits the Japanese were able to quote against us our own stipulations as to the Dardanelles and Bosphorus, and to justify their attempt to exclude foreign ships of war from their own narrow seas with precedents drawn from recent European history. Should the Japanese ever appeal to the British for aid in repelling Russian

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encroachments, they will certainly make out a better case than the Turks have been able to do, and so far as British interests are concerned there is no part of the world, except the north-eastern corner of Asia, where Russia, by the acquisition of coal-producing territory with permanently open harbors, appears seriously to menace British maritime and colonial supremacy.

Foreign trade with Japan has proved to be a far less lucrative affair than seemed probable, when that country was first thrown open to external commerce. The extensive purchase by the Japanese of ships, machinery, and warlike stores; the abundance of gold in Japan as compared with silver;* the demand in Europe for Japanese "curios" and works of art, all combined to augment the profits of the first foreign traders, and to raise exaggerated hopes of the permanent traffic to be developed. This has, in fact, assumed very moderate dimensions: in 1874 the imports of the Japanese empire were $24,223,629, and the exports $20,001,637, the former consisting mainly of cotton and woollen fabrics, and iron wrought and unwrought; the latter of silk, tea, and rice. This foreign trade was carried on at four treaty ports, Yokohama or Kanagawa absorbing two-thirds of the whole, and Kobé or Hiogo-Ozaka most of the remainder; the trade of Hakodate being quite insignificant, and that of Nagasaki, so long the only accessible port, amounting only to four millions of dollars. In population as well as in area the Japanese archipelago somewhat exceeds the United Kingdom, containing about thirty-three million inhabitants, and one hundred and fifty thousand square miles of territory, so that the above stated amount of foreign trade seems ridiculously small. In 1874 the imports of the United Kingdom were £370,082,701; and the exports, including colonial and foreign produce, were £297,650,464, the total being £667,733,165, as against the Japanese total of $44,000,000 or £9,000,000. That is to say, the external commerce of the United Kingdom bears to that of the Japanese empire the proportion of seventy-four to one. No doubt the foreign trade of a fertile and populous country must tend to increase as new wants are developed among the people, but so ingenious and industrious a race will never be very extensive consumers of foreign manufactures: Japan can grow upon her own soil almost every useful product not essentially tropical, and her people will soon learn to make almost every necessary article for themselves. The Japanese might take for their motto, "*Il Giappone farà da se*," and they display their prudence and judgment in employing foreigners in all capacities as instructors only, dispensing with their services as soon as natives have learned how to do the work. In the mint at Ozaka, for example, when the machinery was first imported, the whole establishment was placed under foreign supervision, and many foreigners were employed as subordinates. When I visited Ozaka in July, 1877, the master of the mint was a Japanese, and the European staff had been reduced to four gentleman in charge of special departments; by one of them I was assured that in course of time the natives would be perfectly competent to manage unaided the entire establishment, the coinage of which would do credit to any mint in the world.

Education of the yonng is an object for which public money is liberally expended: in country villages the one large building is generally the new school, and where a modern house in European style has not been built it is usual to find the residence of a samurai, or even of an ex-daimio, appropriated for tuition. One practical reform, which would greatly promote educational progress, is the adoption of Roman letters in place of the complex characters now used in writing the Japanese language — a terrible stumbling-block to foreigners as well as to children.

A deformed person is an exceedingly rare sight in Japan, but it is distressing to observe the number of young persons under twenty who are badly scarred with small-pox, many having lost their sight; among children there are far fewer sufferers, and we were assured by the minister of the interior that small-pox has of late years diminished in virulence, having evidently been at its worst soon after the first influx of foreigners. The government afford every facility in their power for vaccination, but have not yet seen their way to making it compulsory by penalties.

It is a remarkable fact that since the Japanese authorities were induced by Sir H. Parkes to substitute death by the hands of the executioner for *seppuku*,* as the punishment of any samurai who might be convicted of a murderous attack upon a

* The relative value of gold to silver was, until 1860, only as 6 to 1.

* *Seppuku* or *harakiri* was a privilege of the samurai, or gentleman of the military class, when condemned to die. It implies either self-despatch, or (more frequently in recent times) death by the hand of a chosen friend.

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foreigner, there has not been a single instance of such an attack being made. Death in itself never had any terrors for a samurai, whether man or woman, and Japanese story is full of heroic suicides rivalling Cato or Lucretia, but a disgraceful mode of death none have been willing to face. DAVID WEDDERBURN.

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MACLEOD OF DARE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XIV.

A FRIEND.

HIS death-wound! There was but little suggestion of any death-wound about the manner or speech of this light-hearted and frank-spoken fellow who now welcomed his old friend Ogilvie ashore. He swung the gun-case into the cart as if it had been a bit of thread. He himself would carry Ogilvie's top-coat over his arm.

"And why have you not come in your hunting-tartan?" said he, observing the very precise and correct shooting-costume of the young man.

"Not likely," said Mr. Ogilvie, laughing. "I don't like walking through clouds with bare knees, with a chance of sitting down on an adder or two. And I'll tell you what it is, Macleod; if the morning is wet, I will not go out stalking, if all the stags in Christendom were there. I know what it is; I have had enough of it in my younger days."

"My dear fellow," Macleod said seriously, "you must not talk here as if you could do what you liked. It is not what you wish to do, or what you don't wish to do; it is what Hamish orders to have done. Do you think I would dare to tell Hamish what we must do to-morrow?"

"Very well, then, I will see Hamish myself; I dare say he remembers me."

And he did see Hamish that evening, and it was arranged between them that if the morning looked threatening, they would leave the deer alone, and would merely take the lower-lying moors in the immediate neighborhood of Castle Dare. And Hamish took great care to impress on the young man that Macleod had not yet taken a gun in his hand, merely that there should be a decent bit of shooting when his guest arrived.

"And he will say to me, only yesterday," observed Hamish confidentially — "it wass yesterday itself he wass saying to me, 'Hamish, when Mr. Ogilvie comes here, it will only be six days or seven days he will be able to stop, and you will try to get him two or three stags. And, Hamish' — this is what he will say to me — 'you will pay no heed to me, for I hef plenty of the shooting whatever, from the one year's end to the other year's end, and it is Mr. Ogilvie you will look after.' And you do not mind the rain, sir? It is fine warm clothes you have got on — fine woollen clothes you have, and what harm will a shower do?"

"Oh, I don't mind the rain, so long as I can keep moving — that's the fact, Hamish," replied Mr. Ogilvie; "but I don't like lying in wet heather for an hour at a stretch. And I don't care how few birds there are, there will be plenty to keep us walking. So you remember me after all, Hamish?"

"Oh ay, sir," said Hamish, with a demure twinkle in his eye. "I mind fine the time you will fall into the water off the rock in Loch na Keal."

"There, now," exclaimed Mr. Ogilvie, "that is precisely what I don't see the fun of doing, now that I have got to man's estate, and have a wholesome fear of killing myself. Do you think I would lie down now on wet seaweed, and get slowly soaked through with the rain for a whole hour, on the chance of a seal coming on the other side of the rock? Of course when I tried to get up I was as stiff as a stone. I could not have lifted the rifle if a hundred seals had been there. And it was no wonder at all I slipped down into the water."

"But the sea-water," said Hamish gravely; "there will no harm come to you of the sea-water."

"I want to have as little as possible of either sea-water or rain-water," said Mr. Ogilvie, with decision. "I believe Macleod is half an otter himself."

Hamish did not like this, but he only said respectfully, —

"I do not think Sir Keith is afraid of a shower of rain whatever."

These gloomy anticipations were surely uncalled for; for during the whole of the past week the Western Isles had basked in uninterrupted sunlight, with blue skies over the fair blue seas, and a resinous warmth exhaling from the lonely moors. But all the same, next morning broke as if Mr. Ogilvie's forebodings were only too likely to be realized. The sea was leaden-hued and apparently still, though the boom-

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ing of the Atlantic swell into the great caverns could be heard; Staffa and Lunga and the Dutchman were of a dismal black; the brighter colors of Ulva and Colonsay seemed coldly gray and green; and heavy banks of cloud lay along the land, running out to Ru-Treshanish. The noise of the stream rushing down through the fir wood close to the castle seemed louder than usual, as if rain had fallen during the night. It was rather cold, too: all that Lady Macleod and Janet could say failed to raise the spirits of their guest.

But when Macleod — dressed in his homespun tartan of yellow and black — came round from the kennels with the dogs, and Hamish, and the tall, red-headed lad Sandy, it appeared that they considered this to be rather a fine day than otherwise, and were eager to be off.

"Come along, Ogilvie," Macleod cried, as he gave his friend's gun to Sandy, but shouldered his own. "Sorry we haven't a dog-cart to drive you to the moor, but it is not far off."

"I think a cigar in the library would be the best thing for a morning like this," said Ogilvie, rather gloomily, as he put up the collar of his shooting-jacket, for a drop or two of rain had fallen.

"Nonsense, man; the first bird you kill will cheer you up."

Macleod was right; they had just passed through the wood of young larches close to Castle Dare, and were ascending a rough stone road that led by the side of a deep glen, when a sudden whir close by them startled the silence of this gloomy morning. In an instant Macleod had whipped his gun from his shoulder and thrust it into Ogilvie's hands. By the time the young man had full-cocked the right barrel and taken a quick aim, the bird was half-way across the valley; but all the same he fired. For another second the bird continued its flight, but in a slightly irregular fashion; then down it went like a stone into the heather on the opposite side of the chasm.

"Well done, sir!" cried old Hamish.

"Bravo!" called out Macleod.

"It was a grand long shot!" said Sandy, as he unslipped the sagacious old retriever, and sent her down into the glen.

They had scarcely spoken when another dark object, looking to the startled eye as if it were the size of a house, sprang from the heather close by, and went off like an arrow, uttering a succession of sharp crowings. Why did not he fire? Then they saw him in wild despair whip down the gun, full-cock the left barrel, and put it up again. The bird was just disappearing over a crest of rising ground, and as Ogilvie fired he disappeared altogether.

"He's down, sir!" cried Hamish, in great excitement.

"I don't think so," Ogilvie answered, with a doubtful air on his face, but with a bright gladness in his eyes all the same.

"He's down, sir," Hamish reasserted. "Come, away, Sandy, with the dog!" he shouted to the red-headed lad, who had gone down into the glen to help Nell in her researches. By this time they saw that Sandy was recrossing the burn with the grouse in his hand, Nell following him contentedly. They whistled, and again whistled; but Nell considered that her task had been accomplished, and alternately looked at them and up at her immediate master. However, the tall lad, probably considering that the whistling was meant as much for him as for the retriever, sprang up the side of the glen in a miraculous fashion, catching here and there by a bunch of heather or the stump of a young larch, and presently he had rejoined the party.

"Take time, sir," said he. "Take time. Maybe there is more of them about here. And the other one, I marked him down from the other side. We will get him ferry well."

They found nothing, however, until they had got to the other side of the hill, where Nell speedily made herself mistress of the other bird — a fine young cock grouse, plump, and in splendid plumage.

"And what do you think of the morning now, Ogilvie?" Macleod asked.

"Oh, I dare say it will clear," said he shyly; and he endeavored to make light of Hamish's assertions that they were "ferry pretty shots — ferry good shots; and it was always a right thing to put cartridges in the barrels at the door of a house, for no one could tell what might be close to the house; and he was sure that Mr. Ogilvie had not forgotten the use of a gun since he went away from the hills to live in England."

"But look here, Macleod," Mr. Ogilvie said; "why did you not fire yourself?" — he was very properly surprised; for the most generous and self-denying of men are apt to claim their rights when a grouse gets up to their side.

"Oh," said Macleod simply, "I wanted you to have a shot."

And indeed all through the day he was obviously far more concerned about Ogilvie's shooting than his own. He took all the hardest work on himself — taking the

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outside beat, for example, if there was a bit of unpromising ground to be got over. When one or other of the dogs suddenly showed by its uplifted fore-paw, its rigid tail, and its slow, cautious, timid look round for help and encouragement, that there was something ahead of more importance than a lark, Macleod would run all the risks of waiting to give Ogilvie time to come up. If a hare ran across with any chance of coming within shot of Ogilvie, Macleod let her go by unscathed. And the young gentleman from the south knew enough about shooting to understand how he was being favored both by his host and — what was a more unlikely thing — by Hamish.

He was shooting very well, too; and his spirits rose and rose until the lowering day was forgotten altogether.

"We are in for a soaker this time," he cried, quite cheerfully, looking around at one moment.

All this lonely world of olive greens and browns had grown strangely dark. Even the hum of the flies — the only sound audible in these high solitudes away from the sea — seemed still; and a cool wind began to blow over from Ben-an-Sloich. The plain of the valley in front of them began to fade from view; then they found themselves enveloped in a clammy fog that settled on their clothes and hung about their eyelids and beard; while water began to run down the barrels of their guns. The wind blew harder and harder; presently they seemed to spring out of the darkness; and, turning, they found that the cloud had swept onward toward the sea, leaving the rocks on the nearest hillside all glittering wet in the brief burst of sunlight. It was but a glimmer. Heavier clouds came sweeping over; downright rain began to pour. But Ogilvie kept manfully to his work. He climbed over the stone walls, gripping on with his wet hands. He splashed through the boggy land, paying no attention to his footsteps. And at last he got to following Macleod's plan of crossing a burn, which was merely to wade through the foaming brown water instead of looking out for big stones. By this time the letters in his breast pocket were a mass of pulp.

"Look here, Macleod," said he, with the rain running down his face. "I can't tell the difference between one bird and another. If I shoot a partridge it isn't my fault."

"All right," said Macleod. "If a partridge is fool enough to be up here, it deserves it."

Just at this moment Mr. Ogilvie suddenly threw up his hands and his gun, as if to protect his face. An extraordinary object — a winged object, apparently without a tail, a whirring bunch of loose grey feathers, a creature resembling no known fowl — had been put up by one of the dogs, and it had flown direct at Ogilvie's head. It passed him at about half a yard's distance.

"What in all the world is that?" he cried, jumping round to have a look at it.

"Why," said Macleod, who was roaring with laughter, "it is a baby blackcock, just out of the shell, I should think."

A sudden noise behind him caused him to wheel round, and instinctively he put up his gun. He took it down again.

"That is the old hen," said he; "we'll leave her to look after her chicks. Hamish, get in the dogs, or they'll be for eating some of those young ones. And you, Sandy, where was it you left the basket? We will go for our splendid banquet now, Ogilvie."

That was an odd-looking party that-by-and-by might have been seen crouching under the lee of a stone wall, with a small brook running by their feet. They had taken down wet stones for seats; and these were somewhat insecurely fixed on the steep bank. But neither the rain, nor the gloom, nor the loneliness of the silent moors seemed to have damped their spirits much.

"It really is awfully kind of you, Ogilvie," Macleod said, as he threw half a sandwich to the old black retriever, "to take pity on a solitary fellow like myself. You can't tell how glad I was to see you on the bridge of the steamer. And now that you have taken all the trouble to come to this place, and have taken your chance of our poor shooting, this is the sort of day you get!"

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Ogilvie, who did not refuse to have his tumbler replenished by the attentive Hamish, "it is quite the other way. I consider myself precious lucky. I consider the shooting first-rate; and it isn't every fellow would deliberately hand the whole thing over to his friend, as you have been doing all day. And I suppose bad weather is as bad elsewhere as it is here?"

Macleod was carelessly filling his pipe, and obviously thinking of something very different.

"Man, Ogilvie," he said, in a burst of confidence, "I never knew before how fearfully lonely a life we lead here. If we were out on one of the Treshanish Islands,

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with nothing round us but skarts and gulls, we could scarcely be lonelier. And I have been thinking all the morning what this must look like to you."

He glanced round — at the sombre browns and greens of the solitary moorland, at the black rocks jutting out here and there from the scant grass, at the silent and gloomy hills and the overhanging clouds.

"I have been thinking of the beautiful places we saw in London, and the crowds of people — the constant change, and amusement, and life. And I shouldn't wonder if you packed up your traps to-morrow morning, and fled."

"My dear boy," observed Mr. Ogilvie confidentially, "you are giving me credit for a vast amount of sentiment. I haven't got it. I don't know what it is. But I know when I am jolly well off. I know when I am in good quarters, with good shooting, and with a good sort of chap to go about with. As for London — bah! I rather think you got your eyes dazzled for a minute, Macleod. You weren't long enough there to find it out. And wouldn't you get precious tired of big dinners, and garden parties, and all that stuff, after a time? Macleod, do you mean to tell me you ever saw anything at Lady Beauregard's as fine as *that?*"

And he pointed to a goodly show of birds, with a hare or two, that Sandy had taken out of the bag, so as to count them.

"Of course," said this wise young man, "there is one case in which that London life is all very well. If a man is awful spoons on a girl, then, of course, he can trot after her from house to house, and walk his feet off in the Park. I remember a fellow saying a very clever thing about the reasons that took a man into society. What was it now? Let me see. It was either to look out for a wife, or — or —— "

Mr. Ogilvie was trying to recollect the epigram, and to light a wax match at the same time, and he failed in both.

"Well," said he, "I won't spoil it; but don't you believe that any one you met in London wouldn't be precious glad to change places with us at this moment."

Any one? What was the situation? Pouring rain, leaden skies, the gloomy solitude of the high moors, the sound of roaring waters. And here they were crouching under a stone wall, with their dripping fingers lighting match after match for their damp pipes, with not a few midges in the moist and clammy air, and with a faint halo of steam plainly arising from the leather of their boots. When Fionaghal the Fair Stranger came from over the blue seas to her new home, was this the picture of Highland life that was presented to her?

"Lady Beauregard, for example?" said Macleod.

"Oh, I am not talking about women," observed the sagacious boy; "I never could make out a woman's notion about anything. I dare say they like London life well enough, for they can show off their shoulders and their diamonds."

"Ogilvie," Macleod said, with a sudden earnestness, "I am fretting my heart out here — that is the fact. If it were not for the poor old mother — and Janet — but I will tell you another time."

He got up on his feet, and took his gun from Sandy. His companion — wondering not a little, but saying nothing — did likewise. Was this the man who had always seemed rather proud of his hard life on the hills? who had regarded the idleness and effeminacy of town life with something of an unexpressed scorn? A young fellow in robust health and splendid spirits — an eager sportsman and an accurate shot — out for his first shooting-day of the year: was it intelligible that he should be visited by vague sentimental regrets for London drawing-rooms and vapid talk? The getting up of a snipe interrupted these speculations; Ogilvie blazed away, missing with both barrels; Macleod, who had been patiently waiting to see the effect of the shots, then put up his gun, and presently the bird came tumbling down, some fifty yards off.

"You haven't warmed to it yet," Macleod said charitably. "The first half hour after luncheon a man always shoots badly."

"Especially when his clothes are glued to his skin from head to foot," said Ogilvie.

"You will soon walk some heat into yourself."

And again they went on, Macleod pursuing the same tactics, so that his companion had the cream of the shooting. Despite the continued soaking rain, Ogilvie's spirits seemed to become more and more buoyant. He was shooting capitally; one very long shot he made, bringing down an old black-cock with a thump on the heather, causing Hamish to exclaim, —

"Well done, sir! It is a glass of whiskey you will deserve for that shot."

Whereupon Mr. Ogilvie stopped, and modestly hinted that he would accept of at least a moiety of the proffered reward.

"Do you know, Hamish," said he, "that

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it is the greatest comfort in the world to get wet right through, for you know you can't be worse, and it gives you no trouble."

"And a whole glass will do you no harm, sir," shrewdly observed Hamish.

"Not in the clouds."

"The what, sir?"

"The clouds. Don't you consider we are going shooting through clouds?"

"There will be a snipe or two down here, sir," said Hamish, moving on; for he could not understand conundrums, especially conundrums in English.

The day remained of this moist character to the end; but they had plenty of sport, and they had a heavy bag on their return to Castle Dare. Macleod was rather silent on the way home. Ogilvie was still at a loss to know why his friend should have taken this sudden dislike to living in a place he had lived in all his life. Nor could he understand why Macleod should have deliberately surrendered to him the chance of bagging the brace of grouse that got up by the side of the road. It was scarcely, he considered, within the possibilities of human nature.

CHAPTER XV.

A CONFESSION.

AND once again the big dining-hall of Castle Dare was ablaze with candles; and Janet was there, gravely listening to the garrulous talk of the boy officer; and Keith Macleod, in his dress tartan; and the noble-looking old lady at the head of the table, who more than once expressed to her guest, in that sweetly modulated and gracious voice of hers, how sorry she was he had encountered so bad a day for the first day of his visit.

"It is different with Keith," said she, "for he is used to be out in all weathers. He has been brought up to live out-of-doors."

"But you know, auntie," said Janet Macleod, "a soldier is much of the same thing. Did you ever hear of a soldier with an umbrella?"

"All I know is," remarked Mr. Ogilvie — who, in his smart evening dress, and with his face flushed into a rosy warmth after the cold and the wet, did not look particularly miserable — "that I don't remember ever enjoying myself so much in one day. But the fact is, Lady Macleod, your son gave me all the shooting; and Hamish was sounding my praises all day long, so that I almost got to think I could shoot the birds without putting up the gun at all; and when I made a frightful bad miss, everybody declared the bird was dead round the other side of the hill."

"And indeed you were not making many misses," Macleod said. "But we will try your nerve, Ogilvie, with a stag or two, I hope."

"I am on for anything. What with Hamish's flattery and the luck I had to-day, I begin to believe I could bag a brace of tigers if they were coming at me fifty miles an hour."

Dinner over, and Donald having played his best (no doubt he had learned that the stranger was an officer in the Ninety-third), the ladies left the dining-hall, and presently Macleod proposed to his friend that they should go into the library and have a smoke. Ogilvie was nothing loath. They went into the odd little room, with its guns and rods and stuffed birds, and, lying prominently on the writing-table, a valuable little heap of dressed otter-skins. Although the night was scarcely cold enough to demand it, there was a log of wood burning in the fireplace; there were two easy-chairs, low and roomy; and on the mantelpiece were some glasses, and a big, black, broad-bottomed bottle, such as used to carry the still vintages of Champagne even into the remote wilds of the Highlands, before the art of making sparkling wines had been discovered. Mr. Ogilvie lit a cigar, stretched out his feet toward the blazing log, and rubbed his hands, which were not as white as usual.

"You are a lucky fellow, Macleod," said he, "and you don't know it. You have everything about you here to make life enjoyable."

"And I feel like a slave tied to a galley oar," said he quickly. "I try to hide it from the mother — for it would break her heart — and from Janet too; but every morning I rise the dismalness of being alone here — of being caged up alone — eats more and more into my heart. When I look at you, Ogilvie — to-morrow morning you could go spinning off to any quarter you liked, to see any one you wanted to see —— "

"Macleod," said his companion, looking up, and yet speaking rather slowly and timidly, "if I were to say what would naturally occur to any one — you won't be offended? What you have been telling me is absurd, unnatural, impossible, unless there is a woman in the case."

"And what then?" Macleod said quickly, as he regarded his friend with a watchful look. "You have guessed?"

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"Yes," said the other: "Gertrude White."

Macleod was silent for a second or two. Then he sat down.

"I scarcely care who knows it now," said he absently, "so long as I can't fight it out of my own mind. I tried not to know it. I tried not to believe it. I argued with myself, laughed at myself, invented a hundred explanations of this cruel thing that was gnawing away at my heart and giving me no peace night or day. Why, man, Ogilvie, I have read 'Pendennis'! Would you think it possible that any one who has read 'Pendennis' could ever fall in love with an actress?"

He jumped to his feet again, walked up and down for a second or two, twisting the while a bit of casting-line round his finger so that it threatened to cut into the flesh.

"But I will tell you now, Ogilvie — now that I am speaking to any one about it," said he, and he spoke in a rapid, deep, earnest voice, obviously not caring much what his companion might think, so that he could relieve his overburdened mind — "that it was not any actress I fell in love with. I never saw her in a theatre but that once. I hated the theatre whenever I thought of her in it. I dared scarcely open a newspaper, lest I should see her name. I turned away from the posters in the streets; when I happened by some accident to see her publicly paraded that way, I shuddered all through — with shame, I think; and I got to look on her father as a sort of devil that had been allowed to drive about that beautiful creature in vile chains. Oh! I cannot tell you. When I have heard him talking away in that infernal, cold, precise way about her duties to her art, and insisting that she should have no sentiments or feelings of her own, and that she should simply use every emotion as a bit of something to impose on the public — a bit of her trade, an exposure of her own feelings to make people clap their hands — I have sat still and wondered at myself that I did not jump up and catch him by the throat and shake the life out of his miserable body."

"You have cut your hand, Macleod."

He shook a drop or two of blood off.

"Why, Ogilvie, when I saw you on the bridge of the steamer, I nearly went mad with delight. I said to myself, 'Here is some one who has seen her and spoken to her, who will know when I tell him. And now that I am telling you of it, Ogilvie, you will see — you will understand — that it is not any actress I have fallen in love with — it was not the fascination of an actress at all, but the fascination of the woman herself; the fascination of her voice, and her sweet ways, and the very way she walked, too, and the tenderness of her heart. There was a sort of wonder about her; whatever she did or said was so beautiful, and simple, and sweet. And day after day I said to myself that my interest in this beautiful woman was nothing. Some one told me there had been rumors: I laughed. Could any one suppose I was going to play Pendennis over again? And then as the time came for me to leave, I was glad, and I was miserable at the same time. I despised myself for being miserable. And then I said to myself, 'This stupid misery is only the fancy of a boy. Wait till you get back to Castle Dare, and the rough seas, and the hard work of the stalking. There is no sickness and sentiment on the side of Ben-an-Sloich.' And so I was glad to come to Castle Dare, and to see the old mother, and Janet and Hamish; and the sound of the pipes, Ogilvie, when I heard them away in the steamer, that brought tears to my eyes; and I said to myself, 'Now you are at home again, and there will be no more nonsense of idle thinking.' And what has it come to? I would give everything I possess in the world to see her face once more — ay, to be in the same town where she is. I read the papers, trying to find out where she is. Morning and night it is the same — a fire, burning and burning, of impatience, and misery, and a craving just to see her face and hear her speak."

Ogilvie did not know what to say. There was something in this passionate confession — in the cry wrung from a strong man, and in the rude eloquence that here and there burst from him — that altogether drove ordinary words of counsel or consolation out of the young man's mind.

"You have been hard hit, Macleod," he said, with some earnestness.

"That is just it," Macleod said, almost bitterly. "You fire at a bird. You think you have missed him. He sails away as if there was nothing the matter, and the rest of the covey no doubt think he is as well as any one of them. But suddenly you see there is something wrong. He gets apart from the others; he towers; then down he comes as dead as a stone. You did not guess anything of this in London?"

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"Well," said Ogilvie, rather inclined to beat about the bush, "I thought you were paying her a good deal of attention. But then — she is very popular, you know, and receives a good deal of attention; and — and the fact is, she is an uncommonly pretty girl, and I thought you were flirting a bit with her, but nothing more than that. I had no idea it was something more serious than that."

"Ay," Macleod said, "if I myself had only known! If it was a plunge — as people talk about falling in love with a woman — why, the next morning I would have shaken myself free of it, as a Newfoundland dog shakes himself free of the water. But a fever, a madness, that slowly gains on you — and you look around and say it is nothing, but day after day it burns more and more. And it is no longer something that you can look at apart from yourself — it is your very self; and sometimes, Ogilvie, I wonder whether it is all true, or whether it is mad I am altogether. Newcastle — do you know Newcastle?"

"I have passed through it, of course," his companion said, more and more amazed at the vehemence of his speech.

"It is there she is now — I have seen it in the papers, and it is Newcastle — Newcastle — Newcastle — I am thinking of from morning till night, and if I could only see one of the streets of it I should be glad. They say it is smoky and grimy; I should be breathing sunlight if I lived in the most squalid of all its houses. And they say she is going to Liverpool, and to Manchester, and to Leeds; and it is as if my very life were being drawn away from me. I try to think what people may be around her; I try to imagine what she is doing at a particular hour of the day; and I feel as if I were shut away in an island in the middle of the Atlantic, with nothing but the sound of the waves around my ears. Ogilvie, it is enough to drive a man out of his senses."

"But look here, Macleod," said Ogilvie, pulling himself together; for it was hard to resist the influence of this vehement and uncontrollable passion — "look here, man; why don't you think of it in cold blood? Do you expect me to sympathize with you as a friend? Or would you like to know what any ordinary man of the world would think of the whole case?"

"Don't give me your advice, Ogilvie," said he, untwining and throwing away the bit of casting-line that had cut into his finger. "It is far beyond that. Let me talk to you — that is all. I should have gone mad in another week, if I had had no one to speak to; and as it is, what better am I than mad? It is not anything to be analyzed and cured: it is my very self; and what have I become?"

"But look here, Macleod — I want to ask you a question: would you marry her?"

The common sense of the younger man was reasserting itself. This was what any one — looking at the whole situation from the Aldershot point of view — would at the outset demand? But if Macleod had known all that was implied in the question, it is probable that a friendship that had existed from boyhood would then and there have been severed. He took it that Ogilvie was merely referring to the thousand and one obstacles that lay between him and that obvious and natural goal.

"Marry her!" he exclaimed. "Yes, you are right to look at it in that way — to think of what it will all lead to. When I look forward, I see nothing but a maze of impossibilities and trouble. One might as well have fallen in love with one of the Roman maidens in the temple of Vesta. She is a white slave. She is a sacrifice to the monstrous theories of that bloodless old pagan, her father. And then she is courted and flattered on all sides; she lives in a smoke of incense: do you think, even supposing that all other difficulties were removed — that she cared for no one else, that she were to care for me, that the influence of her father was gone — do you think she would surrender all the admiration she provokes and the excitement of the life she leads, to come and live in a dungeon in the Highlands? A single day like to-day would kill her, she is so fine and delicate — like a rose-leaf, I have often thought. No, no, Ogilvie, I have thought of it every way. It is like a riddle that you twist and twist about to try and get the answer; and I can get no answer at all, unless wishing that I had never been born. And perhaps that would have been better."

"You take too gloomy a view of it, Macleod," said Ogilvie. "For one thing, look at the common sense of the matter. Suppose that she is very ambitious to succeed in her profession, that is all very well; but mind you, it is a very hard life. And if you put before her the chance of being styled Lady Macleod — well, I may be wrong, but I should say that would count for something. I haven't known many actresses myself —— "

"That is idle talk," Macleod said; and then he added proudly, "You do not know this woman as I know her."

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He put aside his pipe; but in truth he had never lit it.

"Come," said he, with a tired look, "I have bored you enough. You won't mind, Ogilvie? The whole of the day I was saying to myself that I would keep all this thing to myself, if my heart burst over it; but you see I could not do it, and I have made you the victim after all. And we will go into the drawing-room now; and we will have a song. And that was a very good song you sung one night in London, Ogilvie — it was about 'Death's black wine' — and do you think you could sing us that song to-night?"

Ogilvie looked at him.

"I don't know what you mean by the way you are talking, Macleod," said he.

"Oh," said he, with a laugh that did not sound quite natural, "have you forgotten it? Well, then, Janet will sing us another song — that is 'Farewell, Manchester.' And we will go to bed soon to-night, for I have not been having much sleep lately. But it is a good song — it is a song you do not easily forget — that about 'Death's black wine.'"

From Blackwood's Magazine.

FRENCH HOME LIFE.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

THE main properties of natural and mechanical forces have been determined with sufficient exactness to enable us to recognize that, amongst other conditions, they may be either momentary or continuous; that, again, when they are continuous they may be regular or varied, according as their successive impulsions are equal or unequal; and also, that they may be accelerating or retarding, because they act sometimes in the direction of an existing movement and sometimes in opposition to that direction.

Now, does it not seem that these same characteristics apply to certain human influences as positively and as really as to material energies? Are not almost all of us acting on our neighbors, just as physical agencies do, either permanently or exceptionally, either methodically or tumultuously, either precipitatingly or checkingly? The moral pressures which we are exerting on each other appear, in all these respects, to obey laws so analogous to those which guide the movements of matter, that even our special privilege of free-will does not look powerful enough to liberate us from the common rules which hold the whole of nature. With all our advantages of liberty of intention, with all our faculties of volition and choice, we do not succeed in emancipating ourselves from the universal yoke: we remain bound towards each other by the great principles of motion, just as if we were comets, cannon-balls, or clouds.

And when we come to think about it, we can scarcely fail to acknowledge that it is quite reasonable it should be so, for the influences which we exercise around us may be described, after all, as mere shapes of force; our sympathies and our repulsions do substantially the same work in us as centripetal and centrifugal attractions effect in matter; our affections proceed like gravitation, with the same persistence, with the same convergence to a centre. We may therefore consider, without much exaggeration, from what we see in ourselves, that the correlation of forces applies to other mights than those of substance; that latent potencies, and equivalents, and conservation of power, are not terms of physics alone; that the ideas expressed by them belong perhaps as much to human nature as to science. But if the actions of men are tied, like those of solids, by general regulations of universal application, they are subject — in contradistinction to ponderable matter — to a scarcely calculable variety of what astronomers call "disturbing causes;" to so many, indeed, that the perturbations provoked by them are far more numerous and important than the workings of the rules which they invert. They produce an irregularity so immense, so contorted, and so elastic, that it almost resembles liberty. Their caprices effect what neither routine nor reasoning is able to attain. Exceptional and temporary though they be, they move as masters within us and around us; they are more prevalent, more acknowledged, and more generating than the permanent laws whose application they suspend. "Disturbing causes" constitute, in fact, the great essential leverage of our lives.

It is not, however, until we consider the separate action of women that we remark the full diversity of these wayward forces, and note the extreme eccentricity of the orbits into which they sometimes manage to fling the bodies that they exercise their power upon. The closer we look at this action, the more we try to measure and to weigh it, to analyze it and to decompose it into its constitutive parts, the more do we discover in it strange atoms and heteroge-

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neous vigors, the more do we recognize the amazing inconsistencies, the prodigious contradictions, of the results which it provokes. It is the most protean of agencies, the most fitful of activities, the most contingent of causations. In no two women in the world is it precisely alike; and even in the same woman it presents continually such strange mutations, exhibits such sudden transformations, performs such violent revolutions, that its fluctuations and its aberrations are as difficult to follow out as the shiftings of the waves.

Yet, varying as are the aspects of the cause, the effects produced by it are a thousand times more multiform still; they are so diverse, so disparate, and so divergent, so all-including, so all-dominating, and so sweeping, that they suffice to prove, by their own evidence alone, that an extraordinary, powerful agent must be at work behind them. Of the three great springs which stir up men — money, vanity, and women — the last, if we may judge it by its products, is incontestably the most puissant. And not only is it the strongest and the widest in its movements, but it has also the special and the splendid capacity of sometimes leading men to the noblest and the least selfish of their deeds — a capacity which can scarcely be imputed, even exceptionally, to either vanity or money.

Furthermore, in addition to these potencies, the influence of women has, not unfrequently, the virtue of acting on us by memory as visibly as by direct employment. It does not necessarily need the presence of the operator; it governs often from afar; it extends its sway through time and distance; it maintains it unimpaired indeed, in many cases, after death; it has the privilege of outliving its source.

All these characteristics lie outside and beyond laws; they are essentially the offspring of "disturbing causes." Laws continue to exist beneath them and beside them; but though those laws are immutable and omnipresent, they are not only obscured and hidden away by the profusion of external accidents which are littered about them, but their action itself is incessantly arrested by the obstacles which those accidents cast in its way. In the struggle between the two, we observe one of the rare examples of a defeat of order by hazard, of an effacement of natural essences by random artifices. The chances of personal character and of personal situation, the agitation of the passions, and, more than all perhaps, the great mass of activities which we habitually describe by the vague name of civilization, are the main producers of these accidents; so that, as the modern woman is essentially personal, so she is by far the most complex, the most curious, and the most highly-wrought of the products of civilization; and it is not astonishing that the constitution and the manner of her influence should partake of her own origin and nature, and should re-echo the salient peculiarities of her own character.

But though the forms of action of that influence are as many as the stars, its issues all spring from one common source. Those issues include every shifting shape, every pulsating mood, every vibrating form that sentiment can assume, from love to hate, from longing to remorse, from ambition to disdain, from obedience to revolt; yet all of them, without distinction, rise from one general birthplace — imagination. Whether women work upon us by the heart or by the head, through our eyes or through our ears, by vainglory or by virtue — whether they lift us up or drag us down — whether they lead us to honor or to shame, to sorrow or to joy, to error or to truth — it is invariably by some thrusting of imagination that they guide us. We do not always perceive this truth at first, because we naturally hesitate to recognize identity of origin in results which vary like the color of sunset clouds; but their very variety supplies a crowning evidence of their common paternity, for no germ but imagination could bud into such boundless dissimilitudes.

As, then, imagination is in some measure or shape the essential root of all the influence which women wield around them, it is natural that, in looking over Europe for signs of the activity of that influence, we should find its most conspicuous expansions amongst those who most excite imagination, amongst the creative, brightening women of France — the women who nationally possess, above all others, and in exuberant abundance, the special idiosyncrasies, the exceptional efficiencies, the delicate capacities which are indispensable to the full, thorough, plenary evolution of the power which we are considering. The sway of women over the acts of men presents in France an intensity of undisputed reality which we can discover in no other land. It is there that it can be studied in its most advanced actual form; it is there that it exercises its highest prerogatives, that it asserts its strongest will, that it thrusts itself most vividly forward as a ruler of the generation. Its action on in-

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dividuals is immense there, for good and bad; but that part of the subject lies altogether outside our limits; we are discussing it here exclusively in its general effects.

In Christian countries the influence of women is everywhere: it is in everything we think, and wish, and do; it is in all the questions of our time — in politics, in religion, in morals, in virtue, and in vice; it constitutes in each kingdom a distinct and preponderating form of the national movement. Its local efficacy rises not only with the habits and the tendencies of the race, not only with the individual ability of each woman, but almost more — with the impressibility, with the faculty of imagination of each man. It therefore naturally presents its most complete and most vigorous manifestations in lands where specificness of personality, sentiments of prompt emotion, and facility of ardor, eagerness, and passion, are developed between the sexes in the proportions best suited to the case. It is because these rare conditions are found, in all their force, in the strangely endowed, impressionable French blood, that France has become the great triumphant field of women's action. Numbers of women there are, in their own eyes, apostles — apostles in the world and in their homes. They are, both of themselves and in their ways of life, professors of the political, religious, artistic, or sentimental faith to which they may happen to have given up their will; they take for themselves, individually, all the victories of their cause. And as they preach to an eager and excited audience, the union between actors and spectators produces a play such as no other theatre in the world can show.

In the other lands of Europe the influence of women may be said, in general terms, to present certain determined but limited aspects; it is calming, soothing, restraining, and it is simultaneously duty-teaching, elevating, purifying. But in France it assumes, in a multitude of cases, an additional characteristic of a totally different species. It is often all that it is elsewhere; it is often moderating and softening, rectifying and redeeming: but it is, continually, something else besides; it is — visibly and nationally — stimulating. There is, perpetually, in the leverage which Frenchwomen exert around them, a manifestly instigating tendency — a palpably enkindling force — a quickening, impelling, inflaming agency. Their action can be as tender, as moderating, as that of any women on earth; but it can also assume, with amazing ease, all the forms of incitation and arousing. Here lies its great characteristic: it is in the examination of the results produced by this marked form of work that we discover the special national effect of the influence exercised by Frenchwomen. In the other elements of their empire they act, more or less, like other women: but in this great line of action they are themselves alone; in this they expend a power which no other women of the world display.

To see this power in its fullest effectiveness, we must not seek for it at either the top or the bottom of society; it is in the middle strata that it is especially discoverable in the true fulness of its capacity. The women of the lower sections possess no directing energies of the sort which we are discussing here; and those of the highest rank are too utterly without class influence to be able to exercise a national domination. It is in the centre that we find the real acting women of France — the women of energy, of number, and of will. There we see at work a mass of organized pressure which stretches out to the corners of the land, which grasps and urges on the entire life of the people, — which makes itself felt in thought, in talk, and in events.

On the strange fact of the absence in French society of any guidance from above, it is, however, necessary to say something more before proceeding further. The difference between the position and the ascendancy of the high-born in England and in France is so enormous, that it is essential, in addressing English readers, to insist upon it with special emphasis. We all know how immense is the force of that position and that ascendancy amongst ourselves; but in France no such force exists at at all. A certain small part of the best *noblesse* there constitutes a group apart — a group, of which the members bear great names, but which enjoys no prerogatives, exercises no rights, applies no teaching, awakes no praise, provokes no sympathy. This group is rarely accessible to outsiders, excepting as mere acquaintances; it purposely surrounds itself by a barrier within which it vegetates, in ancient prejudices, in self-esteem, and in horror of our time; it has but few contacts with the true life of France, with the movements of opinion, with the realities of to-day. It offers to the generation no accepted model; it supplies no admired example; it serves in nothing as a recognized guide. There is no national imitation of it, no national admiration of it, no national employment for it. It exists as a force in its own eyes only;

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the country does not even regard it as a representative social order, still less as a valued national instrument. And yet the members of this group, with all their feebleness and unproductiveness, do form, most incontestably, the highest society in France. But France cares nothing for them; it asks them for no instruction. It invents; or if it sometimes imitates, it does so by modifying, by substituting, and by arranging; by casting aside all notions that do not tend to practical application and employment. It has worked out for itself a general state, in which neither blood nor money is regarded as an inevitable master — in which both are envied but not adored; a state which is based on equilibrium of sentiments rather than on parity of birth — on fundamental sympathies of idea rather than on accidental unities of situation.

Foremost in the eminently national labor of creating and maintaining this state stand the women of the middle classes. It is they alone who are the typical women of the land. Abandoned by the recluses at the top, unaided by the toilers at the bottom, it is they who are the instituting workers; it is by them and by their efforts that the lesson of women's present social use in France is now taught.

The peculiar organization of France offers, it is true, a special and a magnificent field of action for them. But how cleverly they use it! The effacement of the *noblesse* as a caste leaves the ground clear for them, it is true. But how skilfully they till it! Their very faults assist them. Outside their own homes their fond indoor temperament seems to change. In society they show themselves inferior in heart and (as a natural consequence perhaps) superior in intelligence to the men around them. Possessing all the abilities of women, and working on all the weaknesses of men; wielding all the arms of shrewdness, aptitude, coquetry, and charm, and directing them against sensation, emotion, and excitement, — they conquer almost as much by their defects as by their qualities. In their action on society, their failings and their merits labor side by side.

The great glaring fact distinctive of the Frenchwoman is that she is herself. Unlike the Englishwoman, she yields to no dictation from above, she imitates no nationally admired type, she accepts no pattern: her manner, her tactics, her language, and her art are forcedly her own, for the excellent reason that no adopted text stands before her to be copied. The effect of this absence of a constantly repeated model is naturally to create variety in an abundance which is unknown elsewhere. And here lies the first explanation of that stimulating action to which allusion has been already made. As no woman is exactly like any other woman, or handles any two men in the same fashion, or even operates by the same method on the same man for two days running — as bearing, attitude, and procedure are perpetually changing — it follows that the subjects operated on find themselves exposed to a continuous stream of fresh sensations, and to all the incitements which necessarily result therefrom. In the personal originality of each Frenchwoman lies the great secret of her action. Her processes of each moment are varied with the shiftings of the situation; she consults no precedents, no usages, no rules; she admits neither facsimiles nor duplications. Her habit of individual performance, and her conviction that she is as capable as any other woman of deciding how she ought to behave in any given case, combine to endow her with fertility of resource and rapidity of decision; she stands before her circle of the world as an unceasing appropriator of new means to her ends, and as an equally unceasing provoker of new emotions around her. Her sovereignty is generated by her variety. As the mass of the women of the middle class assume this attitude, it follows that variety attains, in France, a development, and possesses a virtue, of which we can discover the like nowhere else. In England we get on without it, or, at all events, with very little of it. We all live substantially alike; we think, and talk, and move almost exactly as our neighbors do, and we are content; our system of society is based on uniformity; our women behave in the self-same fashion to everybody they know. But in France, if a lady has a dozen people in her *salon*, she acts a dozen parts to them; she is a distinct person to each one of them, and each of her incarnations is proper to herself alone — it contains nothing that is recognizably borrowed from another. And she does all this instinctively, unconsciously, without an effort.

This remarkable capacity is not, however, acquired by pure self-teaching. Although no guidance to it is attainable from above, the women of the middle class do aid each other copiously. The influence of contact which, in so many forms, is so strangely powerful in France, applies here with immense effect. All the women of a

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set act and react upon each other; each one of them attentively observes the doings round her; each one of them absorbs, digests, and reissues whatever pleases in her friends. What she gives back is different from what she took. She weaves a new fabric with the materials she has seized, so fresh, so transformed, that no one but a very close observer would detect its origin. And yet it is in part by this means that the infinite variety of her action is composed. The faculty of adaptation is the second of the great secrets of women's influence in France.

But that faculty could scarcely be exercised on so elastic a scale unless the composition of the society which supplies the elements of this ceaseless adaptation were equally elastic. It is precisely because the middle class in France is multifold in the diversity of its components, almost unmeasured in the determination of its limits, and most generously open-handed in its reception of new recruits, that the women who belong to it find before their eyes a ceaseless study of peculiarities, distinctions, novelties, and originalities. If the social section to which they are attached were a closed order, they would rapidly rust in it; their natural capacities would be insufficient to protect them from the mouldiness induced by solitary inaction. The condition of the small band above them supplies proof enough of that. But that section is singularly wide, for it stretches upwards and downwards as well as sideways. The highest class is so limited, it guards itself so strictly (excepting in cases of marriage for money), that the mass of the ordinarily well-born are excluded from it, and are forced, in spite of themselves, to enter the ranks of the middle class. A vast majority of the bearers of titles must therefore be counted as forming part of the latter; and though titles have no meaning now in France, they continue, all the same, to possess so real a social value, that their proprietors occupy, as a rule, a front place in the group to which they may happen to belong. After them come the *rentiers*, the members of professions, the upper *employés* of the State, and all the undetermined stragglers who, in France as elsewhere, aid to make up the great central array. And this is not all. Just as the middle class dilates overhead in a fashion strange to England, so also does it swell out beneath with a charity equally unknown to us. It is the great incorporator of France, the great assimilator, the great absorber. Its gates are open to all the clean, to all the well-behaved, and, above all, to all the intelligent — to every one who can personally contribute to the joy of those who receive him. Degrees exist in it — human vanity requires that they should — but they are degrees over which it is easy to leap: they serve, indeed, to mark out the sympathies of groups, far more than to bar the progress of individuals.

The result is, that the so-called middle class of France includes, in reality, representatives of almost every grade in the land, of every occupation, of every ambition, and of every idea: it is, practically, an all-containing, universal association, which offers to a studying woman a virtually limitless field of teaching. Under conditions of such a nature, it is not surprising that the result should be as large as the cause, and that the diversities of tone and attitude assumed by Frenchwomen should be as abundant and as diverging as the types and temperaments from which those women have the opportunity of extracting impressions and conceptions. The variety of their conduct is a product of the variety of their contacts; and this latter, again, is a consequence of the variety of the elements of the society in which they live.

And if the women are assisted by these special conditions of the national system to develop their inherent capacities, and to appropriate, fertilize, and utilize all the means which accidents of situation may cast before them, the men beside them are led on, simultaneously, by the action of the self-same causes, to throw open their own natures, and to eagerly breathe the exciting social atmosphere which surrounds them. Both men and women are thrust forward on the same road by the same impulsions; the faculties of the one, and the impressibility of the other, are augmented side by side, by an agency which equally affects them both. The constant manipulation of new sensibilities not only provokes in the man a growing appetite for more and more of them, but also educates the women to supply them. In this reciprocal community of action and counter-action between the two lies the third mainspring of the stimulating force of Frenchwomen.

A mutual position of such a kind — a position which is observable nowhere but in France — would not, however, be realizable even there, if very special natural dispositions did not lend themselves with rare appropriateness to its attainment. A passing allusion has been already made to

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the most strange but very evident fact, that, in the details of social relation, the men are more emotional than the women, and the women more intelligent than the men. Of course, there are exceptions in tens of thousands; but, taking the population as a whole, it is one of its most manifest characteristics that, in society, it is the women who think most, and the men who feel most. This inversion of the rules which apply elsewhere to the distribution between the sexes of the temperaments and dispositions which are generally supposed to be essentially proper to each of them, is one of the strange social signs of the France of to-day. Indoors, in families, the proportions seem equal. But out of doors, there is nationally a perceptibly greater spread of mental qualities amongst the women than amongst the men — more quickness, more acuteness, more discrimination, more judgment; and, simultaneously, as if to counterbalance this exception, there is a relative drying up of the heart amongst the women, and an abnormal development of it amongst the men. It cannot be too often repeated, that towards their own kindred, as daughters, as wives, and especially as mothers, Frenchwomen are as tender, as loving, as devoted and unselfish as any women on earth; and that no deficiency of heart is discoverable in them in their houses, or in their attitude towards their parents, their husbands, or their children. But in their social practice it is, in innumerable cases, distinctly discernible. Now it is precisely of social practice that we are talking: we shall come presently to the influence of women at their firesides; thus far we are considering it exclusively in its action on the outside world. One of the principal characteristics of that action is, that the women who exercise it are rarely carried away by emotions — that, on the contrary, they retain almost always a perfect control over their impulses, and are able to suppress all unneedful fervency and pathos, and to conduct their lives with prudent equanimity. And their circumspection and reserve are exhibited quite as much in their relations with other women as in their conduct towards men. Frenchwomen do not often make hearty friends with each other. They are the most perfect acquaintances that the earth can supply; but there is something in the constitution of their nature which seems to force them to put aside their real attachments for their own blood alone, and to deprive them of the faculty of solid, durable fellowship with anybody who is not of their stock. There are exceptions, as was said just now; but no spectator who has had opportunities of sufficiently observing the characteristics of French society will deny that this is the rule.

Under such conditions, the women start with an immense working pre-eminence over the men. They are calm, collected, wary; they are not weakened by idle enthusiasms or by foolish magnanimities; no stupid generosities affect their coolness or enfeeble their self-control; they never forget that their objects in society are amusement, not interest — power, not sympathy — vanity, not fraternity. They do not generally care to be made love to, for love-making is a process which sometimes entails inconvenience if it be carried too far; so, as they abhor inconvenience, they all shrink from its possible causes. And these women, mistresses of their acts and thoughts, untouched and unimpassioned, operate on men whose whole natures are eager, glowing, excitable — on men who feel instinctively and profoundly, and who exhibit everything they feel. The contest is unequal. By mere superiority of self-possession the women dominate the men.

And when we see that, in addition to this first advantage, they possess the second power of greater endowment in all that concerns the clever handling of social contacts — when we recognize that they are brighter talkers, quicker thinkers, more attentive observers than the men around them — we are confirmed in the impression that men meet women in French society without a fair chance of victory, and that the issue of the battle is decided before the strife begins. In this double supremacy of indifference and intelligence we find the fourth great source of the incentive nature of the reign of Frenchwomen.

The fifth cause is more difficult to perceive; for, instead of being general like the other four, it is personal — instead of being national, it is individual. But though it is the least easy to detect and to measure with precision, it is by far the most curious and attractive, for it is the performance of the woman herself. The other elements of the subject are, more or less, external hazards; this part of it leads us into the very core of the question. Here it is that we observe how fitnesses of situation are utilized; how peculiarities of national organization are wielded for a purpose; how characters are played on; how opportunities are seized and fertilized; how advantages are developed; how expe-

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dients and resources are applied. Here it is that we detect at work the specialties of the Frenchwoman, — her inventivity, her activity, her assiduity, her laborious preparation of her plans, her infinite forms of variety, her particular fashions of self-love. Her character comes out entire in her manner of composing and directing her influence over the society in which she lives. But all these details differ somewhat in each example; they are exactly alike in no two cases. It is not, therefore, possible to describe them by generalities or approximations; a separate picture of each model would be essential in order to set them forth completely. As, however, there are one or two millions of models, and as it would be difficult to correctly depict them all, we cannot attempt a study of persons; we must content ourselves with a glance at the processes employed.

Of the three exterior forms of action — talk, manner, and dress — which are at the disposal of all women, it is from talk that the French extract their real results. Their employment of manner and of dress is conducted with a scientific skill unknown in any other land; but, great as is their proficiency in the handling of those two sources of influence, it is by talk alone that they bring about the highest and most subjugating of their effects. Even the accident of beauty helps them little; it is so unfrequent amongst them; they are, by their nature, so disinclined to trust to passive elements of attraction; they are, on the contrary, so accustomed to energetically employ the most active measures of attack; they are all so thickly surrounded by examples of constant and vigorous use of personal exertion in order to please, to influence, and to win,— that, by the joint force of habit and example, they learn to regard mere ordinary beauty, if they happen to possess any of it, as a weapon which is usually insufficient to carry them to a victorious position in their world. Scarcely any of the Frenchwomen who are endowed with it attach excessive pride to it. They perceive that it disposes other people to look at them admiringly, and to talk somewhat about them; but with their prodigious common sense, and with their singular national capacity for rightly estimating the relative values of things, they recognize that, by itself, it rarely leads them to any solid influence. The men and women round them want something more than prettiness — they desire to talk, to listen, to be amused and interested. So, as looking or being looked at is not enough for any of them, they end by laying down the law that beauty alone gives no sufficient masteries in life to its holder. And, furthermore, even if it did bestow complete authority and undisputed control, there are not many women in France who would content themselves with unwon homage — who would consent to leave their faces to inertly conquer for them — who would sit down silently in their beauty and abandon the inspiriting strife which leads to well-gained, consciously merited command. The women of France are an essentially *living* race — a race of combatants, who scorn unfought-for victories and torpid triumphs. Their joy in life is, not only to fight, but to fight with arms which they have forged themselves for their own hands, and so to accomplish a double success as belligerents and as manufacturers.

Under such conditions, and with such natures, it is comprehensible enough that Frenchwomen should regard talk as their sword of war, manner and dress as supplementary weapons of attack, and beauty as an unaggressive ally, which adds, it is true, to the effect of a review of troops, but which is of little reliable service in campaigning.

Still there is, all the same, a special vitality of function about their dress and manner. Those two agents are not idlers; they are not, like beauty, passive waiters on destiny: they are, on the contrary, producing workers; they are animated provokers of sensation; they are worthy to be counted as active colleagues of talk, as accentuators of its effects, as fortifiers of its arguments. Manner, indeed, forms an essential ingredient of the rhetoric of a Frenchwoman; it underlines her meanings by look, by attitude, and tone, by movement and expression. Her eyes, her hands, her shoulders, add intention to her words. Without the aid which they bring up, without the background which they supply, her oratory would perceptibly lose vigor. She knows that verbal eloquences, however admirable they may be, gain in spirit, in import, and in power, if they are supported, strengthened, and emphasized by the physical eloquences which dexterous women can annex to them. Talk is the real conquering force. It is to their tongues, not to their bodies, that the women of France intrust their cause; yet dress and manner are regarded by them as indispensable auxiliaries. None but the foolish place them in the front of the combat; but every woman who merits to be counted as a social artist takes care to utilize them in subordination to her

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speech, as tools, assistants, confidants, or servants. Even her clothes alone, apart from her manner, supply subservient symptoms of her individuality; they help to constitute herself. They are not a being detached from her, an *annexe*, a supplement, or a support — they are not even a frame for her; they are an element of the picture she presents, a breathing of her essence.

The union of these forces makes up the visible strength of a Frenchwoman in society. That strength, in its external element, is an outcome of them all — of all of them held in one collective yoke, all pulling with a will together, all reined and guided by a skilful hand. How acts their charioteer?

Almost every Frenchwoman who has a place in her world pursues two main objects — amusement and power; it is only subsidiarily that she looks for satisfactions of her vanity of body. First, and above all, she wants to laugh; secondly, she wants to govern; it is only thirdly that she wants to be admired. There are, of course, a multitude of exceptions of all kinds; but the rule is, that she puts diversion first, ambition second, and conceit third; and she organizes her actions so as to attain those three results, in that order, if she can. Her ordinary purpose being to serve and please herself alone — her head and heart being usually indifferent to any will but her own — she is able to pursue her task and to utilize her means without the hesitations or contritions which preoccupy and hinder other women less imperturbable than herself. This does not imply that she is exactly and completely selfish; she certainly is not so — in the strict meaning of the word, at least: it means only that she is extremely self-possessed, extremely reasonable, extremely capable of defending her opinions and of abetting her desires. In handling the team of personal forces which draws her through life she would shrink from driving over other people, but she would unhesitatingly expel them from her road; she would be pained to hurt them, but she gives them to understand distinctly that their duty is to get out of her way. Her whole proceeding is collected, calculated, cool; but it is not cruel. Her head controls her heart, but she never ceases to be a woman.

A temperament like this makes of her, however, a predestined despot. She pursues her own designs with a will which beats down obstacles, and with an indifference to other wills which doubles the value of her own. And yet, cold-blooded as she is herself, she generates around her an atmosphere of excitement and emotion, and finds her own amusement in the eagerness, the earnestness, and the vehemence which she stirs up in others.

Her influence consists in rousing sentiments which she does not feel, in provoking agitations which she does not share, in creating stimulants which have no action on her. All France proclaims that influence: its character, its tendencies, its merits, and its faults, are all, in some degree, the children of her work. Her fashioning is everywhere; the history of her country is half made up of it; and her power is even greater now than it has ever been before.

She is aided in her procedure by certain conditions which extend the field of her operations, and multiply the effect of her acts. The national longing for easily-attained, inexpensive social amusement, especially in the shape of bright talk and laughter, creates a situation which seems to be made on purpose for her; for not only does she participate in the longing, but she is, additionally, exactly fitted to satisfy it. Both her disposition and her education prepare her to take an active place in a society of which the elements and the objects are almost exclusively personal — in a society which subsists, essentially, by itself alone, without extraneous aid. Its food is chatter; it lives on conversation. It does not reject balls, or dinners, or any other special additions to its habitual nourishment; but it can get on perfectly without them, for the reason that nearly all its members are competent to supply the one aliment which is really indispensable to its existence. This general independence of all accessory forms of entertainment, this faculty of fabricating their diversion without any other instrument than their tongues, create for each man and woman a position of active individual participation in the movement of society, which is entirely different from anything that we usually see in England. Our own tendency is to claim, wherever we go, that effective amusement be provided for us, without imposing on ourselves the labor of supplying part of it. In France, the exact contrary is the case. There, everybody produces; and those who produce most — for the common advantage — are the most popular, and the most dominant. So that, as the women are more productive than the men — as they are the great contributors — as they talk more and laugh more — they lead

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more and dictate more. It is mainly they who have made the society of France what it is — gay, intelligent, natural, and self-supporting; they have well earned the place of power which they occupy in it.

But they have not done all this quite alone. If they have worked out such remarkable results on so vast a scale — if they have succeeded in creating a system of social intercourse, so complete in its own properties and abilities that it can dispense with most of the added pleasures which are needed generally elsewhere, it has been, in some degree, because they have been silently aided by a most powerful co-operator. The simplicity of the forms of French society, the fact that people meet in it for the unaided satisfaction of being together, with nothing to do or to look at, are due, not only to the labors and the capacities of the women, but also, partly, to the national love of economy. An association which costs nothing has been created. It would scarcely have been invented by any women whatever, unless they had been driven to it by pressure which they could not resist. But such a pressure existed, and exists, in France: the women could not battle with it, so they turned its current cunningly into the direction of their own work, and made a helper of it. It is they who have led the society of France to adopt and apply the admirable principle that, though poverty is an extreme inconvenience, it is neither a disgrace nor a crime. In England it shuts the door to contact with the world in any of its recognized manifestations. In France it obliges certain people to be less smart than others, but it deprives them of no rights whatever — it diminishes in nothing the sympathy with which they are received. Rich and poor meet, other things being alike, on a footing of absolute equality. The accident that one came in a carriage and the other in a cab — that one wears diamonds and the other no jewels at all — has not the faintest influence on their respective positions in a *salon*. As has been said already, money is envied in France, but it is not yet regarded there as a personal quality; neither its absence nor its presence constitutes a reason for knowing or not knowing, for liking or disliking. Parity of privileges is not dependent on parity of fortune. Some of the brightest and most influential women in the society of Paris are the wives of poor men, and live in little rooms on fourth floors. The result is, that as social rights proceed from social merit — that is to say, from the power of pleasing and attracting — the struggle for influence is scarcely affected by the possession of money. All that money really does for those who own it is to create for them opportunities of action; it does not give to them the faculty of using those opportunities.

From this situation results a special instigation for women. They are all, in their respective sets, substantially equal to each other at the start; not one of them is dragged down because her purse is light, or pushed up because it is heavy. The place of each one in the race is earned for herself by herself — by her own individual science and efforts. Mothers do their best to aid their daughters, and friends occasionally help friends; but assistance so supplied is rarely durable. In nearly every case each woman ends by recognizing that no one can really succor her, and that she must do her work alone.

Against the amplified and varied personality which is evoked amongst Frenchwomen by all these causes — against the developed but concentrated individual preponderance which results from it — society, as a whole, has no resistance to offer. The ablest of the women go to the front, by sheer force of superior value; the rest of them fall, successively, into such places as they can win and hold; and the men form around them all a cluster of unquiet, expectant, but submissive associates in the common task of rendering life agreeable.

This domination of women endows them to perform a great and special work. It is they who hold society together; it is they who cement and aggregate it; it is they who prevent disunions, who ward off the dislocations and decompositions of *coteries* which are so frequent elsewhere; it is they who bestow on their sets and circles the rare faculty of preserving their composition substantially unchanged, of going on for years without allowing any of their members to stray off to other gatherings; it is they who achieve the wonderful feat of keeping up in man, as years climb on, the love of social gladnesses; it is they who agglutinate all ages and all ambitions in the common pursuit of drawing-room excitements; it is they who, as they grow old, find means of pleasing in new ways — who decorate their white hair with winning charms — who make of the French grandmother one of the most delightful and most respect-inspiring types of Europe.

If, then, with these results before us, we regard the action of women in France in its purely cohesive effects — if we look at it as a creator and maintainer of a brilliant, seductive, susceptive society, we

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have no reason for hesitating to proclaim that it is an admirable and most productive agent. So long as the point of view is limited to pleasures, laughter, and personally-produced distractions, it is scarcely possible to conceive anything more perfect than the result attained, or any course more thoroughly adapted to its function than the one we have before us here. If we consider it, again, as a developer of the imaginative faculties — as a provoker and a teacher of graceful talk, of instructive contacts, of excited fancies and conceptions, of all the stimulants which we can suppose to be applicable to the constitution of a social state where women are the sole chiefs, and where men accept vassalage for the sake of the diversions which they find in it; if we contemplate it as a system which permits all merit to conquer its own place — which excludes no candidates, no conditions, no aspirations, no shapes of power or attraction; if we watch it as a magnificent example of the process of public competitive examinations, — if we view it in any of these special lights, we must own that it does its work perfectly.

But if we carry the survey further, — if we look at the outcome of all this in the national character; if we follow out, according to our means of observation, its issue in the race as a whole; if we endeavor to determine how far French qualities are strengthened, how far French faults are cured, by the immense and undisputed social leverage which is left in the hands of women, — then we become disposed to doubt whether, after all, this most brilliant instrument is really worthy of the admiration which, at first sight, we were led to feel for it.

It is difficult to avoid suspecting, when we look at the matter in this broad light, that a general excitability such as that which permeates through the greater part of French society, must constitute a somewhat unhealthy *régime* for those who are subjected to it. Even if we can perceive no strain, no effort; even if all seems natural and fitted to its place; even if we can discover no signs of histrionic artifice; even there, if we can detect no labor, and therefore no fatigue — no acting, and therefore no deceit, — it remains difficult to admit that the constant stimulations which form the inherent substance of this society can fail to deleteriously affect the systems of those who are perpetually exposed to them.

And again, as regards the choice of objects and desires in life, is it not reasonable to conceive that all this facile tempting, all this easily-attained emotion, must naturally draw men away from solid thoughts, and disable them somewhat for the work of life?

If it be imagined that there is exaggeration in suggesting that such a result can be produced by such a cause, it may reasonably be answered that the contemporaneous history of France is offering many proofs that special hidden causes are dragging down the temperament and the vigor of the nation, and that those causes may perhaps be discoverable in directions where their existence would not necessarily be suspected at first sight. In the influence before us we find a social power which, taken as a whole, and allowing nothing for exceptions of any kind, may be described, in general terms, to be exhilarating but not elevating, brightening but not educating, appetizing but not strengthening. Is it not then just to point to it as presenting precisely some of the very characteristics which are proper to exhausting causes, some of the very components which must of necessity be included in unbracing atmospheres?

If the multiplication of the imaginative faculties, the development of conversational ability, the increase of affectionateness, were the sole recognizable fruits of its action, even then there might be, as regards national advantage, some arguments to urge against it; but as it cannot be pretended that these products stand alone, as they are manifestly surrounded by a variety of other far less desirable outgrowths, it is surely quite fair to suggest, with recent events before us, that the want of character and sturdiness which France has exhibited of late years, has possibly been provoked, in some degree at least, by an enfeeblement resulting from the excessive supremacy of women, and by the enervating operation of a system of society based mainly on personally-created excitements.

It is perfectly true that the systems which are applied elsewhere may not be producing any better consequences; but that argument proves nothing as concerns France. Her society remains what it is, what her women have made it — delightful to the individuals who compose it, but in all probability debilitating to the country as a whole.

If, however, the influence of Frenchwomen has reached no higher end than this in its outdoor applications, it has produced a decidedly better issue in its home employments. It is not perfect there, but

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it presents itself in a form which invites much admiration.

In their families most Frenchwomen are seen at their best, both in their personal attitude and in the work they do. Some few of the worst amongst them present, it is true, an even less satisfying aspect in their private than in their public outlines; but the mass of them are, certainly, remarkably good performers of home labor. The particular faults which are so discernible out of doors, disappear, in great part, inside the houses; and though they are often replaced by other defects, — though bad temper, impatience, and dictation may be substituted for frivolity, vanity and ambition, — yet, on the whole, the change begets a manifest improvement. The selfishness of society becomes converted into the affection of home, and everybody gains by the transposition; for the modifications induced by it are perceptible, not only in the woman herself, but also in those upon whom she works. The soothing, improving influences which we usually attribute to women are exercised in such strength around the firesides of France that their frequent absence in the world outside is partially compensated by their general presence indoors.

Indoors the Frenchwoman exhibits a rare capacity for becoming the faithful friend, the active companion, the true helpmate and guide. Indoors she shows how thoroughly she understands the active partnership of marriage; how effectively she can practise the duties which result from keenly-felt associations and from common responsibilities. Indoors the calculating woman of the world almost always disappears; in most cases the daughter, wife, and mother stand forward in completeness. The home ties, the home tendernesses, efface all outside thoughts. It is within her own walls that the Frenchwoman is, most of all, herself.

And this home power is not limited to one class. Unlike the social influence of women, it is found from top to bottom of the ladder, — in cottages as in *châteaux* — in shops as in *salons* — amongst workwomen as amongst ladies; and the miscellaneousness of its actions is proved by the almost total absence of brutality and ruffianism in the lowest of the men. The intimate bond which holds French families together is no monopoly of a rank or a place — is a universal property of the nation; and in stimulating the vigor of that bond — for, in a different fashion, there is stimulation indoors as well as without — the women render the very highest of all the services of which women are capable. In the capacity of exciting as well as attaching — of rendering home bright as well as sweet — of increasing the value of home duties by decorating them with attractions — lies one of the most enviable faculties of the Frenchwoman; for by its aid the charm of home life can be carried to a higher wealth of national productiveness than seems to be attainable by any other system yet applied.

All this is the work of women. They are often well aided by the men; but the true merit is attributable to the women alone. They have had the sense to perceive that their home action should not be limited to the placid discharge of moral functions and of regulated proprieties. They have recognized that, in addition to that element of their labor, they have also to brighten life around them; that they have not only to aid men to do their duty, but to help them to be content while they are doing it.

It is in this fashion, and by this agency, that the singular development of the family tie, which is so marked a feature of French life, has been attained; that the extreme personal attachment which usually joins together the members of the same kindred has been generated.

The action of these influences on the nation at large has been to provoke remarkable reverence for authority in families. It has inclined the young and old to live together; it maintains a willing respect from children to their parents. Rebellion against the elders is very rare in France; they are, on the contrary, habitually surrounded by an earnest and unweakening deference, so feminine in its tenderness that, though it is exhibited equally by both men and women, it is, manifestly and unmistakably, a product manufactured by the latter alone. No man could have originated such gentle, loving veneration as we see bestowed upon the old in many of the homes of France. In this, again, no class distinctions are discoverable; the disposition to honor the grey hairs of the house seems to be inherent throughout the land.

This attitude towards ancestors is, however, only one of the many shapes in which the frank, cordial acceptance of home obligations is exhibited in France; it supplies only one example of the eagerness of the people to try to render pleasant and attractive every home duty which they have to perform. In varying degrees and fashions nearly every other indoor liability is

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discharged by them with the same successfully-worked-up surrounding of welcomeness, with the same will to facilitate its execution by ornamenting it.

The skill of the women shows itself in this in all its creative and productive force; and certainly it would be difficult to conceive any more useful end to which it could possibly be directed than that of luring on successive generations to fulfil the responsibilities of kinsmanship as if they were pleasures. It is not always easy to love all one's relations; but the French manage to do it habitually, as if it were the most natural and the most delightful process to which they could possibly be subjected. Aunts, uncles, and cousinhood to the third degree, come in for fondness; neither ugliness nor stupidity deprives them of it; for everybody seems to regard the offering of it not only as an inherited necessity, but as a delectable operation. As for children, the entire nation lives to cherish them; nowhere is the love of them carried to such extremes as in France; but as that particular element of the subject has been discussed here on a former occasion, it may be omitted now.

The other influences exercised indoors by Frenchwomen seem limited and dwarfed, comparatively, by the side of those which have just been indicated. Their great essential work is one of affection; their great object is to intensify home attachments; the rest counts as little. Intellectually, they cannot be said to generally produce any striking effects on the members of their families; on the contrary, they appear to reserve the greater part of the action of their intelligence for the world outside. Their home labors are so concentrated on the cultivation of flowers of the heart, that the ripening of fruits of the head is, relatively, a neglected procedure. And furthermore, as a general rule, the Frenchwoman is rarely a good or a willing teacher in the ordinary educational sense of the word; she unconsciously guides by the accidents of contact, but she hates to give ostensible lessons. Of course there are exceptions to this rule; but those exceptions are rare.

Regarded as a whole composed of two parts, the influence of the women of France can scarcely be considered, in either of its divisions, as producing entirely satisfactory results. In one direction it develops the head and weakens the heart; in the other, it works almost entirely by the heart and neglects the head. In neither does it combine all the powers of our nature; in neither does it seek to attain the great results which might be effected by the union of those powers in equal force.

Out of doors it assumes one form; indoors it takes another: but both are incomplete, for each wants what the other possesses. There is no majesty, no loftiness in the issue either way. It is amusing, or it is tender; but it is not grand. It is charming to the stranger; it is dear to the Frenchman: but to neither of them is it a real teaching, elevating, ennobling force.

From Chambers' Journal.

CHANGE-RINGING.

The frequent allusions to bells by our poets are directly conclusive to the strong attachment which binds these sounds to English ears. We all delight in listening to the merry peal, and yet notwithstanding our fondness for the same, and although all our days of rejoicing are considered incomplete without the ringing of bells, it is strange how very little is understood either of the art or science of what is termed change-ringing.

Ringing bells in changes is peculiar to England. When rung thus, the bells are necessarily rung "up;" that is, each bell, by an arrangement of wheel and rope, is gradually swung until, after describing larger and larger arcs, it swings through a complete circle at each sound or stroke of the clapper. The swinging motion also materially increases the sweetness of the tone. When bells are rung in changes, each bell is brought to a balance after each revolution; and when the bell "runs" well, very little actual strength is required, and the work, unless prolonged, is not so exhaustive as many suppose. In this as in many other things, it is more "knack" than strength that is required. The tenor bell of the ring of twelve at St. Saviour's, Southwark, weighs fifty-two hundredweight; and the wheel, in the grooves of which the rope for ringing it runs, is about nine feet in diameter; yet this ponderous bell with its huge gearing has often been rung by one man for four hours without rest, involving more than five thousand changes; and was once rung for six and a half hours by one man. This, however, was a great feat.

A number of bells hung together is called a "ring," the number generally varying from five to a dozen, which last is

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the greatest number that has yet been hung in a steeple. When the highest note — the treble bell — is sounded first, and followed by the consecutive notes until the deepest or "tenor" bell is struck, the bells are said to be rung in "rounds." And it is worthy of remark that this is the order in which they are rung before "going off" into changes, and again on "coming round."

Those uninitiated in the mysteries of bell-ringing will be surprised to learn that on six bells no fewer than 720 changes can be obtained; that is, the six numbers can be arranged in 720 distinct combinations. The addition of another bell increases the combination to 5,040; while on eight bells the enormous number of 40,320 changes may be obtained. As about twenty-eight changes are rung per minute, it takes about three hours to accomplish the whole of the changes on seven bells; and thus to ring five thousand changes is considered a feat, and called a "peal;" any less number being merely a "touch." When changes are rung on seven, nine, or eleven bells, all the eight, ten, or twelve bells are rung, the tenor bell — the key-note — always striking last; this practice is more musical than when the whole number of the bells are working in the changes. Change-ringing upon each number of bells has a distinctive name; thus changes on five bells are called doubles; on six, minor; seven, triples; eight, major; nine, cators; ten, royal; eleven, cinques; and twelve, maximus.

Changes are produced according to certain laws or "methods;" and by a previously acquired knowledge of the methods, each performer, by watching the rise and fall of the ropes, is able to work his bell in the same path in which it would be found to move if the changes were written down on paper. There are several different methods which are practised — namely, Plain Bob, Grandsire, Oxford or Kent Treble Bob, Stedman's Principle, Cambridge, London and Superlative Surprise, and Double Norwich Court. These can all be applied to the different numbers of bells. Thus a touch of Kent Treble Bob Major is that method rung on eight bells.

Although very few persons could possibly be debarred from practising change-ringing by want of physical strength, a good deal of perseverance is necessary to become a proficient in the art. After acquiring the sleight of hand necessary to ring a bell in rounds, a fair amount of practice is also necessary to obtain the quickness of eye — called "rope-sight" — to work among the other ropes, in changes. While his hands and eyes are thus busily employed, the ringer must also listen to ascertain whether the swing of the bell is so regulated that it strikes at a proper interval after the one immediately preceding it. In ringing on eight bells the eight sounds are produced in about two seconds; a quarter of a second therefore elapses between the sounds of the consecutive bells; and as a variation of a quarter of this time is appreciable to a practised ringer, the error of the sixteenth part of a second would lead to jarring results. The hands, eyes, and ears must therefore be in constant unison during change-ringing; and as at the same time the mind must never be relaxed from the consideration of the "method by which the changes are produced," the mental and physical powers are kept in pretty active employment.

The fascination which this art has for its followers is shown by the fact that all the great performances in ringing have been undertaken solely for the honor accorded to such feats. When a peal of five thousand changes is attempted, it is considered of no account unless it is "true." The requirements are somewhat exacting. If the same change should occur twice, through an error of the composer, it is a "false" peal. The ringing must be completed without a stop or hitch; and as at any time during the three hours that will probably be occupied, a ringer may lose his way, and cause the others to be confused, a "jumble out" will probably ensue; the conductor may miss a "call," which is required to carry the changes to the length required, or may make one too many; a man may miss his rope and send his bell over the balance; or a rope may break. Thus until the last change of a peal is struck, it is never safe for the ringers to congratulate themselves upon its performance.

Nowadays long peals are only considered as feats when the same men — only one man to each bell — ring throughout the peal. When a peal of great length is attempted there is, therefore, cause to fear that at the last moment one of the men at the "heavy end," as the bells near the tenor are called, may knock up. For instance, in ringing according to Stedman's principle — a very complicated method, on eleven bells — the peal of 7,392 changes rung in 1848 in four hours and fifty-five minutes at St. Martin's, Birmingham, where the tenor bell weighs thirty-five hundredweight, continued the "longest on

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record" until 1851, when it was beaten by the College Youths, a very old-established London society of ringers, who rang 7,524 changes in five hours and twenty-four minutes at St. Giles', Cripplegate, where the tenor weighs thirty-six hundredweight. The Cumberland Youths, another old London society, thereupon tried to beat this performance by ringing 8,184 changes at St Michael's, Cornhill, the tenor of which ring weighs forty-one hundredweight. On the first occasion they "jumbled out" after ringing nearly six thousand changes; and at a subsequent attempt rang six hours and two minutes, but were then so knocked up that they could not finish the peal, and were compelled to stop when they had rung 7,746 changes. Now, although this was longer than the peal rung by the College Youths, it was an incomplete performance, not being continued until the bells returned to the order of rounds, which they would have done at the 8,184th change. The Cripplegate peal was at last beaten by a peal of 8,448 changes, rung in 1858, at Painswick in Gloucestershire. Although the tenor of the ring of twelve at Painswick only weighs twenty-eight hundredweight, the College Youths actually attempted to beat this length at St. Saviour's, Southwark, where the tenor weighs fifty-two hundredweight. They were, however, unsuccessful, as after ringing over eight thousand changes in six hours and a half, they got into a "jumble," and thus a most remarkable feat was lost, and considered of no account, when another half-hour would have completed a performance which might never have been excelled. In their next attempt the College Youths were more fortunate, as on April 27, 1861, they rang at St. Michael's, Cornhill, in six hours and forty-one minutes, a peal of 8,580 changes of Stedman's cinques, which still remains the longest length rung in this method on eleven bells.

The College and Cumberland Youths have long been worthy rivals in the different mysteries of change-ringing. While the former society dates its origin back to 1637, the latter claims its descent from an old society called the "London Scholars," whose origin, however, is lost in antiquity. The earliest known peal by the London Scholars is one of 5,040 changes, rung in 1717, on the ten bells which were then in the tower of St. Bride's, Fleet Street. This is said to have been the first five thousand ever rung on ten bells.

The rivalry between the societies of College and Cumberland Youths was at its greatest height in 1777. On January 20th, in that year, the Cumberlands rang 6,240 changes on the bells at St. Leonard's, Shoreditch. This was the longest which had been rung on ten bells by ten men only, and occupied four hours and thirty-four minutes. The tenor bell of St. Leonard's weighs thirty-one hundredweight; and as in ringing these 6,240 changes, the ringer would never be in a state of rest, as during nearly five hours he would cause a revolving plaything of over a ton and a half to make 6,240 revolutions, it might be supposed that no set of men could easily be found who would be desirous of gaining the empty honor of merely exceeding such a performance by so many more hours or minutes. This, however, was not the opinion of the College Youths, who, on February 18th, in the same year, on the same bells, completed a peal of 10,000 changes in seven hours and twenty-eight minutes. After this the Cumberlands evidently took a little preliminary training on the bells of Shoreditch, as on March 12th they rang 5,080 changes; on April 5th, 8,120 changes; and then on May 10th capped the College Youths' performance by a peal of 10,200 changes in seven hours and forty minutes. The non-university college men were, however, equal to the occasion, and nine days afterwards rang 11,080 changes at the same place in eight hours and two minutes; a performance so extraordinary, that the Cumberland Youths were fain to let it stand as the longest on record until 1784, when, on March 27th, they actually accomplished, at Shoreditch, 12,000 changes in nine hours and five minutes; which peal until this day remains the longest ever rung on ten bells, when all the bells are rung in the changes.

It might be thought that such prolonged physical and mental exertion would have a bad effect upon the performers; but, whether it is from the fact that only men of the strongest constitutions take a fancy for such exertion, or that the splendid exercise of ringing is, even when carried to such great excess, really productive of benefit, it yet remains a fact that ringers are noted for the great ages to which some of them live to take part in their favorite exercise. As an instance of longevity, the case of Thomas Barham is especially noteworthy. This man was a gardener at Leeds, in Kent, was passionately fond of ringing, and during his lifetime rang in considerably over one hundred peals, each of five thousand changes and upwards. He was born in 1725, and

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died in 1818, aged ninety-three years. At that time, in ringing long peals it was not regarded as a strict rule that there should be no relief to the performers, or that, as now, each bell should be rung throughout the peal by the same man; consequently there does not seem to have been any ordinary limit to the aspirations of the ringers of those days.

About 1750, Barham and his companions were endeavoring to achieve the extent of the changes on eight bells (40,320 changes), any man who was fatigued being relieved by some other ringer. In one of these attempts, on Monday, March 31, 1755, they commenced ringing at two o'clock in the afternoon, and rang until six o'clock on the Tuesday morning, when the sixth bell-clapper broke, after they had rung 24,800 changes. In this attempt, Barham rang the seventh bell for fourteen hours and forty-four minutes before he required to be relieved. On March 23, 1761, they again attempted it, but had the misfortune to overturn a bell after ringing seventeen thousand changes; but on April 7th and 8th in the same year, they are said to have accomplished the 40,320 changes in twenty-seven hours, the eight bells being manned at different times by fourteen men.

The most remarkable of the records which Barham left behind him were perhaps the "Veteran" peals in which he took part. When fifty-five years of age, he rang in a peal of 5,040 changes of Bob Major, occupying three hours and thirteen minutes, when the average age of the eight performers was sixty-one years. In another peal which occupied three hours and twelve minutes, the ages of the performers were 82, 70, 77, 65, 70, 65, 67, and 86; making an average of nearly seventy-three years. Barham also rang in peals occupying over three hours, when eighty-four and eighty-eight years of age. In Barham's case, it is thus fully shewn that the extraordinary performances he took part in did not in any way tend to disable him in his old age. Southey, in his "Doctor," mentions a peal of Bob Major rung at Aston Church, near Birmingham, in the year 1796 — but really in 1789 — when eight men, some of whom he mentions were under twenty years of age, rang 14,224 changes in eight hours and forty-five minutes. This, Southey remarks, "was the longest peal ever rung in that part of the country or anywhere else." Certainly it was a very clever performance, considering that the tenor of the ring weighs twenty-one hundredweight; but it was really surpassed by a rival band of ringers, who rang at the same church on October 1, 1793, a peal of 15,360 changes of Bob Major in nine hours and thirty-one minutes. This continued the greatest number of changes rung single-handed until 1868, when the College Youths rang 15,840 changes in nine hours and twelve minutes at St. Matthew's, Bethnal Green. The tenor, however, at Bethnal Green is very much lighter than that of the Aston peal, and the latter still remains the longest length rung with such a heavy tenor, and in point of time exceeds the Bethnal Green performance by nineteen minutes.

So little is known about bell-ringing, that erroneous illustrations are prepared by even the best of our illustrated papers, at Christmas-time, and not a little faulty information regarding the *modus operandi* is added. Very few persons seem to be aware that many matters of practical and scientific interest are to be found in the almost unknown art of change-ringing.

From The Spectator.

OUR IRRESPONSIBLE AMBASSADORS.

WE wish it were possible to bring home to the proprietors of English journals the responsibility now falling on them for the selection and guidance of their foreign correspondents. Day by day, almost hour by hour, the importance of these agents increases, while we see no increase either in their ability or their habit of self-restraint. The position of Englishmen in respect to the control of their foreign policy is just now very perplexing, not to say disheartening. They have abandoned to an immense extent the old practice of leaving politics to a few experts and the responsible chiefs of the two great parties. They have not adopted the American practice of leaving the ultimate decision almost entirely to the president, and following his lead as if it were that of the people,—a policy which saved them from war in the Mason and Slidell case. Nor have they quite accepted the democratic idea — never, that we know of, acted on anywhere — that they should themselves directly regulate their own foreign affairs, as they do, for example, their taxation. The power of the House of Commons is now too great in England and the sway of the constituencies over the House too permanent for any of these courses, and a middle plan has been adopted which has most serious disadvantages. The official

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opposition leaves foreign questions almost exclusively to the government, fearing to embarrass negotiation, but the people of both parties continually and determinedly press on them immature or ignorant ideas of their own. As Sir Stafford Northcote hinted on Saturday, government is told how to dot its "i's" and cross its "t's," till the transaction of delicate business becomes nearly impossible. Irresponsible members on both sides, sometimes with considerable groups behind them, rise to question, to urge, to worry, till but for the respect still paid to stereotyped declarations about the public interest in secrecy, the Cabinet could hardly move at all, and is perpetually obliged to consult opinions which are not its own. The fleet, for example, is moved quite as much to conciliate support as to carry out a policy. This tendency has, of course, enormously increased the power of the unofficial ambassadors, who now report daily and publicly to the people. Owing to circumstances of which we have occasionally spoken, the press in London is becoming a separate and very extraordinary institution, quite unlike any other existing in the world. No press, strictly speaking, has grown up in this vast capital, but five or six journals, controlled and for the most part guided by an excessively limited number of persons — certainly not a full score — have attained an unequalled development. For their purposes, they have unlimited means, they spend them very freely, and they protect themselves effectually from dangerous competition. They are, as far as regards foreign politics, the public opinion of London. Their agents in foreign capitals are almost as well known as the ministers of smaller states, and for certain purposes and in certain crises are much more important. Governments, embassies, leaders of parties study them, make use of them, and we are afraid very often deceive them; and the reports they send home are studied occasionally with passionate interest by a whole people. They do not, it is true, quite control opinion. Readers wait to see whether responsible Parliamentary leaders will confirm their statements, or deny them, as entirely or partially inaccurate. They exercise, however, a powerful initative in forming public opinion, they always catch the public ear first; and if they are incapable, or fanatic, or dishonest, they can do an infinity of mischief, more especially when they happen to differ with the government as to the importance of an incident. Then they raise the suspicion that government is yielding, and create an angry condition of opinion which renders it most difficult, sometimes almost impossible, for government to act freely. Take, for instance, the melancholy case of the embarkation of the Russian guard at Buyukdere.

One correspondent believed, or was told, or assumed a belief, that this embarcation was preliminary to one of the most astounding acts of treason on record,— the seizure by a power which had just signed a treaty, of forts belonging to its submissive adversary, which, if occupied, would secure advantages equivalent to the occupation of the capital. Instantly a whole country is in commotion, the funds recede, and there is a general expectation of war. So powerful is the impact of such a statement, that but for its prompt denial by other correspondents, it might have been impossible to prevent resolutions which would have rendered war inevitable. It is not too much to say that if four or five correspondents had combined, the policy of half the statesmen of Europe might have been overturned, and the world once more visited with that most grave of calamities, a European war without a defined object. It is difficult to exaggerate the influence of men in such a position, or the importance which attaches to their careful selection and their guidance, and the country has no guarantee for either,— for their ability, for their information, or even for their good-faith. They may be in the hands of parties, may be men with a habit of credulity, may even be men with personal and private ends of their own at variance with their reporting duty. There is not the slightest security for them, while they can affect the whole world. It is, we believe, strictly true to say that for ten years the whole position of this great country has been affected by the letters forwarded home by the *Times'* American correspondent during the Civil War, — letters written by a man whose good intentions were never suspected, but who sympathized so far with the South, or with English sympathy with the South, that he could not see which way the struggle would go, or what its inner meanings were. To the lasting injury of the country, therefore, the *Times* went Southern and with it the whole upper and middle class. We confess, recollecting that incident, and perceiving, as we perceive day by day, how under a Tory government the democratic influence over foreign policy increases, we cannot look around us with any feeling of reassurance. The popular Foreign Office seems to us most indiffer-

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ently served. There are men of great ability in it, and men of great information, but the total effect of their work is not to instruct, not to supply grounds to the people for a judicial decision. We rarely, if ever, see a letter the visible intention of which is to pour white light upon the facts. Half, at least, of the intelligence from Constantinople, to begin with, is deceptive, the mere reflection of the opinions of men who either report the idlest rumors, or are deliberately deceptive, or, as their rivals affirm, think accuracy nothing in comparison with particular political ends. No doubt that is true occasionally, and in great crises, of State envoys also. The legations do not always believe each other, even to the extent of accepting as accurate positive statements of fact. Prince Bismarck has just stated publicly that in 1866 he did not believe one word any Austrian diplomatist said to him. But then the diplomatists know one another; they are trained to discount what they hear; they are suspicious by habit, and by a tradition still fearfully effective. The people are not. They have no means of knowing who is reporting to them; their tradition is to believe, not to suspect, and they are, like every other mass of persons, almost incurably credulous. The necessity for protecting them, therefore, is as great as the necessity for protecting children, or rather, for protecting the blind. It seems to us positively as shameful to allow a correspondent invested with powers like these to deceive the public, even through wholly unconscious defects of character, as to teach a blind man's dog to lead his master astray. The slightest approach to a doubtful statement on important affairs ought to be visited by the conductors of the journals as a breach of duty to the work, a high moral offence, a sort of treason to the country, which, after all, pays the popular envoys, as directly as it pays the members of the legations.

It is so nearly impossible for outsiders to know who is to blame for false reports, that we carefully abstain from pointing our remarks by individual references. Hardly any correspondent in Europe would decline to forward a statement which he wished to believe, and which his ambassador clearly trusted, and very few indeed would fail to be greatly impressed with the views poured into them by really important personages. The division of responsibility between informant and correspondent is almost too subtle for analysis; and the responsibility of the editor, though it exists, is not yet fully acknowledged. But we have no hesitation whatever in saying that in the face of the new standing obtained by foreign correspondents, the new influence they are obtaining over policy, and the new relations they are assuming towards all foreign governments, the anonymous ought to disappear. Ambassadors misunderstand and misrepresent, and occasionally, it is asserted, make deliberate mistatements, but at least they put their names to them. We know who they are, we know what their careers have been, and we can insist on holding their chiefs responsible for their assertions. If Mr. Layard recklessly credits stories of Mr. Gladstone, or Count Beust is eloquent on Austria's devotion to England, or Count Schouvadoff declares that his government wants nothing in this world, we know exactly who the speaker is, what he desires, and how far it is probable that he is acting under orders. In the case of the popular ambassador, we do not know even this much, have no means of deciding whether the man who says the Russians have eaten British babies, or the man who says English babies are always Russian pets, is the more likely to know, or the more worthy to be trusted. That is an unsafe position, and until it is altered, all readers ought to load with responsibility the conductors of journals whose correspondents make serious statements discovered afterwards to be false.

From The Spectator.

THE LOSS OF THE "EURYDICE."

THERE is reason for sorrow at the loss oi the "Eurydice," the beautiful ship, and the trained officers, and the three hundred men or more, so young and so hopeful, for the loss is as great as the misery inflicted, and both are very great. And it is difficult not to be shocked as well as sorrowful at such an illustration of the irony occasionally discernible in the ways of Providence, all in the ship being condemned to a dreadful death in the very hour, so to speak, of success, when she had completed her voyage and returned home, and arrived almost in sight of port, and all on board were full of expectation and cheerfulness, and even glee; one promising officer, for instance, was hurrying to meet his young wife, married to him but a twelvemonth before, under circumstances that promised both a long lease of

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happiness. We can see, however, no reason for irritation, either with the Admiralty, or the builder of the ship, or the captain of the vessel, though the latter was doubtless actually responsible. Rather, the loss of the "Eurydice" appears to us one of those cases which should teach the public with a certain sternness that in this world arrangements cannot be made perfect; that we may strive as we like for an ideal of efficiency, but that after all, all we can obtain is a rough approximation. That disturbing cause, that unforeseen but irresistible factor which we call Providence, and some call chance, can never be completely provided against, more especially when one of the agents to be controlled is anything so uncontrollable as the human mind. There never was an accident which ought so little to have happened. The "Eurydice," by the testimony of all experts, was an excellent vessel, trusted by all on board, which had just made a voyage to the West Indies, and which, so far as appears, had not a weak spar or a frayed rope on board. She was, as a training-ship, over-manned, if anything, with men whose training was just completed, and in the very prime of their health and their efficieney. Her officers were all of them picked men, one or two of them likely to become among the best in the service; and her captain, Captain Marcus Hare, had the best of characters in the navy. He was on deck, attending to his duty, and during the few moments between the catastrophe and his death gave his orders coolly, courageously, and as the evidence would indicate, wisely also. There is a hint in the evidence that the water carried on board had been used to supplement deficient ballast, and that the tanks had not been carefully refilled as they were emptied, a dangerous practice, both because it lightens the ship too fast, and unequally, and because, if the vessel once loses her equilibrium, the remaining full tanks roll with the weight of cannon, and especially dangerous to the "Eurydice," which was remarkable in the navy for the amount of sail she could spread; but with this exception, there was nothing about the ship to suggest or account for her fate. That the captain was at the last moment slightly careless or over-confident is probably true. The barometer had been falling for some hours, all the ports of the ship were open, as, with such a condition of the mercury, they ought not to have been; and the ship was carrying, for such weather as science indicated, far too much sail. The probability is that the captain, joyous at the notion of getting home, elated with the bright, cold weather — first of luxuries to a man just returning from the tropics — and the sun, which shone brightly just before and just after the squall, and with his destination almost in sight, had been careless in consulting the glass, or expected a mere snow-storm, or thought Spithead too near for precautions, and in that carelessness of an hour was his own and his vessel's doom. The mental failure for which no orders or precautions can provide had supervened, and the Admiralty and its jealous care were as powerless as the ship herself. The squall, coming down Luccombe Chine as through a funnel, struck the "Eurydice," and as Wilson sang,—

Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast —
Hush, hush, thou vain dreamer! this hour is her last.
Five hundred souls in one instant of dread
Are hurried o'er the deck;
And fast the miserable ship
Becomes a lifeless wreck.

. . . .

Oh! many a dream was in the ship
An hour before her death;
And sights of home with sighs disturbed
The sleepers' long-drawn breath.
Instead of the murmur of the sea
The sailor heard the humming tree,
Alive through all its leaves,
The hum of the spreading sycamore
That grows before his cottage-door,
And the swallow's song in the eaves.
His arm enclosed a blooming boy,
Who listened with tears of sorrow and joy
To the dangers his father had passed;
And his wife — by turns she wept and smiled,
As she looked on the father of her child
Returned to her heart at last.
He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
And the rush of waters is in his soul.
Astounded the reeling deck he paces,
Mid hurrying forms and ghastly faces.

What possible fever of anxiety on the part of the Admiralty, what multiplication of orders, what energy in fitting ships can prevent such an accident as that? The captain had barometers enough. He knew what his ship could do. He knew what sail she was carrying, for he was trying to lessen it when the "Eurydice" capsized; and he had an excellent crew; and still, because of an inattention, a miscalculation, an emotion of eagerness, usually as unimportant as a passing thought, he and his men went down as hopelessly in the snow-storm as if they had been struck by a typhoon in the China Seas. The force of a squall of this kind, its direct impact,

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is almost inconceivable to those who have not witnessed it. The writer was once in the Red Sea during an incident of the kind. The day was apparently quite fine, when a squall coming from the east, through the aperture between Sinai and Horeb, struck the giant steamer, and though she was of more than three thousand tons, and moving at ten miles an hour, she was thrown on her side, and but for the immense momentum from her engines would have been utterly lost. We have somewhere also, but cannot find, an account of a squall which struck a railway train in New Jersey, and though it was moving, as the drivers declared, at twenty miles an hour, blew it from the rails, a feat which seems, of all incidents that ever occurred through the agency of wind alone — as a rule, when heavy bodies are lifted and deposited far off, there is water, with its unyielding pressure, to help — to be the most impossible. There is practically no one to blame, and no conceivable human method of preventing such catastrophes entirely. There is no substitute for the human mind, and no plan of making the human mind equally efficient, cautious, and decided at all seasons and under all circumstances. Captain Hare's mistake may have been the most accidental thing in the world, and of all human beings he had most to protect him from making it.

It is just the same in all human affairs, and the law is just as often forgotten. In the storm of comment which the modern critical spirit flings upon all occurrences, we forget the limitations of our powers. Make what laws we will, and occasionally they will be harsh, and often inapplicable. Construct what tribunals we will, and the judge will now and again be prejudiced, or tired, or sleepy, the leading juryman stupid, or the counsel forgetful of his duty. Relax punishment as you will, and sometimes it will fall too heavily, or fall upon the innocent. Abolish the penalty of death, and the sentence may kill as certainly as the guillotine; graduate sentences to imbecility, and no two inflicted for the same crime will ever fall with equal weight; elaborate trials till human patience is overborne, and still perjury will sometimes be successful. All that human beings can obtain by the most unrelaxing effort, and patience, and attention to duty is an approximation to justice, which to beings a little higher, who can see facts, but not motives, must often appear a mockery of fair play. It is a limit put upon us by nature or by God, and we shall not get past it. Arthur Helps was not always profound, but it was a profound thought of his that if the object of the arrangements of the universe was to make man happy, he would have been gifted with at least five minutes' foresight. He will never get one minute, and if he had it, the limit would be but imperceptibly pushed back. Sir Arthur Helps's minute would not have saved the "Eurydice" or her crew.

We have often wished exceedingly that this notion of the occasional necessity of accepting an approximation to the ideal could be made to take a stronger hold in the popular mind. It would create much content, and would prevent much shiftiness in our politics. It is quite hopeless to expect that a reform, or a new constitution, or a war can produce, or be made to produce, all the results expected from them, — as hopeless as to look for an Admiralty whose ships will never be lost. The influence of mind must enter into every human concern, and where mind is present, the mathematical ideal cannot reasonably be hoped for. Some one will always err, whether from incapacity, or vice, or negligence, and the error upsets often half the calculation. All that the politician can do is to fix principles as accurately as possible, to select the best men he can get, to furnish all necessary means, and then to await the result as confidently or as submissively as he can. At the last moment, all his precautions may fail, or his whole plan be overthrown, by a squall as sudden and as unexpected as that which proved fatal to the unfortunate "Eurydice."

From The Spectator.

THE DOMESTIC SPHINX.

COMPARED to a cat, a dog is a very simple and transparent creature. Sometimes, indeed, he is guilty of acts of deception and hypocrisy, but they are crude and ingenuous compared to the unfathomable wiles of a cat. Mr. North's dog, for instance, who ate the pigeon out of the pie and stuffed up the hole with Mr. North's ink-sponge, was not an adept in the art of theft; and a fox-terrier with whom the present writer enjoys the intimacy of a common household has disgraced herself this last week by what was, to all intents and purposes, a lie, when a little more astuteness would have shown her the futility of falsehood, in the face of an *alibi*. She had been tearing up paper and strew-

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ing it about the floor, with fine literary freedom, when the servant whose duty it was to clean the carpet asked her, with magisterial severity, "*Who* tore those letters?" The culprit looked at first terribly abashed, and hung her head and tail in expectation of chastisement, till her mistress, as a trial, observed, "I wonder did Gyp do it?" (Gyp being the offender's usual companion and fellow-sinner, but as it chanced, two hundred miles off at the moment.) Instantly the perfidious little wretch perceived a way of escape from the penalty of her own misdeeds, by throwing the blame on her friend, and looking up briskly, shook her tail frantically, and almost nodded, "You are right. It was that wicked Gyp! As for me, I am quite incapable of touching a piece of paper."

It is as useless for a dog to attempt these deceptions as for a good honest Englishman to profit by the counsels of Macchiavelli. But the case is quite different with a cat. She is a domestic sphinx, — whose countenance is solemn as that of her stony prototype who has gazed for sixty centuries over the field of death at Ghiza, and whose tail is not, as George Eliot describes the tail of a dog, a "vehicle for the emotions," and never betrays her, except in the case of leonine rage. No philosopher, we are persuaded, ever yet got to the bottom of a cat's mind. She is a *bête incomprise*, for good and for evil. No one fathoms her implacable resentments, her deep, unspoken suspicions of her enemies, or her unalterable confidence and gratitude towards her friends. Few people attempt to study her; she is rarely even given a name (unless it be the *banale* and meaningless everlasting "Minnie"), but is spoken of, like a poor workhouse orphan by her surname, as "the cat," — or in the vocative, "Puss," — and treated a little better by one, a little worse by another, but rarely watched with any attention or sympathy, such as many of us bestow on our dogs. Yet there must be something really profound in a cat's feelings, since there are numberless instances on record where they have perished and died for grief at the loss of their masters or mistresses; and the following, which occurred last week, affords touching proof of a sentiment still more rare in any animal, — pure friendship. A correspondent writes to us: —

Colonel C——'s little black-and-tan pet dog "Flo" died last Monday morning about three o'clock. He had had her many years, and she had long had an internal complaint. She was a dear, little, affectionate, intelligent creature, and had always been treated as kindly as a child. He buried her in his garden, and over her little grave his housekeeper's children shed many tears. Yesterday I heard from him as follows: "Another of my domestic pets was an old black cat, which came to me a kitten years ago, a few weeks before I brought 'Flo' from Oxford. They grew up together, and were very fond of each other, eating from the same plate and drinking from the same glass. I have often seen them stand side by side before my fire, and occasionally put their mouths together, as though they were absolutely kissing. Well, the poor old cat seemed very miserable all day yesterday (that is, Monday, the day on which 'Flo' had died early in the morning), and we could not induce her to eat. She could not be found last night when the house was closed, but as this occasionally happened, not much was thought of it. This morning she was found stiff and cold, stretched out by the side of 'Flo's' grave! I could not have believed it, if I had not seen it with my own eyes. Whether it is only a coincidence, I will not pretend to say, but I would rather believe that the poor animal died from grief at the loss of her old friend. But if so, how did she know that 'Flo' was dead? Such a fact as this leads to strange thoughts, or what would be called strange, by those who can see in these creatures 'only a dog' or 'only a cat.'"

When we reflect on the amount of thought and tenderness of sentiment which this story reveals, does it not seem as if, in our usual treatment of cats, we must be stupidly ignoring something very wonderful and beautiful, close beside us all day long?

A more painful impression is the remembrance that on creatures like this have been heaped for ages back every sort of cruel treatment by thoughtless people, — by brutal boys, or wretches like the one convicted last week of skinning a cat alive; and, last and worst of all, by vivisectors, of whom one in London avowed to the Royal Commission that he had destroyed *ninety* poor animals in one series of painful experiments. Mere carelessness causes annually at the end of every London season the misery of multitudes of cats, left to starve when the owners of their homes go out of town. As a cat has proverbially "nine lives," and survives the most terrible hardships, the sufferings of many of them from this cause must be shockingly prolonged. A friend has described to us the case of a poor puss, which, in its starvation, poked its head through the bars of a cellar window, and being unable to withdraw it, remained in the trap for many days and nights, of course without food or water. At last somebody took heed of its moans,

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and a blacksmith was sent for to loosen the bars. The cat obviously comprehended perfectly what was being done for her release, and when at last set free, literally leaped on the neck of a friendly cook, and expressed her gratitude and joy by such demonstrations as fairly drew tears from the witnesses of the little scene.

A century or two ago, the destiny of cats — especially of black ones, or of such as belonged to poor lonely old women who could possibly be suspected of witchcraft — was wretched and perilous indeed. No notion of mercy towards them seems to have occurred to anybody, even to men exercising judicial functions. We read that a woman was burnt alive in France for murdering some babies, and the mode of the execution was that she was put in a cage with *fourteen cats* over a fire, so that the animals in their agony should tear her while burning. Another story equally horrible appears, without a word of comment or reprobation, in a familiar letter of just two hundred years ago, in the Hatton correspondence. The writer describes a pageant of the period, performed in London in commemoration of the coronation of Queen Elizabeth. "There were," he says, "mighty bonfires, and the burning of a most costly pope, carried by four persons, and the effigies of two 'divells.'" The interior of the "pope" was filled with live cats, who "squalled most hideously as soon as they felt the fire," the people making the joke that it was the language of the pope and the devils!

Such were the amusements of that age to which a great living man of science looks back with sighs of regret, because people were not so "softly nurtured" then as we are now; and Queen Victoria only sends for artists to paint her animals, — unlike her predecessor, James I., who sent for physiologists to cut them up alive.

Holy Basil. — Dr. George Birdwood writes thus in the *Academy*: "The most sacred plant in the whole indigenous *materia medica* of India is the *tulsi*, or holy basil (*Ocymum sanctum*), sacred to Krishna, and called after the nymph Tulasi, beloved of Krishna, and turned by him into this graceful and most fragrant plant. She is, indeed, the Hindu Daphne. The plant is also sacred to Vishnu, whose followers wear necklaces and carry rosaries (used for counting the number of recitations of their deity's name), made of its stalks and roots. For its double sanctity it is reared in every Hindu house, where it is daily watered and worshipped by all the members of the household. No doubt also it was on account of its virtues in disinfecting and vivifying malarious air that it first became inseparable from Hindu houses in India as the protecting spirit or lar of the family. In the Deccan villages the fair Brahminee mother may be seen early every morning, after having first ground the corn for the day's bread, and performed her simple toilet, walking with glad steps and waving hands round and round the pot of holy basil planted on the four-horned altar built up before each house, invoking the blessings of Heaven on her husband and his children — praying, that is, for less carbonic acid, and ever more and more oxygen. The scene always carries one back in mind to the life of ancient Greece, which so often is found to still live in India, and is a perfect study at once in religion, in science, and in art."

"Survival of the Fittest." — The *Medical Examiner* has given an amusing illustration of Darwin's theory of "the survival of the fittest" in the expulsion of physicians from various parts of London. Darwin has pointed out not only that the strongest of the same species survive and develop, but that the stronger species has a tendency to destroy or drive away the weaker. At the West End of London the fashionable physicians have been gradually but ignominiously expelled from certain quarters by the not less fashionable tailors. Forty years ago Conduit Street was occupied by Sir Astley Cooper, and a few years later Dr. Elliotson and several other celebrities were to be consulted in that street, but the tailors gradually invaded the regions of Æsculapius, and now there is not a doctor in the street. The profession retired into George Street and Maddox Street, but the knights of the needle and thread have already invaded these streets, and the doctors are rapidly declining. Brook Street has been attacked, but still has an air of professional respectability. Grosvenor Street at present remains inviolate; but that portion of the medical profession which withdrew across Oxford Street to the more inaccessible regions adjoining Cavendish Square has been assailed, and Wimpole Street is now occupied by three hostile forces. Harley Street for the nonce is unpolluted, but we understand that the eminent ex-prime minister, who resides in that street, is "keeping his mind open" as to the possibility of the present occupants being driven "bag and baggage" out of the district. The territorial position of the leading consultants appears to be very precarious.

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WHEN WE WERE CHILDREN.

HAVE you forgotten, little wife,
Our far-off childhood's golden life?
Our splendid castles on the sands,
The boat I made with my own hands,

The rain that caught us in the wood,
The cakes we had when we were good,
The doll I broke and made you cry,
When we were children, you and I?

Have you forgotten, little wife,
The dawning of that other life?
The strange new light the whole world wore,
When life love's perfect blossom bore?

The dreams we had, the songs we made,
The sunshine, and the woven shade,
The tears of many a sad good-bye,
When we were parted, you and I?

Ah, nay! your loving heart, I know,
Remembers still the long-ago;
It is the light of childhood's days
That shines through all your winning ways.

God grant we ne'er forget our youth,
Its innocence, and faith, and truth;
The smiles, the tears, and hopes gone by,
When we were children, you and I.

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

Cassell's Magazine.

IRISH SONG.

ON Innisfallen's fairy isle,
Amid the blooming bushes,
We leant upon the lovers' stile,
And listened to the thrushes;
When first I sighed to see her smile,
And smiled to see her blushes.

Her hair was bright as beaten gold,
And soft as spider's spinning,
Her cheek outbloomed the apple old
That set our parents sinning,
And in her eyes you might behold
My joys and griefs beginning.

In Innisfallen's fairy grove
I hushed my happy wooing,
To listen to the brooding dove
Amid the branches cooing;
But oh! how short those hours of love,
How long their bitter rueing!

Poor cushat! thy complaining breast
With woe like mine is heaving.
With thee I mourn a fruitless quest;
For ah! with art deceiving
The cuckoo-bird has robbed my nest,
And left me wildly grieving.

THE AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF KILLARNEY."

Spectator.

LOVE'S CALENDAR.

A YOUNG year's freshness in the air,
A spring-tide color to the wood;
The flowers in spring-time most are fair,
And life in spring-time most is good;
For why? — I will not let you hear
Until the summer is a-near.

A summer all of burning lights
With crimson roses, passion red,
And moonlight for the hot, white nights,
And jasmine flowers, sweet, dew-fed.
Why has each rose a double scent?
You may divine when it is spent.

Autumn with shining yellow sheaves,
And garnered fruit; and half regret
To watch the dreary falling leaves
And eaden skies above them set;
And wny e'en autumn can seem dear
Perchance you'll guess, when winter's here.

Winter, in wide, snow-covered plains,
And drifting sleet, and piercing wind,
That chills the blood within our veins,
But our warm hearts can never find —
Ah, little love, you guess, I know,
What warms our hearts in spite of snow.

Argosy. E. NESBIT.

"LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT." *

DUC, alma Lux, circumstat umbra mundi,
Duc, alma Lux;
Est atra nox, mei jam vagabundi
Sis ergo dux:
Serva pedes, — non cupio longinqua
Videre; satis semita propinqua.

Non semper eram, ut nunc, doctus precari
Ductorem te, —
Magis me exploratorem gloriari:
Duc tamen me.
Præclara amabam, neque expers timorum
Regebam me: sis immemor actorum.

Tam diu præsens adfuit vocanti
Divina vox.
Sic erit vel per ima dubitanti
Dum fugit nox,
Et manè lucent nitidæ figuræ,
Notæ per annos, paullulum obscuræ.

Translated at sea, December, 1877. C. S. O.

Spectator.

* This bold attempt to render Dr. Newman's hymn in rhymed Latin stanzas, of the same number and the same number of lines as in the English original, is sent home to the translator's friends as the recreation of nights at sea by an English scholar on his way to the antipodes. Any old Oxford friends who may recognize the initials will feel the point and pathos added by the fact that news of the unlooked-for loss of a truly "*nitida figura, nota per annos*," which has darkened his home since he left it, is following him round the world. — J. O.

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From The Nineteenth Century.

RUSSIA AND INDIA.

THE supposed danger to our possession of India from the advance of Russia has now become an article of faith with a great many of our countrymen. Even that large proportion of them whose interest in Indian affairs is of such a vague sort that they would be puzzled to say in which hemisphere India is situated, and with whom central Asia is a geographical expression conveying no definite idea — even this class may be credited with a very real anxiety on the point. It must be admitted, moreover, that the sentiment is not confined to the ignorant, for many of those who are best informed on Asian affairs hold a strong opinion on the same side. Among Anglo-Indians themselves the alarmists would appear to be just now in a decided majority, and as they are presumably better acquainted with the subject than their fellow-countrymen at home, it may be thought that this fact affords a presumption for the reasonableness of the notion. But it must be remembered that India is a very dull country, and life there exceedingly monotonous, and in the absence of the forms of excitement available at home, frontier politics are naturally welcomed as some sort of substitute; nor should it be surprising if, in a society in which the military element largely predominates, the development of a state of feeling which would be likely to result in a spirited foreign policy should be regarded with toleration. On the other hand there are not wanting those who have access to the same facts whereon to form an opinion, who hold that our supremacy in India has nothing to fear from any attacks made against it in that quarter, even should they ever be attempted, and that, whatever cause England may have for jealousy of Russia in Europe, there is no real cause for alarm from her advances towards the East. The upholders of this view, it must be admitted, would probably be found in a minority, especially at the present time. But in order to arrive at a just verdict on the issue, it may be useful, instead of counting heads, to try and form a proper estimate of the real merits of the case.

The argument of the alarmists may be stated in a very few words. Russia is advancing by rapid strides in her dominion over the various countries of central Asia. The territories she has annexed so far are barren, profitless conquests; they can therefore only be a means to an end, which again can be nothing else but our Indian possessions, the rich goal to be reached after her long and weary pilgrimage. And what we have to expect is a repetition, some day or other, of what has happened already so often in the history of India, an invasion from the north-west frontier, with the object that has been so often achieved before, the conquest and permanent occupation of the country by the hardy and warlike races of central Asia. And the question which exercises a great many minds is, when and where shall we oppose ourselves to check and baffle this dangerous movement? Indeed opinions differ more about the best mode of meeting the danger than about the existence of the danger. Some are for awaiting the enemy within our frontier, and catching him as he debouches from the mountains; others denounce this as bad strategy, and would anticipate the invasion by going to meet the enemy beyond the frontier and occupying ourselves the strong ground which now intervenes between us. But by both sides the reality of the danger has been taken for granted.

In endeavoring to weigh properly the evidence for and against this notion, it must be admitted in the first place, in favor of the alarmist view, that the defence sometimes attempted to be set up in justification of Russian progress, from the supposed analogy of our own gradual occupation of India, fails under examination. The conquest of central Asia by Russia has resembled the conquest of India by the English in only the most superficial way. In our case this advance became a political necessity from the first day of our entering on the field of Indian politics, although the fact was not clearly discerned except by a few statesmen whose views were in advance of their times. Our frontier could never be secure till the natural frontier was reached of the Himalaya and the sea. And it was far more costly to

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guard our territories against the attacks of neighboring states than to occupy those states with our own troops, and extend the state of peace and settled government still further and further. At whatever point we halted in our advance, a fresh line confronted us of dangerous and hostile frontier, involving the need of large garrisons maintained in a state of constant watchfulness. On this account the policy of Lord Wellesley was essentially a policy of peace. He would have made internal wars impossible in India by occupying the whole country with British garrisons. And so the annexation of the Punjab was eminently conducive to peace, by transforming a warlike and dangerous neighbor, who needed that a large armament should be kept up to watch him, into a peaceful subject, and adding to the general revenues without increasing the charge of government. For this reason the ultimate extension of British dominion over the whole of India has been inevitable from the first. But no necessity on military or financial grounds impels Russia to advance. The petty states of central Asia, as each in succession finds itself her neighbor, offer her no threats, but, like the shipwrecked voyagers in the cave of Polyphemus, await trembling their turn for being swallowed up. But although Russia is not impelled to this continued advance by the needs of the military and financial situation, and, as some think, loses much more than she gains in both ways with every step she takes, not the less is her progress the result of necessity, but necessity rather of a moral than a material kind, and which must always arise whenever an organized government comes into contact with barbarous or uncivilized peoples. Between states thus differently constituted peace and good fellowship are, from the nature of the case, impossible; sooner or later cause of offence is given to the more civilized power, and the quarrel once set up is followed by one inevitable result. Even had it been against their interest instead of to their advantage to do so, the English would assuredly have established their supremacy throughout India in the long run, after they once made a beginning by occupying a portion of the country; and it is reasonable to believe that when once the Russians began to establish themselves in central Asia, their dominion must equally have gone on extending even if there had been no India at the end of the goal.

Yes, it may be replied, but then it so happens that India does lie at the end of the goal, which makes all the difference. True, but there is one consideration which, when the matter is discussed, seems usually to be left altogether out of sight. We are apt to forget, or rather we omit to note, how much the military position of Russia is weakened, how much less formidable she becomes, the further she advances to the east. We hear a great deal about her establishing a base at every point of conquest, from which to make the next advance, but in reality this merely means that a very long line is getting still longer and consequently weaker. So much has been said lately about the use of employing a large map when dealing with this subject, that probably a juster notion than was formerly prevalent now obtains of the enormous distances involved; but no map gives a complete view of the difficulties involved in maintaining a base of operations along the line in question, by reason of the physical obstacles to be encountered — the deserts, the mountains, the villanous climate, and the want of population. We are told, indeed, that it is only eight hundred miles, as the crow flies, from the Caspian to Tashkend, and five hundred more, bating deserts, from Tashkend to Merv, a fertile district where food is grown sufficient for an army; and Merv again being less than three hundred miles from Herat, while Herat is only six hundred from Peshawur, may be said to be next door to India. This insistence on the value of Merv, by the way, which is a very noticeable feature in the arguments referred to, is merely to say that food is to be got at some point of the line; if the whole country to be traversed were as devoid of resources as the greater part, then there would be an end of the matter — no army, small or large, could make use of it. But what the greater part is like any one can judge for himself by the accounts contained in such books as

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Burnes's "Bokhara," Wood's "Journey to the Oxus," Vambéry's "Travels," Schuyler's "Turkestan," and Burnaby's "Ride to Khiva." The two last-named works moreover bring out very clearly the fact that the Russian military establishments in these parts are so far on a very small scale, sufficient for their purpose of subduing the petty rulers of these regions, but utterly insignificant as a means for meeting on equal terms the military power of India, and that even these small establishments are maintained with difficulty in so poor a country.

Not a bad way of viewing the case is to put ourselves in the place of Russia, and discuss the feasibility of an advance in force towards the same regions. Kurrachee is less than a month's sail from England, over tranquil seas; so that this part of the distance is practically annihilated. From Kurrachee there will shortly be a railway up the Indus, from which it is only two hundred miles to Quettah, and Quettah again is only six hundred miles from Merv, where a British army would find abundant supplies. What therefore could be easier than an undertaking of this sort? Now at Merv we should be much nearer our base of operations than Russia would be to hers, and able to bring an overwhelming superiority of force. Yet we all know very well how such a scheme would be received by even the most pronounced advocates for anticipating Russian designs by a spirited policy. An advance to a point so distant from our base would be pronounced in the last degree foolhardy and rash, and on the score of expense alone beyond the range of practical consideration; and this by men who speak as if Russia had only to place a gunboat or two on the Caspian, or to lay down a railway over the steppes — a line which the climate will render extremely difficult to keep open in winter — to be master of the situation. We should be told, too, of the hostility that such an advance would excite among the various peoples whose territories we had to occupy; but is it not obvious that this enmity has already been incurred by Russia over a broad region of central Asia? With these races the power which brings them under subjection is of course their natural enemy; the one that holds aloof their natural ally. Heaven forbid that we should ever be compelled to act in alliance with such ruffians, to employ whom in war would be only one degree less revolting than to use Red Indians; still the fact remains that England need only hold up her hand to raise all central Asia upon Russia.

A good deal has been said about the supposed greater influence of Russia over the Persian government than we could exercise; whence it is argued that the resources of Persia, such as they are, could be used against us; but even among Orientals the ordinary motives which govern human nature find effect, and it is not reasonable to suppose that Persia, which sees her grasping neighbor extending her dominion on every side, should be in greater sympathy with Russia than with England, which she must know has no object to gain at her expense. And if, in the event of war, a diversion were made from India on the side of Persia, what would become of the attenuated line of Russian communications, reaching from the Caspian almost to the boundary of China? The truth appears to be, that Russia, so far from gaining power in the East, is really becoming weaker by each extension of her territory in that direction, while England becomes relatively stronger. The people who inhabit these regions have not as yet become amalgamated with the Russian empire, but are thoroughly hostile to it, and the country is held by purely military rule on a weak strategical line. Russia, by her occupation of this territory, has in effect given a mortgage for her good behavior which England, if necessary, could foreclose. It is Russia and not England which need fear a collision in this quarter, the effect of which would be to throw her back again for many a year.

The policy of the Russians themselves may, however, be brought up as an objection to this view of the case. If their position is so strategically weak, it may be asked, why do they occupy it? Besides, the Russians themselves make no secret of their aims and intentions.

The first of these objections has been to a certain extent anticipated by what has

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gone before. In constantly advancing so far, Russia has practically been unable to help herself, but has been driven onwards by the necessary consequence of contact between two races in different stages of civilization. Her progress may be explained on this ground alone, without giving her credit for sinister motives. It must however be admitted, that even if the views of the Russian government on this head were moderate in themselves, they may often be but coldly responded to, or even opposed, by its agents. There is probably nothing more difficult for despotic governments than to secure obedience. Nor, if they could insure obedience, does it follow that they have a monopoly of wisdom; on the contrary, it is reasonable to believe that a despotic government may often fail to secure the best instruments for its service. In India, where no political or family considerations interfere to prevent the best choice being made, it yet often happens that dull men rise to high positions; under a government which lends itself to the full operation of favoritism, we may readily believe that the service of the State is often entrusted to very inefficient agents. And it is pertinent to ask whether Russia has lately shown any marks of being directed by special wisdom. It seems to be generally taken for granted that the late war is to tend to her advantage, but it may be permitted at least to express a doubt whether, next after Turkey, Russia will not be found to have been the greatest loser by the war, and whether, apart from any question of morality, her policy may not prove to have been highly injurious to her own interests, just as was the policy which led up to the Crimean war.

But then again it may be replied to this view that, admitting Russia is often shortsighted, and acts sometimes against her real interest, still that merely goes to prove the reality of the danger of Russian aggression. For that her plans may be likely to recoil on herself affords no reason why she should not try to carry them out. Are we not, however, dealing in fiction when we speak of there being such a thing as a definite and persistent Russian policy in these matters? It is easy to understand and believe in the reality of a national aspiration for unity, for example, or that of a people under a foreign yoke for liberty, and that a sentiment of this sort implanted in the national mind should be transmitted from one generation to another. But to suppose a bureaucratic government to be always continuously actuated by the desire to pursue a specific course of policy, and to be always persistently following it up, is to assume that such bodies are exempt from the ordinary failings to which mortals are liable. We may safely infer rather that so long as human beings vary, so long succeeding rulers will be likely to display differences of mood and character which must affect the policy of their governments, despotic rulers more than any; while among the agents of such governments there will surely be found all the phases of indecision, and vacillation, and imperfect execution, due to the various infirmities of human nature — a more than adequate share of the indolence and stupidity and vanity which clog so much of the world's business.

The gist of the argument here advanced is, then, that there is no sufficient evidence for crediting Russia with a definite policy which aims at ousting us out of our Indian possessions, her advance across central Asia being reasonably accounted for otherwise. And if it be said that, whatever be the policy of Russia, this is at least the undisguised aim of some of the agents of her government, it may be replied that, if this be so, any attempt to carry it out is likely to recoil upon herself. Just in proportion as she extends her long line of posts to the eastward through a hostile country, does her military position become the weaker; and if ever the two great powers do come into hostile contact, the nearer that point of contact is to India the greater in a military point of view will be our relative advantage. Lastly, it may not be out of place to point out, what our countrymen are too apt to leave out of sight when considering the matter, that, whatever may be their notion of the dangers to British interests involved in the extension of Russian dominion in the East, it is at any rate an unmixed good to the regions which have come under its sway. We may not have been led to form a very exalted estimate of Russian government, measured by the standard applied to the civilized administrations of the West; but it is perfection compared with the reign of brutality which it has replaced. Let the reader turn to the account of Bokhara given by Vambéry — not by any means a champion of Russia — or let him remember the tortures inflicted by the barbarous ruler of that country on our own Stoddart and Conolly; let him also bear in mind how much Russia has already accomplished towards the extinction of the slave-trade in central Asia with its abominable attendant

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cruelties, and it must in candor be admitted that her conquest of these regions has been a real gain to humanity. Indeed, since we ourselves are not prepared to undertake the task, it is the only possible means apparent for rescuing those countries from the barbarous desolation which now overspreads them, and restoring to them some portion of the prosperity of which they were once the scene. Russia may exercise a narrow commercial policy, and make a foolish mystery about admitting foreigners into her outposts, but at any rate travellers who succeed in visiting those parts can do so without running the risk of being first tortured and then murdered. And if the considerations here offered have any real force, our countrymen may be able to do justice to the good work which Russia is accomplishing in this part of the world, without allowing their equanimity to be disturbed by needless alarms of the consequences to ourselves.

Are we therefore to lay aside all precaution, and to abandon our attitude of watchfulness or even suspicion? Certainly not. It must be admitted, indeed, that we have done our best to make the danger a real one by the great importance we have ourselves attached to it. The Russian humorist must often have cause for amusement in noticing how great effects can be produced from trifling causes — the importance attached in England to the movement of some petty Russian outpost, the excitement caused in India by some almost bloodless skirmish several hundred miles away; and considering how persistently we have been educating our Indian subjects through the press to believe in our fear of Russian influence, it would be surprising if we had not been in a certain degree successful. But there is surely a middle course practicable between blind confidence and the undignified prognostications often so freely indulged in. For a people who have their fair share of courage, surely we English are strangely addicted to taking alarm at political bugbears. Does another nation set up manufactures, our commercial supremacy is about to pass away from us. A check occurs to the expansion of our trade, and it is forthwith assumed that our prosperity is on the wane. The cry that the material for our soldiery is falling off in quality has been raised many a time before during the last century, while every change in the condition of the navy has been held to forebode calamity to the nation whose defence was bound up in its wooden walls. The same sort of spirit runs through much that is said about Indian affairs. It was gravely asserted the other day in a newspaper that the capture of Kars had lowered our prestige in every Indian bazaar. Now certainly it may be admitted that our hold on India is based on opinion, although the aphorism will hardly bear all the strained applications it is often put to; and if it had been we who had lost Kars, the effect on our prestige might be serious enough. But the sort of prestige which a third party C is in danger of losing because A, with whom he has nothing to do, suffers an injury from B is surely of so evanescent a kind as not to be worth keeping. The people of India, like some more educated communities, are much addicted to gossip, and are ready enough to believe anything they hear without inquiring too closely into the evidence. This need not surprise us. When we find our own friends and neighbors ready to attach credence to any scandalous story which goes the round of London society, if only it is sufficiently improbable, and the subjects of it highly placed enough, what more natural than that people with even less occupation and fewer opportunities of getting at the truth should greedily swallow the floating rumors of the hour, especially when they see the English newspapers from which they get their items take them so seriously? In every petty native court, no doubt, the news of the day, served up with such spice in the way of bazaar gossip as may give flavor to the dish, is eagerly discussed, with a more or less imperfect appreciation of its import, for a knowledge of European history and geography is not a common accomplishment in these quarters; but it would be quite a mistake to suppose that the people or the princes of India are at all moved in consequence to any action, or that there is any evidence of the existence among them of a spirit of combination for throwing off our authority. The different native governments of India have never at any period of their history exhibited any capacity for political combination, while such a thing is unknown to the people. What they most desire is to be let alone, and to suppose that they are profoundly affected, or affected at all, by what passes in Europe or other parts of Asia, seems to be an assumption as far-fetched as that lately made by Sir Charles Trevelyan in a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that we should forfeit the respect and confidence of the people of India if we did not come forward to liberate the Christian races of

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Bulgaria. Probably not one Indian in a hundred thousand has ever heard of Bulgaria, or knows that the sultan rules over any but Mussulman subjects. To credit the simple agriculturists who make up the great bulk of the people of India with this degree of political acumen is about as reasonable as it would be to suppose that the Dorsetshire peasant watches with profound interest the course of legislation in the Austro-Hungarian empire, or the progress of a discussion on the ultimate composition of matter. This is an absurdity in the other direction. One side represent the Indian as profoundly moved by the news of foreign wars, and ready to join in any desperate enterprise for throwing off the English yoke; the other as a being whose loyalty to the British government is determined by approbation of the benevolent principles which govern their conduct. The real fact would appear to be that the Indian is a very ignorant but very inoffensive creature, who only wants to be suffered to dwell in quietness and not taxed inordinately, and who is vastly more interested in discussing the character of the English magistrate, or other official with whom he comes immediately in contact, than in talking about things of which he has never heard. And with regard to the upper classes of Indians it is surely but reasonable, when making forecasts of their probable conduct in the future, to take into consideration their behavior in the past. If ever there was a time when it might be expected that they would turn against us, it was during the Mutiny. Their dearest interests were threatened by the policy of annexation which had just at that time been so loudly asserted, while the fabric on which English power had been built up during a long course of years had suddenly crumbled away. Here then was the opportunity, favorable beyond what their most fervid expectations could have pictured, for throwing off the English yoke and establishing their independence. Nevertheless, with scarcely an exception, they withstood the temptation, and held by us loyally in our direst need. In face of such evidence as this, surely the dictates of both reason and honesty should lead us to give the heads of our tributary states credit for being still actuated by the motives which governed their conduct on that critical occasion, and to turn a deaf ear to the rumors now so busily propagated, which have no better foundation than the petty gossip always in course of fabrication for the credulous.

These considerations are not offered for the benefit of the Anglo-Indian community, who will for the most part treat these idle rumors at their proper value, so much as for the people of England, whose knowledge of India is usually of such an elementary sort that they may be as ready to be made uneasy without any real cause as to suppose that the ethical propositions of Sir Charles Trevelyan convey a profound political truth. At the same time it must be observed that the tendency to exaggerate the importance of trifling occurrences which is manifested at the present time originates in India, while it is aggravated of course by the increased facility for sending news about the world. The late expedition beyond the north-west frontier is a case in point. The tribes which occupy the regions in question have been noted for their lawless and savage disposition from the earliest times. They offered a desperate resistance to the advance of Alexander the Great, and they were a source of constant trouble to the Mogul emperors, and later to the Sikhs; and as soon as we replaced the Sikhs on the frontier, and came in contact with them, they began to annoy us. And numerous expeditions have been made during the thirty years of our occupation of the Punjab to chastise one or other of these lawless tribes for acts of hostility. Now, quite apart from the question whether our attitude towards these people has been the most judicious possible, and whether they might not have been kept in order by adopting some other course — an opinion one may respect without assenting to — the point to be insisted on here is that the trouble is essentially a local one, of no deep political import, and which is sufficiently accounted for by the fact that a strong and civilized government finds itself face to face with a turbulent race, to whom law, as we understand it, is unknown. And so, until quite lately, the matter was viewed. Every regiment stationed at Peshawur expected as a matter of course to have a turn of duty in one of these expeditions, and took the matter as coming, so to speak, in the day's work. Sometimes the fighting was pretty hard, and rising officers made their reputations; at other times the expedition proved to be merely a demonstration; but in every case the affair was appraised at its real political value, as essentially a local difficulty, the influence of which was quite unfelt anywhere beyond the immediate scene of action, and about which it behoved not to make too much fuss. But now forsooth

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the same thing is to be dealt with as part of a chain of important events connected with the whole central Asian question, and with Russia looming large in the background. The Jowaki expedition has been the mildest, from a military point of view, of any yet undertaken; yet the movements of the little force were gravely chronicled from day to day, as if all England were watching its progress; the leading Indian newspaper set up a special correspondent in the camp, and the important fact that a solitary Jowaki was killed is telegraphed all over the country. The English in India laugh at this; but people at home, seeing that the press think the news worth spending so much upon, begin to think that something serious is going on. The telegraph, indeed, is responsible for a good deal of this morbid excitement and anxiety. A European gentleman in the service of a native state who will not work harmoniously with the officials of the Indian government is required to resign, under the provisions of a treaty clause which has always been in existence to govern such cases, and which has repeatedly been enforced; this is telegraphed to England as a grave political occurrence, and questions are put and answered about it in Parliament. An Indian prince omits a visit of ceremony; and the omission, if it has really occurred, would no doubt be taken notice of in the proper quarter, and there the matter would have ended. But this, too, is telegraphed to England, and we are asked to scent the coming danger in the air, while significant remarks are added, eminently calculated to produce ill-feeling on both sides, on the large military establishment the prince in question is keeping up; the circumstance that he showed the most perfect loyalty and good faith in a time of our direst need is to be allowed to weigh as nothing in face of a breach of etiquette, as if princes were never to be allowed to be out of temper. It is on the evidence furnished by these and such-like scraps of miserable gossip that some portions of the English press are ready to base an alarmist cry that our Indian rule is in danger, one newspaper only a few days ago gravely asserting that the combination of the native states for rising against us is now matured, and only awaits the signal from Russia to declare itself; and no doubt it finds plenty of readers ready to believe a statement unsupported by a particle of evidence. A leading newspaper published lately a telegram from its Indian correspondent to the effect that the amir of Cabul was mobilizing his army with hostile design. It is certainly possible that he may be doing so, because everything is possible to the whimsical nature of an oriental prince; but, considering the comparative attitudes and positions of England and Russia with regard to Afghanistan, the rumor is at least extremely improbable. And even if it were true, the fact is about as important as if Costa Rica were mobilizing her navy for invading England. Afghanistan might be a troublesome country to occupy, but for offensive purposes it is practically powerless.

Are we then to believe that no dangers beset our rule in India, and that no precautions are necessary? Assuredly not: on the contrary, the conviction produced on the minds of some of the most courageous and experienced of our Indian administrators is that we are always living there over a mine, which may indeed never be fired, but which may explode at any time. The difficulty is to say from what quarter the match will be applied. Hitherto the predictions made about coming danger have always proved false. No one predicted the Mutiny. Lord Dalhousie surrendered his office under the full belief that he left India firmly established in the course of peace and prosperity. Sir Charles Napier, who disagreed with Lord Dalhousie on every point, drew a vivid picture of the dangers he thought he could discern in the state of the country, but amongst these he did not include a mutiny of the army. On the contrary, he proposed a measure which, perhaps more than any other, would probably have conduced to precipitate it, the massing of a large force of sepoys in the imperial city of Delhi. And when the Mutiny did break out, the course it took was altogether different from what was universally expected. No one who knew anything of the Bengal sepoys anticipated that the decrepid native officers would retain their places throughout the war at the head of their regiments; it was unanimously expected by the European officers who had passed their lives with them, that these old men would have to give place to younger and more adventurous spirits. Another prediction falsified by the event was that the Hindoo and Mussulman sepoys would fall out with and separate from each other. Still less was it expected that the people of the country generally would look on at the struggle with indifference, and that the princes of India, standing loyally by the paramount power, would take an active part against our rebellious army.

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When probability and the conclusions of experience have once been falsified so signally, who shall venture to prophesy about the future? The new conditions which are arising every year in India, if in some respects they tend to strengthen our hold on the country, introduce also new and special elements of danger, and every one who pleases may readily forecast for himself a combination of possible circumstances which, if they did occur, would suffice to produce our downfall. But no one can properly assert that a particular thing the possibility of which can be foreseen is therefore a probable occurrence. As it has been said with epigrammatic force, nothing is likely to happen in India but what is unexpected. While, therefore, it behoves the government to maintain an attitude of unceasing watchfulness and preparation, mindful always of the abnormal and extraordinary conditions under which our Indian empire is held, the people of England may exhibit with advantage a more dignified attitude in this matter than has been lately manifested, not lending a too ready ear to every idle rumor, or forming unsound notions of the condition of the country on imperfect and inaccurate information, or allowing themselves to be frightened by political hobgoblins of Russian intrigue or native disaffection. Above all, we shall do well to act on the golden maxim which should govern every man's judgment in public as well as private, that, in the absence of any evidence for or against, we ought to judge of people by their past conduct. If we find that the princes of India have stood loyally by us under the greatest temptation, we have no right to assume without proper proof that they are ready to intrigue against us now; and the people of the country having shown so far no impatience of our rule, it is unreasonable, in the absence of any clear evidence to that effect, to believe in the present existence of such a feeling.

GEORGE CHESNEY.

WITHIN THE PRECINCTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XI.

ANOTHER EVENING AT THE DEANERY.

MR. RIDSDALE had perhaps never touched, and rarely heard, anything so bad as the old cracked piano which Lottie had inherited from her mother, and which was of the square form now obsolete, of a kind which brokers (the only dealers in the article) consider very convenient, as combining the character of a piano and a sideboard. Very often had Lottie's piano served the purpose of a sideboard, but it was too far gone to be injured — nothing could make it worse. Nevertheless Mr. Ridsdale played the accompaniments upon it, without a word, to Lottie's admiration and wonder, for he seemed to be able to draw forth at his fingers' ends a volume of sound which she did not suppose to be within the power of the old instrument. He had brought several songs with him, being fully minded to hear her that morning, whatever obstacles might be in the way. But it so happened that there were no obstacles whatever in the way; and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy was of the greatest service as audience. With the true talent of a manager, Mr. Ridsdale addressed himself to the subjugation of his public. He placed before Lottie the song from "Marta," to which, hearing it thus named, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy prepared herself to listen with a certain amiable scorn. "Ah, we shall have you crying in five minutes," he said. "Is it me you're meaning?" she cried in high scorn. But the fact was that when the melting notes of "The Last Rose of Summer" came forth from Lottie's lips, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy was altogether taken by surprise, and carried out Rollo's prophecy to the letter by weeping abundantly. There was much of Mr. Ridsdale's music which Lottie could not sing — indeed, it would have been wonderful if she had been able to do so, as he had brought with him the finest *morceaux* of a dozen operas, and Lottie's musical education had been of the slightest. But he so praised, and flattered, and encouraged her that she went on from song to song at his bidding, making the best attempt at them that was possible, while Mrs. O'Shaughnessy sat by and listened. Her presence there was of the utmost consequence to them. It at once converted Rollo's visit into something allowable and natural, and it gave him a pretence for beginning what was really an examination into Lottie's powers and compass, at once of voice and of intelligence. Lottie, innocent of any scheme, or of any motive he could have, save simple pleasure in her singing, exerted herself to please him with the same mixture of gratitude and happy prepossession with which she had thought of him for so long. If she could give a little pleasure to him who had given her

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his love and his heart (for what less could it be that he had given her?) it was well her part, she thought, to do so. She felt that she owed him everything she could do for him, to recompense him for that gift which he had given her unawares. So she stood by him in a soft humility, not careful that she was showing her own ignorance, thinking only of pleasing him. What did it matter if he were pleased whether she attained the highest excellence? She said sweetly, "I know I cannot do it, but if you wish it I will try," and attempted feats which in other circumstances would have appalled her. And the fact was, that thus forgetting herself, and thinking only of pleasing him, Lottie sang better than she had ever done in her life, better than she had done in the Deanery on the previous night. She committed a thousand faults, but these faults were as nothing in comparison with the melody of her voice and the purity of her taste. Rollo became like one inspired. All the enthusiasm of an amateur, and all the zeal of an enterprising manager, were in him. The old piano rolled out notes of which in its own self it was quite incapable under his rapid fingers. He seemed to see her with all London before her, at her feet, and he (so to speak) at once the discoverer and the possessor of this new star. No wonder the old piano grew ecstatic under his touch; he who had gone through so many vicissitudes, who had made so many failures — at last it seemed evident to him that his fortune was made. Unfortunately (though that he forgot for the moment) he had felt his fortune to be made on several occasions before.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy gave a great many nods and smiles when at last he went away. "I say nothing, me dear, but I have my eyesight," she said, "and a blind man could see what's in the wind. So that is how it is, Lottie, me darling? Well, well! I always said you were the prettiest girl that had been in the lodges this many a year. I don't envy ye, me love, your rise in the world. And I hope, Lottie, when ye're me lady, ye'll not forget your old friends."

"How should I ever be my lady?" said Lottie; "indeed, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, I don't know what you mean."

"No, me honey, the likes of you never do, till the right moment comes," said the old lady, going down the narrow stairs. She kissed her hand to Lottie, who looked after from the window, as she appeared on the pavement outside, and with her bonnet-strings flying loose turned in at her own door. Her face was covered with smiles, and her mind full of a new interest. She could not refrain from going into the major's little den, and telling him. "Nonsense!" the major said, incredulous; "one of your mare's-nests." "Sure it was a great deal better than a mare, it was turtle-doves made the nest I'm thinking of," said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy; and she took off her bonnet and seated herself at her window, from which she inspected the world, with a new warmth of interest, determined not to lose a single incident in this new fairy-tale.

Law came out of his room where he had been "reading", when Mrs. O'Shaughnessy went away. "What has all this shrieking been about," said Law, "and thumping on that old beast of a piano? You are always at a fellow about reading, and when he does read you disturb him with your noise. How do you think I could get on with all that miauling going on? Who has been here?"

"Mr. Ridsdale has been here," said Lottie demurely. "He brought me a note from Lady Caroline, and I am going again to the Deanery to-night."

Law whistled a long whew—ew! "Again, to-night! she'd better ask you to go and live there," said the astounded boy; and he said no more about his interrupted reading, but put his big book philosophically away; for who could begin to read again after all the disturbances of the morning, and after such a piece of news as this?

Lottie dressed herself with more care than ever that evening. She began to wish for ornaments, and to realize how few her decorations were; the little pearl locket was so small, and her arms seemed so bare without any bracelets. However, she made herself little bands of black velvet, and got the maid to fasten them on. She had never cared much before. She spent a much longer time than usual over the arrangement of her hair. Above all she wanted to look like a lady, to show that, though their choice of her was above what could have been expected, it was not above the level of what she was used to. *Their* choice of her — that was how it seemed to Lottie. The young lover had chosen, as it is fit the lover should do; but Lady Caroline had ratified his selection, and Lottie, proud, yet entirely humble in the tender humility born of gratitude, wanted to show that she could do credit to their choice. She read the note which purported to be Lady Caroline's over and over again — how kind it was! Lady Car-

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oline's manner perhaps was not quite so kind. People could not control their manner. The kindest heart was often belied, Lottie was aware, by a stiffness, an awkwardness, perhaps only a shyness, which disguised their best intentions. But the very idea of asking her was kind, and the letter was so kind that she made up her mind never again to mistake Lady Caroline. She had a difficulty in expressing herself, no doubt. She was indolent, perhaps. At her age and in her position it was not wonderful if one got indolent; but in her heart she was kind. This Lottie repeated to herself as she put the roses in her hair. In her heart Lady Caroline was kind; the girl felt sure that she could never mistake her, never be disappointed in her again. And in this spirit she tripped across the Dean's Walk, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy watching from her window. It was almost dark, but it was not one of the signor's nights for practice, and only a few of the inhabitants of the Abbey precincts were enjoying the air on the terrace pavement. They all saw her as she came out in the twilight with her uncovered head. Law had gone out, and there was nobody to go with her this time to the Deanery door. But Lottie had no difficulty in finding an escort, as she came out, looking round her shyly to watch for a quiet moment when no one was about. Captain Temple came forward, who lived two doors off, and was passing as she came to the little garden gate. He was the *preux chevalier* of all the chevaliers. He came forward with a fatherly smile upon his kind face. "You are looking for some one to go with you," he said; "your father has gone out. I saw him. Let me take his place."

"Oh, thanks! I am going to the Deanery. I thought Law would have waited for me."

"Law, like others of his age, has his own concerns to think of," said Captain Temple, "but I am used to this kind of work. You have heard of my girl, Miss Despard?"

"Yes, Captain Temple——" Lottie, touched suddenly in the sympathetic sentiment of her own beginning life, looked up at him with wistful eyes.

"She was a pretty creature, like yourself, my dear. My wife and I often talk of you and think you like her. She was lost to us before she went out of the world, and I think it broke her heart — as well as ours. Take care of the damp grass with your little white shoes."

"Oh, Captain Temple, do not come with me," said Lottie, with tears in her eyes. "I can go very well alone. It is too hard upon you."

"No — I like it, my dear. My wife cannot talk of it, but I like to talk of it. You must take care not to marry any one that will carry you quite away from your father's house."

"As if that would matter! As if papa would care!" Lottie said in her heart, with a half pity, half envy, of Captain Temple's lost daughter; but this was but a superficial feeling in comparison with the great compassion she had for him. The old chevalier took her across the road as tenderly and carefully as if even her little white shoes were worth caring for. There was a moist brightness about his eyes as he looked at her pretty figure. "The roses are just what you ought to wear," he said. "And whenever you want any one to take care of you in this way, send for me; I shall like to do it. Shall I come back for you in case your father should be late?"

"Oh, Captain Temple, papa never minds! but it is quite easy to get back," she said, thinking that perhaps this time *he*——

"I think it is always best that a young lady should have her own attendant, and not depend on any one to see her home," said the old captain. And he rang the bell at the Deanery door, and took off his hat with a smile which almost made Lottie forget Lady Caroline. She went into the drawing-room accordingly much less timidly than she had ever done before, and no longer felt any fear of Mr. Jeremie, who admitted her, though he was a much more imposing person than Captain Temple. This shade of another life which had come over her seemed to protect Lottie, and strengthen her mind. The drawing-room was vaguely lighted with clusters of candles here and there, and at first she saw nobody, nor was there any indication held out to her that the mistress of the house was in the room, except the solemn tone of Jeremie's voice announcing her. Lottie thought Lady Caroline had not come in from the dining-room, and strayed about looking at the books and ornaments on the tables. She even began to hum an air quietly to herself, by way of keeping up her own courage, and it was not till she had almost taken her seat unawares on Lady Caroline's dress, extended on the sofa, that she became aware that she was not alone. "Oh, I beg your pardon," she cried out in a sudden panic. "I thought there was no

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one in the room." Lady Caroline made no remark at all, except to say, "How do you do, Miss Despard?" That was what she had made up her mind to say, feeling it to be quite enough for the occasion — and Lady Caroline did not easily change her mind when it was once made up. She thought it very impertinent of this girl to come in and look at the photographs on the tables, and even to take the liberty of singing, but there was no calculating what these sort of people might do. She had nearly sat down on Lady Caroline's feet! "This is what I put up with for Rollo," the poor lady said to herself; and it seemed to her that a great deal of gratitude from Rollo was certainly her due. She did not move, nor did she ask Miss Despard to sit down; but Lottie, half in fright, dropped into a chair very near this strange piece of still life on the sofa. The girl had been very much frightened to see her, and for a moment was speechless with the horror of it. Nearly to sit down upon Lady Caroline! and a moment of silence ensued. Lady Caroline did not feel in the least inclined to begin a conversation. She had permitted the young woman to be invited, and she had said "How do you do, Miss Despard?" and she did not know what more could be expected from her. So they sat close together in the large, half-visible, dimly illuminated room, with the large window open to the night, and said nothing to each other. Lottie, who was the visitor, was embarrassed, but Lady Caroline was not embarrassed. She felt no more need to speak than did the table with the photographs upon it which Lottie had stopped to look at. As for Lottie, she bore it as long as she could, the stillness of the room, the flicker of the candles, the dash and fall of a moth now and then flying across the lights, and the immovable figure on the sofa with its feet tucked up, and floods of beautiful rich silk enveloping them. A strange sense that Lady Caroline was not living at all, that it was only the picture of a woman that was laid out on the sofa came over her. In her nervousness she began to tremble, then felt inclined to laugh. At last it became evident to Lottie that to speak was a necessity, to break the spell which might otherwise stupefy her senses too.

"It is a beautiful night," was all she managed to say; could anything be more feeble? but Lady Caroline gave no reply. She made the usual little movement of her eyelids, which meant an assent; indeed it was not a remark which required reply. And the silence fell on them again as bad as ever. The night air blew in, the moths whirled about the candles, dashed against the globe of the lamp, dropped on the floor with fatal infinitesimal booms of tragic downfall; and Lady Caroline lay on the sofa, with eyes directed to vacancy, looking at nothing. Lottie, with the roses in her hair, and so much life tingling in her, could not endure it. She wanted to go and shake the vision on the sofa, she wanted to cry out and make some noise or other to save herself from the spell. At last, when she could keep silence no longer, she jumped up, throwing over a small screen which stood near in her vehemence of action. "Shall I sing you something, Lady Caroline?" she said.

Lady Caroline was startled by the fall of the screen. She watched till it was picked up, actually looking at Lottie, which was some advance; then she said, "If you please, Miss Despard," in her calm tones. And Lottie, half out of herself, made a dash at the grand piano, though she knew she could not play. She struck a chord or two, trembling all over, and began to sing. This time she did not feel the neglect or unkindness of the way she was treated. It was a totally different sensation. A touch of panic, a touch of amusement, was in it. She was afraid that she might be petrified too if she did nothing to break the spell. But as she began to sing, with a quaver in her voice, and a little shiver of nervous chilliness in her person, the door opened, and voices, half-discerned figures of men, life and movement, came pouring in. Lottie came to an abrupt stop in the middle of a bar.

"This will never do," said the suave dean; "you make too much noise, Rollo. You have frightened Miss Despard in the middle of her song."

Then Rollo came forward into the light spot round the piano, looking very pale; he was a good deal more frightened than Lottie was. Could it be possible that she had made a false note? He was in an agony of horror and alarm. "I — make a noise!" he said; "my dear uncle!" He looked at her with appealing eyes full of anguish. "You were not — singing, Miss Despard? I am sure you were not singing, only trying the piano."

"I thought it would perhaps — amuse Lady Caroline." Lottie did not know what she had done that was wrong. The signor wore an air of trouble too. Only Mr. Ashford's face, looking kindly at her, as one followed another into the light,

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reassured her. She turned to him with a little anxiety. "I cannot play; it is quite true; perhaps I ought not to have touched the piano," she said.

"You were startled," said the minor canon kindly. "Your voice fluttered like those candles in the draught." The others still looked terribly serious, and did not speak.

"And I sang false," said Lottie; "I heard myself. It was terrible; but I thought I was stiffening into stone," she said, in an undertone, and she gave an alarmed look at Lady Caroline on the sofa. This restored the spirits of the other spectators, who looked at each other relieved.

"Thank heaven she knew it," Rollo whispered to the signor; "it was fright, pure fright — and my aunt —— "

"What else did you suppose it was?" answered in the same tone, but with some scorn, the signor.

"Miss Despard, don't think you are to be permitted to accompany yourself," said Rollo. "Here are two of us waiting your pleasure. Signor, I will not pretend to interfere when you are there. May we have again that song you were so good —— Ah, pardon me," he cried, coming close to her to get the music. "I do not want to lose a minute. I have been on thorns this half-hour. I ought to have been here waiting ready to receive you as you ought to be received."

"Oh, it did not matter," said Lottie, confused. "I am sorry I cannot play. I wanted — to try — to amuse Lady Caroline."

By this time the signor had arranged the music on the piano, and began to play. The dean had gone off to the other end of the room, where the evening paper, the last edition, had been laid awaiting him on a little table on which stood a reading-lamp. The green shade of the lamp concentrated the light upon the paper, and the white hands of the reader, and his long limbs and his little table, making a new picture in the large dim room. On the opposite side sat Lady Caroline, who had withdrawn her feet hastily from the sofa, and sat bolt upright as a tribute to the presence of the "gentlemen." These two pieces of still life appeared to Lottie vaguely through the partial gloom. The master and mistress of the house were paying no attention to the visitors. They were not of sufficient importance to be company, or to disturb their entertainers in the usual habits of their evening. Lady Caroline, indeed, seldom allowed herself to be disturbed by any one. She put down her feet for the sake of her own dignity, but she did not feel called upon to make any further sacrifice. And as for Lottie, she was not happy among these three men. She shrank from Rollo, who was eyeing her with an anxiety which she could not understand, and longed for Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, or, indeed, any woman to stand by her. Her heart sank, and she shivered again with that chill which is of the nerves and fancy. The dean with his rustling paper, and Lady Caroline with her vacant eyes, were at the other end of the room, and Lottie felt isolated, separated, cast upon the tender mercies of the three connoisseurs, a girl with no woman near to stand by her. It seemed to her for the moment as if she must sink into the floor altogether, or else turn and fly.

It was Mr. Ashford again who came to Lottie's aid. "Play something else first," he said softly to the signor, disregarding the anxious looks of Rollo, who had placed himself on a chair at a little distance, so that he might be able to see the singer and stop any false note that might be coming before it appeared. The others were both kind and clever, kinder than the man whom Lottie thought her lover, and whose anxiety for the moment took all thought from him, and more clever too. The signor began to play Handel, the serious, noble music with which Lottie had grown familiar in the Abbey, and soon Mr. Ashford stepped in and sang in his beautiful, melodious voice. Then the strain changed, preluding a song which the most angelic of the choristers had sung that morning. The minor canon put the music into Lottie's hands. "Begin here," he whispered. She knew it by ear and by heart, and the paper trembled in her hands; but they made her forget herself, and she began, her voice thrilling and trembling, awe and wonder taking possession of her. She had heard it often, but she had never realized what it was till all human, womanish, shivering with excitement and emotion, she began to sing. It did not seem her own doing at all. The dim drawing-room, with the dean reading the paper, the men in their evening coats, the glimmering reflection of herself which she caught in the long mirror, in her simple decorations, the roses trembling in her hair, all seemed horribly inappropriate, almost profane, to Lottie. And the music shook in her hands, and the notes, instead of remaining steadily before her eyes, where she could read them, took wings to themselves and floated about, now here and there, some-

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times gleaming upon her, sometimes eluding her. Yet she sang, she could not tell how, forgetting everything, though she saw and felt everything, in a passion, in an inspiration, penetrated through and through with the music and the poetry and the sacredness, above her and all of them. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," — oh, how did she dare to sing it, how could those commonplace walls enclose it, those men stand and listen as if it was *her* they were listening to? By-and-by the dean laid down his paper. Rollo, in the background, gazing at her at first in pale anxiety, then with vexed disapproval (for what did he want with Handel?), came nearer and nearer, his face catching some reflection of hers as she went on. And when Lottie ended, in a rapture she could not explain or understand, they all came pressing round her, dim and blurred figures in her confused eyes. But the girl was too greatly strained to bear their approach or hear what they said. She broke away from them, and rushed, scarcely knowing what she did, to Lady Caroline's side. Lady Caroline herself was roused. She made room for the trembling creature, and Lottie threw herself into the corner of the capacious sofa and covered her face with her hands.

But when she came to herself she would not sing any more. A mixture of guilt and exaltation was in her mind. "I ought not to have sung it. I am not good enough to sing it. I never thought what it meant till now," she said, trembling. "Oh, I hope you will forgive me. I never knew what it meant before."

"Forgive you!" said the dean. "We don't know how to thank you, Miss Despard." He was the person who ought to know what it meant if anybody did. And when he had thus spoken he went back to his paper, a trifle displeased by the fuss she made, as if *she* could have any new revelation of the meaning of a thing which, if not absolutely written for St. Michael's, as good as belonged to the choir, which belonged to the dean and chapter. There was a certain presumption involved in Lottie's humility. He went back to his reading-lamp, and finished the article which had been interrupted by her really beautiful rendering of a very fine solo. It was really beautiful; he would not for a moment deny that. But if Miss Despard turned out to be excitable, and gave herself airs, like a prima donna! Heaven be praised, the little chorister boys never had any nerves, but sang whatever was set before them, without thinking what was meant, the dean said to himself. And it would be difficult to describe Rollo Ridsdale's disappointment. He sat down in a low chair by the side of the sofa, and talked to her in a whisper. "I understand you," he said; "it is like coming down from the heaven of heavens, where you have carried us. But the other spheres are celestial too. Miss Despard, I shall drop down into sheer earth to-morrow. I am going away. I shall lose the happiness of hearing you altogether. Will you not have pity upon me, and lead me a little way into the earthly paradise?" But even these prayers did not move Lottie. She was too much shaken and disturbed out of the unconscious calm of her being for anything more.

CHAPTER XII.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

Lottie ran out while Rollo Ridsdale was getting his hat to accompany her home. She caught up her shawl over her arm without pausing to put it on, and ran through the dark cloister and across the Dean's Walk to her own door, before he knew she was ready. "The young — lady is gone, sir," Mr. Jeremie said, who was rather indignant at having to open the door to such sort of people. He would have said young woman had he dared. Rollo, much piqued already in that she had refused to sing for him further, and half irritated, half attracted by this escapade now, hurried after her; but when he emerged from the gloom of the cloister to the fresh, dewy air of the night, and the breadth of the Dean's Walk, lying half visible in summer darkness in the soft, indistinct radiance of the stars, there was no one visible, far or near. She had already gone in before he came in sight of the door. He looked up and down the silent way, on which not a creature was visible, and listened to the sound of the door closing behind her. The flight and the sound awoke a new sentiment in his mind. Ladies were not apt to avoid Rollo.

> Not his the form nor his the eye,
> That youthful maidens wont to fly.

He was piqued and he was roused. Heretofore, honestly, there had been little but music in his thoughts. The girl was very handsome, which was so much the better — very much the better, for his purpose; but this sparkle of resistance in her roused something else in his mind. Lottie had been like an inspired creature as she sang this evening. He had never seen on the

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stage or elsewhere so wonderful an exhibition of absorbed, impassioned feeling. If he could secure her for his prima donna, nowhere would such a prima donna be seen. It was not that she had thrown herself into the music, but that the music had possessed her, and transported her out of herself. This was not a common human creature. She was no longer merely handsome, but beautiful in the fervor of her feeling. And for the first time Lottie as Lottie, not merely as a singer, touched a well-worn but still sensitive chord in his breast. He stood looking at the door which still seemed to echo in the stillness with the jar of closing. What did her flight mean? He was provoked, tantalized, stimulated. Whatever happened, he must see more of this girl. Why should she fly from him? He did not choose to return and tell the story of her flight, which was such an incident as always makes the man who is baulked present a more or less ridiculous aspect to the spectators; but he stood outside and waited till the steps of the minor canon and the signor had become audible turning each towards their habitation, and even the turning of Mr. Ashford's latch-key in his door. Everything was very still in the evening at St. Michael's. The respectable and solemn canons in their great houses, and the old chevaliers in their little lodges, went early to bed. Rollo saw no light anywhere except a dim glow in the window of the little drawing-room where he had spent the morning, and where no doubt the fugitive was seated breathless. His curiosity was raised, and his interest, supplanting that frantic eagerness about her voice which he had expressed so largely. Why did she run away from him? Why did she refuse to sing for him? These questions suddenly sprang into his mind, and demanded, if not reply, yet a great deal of consideration. He could not make up his mind what the cause could be.

As for Lottie, she could not have given any reasonable answer to these questions, though she was the only living creature who could know why she ran away. As a matter of fact, she did not know. The music had been more than she could bear in the state of excitement in which she was. Excited about things she would have been ashamed to confess any special interest in — about her relations with the Deanery, about Lady Caroline, and, above all, about Rollo — the wonderful strain to which she had all unconsciously and unthinkingly, at first, given utterance, had caught at Lottie like a hand from heaven. She had been drawn upward into the fervor of religious ecstasy, she who was so ignorant; and when she dropped again to earth and was conscious once more of Rollo and of Lady Caroline, there had come upon her a sudden sense of shame, and of her own pettiness and inability to disentangle herself from the links that drew her to earth, which was as passionate as the sudden fervor. How dare she sing *that* one moment, and the next be caught down to vulgar life, to Lady Caroline and Rollo Ridsdale? Lottie would sing no more, and could not speak, so strong was the conflict within her. She could not even encounter the momentary *tête-à-tête* which before she had almost wished for. She was roused and stirred in all her being as she had never been before, able to encounter death or grief, she thought vaguely, or anything that was solemn and grand, but not ordinary talk, not compliments, not the little tender devices of courtship. She flew from the possible touch of sentiment, the half-mock, half-real flatteries that he would be ready to say to her. Love, real, and great, and solemn, the love of which the Italian poet speaks as twin sister of death, was what Lottie's mind was prepared for; but from anything lower she fled, with the instinct of a nature highly strained and unaccustomed to, though capable of, passion. Everything was seething in her mind, her heart beating, the blood coursing through her veins. She felt that she could not bear the inevitable downfall of ordinary talk. She ran out into the soft coolness of the night, the great quiet and calm of the sleeping place, a fugitive driven by this new wind of strange emotion. The shadow of the Abbey was grateful to her, lying dimly half way across the broad, silent road — and the dim lamp in her own window seemed to point out a refuge from her thoughts. She rushed across the empty road, like a ghost, flitting, white and noiseless, and swift as an arrow, from the gate of the cloister, wondering whether the maid would hear her knock at once, or if she would have to wait there at the door till Mr. Ridsdale appeared. But the door was opened at her first touch, to Lottie's great surprise, by Law, who seemed to have been watching for her arrival. He wore a very discontented aspect, but this Lottie did not at first see, in her grateful sense of safety.

"How early you are!" he said. "I did not expect you for an hour yet. It was scarcely worth while going out at all, if you were to come back so soon."

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Lottie made no reply. She went upstairs to the little drawing-room where the lamp had been screwed as low as possible to keep a light for her when she should return. The room was still more dim than Lady Caroline's, and looked so small and insignificant in comparison. On the table was a tray with some bread and butter and a cup of milk, which was Lottie's simple supper after her dissipation; for Lady Caroline's cup of tea was scarcely enough for a girl who had eaten a not too luxurious dinner at two o'clock. She had no mind, however, for her supper now; but sat down on the little sofa and covered her eyes with her hand, and went back into her thoughts, half to prolong the excitement into which she had plunged, half to still herself and get rid of this sudden transport. It would be difficult to say which she wished most; to calm herself down or to continue that state of exaltation which proved to her new capabilities in her own being. She thought it was the former desire that moved her, and that to be quiet was all she wanted; but yet that strong tide running in her veins, that hot beating of her heart, that expansion and elevation of everything in her, was full of an incomprehensible agony of sweetness and exquisite sensation. She did not know what it was. She covered her eyes to shut out the immediate scene around her. The little shabby room, the bread and butter, and Law's slouching figure manipulating the lamp — these, at least, were accessories which she had no desire to see.

"Bother the thing!" said Law, "I can't get it to burn. Here, Lottie! you can manage them. Oh! if you like to sit in the dark, I don't mind. Were your fine people disagreeable? I always told you they wanted nothing but that you should sing for them and amuse them. They don't care a rap for *you!*"

Lottie took no notice of this speech. She withdrew her hand from her face, but still kept her eyes half-closed, unwilling to be roused out of her dream.

"They're all as selfish as old bears!" said Law; "most people are, for that matter. They never think of you; you've got to look after yourself; it's their own pleasure they're thinking of. What can you expect from strangers when a man that pretends to be one's own father ——"

"What are you talking about?" said Lottie, slowly waking, with a feeling of disgust and impatience, out of her finer fancies. She could not keep some shade of scorn and annoyance from her face.

"You needn't put on those supercilious looks; you'll suffer as much from it as I shall, or perhaps more, for a man can always do for himself," said Law; "but you — you'll find the difference. Lottie," he continued, forgetting resentment in this common evil, and sinking his voice, "he's down there at the old place again."

"What old place?"

As soon as his complaining voice became familiar, Lottie closed her eyes again, longing to resume her own thoughts.

"Oh! the old place. Why, down there; you know — the place where —— I say!" cried Law, suddenly growing red, and perceiving the betrayal of himself as well as his father which was imminent, "never mind where it is; it's where that sharp one, Polly Featherstone, works."

Lottie was completely awakened now; she looked up, half-bewildered, from the dispersing mists. "Of whom are you talking?" she cried. "Law, what people have you got among — who are they? You frighten me! Who is it you are talking of?"

"There's no harm in them," cried Law, coloring more and more. "What do you mean? Do you think they're —— I don't know what you mean; they're as good as we are," he added sullenly, walking away with his hands in his pocket out of the revelations of the lamp. Dim and low as it was, it disclosed, he was aware, an uncomfortable glow of color on his face.

"I don't know who *they* may be," said Lottie, severe, yet blushing too; "I don't want to know! But, oh, Law! you that are so young, my only brother, why should you know people I couldn't know? Why should you be ashamed of any one you go to see?"

"I was not talking of people *I* go to see; I wish you wouldn't be so absurd; I'm talking of the governor," said Law, speaking very fast; "he is there, I tell you, a man of his time of life, sitting among a lot of girls, talking away fifteen to the dozen. He might find some other way of meeting her if he must meet her!" cried Law, his own grievance breaking out in spite of him. "What has he got to do there among a pack of girls? it's disgraceful at his age!"

Law was very sore, angry, and disappointed. He had gone to his usual resort in the evening, and had seen his father there before him, and had been obliged to retire discomfited, with a jibe from Emma to intensify his trouble. "The captain's twice the man you are!" the little dressmaker had said; "he ain't afraid of no-

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body." Poor Law had gone away after this, and strolled despondently along the river-side. He did not know what to do with himself. Lottie was at the Deanery, he was shut out of his usual refuge, and he had nowhere to go. Though he had no money, he jumped into a boat and rowed himself dismally about the river, dropping down below the bridge to where he could see the lighted windows of the workroom. There he lingered about, nobody seeing or taking any notice of him. When he approached the bank, he could even hear the sound of their voices, the laughter with which they received the captain's witticisms. A little wit went a long way in that complaisant circle. He could make out Captain Despard's shadow against the window, never still for a moment, moving up and down, amusing the girls with songs, jokes, pieces of buffoonery. Law despised these devices; but, oh, how he envied the skill of the actor! He hung about the river in his boat till it got quite dark, almost run into sometimes by other boats, indifferent to everything but this lighted interior which he could see, though nobody in it could see him. And when he was tired of this forlorn amusement he came home, finding the house very empty and desolate. He tried to work, but how was it possible to work under the sting of such a recollection? The only thing he could do was to wait for Lottie, to pour forth his complaint to her, to hope that she might perhaps find some remedy for this intolerable wrong. It did not occur to him that to betray his father was also to betray himself, and that Lottie might feel as little sympathy for him as he did for Captain Despard. This fact flashed upon him now when it was too late.

Lottie had not risen from her seat, but as she sat there, everything round seemed to waver about her, then settle down again in a sudden revelation of mean, and small, and paltry life, such as she had scarcely ever realized before. Not only the lofty heaven into which the music had carried her rolled away like a scroll, but the other world, which was beautiful also of its kind, from which she had fled, which had seemed too poor to remain in, after the preceding ecstasy, departed as with a glimmer of wings; and she found herself awaking in a life where everything was squalid and poor, where she alone, with despairing efforts, tried to prop up the house that it might not fall into dishonored dust. She had borne with a kind of contemptuous equanimity Law's first story about her father. Let him marry again! she had said; if he could secure the thing he called his happiness in such a way let him do it! The idea had filled her with a high scorn. She had not thought of herself nor of the effect it might have upon her, but had risen superior to it with lofty contempt, and put it from her mind. But this was different. With all her high notions of gentility, and all her longings after a more splendid sphere, this sudden revelation of a sphere meaner, lower still, struck Lottie with a wild, sudden pang. A pack of girls! what kind of girls could those be of whom Law spoke? Her blood rushed to her face, scorching her with shame. She who scorned the chevaliers and their belongings! She who had "kept her distance" from her own class, was it possible that she was to be dragged down lower, lower, to shame itself? Her voice was choked in her throat. She could not speak. She could only cry out to him, clasping her hands. "Don't tell me any more — oh, don't tell me any more ——"

"Hillo!" said the lad, "what is the matter with you? Don't tell you any more? You will soon know a great deal more if you don't do something to put a stop to it. There ought to be a law against it. A man's children ought to be able to put a stop to it. I told you before, Lottie, if you don't exert yourself and do something ——"

"Oh," she said, rising to her feet, "what can I do? Can I put honor into you, and goodness, and make you what I want you to be? Oh, if I could, Law! I would give you my blood out of my veins if I could. But I can't put me into you," she said, wringing her hands — "and you expect me to listen to stories — about people I ought not to hear of — about women — O Law, Law, how dare you speak so to me?"

"Hold hard!" said Law, "you don't know what you are speaking of. The girls are as good girls as you are" — his own cheeks flushed with indignant shame as he spoke. "You are just like what they say of women. You are always thinking of something bad. What are you, after all, Lottie Despard? A poor, shabby captain's daughter! You make your own gowns, and they make other people's. I don't see such a dreadful difference in that."

Lottie was overpowered by all the different sensations that succeeded each other in her. She felt herself swept by what felt like repeated waves of trouble — shame to hear of these people among whom both her father and brother found

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their pleasure, shame to have thought more badly of them than they deserved, shame to have betrayed to Law her knowledge that there were women existing of whom to speak was a shame. She sank down upon the sofa again trembling and agitated, relieved yet not relieved. "Law," she said faintly, "we are low enough ourselves, I know. And if we don't do much credit to our birth, is it not dreadful to be content with that, to go down lower, to make ourselves nothing at all?"

"It is not my fault," said Law, a little moved, "nor yours neither. I am very sorry for you, Lottie; for you've got such a high mind — it will go hardest with you. As for me, I've got no dignity to stand on, and if he drives me to it, I shall simply 'list — that's what I shall do."

"'List!" Lottie gazed at him pathetically. She was no longer angry, as she had been when he spoke of this before. "You are out of your senses, Law! You, a *gentleman!*"

"A gentleman!" he said bitterly, "much good it does me. It might, perhaps, be of some use if we were rich, if we belonged to some great family which nobody could mistake; but the kind of gentlefolks we are! — nobody knowing anything about us, except through what *he* pleases to do and say. I tell you, if the worst comes to the worst, I will go straight off to the first sergeant I see, and take the shilling. In the Guards there's many a better gentleman than I am, and I'm tall enough for the Guards," he said, looking down with a little complacence on his own long limbs. The look struck Lottie with a thrill of terror and pain. There were soldiers enough about St. Michael's to make her keenly and instantly aware how perfectly their life, as it appeared to her, would chime in with Law's habits. They seemed to Lottie to be always lounging about the streets stretching their long limbs, expanding their broad chests in the sight of all the serving maidens, visible in their red coats wherever the idle congregated, wherever there was any commotion going on. She perceived in a moment, as by a flash of lightning, that nothing could be more congenial to Law. What work might lie behind, what difficulties of subordination, tyrannies of hours and places, distasteful occupations — Lottie knew nothing about. She saw in her brother's complacent glance a something of kin to the swagger of the tall fellows in their red jackets, spreading themselves out before admiring nurse-maids. Law would do that too. She could not persuade herself that there was anything in him above the swagger, superior to the admiration of the maids. A keen sense of humiliation, and the sharp impatience of a proud spirit, unable to inspire those most near to it with anything of its own pride and energy, came into her mind. "You do not mind being a gentleman — you do not care," she cried. "Oh, I know you are not like me! But how will you like being under orders, Law, never having your freedom, never able to do what you please, or to go anywhere without leave? That is how soldiers live. They are slaves; they have to obey, always to obey. You could not do anything because you wanted to do it — you could not spend an evening at home — oh," she cried with a sudden stamp of her foot in impatience with herself, "that is not what I mean to say; for what would you care for coming home? But you could not go to that place — that delightful place — that you and papa prefer to home. I know you don't care for home," said Lottie. "Oh, it is a compliment, a great compliment to me!"

And, being overwrought and worn out with agitation, she suddenly broke down and fell a-crying, not so much that she felt the slight and the pang of being neglected, but because all these agitations had been too much for her, and she felt for the moment that she could bear no more.

At the sight of her tears sudden remorse came over Law. He went to her side and stood over her, touching her shoulder with his hand. "Don't cry, Lottie," he said, with compunction. And then, after a moment, "It isn't for you; you're always jolly and kind. I don't mind what I say to you; you might know everything I do if you liked. But home, you know, home's not what a fellow cares for. Oh, yes! I care for it in a way — I care for you; but except you, what is there, Lottie? And I can't always be talking to you, can I? A fellow wants a little more than that. So do you; you want more than me. If I had come into the drawing-room this morning and strummed on the piano, what would you have done? Sent me off, or boxed my ears if I'd have let you. But that fellow Ridsdale comes and you like it. You needn't say no; I am certain you liked it. But brother and sister, you know that's not so amusing! Come, Lottie, you know that as well as I."

"I don't know it! it is not true!" Lottie cried, with a haste and emphasis which she herself felt to be unnecessary. "But what has that to do with the matter? Allow that you do not care for your home,

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Law; but is it necessary to go off and separate yourself from your family, to give up your position, everything? I will tell you what we will do. We will go to Mr. Ashford, and he will let us know honestly what he thinks — what you are fit for. All examinations are not so hard; there must be something that you could do."

Law made a wry face, but he did not contradict his sister. "I wish he would cut me out with a pair of scissors and make me fit somewhere," he said, with a shrug of his shoulders. Then he added, almost caressingly, "Take your supper, Lottie; you're tired, and you want something; I have had mine. And you have not told me a word about to-night. Why did you come in so early? How are you and Ridsdale getting on? Oh! what's the good of making a fuss about it? Do you think I can't see as plain as porridge what that means?"

"What what means?" cried Lottie, springing from her seat with such passionate energy as half frightened the lad. "How dare you, Law? Do you think I am one of the girls you are used to? How dare you speak to me so?"

"Why should you make such a fuss about it?" cried Law, laughing, yet retreating. "If there is nothing between you and Ridsdale, what does the fellow want loafing about here? Lottie! I say, mind what you are doing. I don't mind taking your advice sometimes, but I won't be bullied by you."

"Go to bed, Law!" said Lottie, with glowing eyes. Her face was crimson and then pale with excitement. After all the agitations of the evening it was hard to be brought down again to the merest vulgarities of gossip like this. She paid no more attention to her brother, but gathered together her shawl, her gloves, the shabby little fan which had been her mother's, and put out the lamp, leaving him to find his way to his room as he could. She was too indignant for words. He thought her no better than the dressmaker-girls he had spoken of, to be addressed with vulgar, stupid raillery such as no doubt they liked. This was the best Lottie had to look for in her own home. She swept out, throwing the train of her long white skirt from her hand with a movement which would have delighted Rollo, and went away to the darkness and stillness of her own little chamber, with scarcely an answer to the "Good-night" which Law flung at her as he shuffled away. She sat down on her little bed in the dark without lighting her candle; it was her self-imposed duty to watch there till she heard her father's entrance. And there, notwithstanding her stately withdrawal, poor Lottie, overcome, sobbed and cried. She had nobody to turn to, nor anything to console her, except the silence and pitying darkness which hid her girlish weakness even from herself.

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE POLITICAL ADVENTURES OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.

I.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S career has been reviewed at different stages of it by many able critics and biographers variously affected to their subject. Perhaps the time has now come when it may be expedient to take another survey of it. Lord Beaconsfield has reached a point beyond which it is not constitutionally possible that he should pass. He cannot be more than prime minister of England and a peer of the realm. Whatever be the duration of his premiership and his Parliamentary life, his career will simply be continued; it can scarcely have new features. The point will be lengthened into a line, and that is all. The record is not closed, but there cannot be much to add to it of a kind likely to affect its general character or the public judgment. Lord Beaconsfield has been the subject of bitter attack and of unscrupulous praise. His career has been described as demoralizing to the national character, and as lowering the standard and aims of English politics. We should say that it is rather unmoralizing than demoralizing. We are, at any rate, not conscious of depraving influences as the result of a continuous survey of it; its effects seem to be merely privative. Lord Beaconsfield appears somehow or other to be outside the sphere of moral judgment. You do not, as a too indulgent critic said of the dramatists of the Restoration, get into a world in which considerations of right and wrong have no place, but you see introduced into the affairs of the ordinary world a creature to whom apparently these considerations do not apply. Like the sorcerer, in Mr. Gilbert's play, he moves about taking part in all that concerns men's businesses and bosoms, wearing the dress, speaking the language, using the slang, and not exempt from the other vulgarities of ordinary life.

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Still you feel that he has come from another world, and that he is to be judged by the law of his domicile, wherever that may be, rather than by the rule according to which Englishmen pass moral sentence upon each other. Robin Goodfellow, or the elfin king, or any other weird or graceful creature of extra-natural superstition seems to have as much connection with our prosaic world as the Earl of Beaconsfield. If some fine day he should cast aside his peer's robes, and the dull vesture of decay which seems to hem him in less closely and more incongruously than it sits upon other men, and if he should appear in a blaze of light as the genius of the gardens of joy, or descend in red fire through a trap-door, the transformation would not appear more strange or theatrical than many incidents of his history. On the whole, we are not disposed to think that Lord Beaconsfield has done as much harm to political morality as might be thought likely. People have declined to think of political morality in connection with him; they have found it impossible to associate the two ideas, and therefore it has escaped injury or deterioration. He has done most mischief by the sort of charm which he has exercised over creatures of a different sphere. He has tempted ungainly mortals of respectable character, successful Parliamentary lawyers and squires moulded out of their own heavy clays, to imitate his wanton and sportive gambols with a result to which no Æsopian fable can do justice. He has done Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Henry Chaplin much harm. On the other hand, he has been of some use to the British public. He has helped to prevent them from taking life and politics too ponderously; he has stimulated their sense of wonder, and applied incentives to the somewhat slow and feeble imagination of a rather dull and prosaic community. From the beginning Lord Beaconsfield has at least never failed to pique curiosity. We propose to try and satisfy it by following, in two or three articles, his political life. Before essaying to do so, it may be well to endeavor to get some general idea of the influences of race, of ancestry, and of contemporary circumstances which at least contributed to make the man what he was and is. Lord Beaconsfield's Parliamentary career began with the first session of the first Parliament of the present reign. In some respects no single life more instructively connects and illustrates the various aspects of the Victorian epoch of our history.

Very early in his career, Lord Beaconsfield — or as he then used to style himself, Disraeli the younger — published a pamphlet with the title, "What Is He?" The "He" in question was of course Mr. Disraeli, who has always been a good deal occupied with himself. The inquiry to which in this instance he volunteered a reply is said to have been made in conversation by the late Earl Grey. The Whig chief had heard with amazement, and probably some feeling of half-articulate indignation, of a young man unknown in the lobbies and saloons, unvouched for either by Mr. Ellice or by Lady Holland, who had ventured to stand against one of Lord Grey's sons as a candidate for High Wycombe, that "very respectable street" which subsequently had the honor of being represented by Mr. Bernal Osborne, who paid historic tribute to it in the phrase which we have just quoted. On a later occasion, when a candidate for another constituency, Mr. Disraeli explained to a plebeian inquirer, as curious as Lord Grey, that High Wycombe was a borough in Buckinghamshire belonging to his father, who, he added with a certain territorial pride which has marked him through his career, owned property in three counties. Since Dogberry modestly vaunted his possession of two gowns and everything handsome about him, a more ingenuously pleasing declaration has not been made. Unhappily the pamphlet in which the younger Disraeli stood and unfolded himself for the edification of Lord Grey has perished. It is unknown to the shelves of the British Museum. It remains dispersed over a multitude of scattered trunks, defying the industry of the most indefatigable collector to bring them together and to reconstruct it. The loss is to be deplored. In this little work Lord Beaconsfield stood forth, avowing in substance: "I am my own interpreter, and I will make it plain."

The pamphlet is probably, like its author, unique in English, or in any other literature. There have been men in abundance who have written apologies and confessions, some of which the world could have very well spared. They have given an account of the things they have done and of the motives by which they were actuated. Lord Beaconsfield took a different course. He began his career by writing a preface to a life of which scarcely the first pages wore composed, and of which nobody had at that time shown any disposition to turn the leaves. In one of his essays Dr. James Martineau refers to a German play in which Adam is intro-

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duced crossing the stage, going to be created. This is something like the position in which Mr. Disraeli presents himself in this early explanation of himself to the wondering mind of the old Whig peer. The loss of Mr. Disraeli's early treatise upon himself is irreparable, and there is no use in shedding more tears over it. In one sense the pamphlet and the question to which it offers a reply may be considered as prefiguring the attitude of the public to Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Beaconsfield's attitude towards himself. For fifty years "the great lubber," as he somewhere styles the nation which has made him prime minister, has been rubbing its eyes and scratching its head and asking, with a perplexed amazement like Lord Grey's, "What is he?" Lord Beaconsfield in his turn has made reply, during half a century, in speeches and essays and novels, which together form a considerable bulk of literature. Still his countrymen ask, "What is he?" So we get no further. He is himself alone. To explain is to refer to more general categories. Lord Beaconsfield can scarcely be classified; no one but himself can be his parallel.

Nevertheless attempts have been made from time to time to gather together the scattered voices and to put some sort of interpretation upon them. They are likely to be continued. An enigma however trivial, a mystery however worthless, piques curiosity; and Lord Beaconsfield's strange character and fortunes, neither trivial nor worthless, will always possess a certain degree of interest for the student of human nature in its more eccentric and whimsical developments. In the dull succession of arch mediocrities who for the greater part make up the list of English prime ministers, his fantastic figure must always draw attention and stimulate speculation. How he came to be what he was and where he is, is likely to be a theme of mildly renewed surprise and conjectural explanation for many generations. A Hebrew proverb which Lord Beaconsfield quotes in one of his novels, speaking of what is to happen in the fulness of time, announces that "we shall yet see an ass mount a ladder." We are reluctant to quote the proverb in this connection; but the ass, it must be remembered, is in the East a very fleet, spirited, and beautiful creature, and is held there in high and just esteem. Lord Beaconsfield, if we recollect rightly, applies the proverb to the wonderful elevation of his own wonderful Alroy, who, from being the prince of the captivity, became the king of Judah and the deliverer of his people. In a similar sense, and disembarrassed of the injurious associations with which centuries of oppression and domestic servitude have surrounded a once noble and still useful quadruped, the image may be applied to Lord Beaconsfield. The Hebrew proverb has received its fulfilment: we have seen the ass mount the ladder. Not only so, he has maintained himself there as if the posture and situation were natural. This personal elevation may, perhaps, be considered as part of a more general phenomenon. It applies not only to Lord Beaconsfield, but to the historic race of which he is one of the most remarkable illustratory ornaments. Some time ago a respectable member of Parliament in arguing some question, we forget what, found it necessary to recall to the recollection of his hearers the historic fact that we do not now live under the Mosaic dispensation. Lord Beaconsfield held office at the time, and gazed at the orator from the treasury bench. The Opposition laughed. Even the docile ministerialists tittered and coughed. The impression seemed to prevail that we do live in some sense under a Mosaic dispensation. In administration, in finance, and in journalism, Jewish influences notoriously shape and guide English politics. This is not a new thing in European history, though in England it is now more pronounced and obvious than it has ever been before. The phenomenon itself, however, is two thousand years old. In the latest volume of his "*Histoire des Origines du Christianisme*," M. Renan, speaking of Josephus, says: "*Il avait cette facilité superficielle qui fait que le Juif, transporté dans une civilization qui lui est étrangère, se met avec une merveilleuse prestesse au courant des idées au milieu desquelles il se trouve jeté, et voit par quel côté il peut les exploiter.*" The same phenomenon is observable now. The politicians and journalists who carry on the largest trade in patriotic phrases and national prejudices, are Jews who, like Josephus, transported into a civilization which is foreign to them have placed themselves with marvellous dexterity in the current of the ideas which float about them, in order to find a means of turning them to account. In one of his early papers, Thackeray describes an incident at a city dinner: "The royal health having been imbibed, the professional gentlemen ejaculated a part of the national anthem; and I do not mean any disrespect to them personally in mentioning that this emi-

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nently religious hymn was performed by Messrs. Shadrach and Meshech, two well-known melodists of the Hebrew persuasion." Later in the evening, "the elderly Hebrew gentleman before mentioned began striking up a wild, patriotic ditty about the 'Queen of the Isles" on whose sea-girt shores the bright sun smiles and the ocean roars, whose cliffs never knew, since the bright sun rose, but a people true who scorned all foes." Practically this has been the course of politics during the last two years. The Parliamentary Shadrachs and the journalistic Meshechs have been singing the national anthem and patriotic melodies to an amused and excited audience who have shouted and banged their glasses, and have believed in the spontaneity and disinterestedness and genuine British feeling of Shadrach and Meshech and the other Hebrew gentleman, who pays these pipers.

Everybody who has read Lord Beaconsfield's novels must recollect one of the cleverest things in any of them, — the conversation in "Tancred" about the "Revelations of Chaos," a work which occupied the world of Lord Beaconsfield's characters at the the time when the world of flesh and blood was talking about the "Vestiges of Creation." "You know all is development: the principle is perpetually going on. First, there was nothing, then there was something; then, I forget the next, I think there were shells, then fishes; then we came. Let me see — did we come next? Never mind that, we came at last: and the next change, there will be something very superior to us; something with wings. Ah, that's it: we were fishes, and I believe we shall be crows." No one, however proud he may be of having been a fish, or however anxious he may be to become a crow, can object to banter of this kind which, like the noises in Prospero's island, "gives delight, and hurts not" even the doctrine which it plays with. Earlier, however, in his course of philosophic speculation, Lord Beaconsfield had professed a different theory, which has more affinity than his later view with what is fundamental in his writings, and especially with his doctrine of race. In "Contarini Fleming" he sets forth the proposition that "the various tribes (of men) that people this globe, in all probability spring from different animals." Civilization, he complains, has deserted the regions and intellects she once most favored. The Persians, the Arabs, the Greeks, are now unlettered slaves in barbarous lands. "The arts are yielded to the flat-nosed Franks." Lord Beaconsfield has never been able to get over his dislike, or even to refrain from the expression of his deep-seated repugnance for the unfortunate Frankish nose. "And they toil and study and invent theories to account for their own incompetence. Now it is the climate, now the religion, now the government; everything but the mortifying suspicion that their organization may be different; that they may be as distinct a race from their models as they undoubtedly are from the Kalmuck and the negro." We may admit to Lord Beaconsfield that distinctions of race, whether they be aboriginal or derivative, of animal or of circumstantial origin, have at last been formed, and ought to be taken into account. There is no one from a consideration of whose life they can be less safely omitted than from his own. There is little need of reserve on the subject, for Lord Beaconsfield has practised none himself, and his relations to his own people are the most honorable and attractive element in his story.

Lord Beaconsfield is the most remarkable illustration of his own doctrine of the ascendancy of Hebrew genius in modern Europe. The latest philosophy propounds that what is peculiar to himself in each individual is really a smaller part of him than the qualities which he derives from his personal ancestry and the race to which he and they belong. Lord Beaconsfield unites, in a manner which the history of his family explains, the qualities of the Hebrew and of the "super-subtle Venetian." In the sketch of his father's life which is prefixed to one of the editions of the "Curiosities of Literature," he narrates the fortunes of his house. In the fifteenth century, some of his ancestors, driven from Spain by Torquemada and the Inquisition, took refuge in Venice. During two centuries they remained there. Possibly sufficiently careful research might detect some trace of them in the relics of the old Hebrew burial-ground on the Lido. Like Timon "entombed upon the very hem of the sea," these poor Jews have "made their everlasting mansion upon the beached verge of the salt flood." Slabs of stone, half buried into the earth or covered with grass and creeping vegetation, recall in their often still legible Hebrew characters the names and families of the Jews banished in their death from the society in which they were barely tolerated during their lives. The favorable position of Mr. Pelham gave a new opening to Jewish enterprise in England towards

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the middle of the eighteenth century. In 1749 Benjamin Disraeli, the grandfather of the present prime minister, who may, perhaps, have had Shylock or Tubal among his ancestors, settled in England. At this time, Lord Beaconsfield records, "There might be found, among other Jewish families flourishing in this country, the Villa Reals, who brought wealth to these shores almost as great as their name, though that is the second in Portugal, and who have twice allied themselves with the English aristocracy: the Medinas, the Laras, who were our kinsmen, and the Mendez de Costas, who, I believe, still exist." Mr. Pelham's good intentions bore fruit, but not very lasting fruit. The Jews' Naturalization Bill, which he succeeded in passing in 1753, was repealed the next year after his death by the Duke of Newcastle, under the influence of a popular and ecclesiastical clamor which must have taught the Venetian emigrant that he had little to expect from liberal opinion in England. Sir John Barnard put the conclusive argument that if the Jews were allowed to hold land in this country, all security would be gone for the maintenance of Christianity as the fashionable religion. But the argument of the streets was yet more decisive. Political recognition would probably have cost the Jews such social toleration as they enjoyed by the connivance of interest rather than that of generosity or friendship. If the policy of Mr. Pelham had been persisted in and extended, the character and career of the present prime minister might have been very different from that which we propose to examine. The Jewish families, his among the rest, were forced to remain foreigners and Israelites. They were not allowed tb become Englishmen. The development of a new species, by the process of evolution and transformation, is, according to the most trustworthy authorities in natural history, a very slow one, except in cases of very rare flexibility. There has not yet been time for the conversion of the Jew into the true Briton. This would require Ovid's metamorphosis, and not Darwin's. Certainly a century and a quarter of residence in England on the part of his ancestors and himself has left little trace on the mind and character of Lord Beaconsfield. He is in almost every essential point far more of a Venetian and a Jew than of an Englishman. The two cities to which his imagination stretches backwards most constantly and affectionately are Jerusalem and Venice. They enter into his political visions, in which Lord Beaconsfield takes things a great deal more seriously than he does his dealings with practical English politics, in which there is always a great deal of make-believe, too obvious to be called deceptive. Thackeray has remarked upon the odd fate which sent Mr. G. P. R. James as consul to the only city in Europe in which it would be impossible for him to encounter the two horsemen, at least with their horses, who figure on the first page of nearly all his romances. It was an odder destiny which derived the champion of the British territorial interest and landed aristocracy from a race debarred from owning property in land, and from a city in which from the nature of the case a territorial aristocracy could not exist. Perhaps the principle of reaction and antagonism made the descendant of a family of Venetian Jews the champion and representative of the large-acred lords and squires of England. More probably it was his possession in the nineteenth century of that faculty which Renan has noted in the Jew of the first century. It is another instance of the wonderful dexterity of the Hebrew in throwing himself into the current of ideas foreign to him, and of humoring the prejudices of the people among whom he may be thrown for his own advantage.

Lord Beaconsfield has described the home of his grandfather at Enfield in a few delicate yet distinct touches. The Venetian settler was a zealous man of business and an accomplished man of the world. He occupied himself impartially in trade and pleasure, dividing his time between activity in making a fortune and the sweet indolence of its enjoyment. He laid out an Italian garden at Enfield, he played whist with Sir Horace Mann, he ate macaroni which was dressed by the Venetian consul — who, we hope, was worthy of the confidence thus reposed in him, and dressed his macaroni as skilfully as the prime minister in "Contarini Fleming" was reported to have made cream cheeses. Lord Beaconsfield, who was a lad of twelve when his grandfather died, draws his character with evident sympathy for it, both in its fine gentleman or macaroni aspect, and on its more strenuous business side. Perhaps there is some consciousness of inherited qualities and aptitudes in his delineation of the Venetian emigrant as a man of "ardent character, sanguine, courageous, speculative, and fortunate; with a temper which no disappointment could disturb and a brain amid reverses full of resource." In the sketch

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of his father there is more tenderness, and even a touch of something like affectionate compassion. Isaac Disraeli lived only in his library and his literary projects, careless of the politics of the day, and utterly unintelligent of them. In these two men it is not perhaps fanciful to trace, in addition to the workings of natural character and tastes, the influences of isolation from the society in which they lived, owing to the prejudices of race, religion, and the undefined social prescription thence derived, which hemmed in them in a sort of moral Ghetto or Juden Strasse. The grandfather sought a refuge in the ordinary commercial enterprises of the Jew and in the amusements of the exile. The father fled from his own world and his own time into the past and to his books. A sense of isolation and detachment was apparently impressed upon the household.

But to complete the understanding of the silent influence of persons and feelings which is likely to have contributed insensibly to shape the character and aims of the lad who was afterwards to be prime minister of England, another figure needs to be sketched in the family group. Lord Beaconsfield has not omitted it from his picture of a Jewish interior, though it must have required some courage to draw its outlines, as he has done, with stern strokes and an unfaltering hand. In the two men, father and son, we see the flexible and accommodating nature of the Jew who bows to circumstances, and with a patient shrug lets the world pass in which he is disinherited and proscribed. But the Jewish character has another side than that of accommodation and acquiescence. It has a fierceness of hate and resentment which, when it cannot wreak its passions upon its enemies and persecutors, preys upon and rends itself. Lord Beaconsfield describes his grandmother as hating her race, and as detesting the very name which her marriage had given her, and which was a perpetual witness of her Jewish connections. He adds that she was "so mortified by her social position that she lived until eighty without indulging a tender expression." It is perhaps from this strange figure, in which it is easy to recognize in an introverted form the stern lineaments that have marked the zealots and fanatics of the race, that the author of "Daniel Deronda" has drawn the Jew-hating Jewess who is the mother of her hero. Lord Beaconsfield had never probably at any period of his career much in common with the amiable walking gentleman whom the genius of George Eliot has vainly endeavored to convert into a man of thought and action. But Daniel Deronda could not more thoroughly and openly avow the ties of blood, which in spite of an ostensibly Christian profession and training bound him to his people, than Lord Beaconsfield has always done. So far as has depended upon himself, he has been faithful to the purpose of his ancestors, who on their escape from Spain to Venice "assumed the name of Disraeli, a name never borne before or since by any other family, in order that their race might be forever recognized." Lord Beaconsfield has never been untrue in spirit to this virtual vow of a persecuted house, "grateful to the God of Jacob, who had sustained them through unprecedented trials, and guarded them through unheard-of perils." Perhaps on the whole, though the error is on the side of courage and manliness, he has been almost too ostentatiously faithful to it. Judaism and the Jews have been thrust by him with an almost unnecessary pertinacity into English politics and literature. The consciousness of his race and of their faith seems never to escape him. Lord Beaconsfield has made that a matter of honorable pride, and even occasionally of something like bravado, which was to his ancestress one of lifelong shame and torment. He has never been able to leave the matter alone, and to consider the question of Jew or Gentile as a thing socially and politically indifferent. Perhaps this would have been impossible in the midst of the prejudices of race and religion by which he has been surrounded, and in face of the coarse insults which those prejudices have occasionally prompted. Lord Beaconsfield's conduct on this point during the whole of his political and literary career is entitled to genuine and cordial respect. Even the extravagances into which he has been betrayed are extravagances of courageous championship and of manly self-assertion. They deserve indulgent and tender treatment. No one can judge of them fairly who does not keep in mind the mortifying and sometimes painful and cruel domestic experiences out of which they have sprung. Of the builders of the temple in Jerusalem it is recorded that "every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon. For the builders every one had his sword girded by his side and so builded." In rebuilding the fortunes of their race in Europe the Jews have labored under precisely similar conditions. Toiling under

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the eyes of watchful and relentless enmity, with one of their hands they have wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon. In no one has this militant attitude, half defensive, half offensive, but only aggressive for the sake of more effectual self-defence, been more conspicuous and successful than in Lord Beaconsfield. But the success is not personal merely or his alone. He is but the signal type, the prerogative instance of the completeness of the conquest by which the Jewish captivity, like captive Greece, has taken captive its fierce victor. Lord Beaconsfield has been in his way, not less than his Alroy, a prince of the captivity, and to have become prime minister of England, even at the cost of quitting the faith of his fathers, is not a less achievement than, like his hero, to have become caliph.

In literature, Lord Beaconsfield has been essentially a Jewish apologist; Josephus and the false Aristobulus simply anticipated his method, or rather he applied theirs with a difference. They set themselves to prove to an indifferent and laughing Gentile world that the philosophy and morals of the Greek and Roman poets and sages were derived from the Hebrew Scriptures; and perpetrated not a few forgeries to make good their point. Lord Beaconsfield has with more boldness claimed as of Jewish race nearly all the most distinguished men of science and art, of thought and action, whom modern Europe has produced, and in doing so has been genealogically a rather credulous Apella. He has pleaded the cause of his race and original faith with one great advantage. He has done so as an ostensible convert to Christianity. But he is essentially, if we may use a distinction as old as the religion itself, a Hebrew and not a Gentile Christian. His view of the religion is perhaps rather peculiar in our day, whatever it may have been two thousand years ago. He apparently regards it as a kind of second part or continuation of Judaism, bearing the same sort of relation to it of affiliation and of inferiority as that which the second part of "Faust" sustains to the first; or which "Paradise Regained" has to "Paradise Lost." The work is genuine; it is, perhaps, a necessary supplement to its predecessor and recompletion of it, but showing signs of the old age and the declining powers of the race from whose religious genius it has sprung. Of course, Lord Beaconsfield does not say as much as this. He does not even insinuate it. Nevertheless, an impression such as that we have conveyed is distinctly produced. If we may trust statements commonly made, Lord Beaconsfield owes in the main to accident his opportunity of pleading, in the character of a professor of the second part of the Jewish religion, on behalf of the social and personal claims and the civil rights of those of his race who accept only the first. Through a personal quarrel Isaac Disraeli broke off relations with the synagogue without entering into any relations with the Church. It is said that the Church of England is indebted to the good nature of that heathen money-changer and verse-maker, Samuel Rogers, for the presence of Lord Beaconsfield among its faithful sons. Rogers did not kidnap the young Benjamin Disraeli as the young Mortara was kidnapped. He was not consumed by any zeal for souls. Thinking it hard that an empty form should stand in the way of a clever boy's prospects, Rogers it is said, we do not know with what truth, took him off to St. Andrew's Church, Holborn. There it is certain that on 31st of July, 1817, Benjamin Disraeli, "said to be about twelve years of age," as the baptismal register records, was made perhaps as much of a Christian as he ever became. Whatever the instrumentality employed, Benjamin Disraeli became a member of the Church of England in the year 1817, and as such entered upon all the privileges, civil and political, which were still denied not only to Jews and unbelievers but to Papists and Dissenters.

The discipline of a private academy, and, it is said, of a solicitor's office, were substituted in his case for that of the public school and the university. Whatever the loss to him may have been morally and socially, Lord Beaconsfield has never been deficient in those intellectual attainments which it is common to connect with university training — too exclusively, as the names of Mill and Grote have sufficiently shown even to a British House of Commons. It is perhaps to be regretted that what seems a premature mannishness should have thrust young Disraeli into the world of action and of authorship, when he would have been more naturally and profitably under the discipline of pupilage and spurred by the emulation and friendships of college life. A certain self-enclosure and isolation to which he has been prone through life might have been in some degree combated, if Lord Beaconsfield had ever been a boy among boys or a young man among young men. Silence and the concentrated self-absorption,

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which save at rare moments have marked him in Parliament and in general society, might have given way if more genial influences in early manhood had followed upon the unhappy experience to which his race and religion subjected his childhood. It would probably be a mistake to read the more remarkable of his earlier novels, "Vivian Grey" and "Contarini Fleming," as directly and designedly autobiographic. If the author had been consciously drawing his own portrait in either, the lineaments would almost certainly have been more pleasing. The tone of mockery and burlesque with which the young heroes comment on their own proceedings would have been spared. It is quite obvious that the author of "Vivian Grey" and "Contarini Fleming" regards those young gentlemen as very often a pair of intolerably conceited and unamiable jackanapes, who would have been the better for a chastening. Unconsciously, however, the ideas over which the author's mind was brooding, ideas springing out of his own position in society and his relations to life, constantly appear. A very young writer who has had very little experience of mankind and the world, describes himself without knowing it because he has nothing else to describe. Vivian Grey's lament: "If I were the son of a millionaire or a noble, I might have all. Curse on my lot! that the want of a few rascal counters, the possession of a little rascal blood, should mar my fortune," is very likely, with the patriotic change of a single word, to have been on the lips of the younger Disraeli. In the preface to "Contarini Fleming," again, the author sets forth one of the aims which he had in writing. He "endeavored," he says, "to conceive a character whose position in life should be at variance and, as it were, in constant conflict with his temperament. . . . The combination that connected in one being Scandinavia and the South, and made the image of a distant and most romantic city continually act upon a nervous temperament surrounded by the snows and forests of the north, though novel, it is believed, in literature, was by no means an impossible or even an improbable one." If we substitute the mist and rain of England for the snows and forests of Scandinavia, and conceive the image of Jerusalem as well as that of Venice constantly present to the mind of the exile, we have a combination not only possible in literature but actual in the author's own experience. "Contarini Fleming" grew out of a pilgrimage to the East and to Jerusalem, which took in Spain and Venice and all the ancestral lands through which the author's race and house had passed during the long wanderings of their exile. The feeling which animates the passage we have quoted from the preface of "Contarini Fleming," finds constant expression all through the work. There is very likely no conscious personal identification of the author and the hero; but the pervading sentiment is for that all the deeper. "Some exemption," Contarini hopes, "from the sectarian prejudices which embitter life may be surely expected from one who, by a curious combination of circumstances, finds himself without country, without kindred, and without friends. Wherever I moved I looked around me and beheld a race different from myself. There was no sympathy between my frame and the rigid climate whither I had been brought to live." "Their blue eyes, their flaxen hair, and their white visages claimed no kith and kindred with my Venetian countenance." Again Contarini declaims against "the vast quantity of dull, lowering, entangling ties that formed the great domestic mesh, and bound me to a country which I detested, covered me with a climate which killed me, surrounded me with manners with which I could not sympathize." In "Vivian Grey" and "Contarini Fleming" the two barriers which stood in the way of political ambition are presented separately. In a plutocratic aristocracy a poor plebeian laments his possession of rascal blood, or blood more damaging than that of rascaldom, and his lack of rascal counters. In Scandinavia the hero meets the obstacle of foreign race and uncongenial temperament. The foreign adventurers who have been able to overcome difficulties such as these are the object of Contarini Fleming's most constant and earnest admiration. Alberoni and Ripperda are statesmen for whom something like enthusiasm is expressed. Lord Beaconsfield has been more lucky or more dexterous than either of these political fortune-hunters, between the latter of whom and himself there is a certain resemblance, especially in the theological speculations with which they have amused their leisure.

A character and a mind formed in the domestic and social circumstances out of which the stories of "Vivian Grey" and "Contarini Fleming" naturally came, and which they expressed with a faithfulness all the greater for being undesigned, needed above all others the discipline of an English home, and would have been

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the better for the equal companionship of the public school and the university. By no one of these roots was Lord Beaconsfield fixed in British soil. He may be compared rather to one of those air-plants which draw their nourishment and take their color from the atmosphere which surrounds them, and in which they float, but which lay no hold of the solid earth. "Vivian Grey" and "Contarini Fleming" were written at some interval of time, the former appearing in 1826, the latter in 1831. There is, however, a certain natural connection between the two in the unwritten disclosure of their author's purpose and character which they contain. They reveal to us the aims and feelings with which their author entered upon the political career which we propose to review, and of which they are the preface. It is impossible to understand Lord Beaconsfield without them. It may not be possible quite to understand him with them. But neither the books nor the man can be comprehended or judged with due indulgence apart from each other. To the same literary period belong "The Young Duke," "Alroy," and "The Revolutionary Epic." All these works seem to have been produced not because the writer was full of some theme or conception which claimed expression, but because he was a candidate for personal distinction, and was resolved to obtain it by one means or another. "The Revolutionary Epic" is suggested by the reflection that Homer having produced the heroic epic, and Virgil the political epic, Dante the national epic, and Milton the religious epic, for Disraeli the younger there remained the revolutionary epic. In the event of the public failing to recognize, and to be quick about it, the poetic heir of Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Milton, the inspired poet pledged himself "without a pang to hurl his lyre to limbo," both of which words begin most fortunately and expressively with "l." He had no desire to sing to a world which was as the deaf adder to the charmer. Repeating a remark which he had formerly put into the mouths of Vivian Grey and Contarini Fleming, "I am not," he says, "one of those who find consolation for the neglect of my contemporaries in the imaginary plaudits of a more sympathetic posterity." With Lord Beaconsfield it is all a question of applause. The title-page of "The Revolutionary Epic" sets forth in monumental style that it is "the work of Disraeli the Younger, author of 'The Psychological Romance,'" a species of composition of which Disraeli the younger seems to have supposed that he was the inventor in "Contarini Fleming." In that work he had set forth a doctrine of political expression which seems afterwards to have commended itself to Mr. Carlyle. Lord Beaconsfield holds, or then held, that the metrical form of poetry is due to the fact that it was at first composed to be sung to the lyre, and that the artifices of diction and the barbaric clash of rhyme are ill adapted to an age in which reading has taken the place of recitation.

"The Wonderful Tale of Alroy," which, however, does not want its artifices of diction, and its occasional clash of rhyme, was composed in its more impassioned portions on this principle. Disraeli the younger was essentially an inventor and projector in literature. The craving for fame prompted one extravagant design after another. Expressed in the plainest terms, and urged with a reiteration which even the author's liveliness does not always rescue from tediousness in his early writings, Vivian Grey and Contarini Fleming have no other aim in life than to be notorious and powerful, chiefly by duping or terrifying others. Contarini had a deep conviction that life would be intolerable unless he were the greatest of men. The desire of distinction and of astounding action raged in his infantile soul. Nor does he care to win by fair means. His description of a schoolboy fight and of his demeanor in it is prophetic of the spirit in which the writer's political gladiatorship has been conducted. It is the author of the "Letters of Runnymede" and the assailant of Sir Robert Peel who writes of this schoolboy struggle: "I would not have waited for their silly rules of mock combat, but have destroyed him in his prostration." A similar indifference to the rules of the ring and to fair hitting has frequently been observable in Lord Beaconsfield's political encounters. Fame is essential to Contarini, though not posthumous fame. Whether it is to be won as a brigand or as a warrior, as a prime minister or as a revolutionary leader, as a diplomatist or as a conspirator, is a matter of only secondary moment. That may be as time and chance shall determine. The great thing is to wield authority conspicuously and magnificently, to be feared and to be envied. That this power is to be used for the good of others never for one moment occurs to the heroes of Lord Beaconsfield's early novels. It may be said that he is simply describing the wild notions and dreams with which the brains of

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boys swarm, while they are still in the merely predatory and animal stage which precedes the civilized and human one, in the development of individual character as well as of nature and society. We are quite ready to make such allowance as this consideration requires. But Lord Beaconsfield's heroes never pass into a further stage. There is no sign that he recognizes one. It is quite easy to see the explanation of this shortcoming. The bonds of country and of class have from the very nature of the case scarcely existed for Lord Beaconsfield. The non-personal elements which bind most men by a thousand ties to the community of which they are members, and to the lesser communities, local or of organized sentiment and opinion, into which every nation is divided, have been for him as if they were not. The circumstances of his birth, the legislation and social temper of the country to which his ancestry transferred themselves a century and a quarter since, the inherited qualities of a race whose habits of mind and character have been formed by nearly two thousand years of persecution and social slight, have hindered Lord Beaconsfield from cultivating that subordination of mere personal greed, whether of fame, or wealth, or power, to the well-being of a sect, a party, a class, a nation, without which a genuine community is impossible. In this moral banishment the social and even human element in man is suppressed, or grows up but feebly from its root in what is individual, self-seeking and animal. The one apparent exception in Lord Beaconsfield's case is, when properly viewed, simply an illustration of the general rule. He has been true to the Jewish people who are really his country and church. He has quitted them in semblance, but in so doing he has helped them, to plead for them the more effectually. For the rest a certain fidelity, as of a Swiss mercenary to the chief or party in whose service he has enlisted, belongs to him conspicuously.

It is scarcely Lord Beaconsfield's fault, all things considered, that his career has not been in its main features that of an English statesman, but rather that of a foreign political adventurer. An unfair standard is applied to it when it is judged by the tests by which we try politicians of English blood and training. The Philippe Daims, the Alberonis, the Ripperdas of countries and times different and remote from our own, are the politicians with whom at least during a great part of his public life he may most naturally and fairly be compared. Among political adventurers, admitting the lawfulness of the calling, he holds an intellectually conspicuous, and even by comparison a morally respectable place. The hatred of the Whig oligarchy which runs through the "Letters of Runnymede," and which has inspired many a gibe and scoff from Lord Beaconsfield's lips and pen during half a century, is probably as genuine a sentiment as either he or any one else has ever entertained. It springs from the same root as his admiration of Bolingbroke. A personal rule, the monarchy of a patriot king holding himself above the strife of party, and therefore beyond its control, gives the adventurer and the favorite opportunities which it is not easy to find under any other system. It opens doors which an oligarchy, Venetian or Whig, tries to keep closed. Lord Beaconsfield has not only defended Bolingbroke's doctrines in his "Letters to a Noble and Learned Lord in Vindication of the English Constitution," and elsewhere, but he has striven in later years to give effect to them. He has done so, it is true, by the instrumentality of that very system of government by party, which in his more candid moments he decries, and of that aristocratic class for which he every now and then intimates a sort of good-natured contempt. Circumstances made Lord Beaconsfield a political soldier of fortune. In the reign of Queen Anne he would probably have been the pamphleteer of a faction. Under George III. he would have been the dependant and Parliamentary spokesman of a great noble, as Barré was of Lord Shelburne, whom Lord Beaconsfield admires only less than he admires Bolingbroke, and in part for the same reasons. Under the reign of Queen Victoria he has passed through both these embryo stages, as is the law with fully developed animals. He has been the pamphleteer of a party, and the Parliamentary spokesman of aristocratic chiefs. He was the Barré of Lord George Bentinck and of Lord Derby. But he has brought the art of political adventure to a higher point than it has reached in England since the full development of Parliamentary institutions. Probably two things were needed for this perfect and final success. The formation under the personal and hereditary influences which we have endeavored to trace of a typical adventurer was one of these conditions. The reign of a female sovereign was the other. It was Queen Anne who made Bolingbroke possible. Queen Victoria has been as essential to Lord Bea-

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consfield. The faint parody of Bolingbroke's career and doctrine which Lord Beaconsfield has been able to exhibit has required a state of things resembling, though but distantly, that which prevailed under the latest preceding queen regnant.

ERICA.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRAU VON INGERSLEBEN.

XLIV.

THE PORTFOLIO.

WERNER naturally prolonged his stay at Altenborn, nay, he remained until Sidonie returned to Dorneck, for both Countess Rodenwald and the baroness thought it better for her to spend the time of her betrothal in her own home. For this reason Fritz again received an extension of his leave of absence, that he might accompany Sidonie on her journey. The latter found it very hard to leave Altenborn — the suffering she had endured there formed a special bond — but the thought of living so near her relatives consoled her, and made the separation easier for all.

Letters had been instantly sent to Count Hardeck, but while Sidonie merely informed her guardian that she would yield to his wishes, Werner entered into full particulars. The count's answer this time came very quickly. He cordially expressed his surprise and pleasure, but could not entirely refrain from censuring Sidonie's conduct.

"God must keep a special watch over you capricious young ladies," he wrote, "that you do not cause yourselves greater misery. There is something mad, you must pardon your old relative this strong expression, in violently opposing a marriage for which there are a thousand sensible reasons, and then throwing yourself unasked into the arms of the same man, when all these sensible motives have disappeared, and the match has become a very imprudent one. And, moreover, you pretend to yield submissively to my will, while on the contrary, you have followed your own obstinate caprices, and the fact that God, in his goodness, has allowed your folly to have such a fortunate result, does not alter the affair in the least. I am heartily glad that I can speedily resign my authority over you to Werner Meerburg; he can see whether he will manage you any better than a gouty old man. But may God bless you, my dear child, and make you as happy as I sincerely hope you will be."

After the departure of the visitors, the baroness's drawing-room became far quieter, yet the latter missed them far more than Erica and Elmar, though even now a shadow sometimes flitted over the latter's horizon of life and love, that he could not instantly drive away, and which made Erica the more anxious because she vainly asked its cause.

The ambassador, it is true, had granted Werner's request with friendly zeal, but hitherto had been unable to give any favorable report of the inquiries set on foot. Katharina, probably by Wehlen's advice, kept perfectly quiet, but remained on a war footing with the occupants of the other wing of the castle, as she neither visited them herself, nor allowed little Carlos to go to the old lady as usual.

Her restlessness, however, rendered it impossible to play the invalid long, and she soon again gave parties or paid visits in the neighborhood. Although this was not agreeable to Elmar, as it made the family quarrel public, he nevertheless rejoiced that Katharina had not yet commenced the threatened law-suit.

Elmar's inquiries resulted in the discovery that the figure the two friends had seen was probably Wehlen. The head groom, who, since the accident, had cherished a special hatred towards him, reported that Wehlen had obtained admission to the castle and the princess's apartments through a little door in the old citadel. Immediately after this discovery, Willich set to work to put in order the old rusty bolt, which, when pushed forward, rendered it impossible to open the door, and had completed his task that very day. Wehlen, when he found it impossible to enter by the way he had hitherto used, had doubtless come in through the main door, and, not suspecting so simple an obstacle as a drawn bolt, gone out in the same manner.

The head groom, at the same time, expressed his serious anxiety about the influence Wehlen had obtained over the princess. She would no longer do the simplest thing without his advice, or rather, permission, for he did not seem to rule her entirely by flattery, but, strangely as it might sound, quite as much by fear. In spite of his frequent visits to the castle, notes constantly passed to and fro be-

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tween the princess and her chamberlain. The maid, who had recently read one of these missives, was amazed at the tone Herr von Wehlen ventured to adopt towards her mistress. She had been the more surprised, because she, as well as the other servants, was firmly convinced that Wehlen was trying to obtain the princess's hand, and this was rather a singular mode of courtship.

The latter hint caused Elmar little anxiety. Wehlen was too well acquainted with the affairs of the family to strive for such a doubtful happiness as a marriage with Katharina. Besides, Elmar thought that such a chain would seem unendurable to the restless adventurer, especially as he would have too much to fear from the vengeance of the family to be able to carelessly shake it off again whenever he chose. On the contrary, it seemed more in keeping with Wehlen's character to reap as much personal advantage from the situation as possible, and when Katharina's fortune had been squandered, or at least greatly diminished, instantly continue his wanderings.

The lever of mingled flattery and fear which he used to gain his object, betrayed the craft of the adventurer. With Katharina's blind vanity, the power of the former was readily discovered, but it required a deeper insight into her character to detect that, in spite of all her recklessness and violence, she had a great respect for a will that resolutely opposed her own. Whether it was because, at such moments, she perceived that she could not defend her own caprices by any reasonable arguments, or from a certain instinctive dread that unconsciously slumbered in her heart, and which makes even wild beasts fear the eye of man, the mirror of his intellectual superiority, suffice it to say that Elmar had sometimes had occasion to notice this trait in her character.

A proper use of this discovery would doubtless have been very advantageous to him, in his conduct towards his sister, but it was repugnant to his nature to play such a tyrannical part, and, moreover, the thought that Katharina had lost a large fortune by his father's second marriage and his own birth, involuntarily induced him to treat her with special indulgence. He could, however, easily imagine that Wehlen, who knew no consideration, would soon make himself her absolute master unless some lucky accident enabled her to escape her jailor.

The idea involuntarily occurred to him, as he remembered the last conversation with his sister, which afforded him undeniable proofs of her increasing unreasonableness. Could Wehlen, from his point of view, be particularly blamed if he made himself master of a will which had forever lost the power of controlling itself, and seemed destined to be a slave? Was not Elmar himself greatly in fault for having left this irrational will without a guide, and thus made it the prey of an adventurer?

The thoughts to which Elmar yielded were very unpleasant, very painful. A perhaps undue sensitiveness made him shrink from a step which might possibly afford him some personal advantage, and he secretly put forward the pretext of his want of legal right to excuse his hesitation. Would not some one of the numerous persons with whom his sister was in constant intercourse have made the same discovery and spoken of it to him if Katharina's want of rationality were really so great as it sometimes appeared to him? With the exception of Aunt Vally, no one had even hinted at such a thing. Relatives and intimate friends had often been offended and spoken angrily about her, it is true, but even the baroness, when he cautiously questioned her, only replied with a shrug of the shoulders, "Katharina was always full of whims."

So he let the matter rest for the present, and waited with still greater anxiety for the news which was to remove the second obstacle. Unfortunately, however, the intelligence was not what he expected, for a letter from the ambassador informed him that all the church records in the capital had been examined, so the marriage must have taken place somewhere else.

Elmar was very much depressed by this news, and determined to instantly go to the city himself to make personal inquiries. He was just going up-stairs to the baroness to discuss the matter, when a letter from the princess was handed to him.

Katharina stated that she had now allowed him sufficient time to procure the marriage certificate, and no longer had any pretext for delaying the performance of her duty. On reflecting upon the circumstances, she hoped that Elmar would voluntarily renounce his pretended rights, in which case she would be disposed to provide for his future in a manner suitable to the change in his position. Otherwise she must of course appeal to the law, and Elmar could then blame himself if she showed no farther consideration for him.

He crushed the letter indignantly in his hand, and hurled it into a corner of the

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room. It was not so much the purport that enraged him, for he had expected it, but the style of the whole epistle, which plainly showed that Wehlen, not his sister, was the real writer. To see himself threatened by this man with the loss of his property, his whole social existence, at once angered and humiliated him.

At last he controlled himself, and as this letter destroyed the hope of keeping Erica in ignorance of the cloud that had darkened the horizon of her life, he resolved to inform her of the matter at once, and tell the whole truth, as she would at least hear it from his lips in the most considerate way.

"How would you bear the loss of Altenborn, Erica? How would you reconcile yourself to your fate?" said Elmar, as he finished his tale.

"How would I reconcile myself to my fate, Elmar?" asked Erica, half laughing. "Am I a fairy princess, who has been rocked in a golden cradle, and did you first see me clad in silk and velvet, or in a somewhat faded calico frock? To one who has spent a happy childhood in circumstances so narrow as mine, poverty is no terrible spectre. On the contrary, I can paint the future in charming hues. We will live in the dear old house at Waldbad, — that certainly belongs to you, Katharina cannot rob you of it; grandmamma will come with us, occupy mamma's room, take possession of her arm-chair, and sit in the sheltered place on the veranda where my mother always went in pleasant weather. Elmar and I will go to walk, or I will row on the sea, and on particularly bright days induce grandmamma to trust herself to my boat; but then Sandor must stay at home, he is an unruly passenger, and might upset it."

"So grandmamma and Sandor are placed on a parallel," said the old lady in a jesting tone. "It will undoubtedly be an enchanting life, Erica, but who will provide our food, or are we to be satisfied with air, sunlight, and walks?"

"Oh, old Christel will cook, and I'll begin to take lessons from the cook here to-morow morning."

"I think your idyl will be far better performed if we leave Altenborn every summer, and spend a few months in Waldbad with grandmamma and Sandor," replied Elmar. "So let us hope that my journey may accomplish the desired result; and to lose no time, I will apply for my passport this very day."

"Then you must be going to some foreign country, Elmar?"

"Yes, to Stockholm; my parents were married there."

"So your mother was a Swede?"

"No; a German. Unfortunate circumstances compelled my grandparents to emigrate to Sweden, where they lived in comparative poverty, until their oldest daughter became a successful and famous actress, and was able to support them by her exertions."

"Then your mother was an actress?" Erica almost screamed.

"Yes; do you think it so very strange?" asked Elmar, somewhat displeased.

"Very strange. Wonderful, Elmar!" exclaimed Erica, with sparkling eyes; "if your mother's name was Agatha, and your father's Roderick."

"Certainly. But how did you know it?"

Erica sprang from her seat, threw her arms around Elmar's neck, and whispered amid tears of joy; "My idyl will, as you wished, be acted only at Altenborn, Elmar; for I know that your parents were married in Malmö by the pastor Dahlström."

Elmar gazed at her in speechless astonishment, and before he had collected his thoughts sufficiently to reply, Erica continued, —

"You don't believe me, Elmar? I will bring you proofs of my assertion."

She hurried out of the room, and soon returned with an old portfolio, originally very handsome, but now shabby and soiled, which she eagerly opened before Elmar and the old lady, who had approached in the greatest agitation.

"Here are your father's own letters, Elmar; read them, and then let us thank God for the wonderful goodness that placed them in my hands."

A solemn silence fell upon the spacious apartment. The baroness and Elmar reverently read the letters which the dead man had written to his betrothed, his bride, and his wife, while Erica was mute in sympathy with their emotion. When the grandmother and grandson had finished reading the letters, she told them how she had found the portfolio among the rubbish cast on the shore by the storm. She hesitated a moment whether to communicate the unfriendly contents of the envelope containing the letters, as the "*hoch und wohlgeboren* nephew," to whom it was addressed, could be no other than Elmar himself. But she thought she ought to tell the whole truth, and therefore faithfully mentioned that also.

"I am sincerely sorry for my good un-

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cle's anger," said Elmar thoughtfully; "the more so as he has gone to the other world; yet I feel innocent of blame, for I had no idea that one of my mother's brothers was still living."

"The fault rests in a certain degree upon me," said the old lady, "and yet I hope I do not deserve any severe punishment. My son did everything for his wife's family that he promised in these letters, but unfortunately all, except the youngest brother, died very young. The latter had determined to become a merchant, and, against Roderick's wishes, remained in Sweden. He too became dangerously ill, and at his wife's urgent entreaties, Roderick accompanied her to Sweden to see the sick, perhaps dying, man once more. Contrary to our expectations, the brother recovered, while his sister soon lay upon her death-bed. After her decease, Roderick gave his brother-in-law the portfolio, which belonged to Agatha, without suspecting the existence of the letters, which were probably in some secret drawer, or he would undoubtedly have taken them out.

"When he reached Altenborn with the dead body of his wife, he was so overwhelmed by grief that he could not even give me the particulars of her illness. He too soon followed her to the grave, and I confess that I felt deeply wounded and indignant at the want of sympathy on the part of his brother-in-law — who owed his whole fortune to the dead man, and was, though innocently, the cause of all this misery. Perhaps it was a certain timidity which kept him from approaching an aristocratic family, but to me it seemed like the greatest heartlessness and ingratitude.

"Moreover, every recollection of him recalled the memory of my own loss, and it is certainly pardonable if I did not seek to awaken this grief. As he made no effort to see his nephew, I saw no reason to try to keep up the intercourse, especially as I heard he had gradually become a rich man. Elmar, who when his parents died was a mere child, had therefore no suspicion of the existence of this uncle.

"I now hear with surprise, that the latter felt so deeply offended by the want of attention on his nephew's part. He may have attributed it to a pride, which was ashamed to own a merchant as a relative, and here again the trait of character natural to us all asserts itself. We always remember our rights far more distinctly than our duties, and it is easy to see that most conflicts arise from this source."

"But was the old gentleman really drowned at the time of the shipwreck?" asked Erica.

"Yes, for I read his name among the list of passengers lost on a steamer which was wrecked on its way from Stockholm to St. Petersburg. Why he took these letters with him, or whether he perhaps intended to settle there, will now never be known."

"What a strange dispensation of Providence that the waves should cast the portfolio on the shore of Waldbad, and I should be the person to find it! I felt very much disappointed about this yarn and button correspondence," continued Erica, holding up one of the letters, "and mamma teased me about my baffled hope of having saved the letters of a young prince — and now I have really saved those of *my* prince!"

"And with them your prince's inheritance, Erica; for without these letters how could I have known that my parents were married in Malmö, so I should have sought the certificate in vain. But as your mother belongs to a Rhenish family, I wonder she did not discover the writer."

"I think she had a tolerably correct suspicion, Elmar, but she probably did not think the letters important enough to induce her to renew connections she had completely broken off. Afterwards she became so ill that she doubtless forgot the matter, but I was so much interested in the contents of the portfolio that I took it with me. A short time ago I read the letters, though without the slightest suspicion that I was in the very place to which the last one was addressed. Everything agrees exactly. The terraces which were to be illuminated, the island from which the fireworks were to be reflected in the magical little lake, and you are the little bawler, Elmar, who was to be kissed."

"And who makes the same pretentions now, Erica!" said Elmar, clasping her in his arms with a radiant smile.

XLV.

THE GLASS OF SUGAR AND WATER.

ELMAR instantly informed his sister of the discovery of their father's letters. He desired to have a personal interview with her, but the servant in the anteroom refused to admit him, saying that her Highness positively declined to receive any visits, so he was compelled to content himself with a letter, and carried his caution so far as to omit mentioning the place where the marriage certificate was to be found, but requested a short delay, to

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enable him to procure the missing document.

As Elmar was convinced that Wehlen had some of his own servants in his pay — for in what other way was his entrance through the main door of the castle to be explained? — he even took the precaution not to place his letter to the magistrate of Malmö in the mail-bag at the castle, but delivered it to the postman himself, and received a speedy and most satisfactory reply, for it contained an attested copy of the certificate.

Katharina had not answered his letter, but he knew that she had hitherto delayed the steps she had threatened. The favorable turn in Elmar's affairs seemed to have made her ill, for she saw no one, and remained quietly in her own apartments.

As Elmar would not again expose himself to the chance of being refused admission by the servant, he made no attempt to see his sister, but once more communicated with her by letter. After informing her that he was in possession of the document she required, he said that he was ready to show her all brotherly affection, but should expect the same treatment from her. If, therefore, she wished to remain at Castle Altenborn, she must change her conduct, and cease all intercourse with the adventurer, who, though he had left the castle, still remained in the neighborhood.

This adventurer was with his mistress, when the letter was handed to Katharina by her confidential servant. Wehlen, without any apology, took it from her, and read it attentively from beginning to end. A heavy frown darkened his brow, and he said in a tone of angry reproach, —

"So all my trouble has been in vain. You might have known it, must have known it, your Highness. It is most unwarrantable to have sent me on such a wild-goose chase."

Katharina's roving eyes rested upon him with a half indignant, half timid expression, as she replied, "It was your own proposal, I objected."

"Ah! the old convenient excuse, with which superiors are so fond of throwing the blame on the shoulders of their subordinates. But if the affair turns out successfully, it never originates with the latter, then all the credit belongs to their employers. But if humble-pie must be eaten with arrogant masters, I can assure you it is far more difficult with haughty mistresses," he added with his disagreeable laugh.

A pleased smile involuntarily hovered around Katharina's lips, and she said apologetically, "It may be that it was my own wish, you probably know, for I have forgotten it. But" — and her voice rose to a loud, almost shrill tone — "what I have not forgotten, will not forget, is my hatred for that beggar wench, whom, in my generosity, I took out of the streets, and who has rewarded all my benefits by shamefully robbing me of my rights."

"Very good, excellent, your Highness! But what is the use of this hatred, what will it accomplish?" Katharina, who had been reclining in her chair, sprang to her feet, and approached Wehlen. "I want you to drive the girl out of the house," she passionately exclaimed; "I order you to think of something that will ruin her in Elmar's opinion."

Wehlen contemptuously shrugged his shoulders, and made no reply.

"Do you refuse?" cried Katharina. "Am I surrounded by traitors, will you too desert me? Did you not voluntarily offer your assistance, and have I ever declined to comply with your demands, unwarrantably large as they have been? Do you suppose I am no longer rich enough to be able to pay you for your services. What do you ask? Speak! I will give any sum, only rid me of this girl!"

While the princess poured forth these words with passionate gesticulations, Wehlen stood before her with folded arms, and eyes fixed quietly upon the floor. He seemed to be reflecting, and when she paused, said coldly, in a tone that formed a striking contrast to her agitation, —

"I believe, princess, you have often had occasion to observe that this violent style of conversation is not to my taste, and does not make the slightest impression upon me. You will not induce me to gratify your wish in this way."

"But my request is so reasonable, so natural. I only want you to make Elmar detest Erica."

"That is, you only want me to get you the man in the moon," cried Wehlen, laughing. "Shall we accuse her of stealing, or charge her with a secret affection for the head groom?"

"Both, both!" exclaimed Katharina; "he can no longer love her, if —— "

"If he believes it, of course; but of course he won't believe it." Wehlen paused, fixed his eyes on the floor, and then asked slowly,—

"Would the young girl's removal really be such an advantage to you, your Highness? Would not another marriage soon threaten you?"

"Only get rid of Erica, and all, all will be

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well. I know Elmar, he will never love again."

"I certainly put very little faith in your knowledge," replied Wehlen with a scornful laugh. "But no matter. I am your servant, and if you give me sufficient means, will endeavor to gratify your wish."

"Ask what you please. Take everything, only prevent this marriage!"

"Very well. We have just heard of a farce performed to bring two people together, we will now play one for the opposite purpose. As here are fortunately no laws against imitating a drama, I think of borrowing a little from 'Romeo and Juliet' and also 'The Natural Daughter.'"

Katharina threw herself back into her chair, and murmured sulkily, "I don't understand you, and am not inclined to joke."

"Yet your Highness must listen to this joke, if you wish to gain your end."

"Then speak!" replied Katharina peevishly, leaning back into the chair again.

"The Princess Bagadoff must herself undertake the introduction to the intended farce. Drawing the mask of cordial affection closely over her face, her Highness will instantly hasten to the hostile camp, kiss her grandmother's hand, warmly congratulate her brother, and lovingly embrace his betrothed bride."

"I? Have you lost your senses, Wehlen?" cried Katharina furiously. "I will never embrace her!"

"Just as you choose. Then think of another plan."

"I cannot, that is your business."

"Then you must do what I ask, and my farce will not succeed without the embrace. Some other time I will give you the programme of sisterly affection more in detail, for the present it is only necessary that the war should be ended and eternal peace proclaimed. You will then have an opportunity to meet Erica freely, and can mix in her food or drink a powder, which —— "

"Poison? No; the cook can do that, I will not."

Wehlen stared at the speaker, her features betrayed no unusual excitement, and her eyes as usual wandered restlessly around the room. He waited till they rested on him, then made a formal bow, and said coldly,—

"If your Highness wishes to take such radical means of unfastening the gordian knot, I am sorry that I am unable to assist you."

She looked at him in surprise. "Did not you speak of it yourself? You said I was to mix poison in her drink."

"I spoke of a powder, which if taken in too large doses may produce death, but when given in smaller quantities, only causes a deathlike slumber."

"Well, what then?"

"This apparent death will bring the living Erica into the ancestral vault of Altenborn, where I, like a second Romeo, will release her from her coffin, and, more fortunate than he, restore the girl to life. Of course this life must henceforth be passed in some very remote quarter of the globe, but as steamboats and railroads can do wonders, a return might be apprehended, even from there, if we did not, on restoring her freedom, give her a husband. With a sufficient dowry, this will be an easy matter, and —— "

"It will be very difficult," interrupted Katherina, "for I remember Heseler wrote a short time ago that he could send me no more money, and my strong box is empty. How much will you need?"

"If I include the expenses of the journey, and all the rest, perhaps thirty or forty thousand thalers, a bagatelle to the wealthy, aristocratic Princess Bagadoff."

"Write to Heseler yourself, he is obstinate."

"My letter would probably have less effect than one from your Highness. However, any jeweller would give twice the sum for your jewelry, so we can pawn it until Heseler becomes more reasonable."

"If only the court were not to be at Coblentz just now! They say the king and queen are coming to Stolzenfels early this year."

"There go the happy pair!" cried Wehlen, suddenly approaching the window. Katharina also started up and looked out. Elmar and Erica were walking up and down the terrace arm in arm, apparently engaged in eager, animated conversation, while Sandor sneaked after them, as if depressed by the utter neglect to which he was condemned.

"How I hate her, how bitterly I hate her!" muttered Katharina between her clenched teeth. "I'll give you all my jewels this very day!" she suddenly exclaimed; "pawn them, and then get the creature out of my sight."

She rang the bell violently and ordered the maid to bring her jewel-case at once. The secret drawer opened at the pressure of a spring, and the glittering gems which composed various ornaments flashed before Wehlen's greedy eyes.

"Take all these pearls and diamonds!" she eagerly exclaimed; "the necklace alone is said to be worth almost the sum you

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need. Now make haste, that I may not witness this sight a second time."

"I will most faithfully execute your commission, your Highness, and in order to lose no time, I'll give you the powder now."

"The powder?" said Katharina, shrinking back. "How can you give me the powder now?" she added suspiciously, "when we have just planned the affair."

"I have already told you it was only a strong narcotic," replied Wehlen quietly. "I use it in very small doses to shorten my own wakeful nights, so I always carry it about with me."

He drew a paper out of his pocket, and handing it to Katharina, said slowly, "Half of this quantity will produce the desired effect of apparent death; a larger dose would really kill any one, and I must therefore urgently entreat you to be cautious."

Katharina tapped the floor impatiently with her foot. "Why do you give me more than I need?" she murmured; "divide it."

"Why, your Highness," said Wehlen carelessly, "because some might happen to get spilled; and besides, it is better to be prepared for all emergencies."

"Very well, give it to me. I will be careful."

"And I will bring you the money as soon as possible," said Wehlen, taking the casket.

"No, leave it! I remember — I can't do without the diamonds. Prince Lowenberg's ball takes place day after to-morrow, and I have accepted the invitation. We must think of something else, for I must keep the diamonds."

Wehlen bit his lips and muttered a half-suppressed oath, then made a low bow and said, in a measured tone, —

"Then I will take my leave for to-day, your Highness, and hope, on returning to-morrow, to hear that you have made a far better plan than mine."

"Nonsense! You know I don't trouble myself about such matters, I have other things to think of. I won't allow you to go until we have settled upon something."

"In that case, it can only be what I have already proposed; and this time beauty must replace the sparkling stones, or your Highness remain at home."

"What an absurd idea! It would instantly cause all sorts of gossiping stories. I know a plan. You said yourself that my jewels were worth twice the sum. I will keep a set of pearls, and give you the rest."

"That will scarcely do, for value and the market price are very different things, and I doubt now whether all the gems will bring the necessary sum."

"I won't give up the pearls!" persisted the princess obstinately; "I don't see why my wishes are not to have some weight."

Her companion made no reply, but turned towards the window as if his attention was wholly absorbed by the beautiful landscape. He was reflecting that he could not conquer this obstinacy at present, and considering whether to avail himself of the smaller advantage which presented itself, or wait for a more favorable opportunity. At last he formed his resolution, and, turning to Katharina, said craftily, —

"The reproach you have just uttered, your Highness, wounds me the more deeply because I believe it to be so entirely undeserved. It has always been my endeavor to be guided entirely by your will, and I have put forth all my powers to enable you to gratify it. Firmly as I am convinced that we shall not be able to obtain our object without the set of pearls, I will therefore make every effort to accomplish your wishes. Early to-morrow morning I will go to your jeweller with the diamonds, to see what can be done, and therefore beg you to give me a written order to enable me to pawn the stones."

"I knew it!" cried Katharina, laughing. "Women only need to understand how to manage you men; when you find energetic opposition, you always yield. But your idea about the jeweller seems very unpractical; people always manage such things with very different persons, usurers and similar wretches."

"I am surprised at your Highness's knowledge of business,' replied Wehlen, making another low bow to conceal the smile that hovered around his lips; "I will of course follow your excellent advice, little as I know about those people. Give me the order, and I will do my best to obtain the money. But until then I must beg you not to use the powder, but employ the time in concluding terms of peace with your relations."

"That is my affair; I know what I have to do," said Katharina loftily. "Here is the order, and now be as quick as possible."

Wehlen took the note and the casket, and after again urging the necessity of caution, left the room. Katharina looked after him with a contemptuous glance.

"He was obliged to go without the pearls," she murmured in a tone of great

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satisfaction; "he is furious because he could not get his own way, but my will was stronger, I conquered." She had uttered the last sentence aloud, and now rose and continued her muttered soliloquy. "And I have the powder too, and can use it whenever I choose. If the innocent heather-blossom has to remain a little longer in the crypt than is agreeable to her, she can take it as a just punishment for her shameful treatment of me."

Katharina's eyes began to glow with the strange light that sometimes startled Elmar, as she continued, in broken sentences, "Ah! I can so well imagine her terror, when she wakes among the coffins; when she gradually regains her senses, and realizes that she is buried alive! Ah, how she will shudder, how she will shriek in frantic terror, and there will be no one to hear, no one to help her! And then, at midnight, all the coffin-lids will open, the dead will rise, and the crumbling, mouldering bones will join together and crowd around. 'What do you want among the dead? How dare you enter our sacred ranks? You shall atone for your crime. Atone! atone!' Those are the words they will shriek, and the bones will rattle, and the hollow sockets of the eyes stare furiously at the intruder, and the skeleton hands shake threateningly, and the terrible army move nearer and nearer.

"What! To me?" Katharina suddenly shrieks in mortal terror. "To me? Is this the tomb of my ancestors? Am I buried alive? Will the dead threaten me? They come nearer, nearer. Help! Help! They surround me, help! They clutch at me; their skeleton hands are thrust towards me with threatening gestures. They will drag me away with them. Help! Save me from the dead. Help! Help!"

The piercing shrieks at last brought the footman into the room, and it was evidently not the first time that he had found his mistress in such a condition of apparently causeless excitement, for he showed no special surprise, but rang the bell to summon the maid, and turning to the princess said soothingly, —

"There are neither dead nor living people here to harm you, your Highness, and I would advise you to take a soothing-powder."

"Powder!" cried Katharina suddenly, with an entire change of manner. "How dare you propose that I should take a powder? Even my patience will not tolerate such liberties, Markort."

"Then your Highness can take some drops," replied the man with great calmness, and as the maid now entered, he left his mistress to her care, and withdrew to the ante-room.

"Well, I should like to know what is brewing again," he said to himself, as he sat down in his comfortable chair. "That Herr Wehlen must have excited her terribly, and I noticed when he went out that he carried something heavy under his cloak, though, contrary to all etiquette, he wore the cloak into the princess's room, probably with the intention of concealing the object, whatever it was, from me. If her Highness could have seen his expression as he came out, she would probably have felt a little afraid of him. Besides, he whispered mysteriously that I must keep an eye on my mistress and warn her to be extremely cautious; she must take no steps until he returned; I was to repeat that to her every day. But as he knows just as well as I, that that would be the very way to make her take the step more quickly, I think he probably wants her to take the chestnuts out of the fire, and keep out of mischief himself. I really wish I had not discovered the bolt on the little door, or it had been nailed up; then he would have been forced to stay in the trap and eat the stew he has made with the rest of us. As it is, he will probably be in some safe place long before the storm breaks here. I'm only curious to see what is really going to happen, but I suppose I shall learn soon enough."

With this philosophical consolation, Markort soothed himself, and his thoughts soon turned to other subjects, while the maid exerted all her skill to calm her excited mistress, and at last succeeded in doing so; but as Katharina was afraid to be alone, and old Fräulein Arensfeld was ill, she was obliged, to her great annoyance, to spend the whole evening with the princess.

The following morning Katharina's agitation seemed to have entirely disappeared; she was in unusually gay spirits, and declared her intention of paying her grandmother a visit. The maid, in silent astonishment, wrapped a cloak around her, and the princess left the room. When she entered the baroness's apartment, Elmar and Erica, who had been seated side by side, talking together, started up in surprise, and Elmar hastily came forward to meet his sister.

"Well, Elmar," said Katharina, laughing, "you look as if it were a very wonderful thing for me to come here; yet it is very natural I should wish to offer my congratulations and embrace my — my new

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sister-in-law. Who would have supposed, when you were joking about the ugly little girl in Waldbad, that she would so soon be your betrothed bride? What do you say, Erica? Your hopes hardly dared to soar so high in those days?"

"No; my thoughts were very far from an engagement," replied Erica, with great self-control.

"What did you say to this astonishing event, grandmamma?" said Katharina, turning to the old lady.

"I heartily rejoiced over what I had long anticipated, for as Elmar made me the confidante of his love immediately after his return from Waldbad, the news could not possibly surprise me."

Katharina tried to fix her restless eyes on Elmar. "So you systematically deceived me, my good brother!" she vehemently exclaimed; "this is the more unwarrantable ——"

"I thought you had come to offer your congratulations, Katharina," interrupted her grandmother gravely.

"So I have, I just said so! Besides, I have come to flatter my new sister-in-law, that she may look upon me with favor and permit me to remain in her castle."

"You wound me deeply," said Erica with an expression of great pain.

"If that is your intention, you must adopt a different tone, Katharina," Elmar replied. "Uttered in this way, your words sound like an insult, which I suppose was scarcely your object."

"I said what I meant," replied Katharina impatiently; "why do people always make difficulties and misunderstand me? You are master of Altenborn now, Elmar, and therefore I must of course humbly bend my head, that I may not lose your favor. Why are the water-pitcher and sugar-bowl here?" she asked, suddenly changing the subject, and eyeing the objects mentioned with great interest.

"Erica has a headache, and wanted some sugar and water," answered the baroness.

"Ah! sugar and water?" said Katharina quickly. "Yes, a glass of sugar and water is excellent for headache — it gives one such a sound, deep sleep, though dreams are sure to come — I had some frightful ones yesterday," she added with a shudder.

The little party gazed anxiously at the speaker, but she again changed the subject, and turning to the baroness, said hastily, —

"Grandmamma, will you show me the pattern you told me about some time ago? I should like to embroider a rug for Elmar."

"I don't exactly know where it is, child, I will look for it presently."

"Ah! pray find it now, grandmamma. I want to see whether it will suit my purpose."

"Your wishes are somewhat troublesome, my dear Katharina," replied the old lady, half angrily, "however, as I have not seen you for so long a time, I will try to gratify you."

When the baroness had left the room, Katharina hastily approached Elmar, who was standing by the window. "Do you know, Elmar," she whispered hurriedly, "Wehlen says you never received the marriage certificate, it was only a blind, and I ought not to allow myself to be frightened by it."

Elmar shrugged his shoulders. "It is in my writing-desk; if you will come down with me, you can see it."

"Yes, let us go," said Katharina eagerly. She moved quickly towards the door, then paused, turned, and said: "My tooth has ached all night along. I dare not expose myself to the cold air in the corridor again. I should have liked to see the paper, but as you have never gratified any wish of mine, of course I shall not venture to ask you to bring it here."

"I will say, like grandmamma, that your wishes are somewhat troublesome, Katharina. However, as you want to make peace, though in a somewhat singular manner, I will grant your request."

A strange feeling of terror seized upon Erica when she thus saw herself about to be left alone with Katharina. She longed to ask Elmar not to go, but felt ashamed of her cowardice, as he would not be absent more than a few minutes. Besides, Katharina now seemed less excited, and Erica could scarcely help laughing at the triumphant air the princess assumed on finding her wishes gratified.

"Why haven't you taken your sugar and water, Erica?" she asked, approaching her. "I will make it for you myself. I know exactly how to do it, for I always mixed Bagadoff's, who often suffered from headaches."

Erica involuntarily shuddered. The allusion to the prince reminded her of the locket he had once worn around his neck, and which she had in a certain sense inherited from him. Meantime, Katharina, turning her back on the young girl, busied herself with the pitcher and glasses. The latter could not help smiling at the importance Katharina placed upon so simple a matter, as well as the slow, methodical manner in which she performed her task.

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At last the mixture was ready, and turning towards Erica with the glass, she handed it to her. The latter was in the act of taking it, when Katharina drew back so suddenly that the glass almost fell, and though Erica caught it in time to save it, a part of the contents was spilled over her dress.

"That will do no harm," said Katharina with a loud laugh, "it was meant to be shaken."

Erica, startled by the strange words and wild laugh, looked anxiously at the princess, and noticed the singular light that sometimes sparkled in her eyes.

"You are ill, princess," she cried, starting up, "let us go to grandmamma."

Katharina pressed her violently back into the chair. "Stay here, and drink your sugar and water!" she almost screamed, "I am going to grandmamma alone," and she fairly ran out of the room, slamming the door behind her.

Erica was bewildered by the scene, and as Elmar now entered, hurried towards him, and threw herself into his arms in such agitation that he anxiously asked the cause.

"I am afraid Katharina is losing her reason," she whispered, trembling; "I saw the demon of madness lurking in her eyes. Don't leave me alone with her again, Elmar. I am afraid of her."

"Has she insulted you?" asked Elmar hastily.

"On the contrary, she was very kind, but acted like an insane person."

"Unfortunately I am aware that she has long been entitled to that name; let us consult together about the best means of dealing with this misfortune. But first of all calm yourself, and drink the glass of sugar and water, that stands here on the table."

Erica turned, but before she reached it, the door of the room was thrown open and little Carlos rushed up to her.

"I can come and see you again, Erica!" he exclaimed joyously. "Markort told me so when I got back from my ride just now. Mamma said I might go to grandmamma's rooms as much as I liked. Now I shall come every day, Erica, and you'll visit us again."

"Certainly, Carlos," replied Erica kindly; "and what sort of a ride did you have to-day, was the pony good?"

"He used to be rather obstinate," replied the boy importantly, "but he's learning to know me now."

"And how often have you been thrown, Carlos?" asked Erica mischievously.

"Only once, and that was because the head groom pulled the bridle too hard."

"You are a real hero, Carlos. Come, shall I offer you this orange to refresh you after your ride, or don't you like it?"

"Peel it for me, Erica, and put on plenty of sugar."

"And out of gratitude you drink Erica's sugar and water," said Elmar half angrily, for he had no very great affection for the boy.

"Erica won't scold," he answered, pouting. "Look! I haven't left you a single drop," he added, laughing, as he turned to the young girl.

"You little robber! Then Uncle Elmar must make me a new glass while I peel your orange."

Elmar finished his task more quickly than Katharina, and Erica eagerly emptied the glass. Carlos seemed to find equal pleasure in consuming his orange, but soon grew more quiet, and at last said he felt tired.

"You lazy boy!" exclaimed Elmar reprovingly, "you ought to be ashamed to be tired after that short ride."

Erica, on the contrary, who saw real weariness in the boy's face and movements, interceded for him, took him in her arms, carried him to the sofa, and covered him with her shawl.

"Kiss me, Erica, then I will go to sleep," murmured the little fellow, and when Erica had obeyed his wish, his lids drooped heavily, and she moved gently away from his couch.

She had just returned to Elmar's side, when the baroness and Katharina at last came out of the adjoining room. The latter's eyes instantly rested upon the empty glasses, and a look of triumph flitted over her face.

"How did you like my sugar and water, Erica?" she asked sneeringly.

Erica, with well-meant hypocrisy, was about to answer "Very much," but Elmar replied, "You must ask Carlos that question, Katharina, he drank the whole glass."

Katharina's eyes opened so wide that it seemed as if they would start from their socket, and her lips also parted as if she wished to speak, but had no power to form the words. Her whole figure looked as if she were stricken with a sudden paralysis, and Elmar went up to her and asked anxiously,—

"Are you ill, Katharina?"

"Carlos!" she gasped at last, with a violent effort, "Carlos, where — where is he?"

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"Asleep on the sofa there, you need have no anxiety about him," replied Elmar soothingly.

Katharina rushed towards the little sleeper, convulsively tore away the shawl that was spread over him, and gazed fixedly at the child. He seemed to be sound asleep, for the movement did not rouse him.

"Carlos!" shrieked Katharina, "Carlos! Wake! Hear me!"

Elmar hastened towards his sister to prevent her from frightening the child, but she thrust him violently away, and bending over the boy, screamed in the same piercing tones,—

"Carlos! You must not, you shall not sleep! My sweet darling, my angel boy, my Carlos! What will you do in that horrible vault? The dead shall not dare approach you. They must not stretch their skeleton hands towards my boy."

The rest of the party gazed in terror at Katharina's frantic gestures. There could no longer be a doubt in regard to her condition, and the baroness whispered,—

"She alarmed me so much while we were alone in my room, that I secretly sent to Altenborn for a doctor, and I think he must arrive immediately. Try to get her away from the poor little boy, Elmar, she may do him some serious injury."

Elmar instantly went up to his sister, who was hanging over the child, now uttering piercing shrieks, and then low moans. She did not thrust him away again, and he saw with the greatest surprise that the child did not stir, but in spite of all his mother's outcries, continued to sleep soundly and quietly.

"Go back, I will attend to Carlos myself," said Elmar, but Katharina pressed jealously forward. "No!" she screamed, "I alone will watch my darling in his sleep. No one shall touch him. Neither the dead nor the living, only I!" She drew herself up as if to defy all contradiction, then, with a shrill shriek, suddenly sank senseless on the floor.

The baroness and Erica rushed towards the fainting woman, while Elmar pulled violently at the bell. With the aid of the servants, the princess was carried into the baroness's sleeping-room and laid on the bed. During all this noise the child continued to lie perfectly motionless; it was warm, and its limbs were pliant, but it could not be roused, so they let it remain asleep and once more covered it with the shawl.

The expected physician soon arrived, and on being informed of what had happened, shrugged his shoulders, saying,—

"Madness constantly creeps nearer and nearer. It has sometimes been terrible to me to see the progress it was making. In the case of a different, more yielding character, I might have interfered, perhaps saved her, but a person of the princess's peculiarities could not be helped. But what is the matter with the child? Let me attend to the boy first."

When he reached the little sleeper's couch, he involuntarily drew back and cast a startled glance at Elmar, who was standing beside him. "The child is not asleep," he said gently, "he is dead."

"Dead?" repeated Elmar in horror. "Dead? How is that possible? A few hours ago he was bright and well."

The doctor felt the boy's pulse and heart, then shrugged his shoulders and repeated his statement. He again requested an exact account of the events that had just occurred, and asked to see the glass from which the boy had drunk.

"It is one of these two," said Erica, pointing to the goblets with a trembling hand.

The physician carefully examined both, and then carried one to the window. "I think I can detect the presence of pulverized opium in the grounds of this one. We will instantly subject them to chemical tests, to make sure of the fact. The boy has drunk the poison the mad mother intended for this young lady, and the dose was probably so strong for the child, that death resulted almost instantly."

Deep silence fell upon the room, every one seemed paralyzed by the words; then Elmar with a passionate gesture threw his arms around Erica and strained her to his heart.

"Let us offer fervent thanks to God for your merciful preservation!" he exclaimed in the most violent agitation; "I can scarcely endure the terrible thought that I was so near losing you. We will bear our heavy misfortune with resignation, and although I now reproach myself for not having interposed sooner, and thus perhaps prevented this terrible catastrophe, I am absolved by the testimony of the physician, who confessed his own inability to help Katharina."

"Certainly, Baron von Altenborn," replied the latter. "The princess, in my opinion, was only to be guided, or rather controlled, by actual force, and so long as her insanity could not be proved, no one had a right to use violence. There can be no question of neglected duty in this case.

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But now let us go to the unfortunate woman, and see how far it is possible to help her."

XLVI.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

THE period which followed the horrible events related in the last chapter, was a very sorrowful one to all the inmates of the castle. The princess was attacked by fever, and the physician declared her life to be in danger. The wildest ravings flowed in a constant stream from her lips, and it was impossible to decide whether they were inspired by delirium or madness; but the magic circle in which these ideas seemed bound at last, spite of the confusion in which they were inextricably mingled in her mind, gradually afforded the watchers a clue to the truth.

Her wild fancies invariably led her to the crypt, where she awoke only to see herself surrounded and threatened by the mouldering forms of the ancestors who had been buried before her. In less feverish moments a deliverer came in the shape of Wehlen, who opened the vault and restored her to life, but carried her across the sea to some distant region.

At other times the invalid's fancy was entirely occupied by her diamonds; she revelled in the sight of the glittering gems, and would not give them up, but the next instant laughed triumphantly because she had saved the pearls, and promised to be very careful of the powder. She gave Wehlen authority to pawn her ornaments to provide for the expenses of the long journey, and advised him not to go to her jeweller, but a pawn-broker.

The constant return of these fancies at last revealed the true state of affairs. The princess's servants, who were closely questioned, confirmed the suspicion by their statements, and all uttered a sigh of relief, when it thus appeared that Katharina had not intended to commit a murder, but only obtain the removal of Erica, by casting her into a sleep which should bear the semblance of death. As the sediment left in the glass really proved to be opium, and this could never have produced apparent death, it was evident that Wehlen had deceived the princess and sought in this way to wreak his revenge upon Erica and Elmar.

The doctor now remembered that he had himself procured the opium for Wehlen, as the latter pretended that he could not control his nerves without it. In this way he had managed, without attracting attention, to procure a sufficient quantity of the poison to gain his object.

Inquiries were instantly made at the inn where he formerly lodged, but he had left it on the very day he received the casket of jewels from Katharina. He had spoken of an immediate return, it is true, but as he had taken his by no means inconsiderable luggage with him, the innkeeper doubted it.

Elmar instantly applied to a magistrate, who issued a warrant for the apprehension of the criminal; but as the latter had obtained several days' start of the officers, he could not be found. Traces of him were discovered, but they only proved that he had reached the sea, and was already beyond pursuit. He had disposed of the larger portion of the gems in Cologne, and taken the sum obtained for them, as well as the rest of the jewels with him, as — without any knowledge of the catastrophe which had happened at Altenborn — he pursued his way to Brussels and Antwerp.

In spite of the self-sacrificing devotion with which the baroness and Erica watched over Katharina, they could not, even with the assistance of the maids, dispense with the aid of an experienced nurse, especially as Katharina's condition kept all who surrounded her in a state of constant excitement. They therefore entreated the help of one of those excellent nurses, the Protestant sisters of charity, who have chosen their arduous vocation from the impulses of their own hearts, from true Christian love and sympathy for the sufferings of their fellow-mortals.

When the sister, clad in her plain dark dress, approached the bed, and bent over Katharina in loving anxiety, all felt as if the danger were no longer so great, and recovery might be possible.

"You will have a difficult task," said the baroness, "for it is often scarcely possible to control the patient, and moreover we understand very little about it, and you can only employ us as assistants, while the principal burden will rest upon your shoulders."

"That is the purpose for which I have come," replied the sister gently, as she stood up and looked at the old lady with an expression of tender sympathy.

"Fräulein Molly!" cried Erica; "grandmamma, it is Fräulein Molly!"

"Sister Molly, Erica," said the latter, holding out her hand to her. "You see the guiding hand of Providence which leads me to a woman towards whom my heart was once full of rage and bitterness,

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in order to give me an opportunity to atone for my sin."

"Then you are doubly welcome to me, sister," said the baroness. "I was very anxious about your fate, and both Elmar and I have made every effort to obtain news of you. You must tell us how you were guided into this path."

"As we are all guided into it," replied Molly with a smile. "Misfortune must first soften the hard soil of our hearts, to prepare it for the good seed, and awaken a yearning for true salvation. If we then take refuge in the safe haven of Christianity, the desire to do some active work there is natural, and for those who are bound by no ties, the care of the sick is at once the most attractive and beneficial. But we must not forget our patient, who is beginning to grow restless."

Molly made the necessary arrangements with so much calmness and care, that all felt grateful to the firm, steady hand, that undertook the direction of affairs. Katharina's condition, in the opinion of the doctors who were summoned, had become perfectly hopeless, and as the balance of her mind was irretrievably lost, her recovery could scarcely be desired.

Little Carlos's body had not yet been placed in the family vault. Erica and even the baroness clung to the belief that the death might be, as Wehlen had declared, only a seeming one, so for the present the little corpse remained in the castle.

Molly was deeply moved as she stood beside the dead child, who had once caused her so much trouble and anger, and for whose life she would now cheerfully have given her own.

The body was kept until the signs of approaching dissolution dispelled every doubt, and the baroness herself gave orders for the funeral. It was a sad day; Elmar felt the loss of the child all the more keenly, as he was forced to acknowledge that he had not given him the full measure of love the poor little fellow, who was entirely innocent of his mother's acts, had a right to claim. This mother alone remained unmoved, and while the child was being lowered into the vault, laughed gaily as she talked of the pearls she had won by her energy.

Katharina's powerful constitution resisted the disease much longer than the physicians had expected, and but for Molly's wise arrangement, which skilfully divided the burden, all would have been exhausted and worn out by their attendance on the invalid.

"I cannot understand, sister, how you can continue this fatiguing work almost without interruption," said Erica one day, when she sat alone with Molly beside the sick-bed. "I am probably as strong as you, but I sometimes feel so tired, that my sleep resembles the apparent death into which Wehlen wanted to throw me. Ah! forgive me, Molly," she added hastily; "I mentioned a name which must have a painful effect upon you."

The sister of charity smiled kindly at the speaker, and answered cordially, "Don't be troubled, Erica, the time when the utterance of that name wounded me has long since passed. If the void in my heart, the dreariness of my life, induced me to bestow my love upon an adventurer, my heart, by God's blessing, is now so full that it has scarcely room for the memory of an affection so unworthily lavished. In those days I longed for kindness, for a love that seemed everywhere refused, and recklessly grasped at the bait held out to me; now I have plenty of kindness and affection, both within and without, and can forgive Wehlen, nay, even bless him for having given me the shock which guided me into this happy path."

"I admire you, Molly, but I do not think I could follow your example; I should be unable to lead a life of such entire self-abnegation."

The sister of charity smiled again. "You speak so, because you do not know this life, Erica; because you have no idea of the deep, blessed satisfaction it bestows. The love I once missed so painfully, I now receive in rich abundance from my patients. When I see their eyes sparkle with joy at my entrance, it affords me a delight the fond glance of your lover can scarcely give. When I see tears of gratitude in their eyes, and feel how indispensable I am to them, how my devotion alleviates their sufferings, perhaps cures them, I could shout aloud in my joy that God has so favored me, given me such unspeakable happiness here on earth.

"I bless the stern school through which I have been led, for in it I have learned that we bear our happiness within us, and are always miserable when we seek it outside. While, in former days, when I tried to find this happiness in external things, my heart was always filled with rage and bitterness towards those who were apparently more fortunate than I, I now live in harmony with the whole world, and sincerely rejoice in the prosperity of all my fellow-mortals, for their good fortune no longer seems stolen from me. The spring from which I have learned to draw this

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happiness gushes forth in boundless abundance, and can refresh all who seek it; so do not pity me any longer, but join in thanking God for the mercy he has shown me."

Molly's words were confirmed by the expression of her face. Her features were so transformed by the new look they wore, that she could now really be called pretty. She performed her toilsome duties with a cheerfulness which exerted a refreshing and inspiring influence upon all who surrounded her, and made her the object of universal love and reverence.

"I feel so base and wicked beside Molly," said Erica, as she sat with Elmar in one of her intervals of rest. "Although I do everything in my power for Katharina, it is only my duty, and yet it sometimes seems hard, and but for the hope of being with you now and then, I could scarcely bear it."

"I hope your strength will not be overtaxed, Erica," replied Elmar, casting an anxious glance at her weary face. "Although I am sincerely glad that Molly finds so much happiness in her profession, it is not suited to all. You, my little heather-blossom, have a much nearer duty, that of making the happiness of one individual, and I think the occupation will afford you sufficient satisfaction."

"You know it gives me too much joy, Elmar, and almost makes me indifferent to the rest of the world. But it is the very fact that Molly feels so happy without this blessing, that raises her so high in my eyes, and perhaps it is very wrong in me, but I torment myself with extremely traitorous thoughts about her. I have been fancying what an admirable wife she would make for Reinhardt. He likes her very much, for he talked in the most enthusiastic way about her, and she would be such an excellent pastor's wife."

"Perhaps better than he is pastor, in spite of his really admirable sermons. I intend to propose that he should take a position in some university, and would be glad to help *Professor* Reinhardt in his career. He is too much interested in learned subjects for a country pastor, whose mind must be principally engrossed by the affairs of his parish; and besides, on the other hand, it would be a pity for him to make no use of his fine talents. As a professor who delivers lectures, he will be exactly in his element, and we will see that he obtains such a position as soon as possible."

"Well, Molly would make an excellent professor's wife."

"Let us beware of playing Providence, my darling," replied Elmar gravely, "and leave the matter entirely to God. Molly is contented and happy, let us not disturb her joy. All the cares and troubles which the professor's wife might encounter would weigh heavily on our hearts, and we might reproach ourselves for having torn her from her peaceful asylum."

Katharina breathed her last sigh without recovering her consciousness. Much as the old baroness had longed to receive one farewell look or word from her granddaughter, she could not help acknowledging that it was better so, since the remembrance of what had happened must have exerted too terrible, too prostrating an effect upon the sick woman. The deathbed, however, thereby lost the lofty sanctity which usually surrounds it, and which the survivors treasure in the inmost shrine of their hearts as the dearest and most sacred recollection left them by the dead.

The family vault once more opened to receive a corpse, and the mother slumbered beside the son. The dead woman had no cause to fear the dreams that had tortured her when living; she slept peacefully beside those who had gone before, and the general awakening will not bring conflict and menace, but fervent love, deep peace.

After the funeral Molly left the castle. How different was the departure from the one she had taken from this place scarcely two years before! She thought of it with a certain mournful pleasure, and repeated to Erica what she had so often said during their conversations.

"We must seek happiness and joy within, not without; the external world is only a mirror, which reflects our own faces. Now that I have these two heavenly blessings in my heart, I feel them everywhere, even outside of me, and the same world against which I formerly battled, because it oppressed me, now acts in harmonious unison, and overwhelms me with a wealth of goodness and beauty."

The misfortune which had marched with its iron tread through the halls of Altenborn, cast its shadow over the nuptials of Erica and Elmar, it is true, but could not obscure their happiness. By degrees its memory faded more and more, and the horizon of both was radiant with the brightest sunlight.

The magnificent rooms, in which Erica had danced at her first ball, were refurnished to receive their new mistress, who at first found her home almost oppressively splendid, and would have preferred to remain with Elmar in the baroness's wing,

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but soon became accustomed to the spacious, lofty rooms. She possessed in her own character the firmness, which makes poverty and wealth appear like mere garments, and as poverty had not depressed her, so wealth excited no feeling which could arouse a fear that her head would be turned.

Although, under the new rule, the magnificent rooms were not continually filled with guests, they opened willingly and often for gay parties. The beautiful Sidonie, whose presence Katharina had so often vainly desired, frequently adorned these entertainments, and, to the delight of all, the exquisite statue now showed that it was animated by a soul. Although her reserved, distant manner had become too much a part of her nature to be entirely laid aside, it was only assumed towards the world in general, while her intimate acquaintances were treated with all the more cordiality. Werner, on the contrary, seemed entirely unchanged by his happiness, and as his character — as Fritz had already remarked — suited Count Meerburg better than the secretary Werner, all united in praising him.

The sky at Dorneck was also illumined by the brightest sunlight, and though the family circle had grown smaller, the villa never lacked visitors or gayety. The wives of the two lieutenants still considered their parents' house their home, and usually spent the summer afternoons there, and the beautiful Rosa also felt at home, and nestled more and more closely into the hearts of her husband's mother and father. Prince Eduard and Edith were the only persons not quite satisfied, for as the young prince could not possibly remain in Bonn any longer "on account of his studies," and the countess still refused her consent to a speedy marriage, the young lovers were obliged to content themselves with a constant interchange of letters.

The idyllic life at Waldbad was really enjoyed, though the baroness declared she could not endure the long journey, and begged Erica to content herself with Sandor. The return to her old home moved Erica deeply, but the tears that flowed from her eyes were those of gratitude, and when she knelt with her husband beside her mother's grave her heart overflowed with thankfulness to God.

Old Christine was overjoyed to see Erica again, and proud of the fulfilment of her prophecy. The latter made no attempt to take the faithful old servant to Altenborn, for she felt that she could not make her as happy there as she was in Waldbad. Erica and her husband often visited the place which had been made sacred to her by the events of her childhood, and her life with her mother. True, the little ruinous house soon disappeared to make way for a handsome villa, but the sea and landscape remained unchanged, and the beautiful view from the veranda gave her the old homelike feeling.

Thus her devotion to her old residence still existed, while the new home took deeper and deeper root in her heart. While she called her summer excursion to Waldbad going to the other house, she termed her stay at Altenborn remaining at home. Going to Waldbad and remaining at Altenborn seemed equally delightful, for in both places Elmar was at her side, and wherever he was she felt really at home.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE GOTHIC FRAGMENTS OF ULFILAS.

The great majority of English readers are not aware of the vast treasury of wealth which exists for all who love the English language in the fragments of Ulfilas the Goth; and unless they are scholars of some pretension they are probably acquainted with little more than the name. We purpose giving in this article a short sketch of the most conspicuous features of these remains, and showing some of the numerous points in which they become a mine of original ore for those who are interested in the earliest forms of their own speech, and can find a pleasure in tracking home some long-familiar and well-hunted word to its secret lair.

It will be well to give at the outset some brief account of the personal history of Ulfilas, and of the singular fortunes that have attended his work. About the year 258 A.D., in the reign of the emperors Valerian and Gallienus, the Goths laid waste Asia Minor, which was then for the most part Christian, and carried off out of Cappadocia and Galatia numerous prisoners, among whom were some priests. These Christian prisoners became the means of sowing the seeds of their own faith among their new masters, and among the Christians thus captured were the ancestors of Ulfilas. They had already lived sixty years among the Goths when Ulfilas was born, and this fact accounts for his use of the Gothic language and for his Gothic name, which is equivalent to our modern word "wolf." His birth took place somewhere about 318 A.D., when the

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Goths were in possession of the Dacian provinces north of the Danube. After the death of Constantine, and when his son Constantius was reigning in the East, Ulfilas at the age of thirty was made first bishop of the Mœso-Goths. He labored for seven years in the provinces beyond the Danube, when he was compelled to seek refuge with Constantius, about 355 A.D., from the persecution of the heathen Gothic prince Athanaric. The bishop and his followers had a dwelling-place assigned them south of the Danube, in the mountains of the Hæmus, the modern Balkans. This was the sphere of his labors for more than thirty years: he was within the confines of the Roman Empire, and therefore under the protection of Rome, and he spent nearly half his life there preaching, studying, and writing. He preached in Latin, Greek, and Gothic, invented the Gothic alphabet, which was an adaptation of the Greek, and left behind him many translations, sermons, and treatises. He was taken ill, and died at Constantinople, whither he had gone at the bidding of the emperor on the affairs of the Church, in his seventieth year, A.D. 388. He translated from the Greek the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, with the exception of the books of Samuel and Kings, which he prudently omitted, fearing the warlike influence they might have on his inflammable nation. As far as we know, the Gothic language had never before been used for literary purposes. Nor is it probable that it had. As late as the ninth century copies of the translation of the Scriptures by Ulfilas were still in existence; after that we lose sight of them. Up to that time the Goths carried with them in their various migrations this sacred and national literary monument. Till within the last fifty years all that remained of it were fragments of the four Gospels, preserved in what is known as the Codex Argenteus. This MS., now kept in the library of Upsala, in Sweden, was probably written about 590 or 600 A.D., when the East Goths were ruling in Italy, and it came, after unknown fortunes—perhaps by the agency of Charlemagne, who conquered the Goths in Spain, or by other means—into the possession of the Abbey of Werden, near Düsseldorf, where it was found by Arnold Mercator towards the close of the sixteenth century. Thence it found its way to Prague, whence it was taken by the Swedes to Stockholm in 1648. Then it was brought to Holland, and again purchased by the Swedes for six hundred dollars, bound in silver, and given to the University of Upsala. It is written in silver letters, with gold headings to the sections and to the Lord's prayer. Out of three hundred and thirty leaves only one hundred and seventy-seven remain. In 1818 the Epistles of St. Paul in Gothic were discovered by Mai and Castiglione in a monastery of Lombardy, written on palimpsests. With the exception of a few other fragments of minor importance, this is all that remains to us of the priceless version of the Gothic bishop; but this has been the means of making known to us the structure and composition of a language which would otherwise have irretrievably perished; and it is impossible to overrate the importance and the interest attaching to an original version of the New Testament, whether we regard it linguistically, historically, or theologically.

We proceed now to illustrate these observations from specimens which we shall present to the reader in the following order: 1, illustrations of grammar and language; 2, additions found in the Gothic text; 3, omissions; 4, peculiarities of translation; and 5, variations of reading and interpretation.

1. The Gothic language is the oldest representative of the Teutonic branch of the Aryan or Indo-Germanic family of languages, and bears a striking analogy in the structure of its grammar and in its vocabulary to the Greek and the Sanskrit, while in certain points it has retained a perfection of form which is not found in the Greek. It marks the neuter in nouns, adjectives, and pronouns. It possesses a dual of personal pronouns and verbs; and in this respect it is curious to notice in the Gothic version a degree of precision which is absent from the Greek. For example, in St. Mark xi. 2, where our Lord is giving orders to his two disciples concerning the passover, the Gothic runs, "Go *ye two* into the village over against you," and the dual is preserved throughout. Again in St. John x. 30, the Gothic uses the dual for rendering our Lord's words, "I and my father are one; "*i.e.*, *we two are*—Greek, ἐσμέν. And again in St. John xvii. 11, 23, "That they may be one as we *two* are one." So likewise in 1 Cor. xii. 21, "The head cannot say to the feet, I have no need of you *two*." And in Eph. vi. 22, when St. Paul says "that ye might know our affairs," meaning those of himself and Tychicus, he uses the dual in the Gothic version.

The Gothic language has also a passive voice and a causal form in verbs.

In reading this old version, one is struck

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by the homeliness and simplicity of the language used, and by the strange light that is thrown upon some common English or German word, as though we suddenly came upon it in an earlier stage of existence. As this is perhaps the point that will most interest the general reader, we will give several examples.

In St. Matt. v. 35, "Swear not at all . . . neither by the earth, for it is his *footstool*," Gothic, *fotubaurd; i.e.*, foot-board.

The original of our word *wreak* is seen in St. Matt. v. 44, "Bless them that *curse* you," Gothic, *vrikandans*. The word commonly used for Lord, *Frauja*, is still familiar in the German *Frau* and *Fräulein*.

Few persons who are glad to think of and to see their friends are aware that the word *friend* is a genuine present participle of the Gothic verb *frijon*, to love; San skrit, *pri;* and that in like manner the word *fiend* is a present participle of the verb *fijan*, to hate (Luke xix. 27); *friend* and *fiend* therefore being respectively *lover* and *hater*.

A practical difficulty which must always beset those who would write English phonetically is the mode of distinguishing between the *son* of the family and the *sun* in the heavens. It is remarkable that this is a difficulty arising out of the original sound of the two words, both being derived from the Sanskrit *su*, to beget. And there is in Sanskrit one word, *súnu*, which combines the two meanings of *begetter* and *begotten*, or *sun* and *son*. In the Gothic *sunna* or *sunno* is sun, and *sunns*, son. (See Matt. v. 45.)

In the modern *alms* the etymological connection with *pity* is obscured if not forgotten, but the original *tenderheartedness* reappears in the Gothic *armahairtitha* even more plainly than in the German *Barmherzigheit*.

Two words in common use at the present day are found in the phrase "lock thy door"—*galukans haurdai*, Matt. vi. 6—the latter word probably containing the origin of *hoarding*. "They think they shall be heard for their *much speaking*," Matt. vi. 7, is in the Gothic *filuvaurdein*, fulness of words. Our word *thief* is found in the Gothic *thiubo*, while *steal* and shop*lift* are representatives of *stilan* and *hlifan*, which are both used in Matt. vi. 19, 20. With the latter compare the Greek κλεπτῆς. In "take no thought for your life" we find the earliest use of our own *mourn* in *maur naïth*, and in "more than meat" we see the origin of *food* and *fodder* in the Gothic *fodeinai*. "Consider the lilies of the field," Matt. vi. 28, is in Gothic "the *blooms* of the *heath*"—*blomans haithjos;* and so, in ver. 30, "the *grass* of the field" is the hay, *havi*, and in John vi. 10, "There was much *grass* in the place;" while *to-morrow* is *gistradagis*, *i.e.*, *yesterday*. In the Gothic we discover the original meaning of the word *believe*, German *glauben*, Gothic *galaubjan;* for it is a causal form of *liuban*, to be dear, *galaubjan*, to hold dear, to trust. So compare *gadragkeith*, giveth to drink, a causal of *drigkan*, to drink, Matt. x. 42. "Enter ye in at the strait *gate*," Matt. vii. 13, and "I am the *door*," St. John, x. 9, are rendered in the Gothic by the one word, *daur*. "Ye shall know them by their *fruits*," Matt. vii. 16, is *bi akranam*, that is, by their *acorns*. So "fruits meet for repentance," Luke iii. 8, *akran*. (Comp. corn.) Centurion is in Gothic *hundafaths*, so *bruthfaths* is *bridegroom*, the last syllable in both cases being the Sanskrit *pati*, lord. The last syllable of *bridegroom*, which always strikes one as somewhat harsh, is in Gothic preserved in its original form and meaning, namely, *guma*, man. So the roughness of the *r* is absent from the last syllable of the German *Bräutigam*. In Matt. viii. 13 we read, "And his servant was healed in the self-same *while*," *weilai*.

In "when he was come into Peter's *house*," and "he arose and went to his *house*," the Gothic has *gards* and *garda*, which still remain in our *yard* and *garden*, and in Stutt*gart*, etc. So 1 Cor. x. 22, "Have ye not a *garden* to eat and to drink in?" In Matt. ix. 12, *Ni thaurban hailai lekeis*, "They that are whole have no need of the physician," we find the words *darben*, *bedürfen*, whole and leech.

In "he that taketh not his cross," Matt. x. 38, we find the cross in all its original offensiveness as *galga*, the gallows. See also Galatians vi. 12, 14.

In Matt. xxv. 42, "I was a hungered," we have *gredags*, showing that the time was when the word *greedy* bore less offence than it does now. As a singular illustration of the vicissitudes that befall words in the lapse of ages, we have in the Gothic of Matt. xxvi. 74, and the corresponding passages of Mark and John, "And immediately the cock crew," *suns hana hrukida*, which in its modern equivalents would be, *soon the hen croaked*. The same thing is conspicuous in the two words *queen* and *quean*, one of which has inherited imperial glory and the other reproach and shame, though neither originally meant more than woman or wife, being the Gothic *qino* or *quens*, Matt. xxvii.

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19, 1 Cor. ix. 5, Greek, *γύνη*. So, in like manner, when Joseph of Arimathea was called *gabigs*, rich, the modern *big* meant somewhat more than it does now. Other curious changes in meaning are to be discovered in the elephant hair with which John the Baptist was girded, Mark i. 6, the camel and the elephant being equally unknown, and the name of the one being wrongly assigned to the other; in x. 25, in the leathern girdle which he had about his *hup* (hips), and in the descent of the Holy Spirit like a hawk, *sve ahak*, Mark i. 10. So the "two young pigeons" of Luke ii. 24, *toos juggons ahake*. It is strange that the appellation of a timid bird like the dove should have passed over to its direct opposite in disposition, the hawk.

We find the original of the common word *bed*, Mark ii. 4, in the Gothic *badi*.

The advocates of the modern practice of intoning and monotoning may find some countenance for the habit in the fact that there was a time when to sing out and to read out were one and the same thing; and so the Gothic of Mark ii. 25, "have ye never read"—is us*sagg*vuth (Comp. Luke iv. 16, of our Lord "he stood up for to read.") The word for *parables* is *yokes*, Mark iv. 2, *gayukom*; and "the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven," iv. 11, are its runes, *runa*. The word for millstone, Mark ix, 42, *asiluqairnus*, is the relic of a time when the mill was worked with asses, and the second half of the word probably survives in our word *churn*.

"The *book* of divorcement," Mark x. 4, reminds us of the original Hebrew term, *sofer*, book, which is rendered in the A. V., "bill of divorcement." The word for *riches*, in Mark x. 23, reminds us of a time when the chief wealth of the nation was in cattle—*faihu*, German, *vieh*; and the turn in the context which is given to "*trusting* in them" by the change to "*hunting* after them" (*hunjan*) is a good practical commentary thereon. We come upon the origin of the modern word *kiln* where we should perhaps not expect it, in the *winefat* that was digged by the husbandman, Mark xii. 1, *kclikn*.

Two other common words are found in strange places in Mark xiv. 14, "say ye to the goodman of the *hive*"—*heiva*—and in 43, "a great multitude with swords and *trees*," *trivam*. The first origin of the Hanseatic towns is discovered in the Gothic of "they call together the whole band," Mark xv. 16, *hansa*. Our Lord is described as being "twelve *winters* old," Luke ii. 42, *tvalib vintruns*; and the epithet *magus* (German, *Magd*), is applied to the "*child* Jesus" in the next verse.

The original nature of evil as a departure from good is beautifully seen in "to do good or *ungood*," Luke vi. 9, *thiuth taujan, thau unthiuth taujan*.

In Luke viii. 20 we see the mother and brethren of our Lord *yearning* to speak with him, *gairujandona*; in ix. 5 the disciples are told to shake off the *mould* from their feet in going out of the unworthy city—*mulda*; so in 1 Cor. xv. 48, "as is the *mouldy*;" and in ver. 62 of the same chapter we see that the *plough* was originally a *hoe*, *hoha*, from which he who looked back was not fit for the kingdom of heaven. In x. 19 the disciples are told that they shall tread on serpents—*trudan ufaro vaurme*—*i.e.*, *tread on worms*. When the tempters are asked, xx. 24, "Whose image hath it?" the word is *mannleika*; and in ver. 36, those who are equal to the angels are *even* with them—*ibnans*.

In John vi. 63 we find the familiar *it boots not* in "the flesh *profiteth* nothing"—*boteith*.

In John xv. 1, "I am the true vine," *veinatriu*, *i.e.*, wine-tree, is found; and in xviii. 1, "where was a garden"—*aurtigards*—we see the original of the modern *orchard*.

From the Epistles we may take a few examples of interest, *e.g.*, Rom. viii. 3, "what the law could not do in that it was *sick*," *siuks*; ix. 27, "sand of the sea," *malma mareins*, the first word survives in the German zer*mal*men; 1 Cor. i. 20, "Where is the wise"—*handugs*, handy—recalls a state of society in which dexterity was regarded as wisdom. In 1 Cor. vii. 21, "*care* not for it," the Gothic is *ni karos*. In ix. 7 *milk* is found as *miluks*. In xv. 9, St. Paul calls himself the *smallest* of the apostles—*smalista*. In 2. Cor. xi. 33, he speaks of being "let down through an *eye-door*"—*augadauro*—which shows that *window* was originally *wind-door*. In Phil. iii. 5, "the stock of Israel" is called the knot, *knodai*, and the "thrones" of Col. i. 16 are *sitlos*, settles. It will be readily conceived from these examples, which are given only as specimens of many more, what a rich mine there is in the Gothic fragments to reward the investigation of the student.

2. There are a few *additions* to be noted in the Gothic text of the New Testament. In Mark iii. 32, "Behold thy mother and thy brethren without seek for thee," the Gothic adds, with some MSS., *and thy sisters*, which, at all events, corresponds more exactly with the words fol-

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lowing in the last verse of the chapter: "The same is my brother, *and my sister*, and mother." There is a note at the end of the Epistle to the Romans, which runs, "It was written to the Romans from Corinth." In the account of the institution of the Lord's supper, 1 Cor. x. 17, there is the remarkable addition of the words in italics: "We are all partakers of that one bread *and of that one cup*," which, considering the antiquity of the version, may be regarded as very important testimony to the practice of the Gothic Christians in the middle of the fourth century. In ver. 29 of the same chapter we find this addition: "Why is my liberty judged of the conscience *of the unbeliever?*" At the end of the first Epistle to the Corinthians we have this note: "The first Epistle to the Corinthians was written from Philippi, as some say, but it seemeth rather, by the apostle's own showing, to be from Asia" — with which modern writers agree. Comp. xvi. 8. In 1 Cor. xii. 15, 16, the Gothic adds to the clause, "If the foot should say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body," the words, "*nor to the body;*" and so to the words, "If the ear should say, Because I am not the eye, I am not of the body," *nor to the body;* and in xv. 10, it reads, "I labored *and endured* more than they all." These are some of the additions which are to be observed in the Gothic version of the New Testament Ephesians i. 6, instead of being, "Wherein he hath made us accepted in the beloved," runs "in *his* beloved *son*." In Phil. ii. 28, instead of St. Paul saying, "and that I may be the less sorrowful," the Gothic makes him say, "that I may be the more glad, thinking how it is with you."

3. We pass now to the omissions, as distinct from those portions which have unfortunately been lost to us from the defective condition of the MS. The first is the omission of the word *openly*, with the best MSS., in Matt. vi. 18, "Thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." Again, in xi. 2, "John sendeth two of his disciples," the word two is omitted, where probably διὰ was read instead of δύο, which is however not without MS. authority. In the narrative of the Pharisees being displeased on account of the disciples eating bread with unwashen hands, Mark vii. 2, the words almost requisite for the sense in English, "They found fault," are omitted, as indeed they are in the best MSS.; and similarly in the eleventh verse, there is in the Gothic nothing answering to the words "he shall be free," which the authorised version has inserted with a view to complete the supposed sense of the Greek. By far the most important omission, however, is that of the narrative of the woman taken in adultery, in the beginning of the eighth chapter of St. John (viii. 1–11), together with the last words of the previous chapter, "And every man went unto his own house." As is commonly known, this is a much-disputed passage, but we are only concerned now to record the fact that the Gothic is one of those ancient versions in which it is not found. The other omission, for which there is also MS. authority, is that of the words, "through his blood," in Col. i. 14.

With regard to the last twelve verses of the Gospel of St. Mark, we are unfortunately not in a position to determine whether or not they were contained in the MS. used by Ulfilas, because there is a defect in the Gothic MS. at that place. As however the hiatus does not begin till the twelfth verse, and the three first verses of the doubtful portion still remain, it would seem to be well-nigh certain that the rest of the remaining verses had originally formed an integral part of the Gothic version of St. Mark.

4. The translation of Ulfilas from the Greek is for the most part wonderfully close and accurate. In a very few instances he has slightly departed from the original, and we may suppose had authority for so doing, and in one or two cases he seems to have endeavored to give a gloss; but, as a whole, there can be no doubt that his version is highly valuable, even on this ground. The expression, Matt. v. 37, "Whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil," as well as the petition in the Lord's prayer, "Deliver us from evil," is ambiguous, as it is in the Greek, but in both cases the probability seems to be that *from the evil one* is the meaning of the Gothic. In Matt. vi. 14, 26, "your heavenly Father," is "your father who is *over* heaven," *ufar himinam.*

Even the Greek order is observed in Matt. viii. 10, "not in Israel such faith have I found," and so in Luke viii. 47, where the construction is more complex, "she came running, and falling down to him, for what cause she had touched him, told him in the presence of all the people, and how she was healed immediately."

In Mark ix. 8, instead of "save Jesus only with themselves," we find "save Jesus only with himself."

In xii. 29, we find, "The Lord God our

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Lord is one," following what is probably the true meaning of the Old Testament Hebrew.

In St. Luke ii. 14, we have the beautiful reading and rendering of Jerome preserved, specially commended by Keble, and generally followed by Roman Catholic interpreters also, indefensible though it may be critically or theologically, "on earth peace towards men of goodwill."

In ix. 46, 47, where the English version has rendered the same Greek word διαλογισμὸς by two, "Then there arose a *reasoning* . . . And Jesus perceiving the *thought*," the Gothic has used but one. On the other hand, in John vii. 1, "After these things Jesus *walked* in Galilee, for he could not *walk* in Jewry," where the Greek has but one, the Gothic uses two. Again, in Luke xvi. 10, where the Greek and English have used two dissimilar words to express opposite ideas, πιστὸς, ἄδικος, faithful, unjust, the Gothic has chosen two similar words, *triggus* and *untriggus*.

It is possible that in Luke xix. 42, we have an instance of a grammatical error, perhaps the only one to be found throughout the fragments, where ἐκρύβη, to which the real subject is τὰ, is rendered "now *it* is hid from thine eyes."

In John vii, 39, where the A. V. supplies *given* in the words "the Holy Ghost was not yet *given*, because that Jesus was not yet glorified," the Gothic has "the Holy Ghost was not yet *on them*, because," etc.

One of the blemishes of the existing English version is found also in the Gothic, namely John x. 14, 15, where it renders, "I am the good shepherd and know my sheep, and am known of mine. As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father, and I lay down my life for the sheep," instead of "I know my sheep even as the Father knoweth me, and I know the Father." This, however, may be a matter of punctuation in the printed copies. In the next verse, however, the still greater blemish of the A. V. in not discriminating between *flock* and *fold* for ποίμνη and αὐλὴ is avoided by the one word being rendered *avethi* and the other *avistri*.

In x. 24, "How long didst thou make us to doubt," which, in the Greek, is *lift up our soul*, that is, *hold it in suspense*, the Gothic is literal in its rendering — *saivala unsara hahis*. In xi. 39, Lazarus is said to have been *dead four days*, which expresses the single Greek word τεταρταῖος and is one word also in the Gothic, *fidurdogs*.

It has been a matter of some doubt whether the contest with beasts at Ephesus, to which St. Paul refers (1 Cor. xv. 32), was metaphorical or not. In the Gothic, whatever ambiguity there may be originally is preserved by the verbal following of the Greek, *bi mannan du diuzam vaih*.

The obscure phrase used by St. Paul in 2 Cor. i. 18, "the things that I purpose, do I purpose according to the flesh, that with me there should be yea, yea, and nay nay?" which is interpreted by Alford to mean that there should be "both affirmation and negation concerning the same thing," is thus rendered by Ulfilas, "that with me the yea should not be yea and the nay nay," which unquestionably gives the sense which the writer intended to convey.

Gal. v. 16, "I say, then, walk in the spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh," is rendered, "I say that ye walk in the spirit and fulfil not," departing slightly from the Greek.

Eph. ii. 16, "Having slain the enmity thereby," that is, by or on the cross, becomes in the Gothic "having slain the enmity *in himself*," in *sis silbin*. Gal. iv. 32, follows the Greek exactly, "as God *in* Christ hath forgiven you."

5. Foremost among the illustrations of reading and interpretation to be gathered from the Gothic version, must be placed the celebrated passage, 1 Tim. iii. 16, where the authority of Ulfilas is distinctly in favor of the reading which all scholars have now adopted, and by which the "*God* was manifest in the flesh" of the A. V. is shown not to be genuine; the Gothic runs, "Great is the mystery (*runa*) of godliness *which* was manifest in the flesh," so that the MS. Ulfilas used may have had ὃ, or more probably ὃς, but certainly not Θεὸς.

In Mark viii. 22, "And he cometh to *Bethsaida*, and they bring a blind man unto him," Ulfilas reads "*Bethany*," which is also supported by some MSS.

In Mark ix. 40, the Gothic reads, "He that is not against *you* is for *you*," instead of "us." There is authority for either reading, but that which Ulfilas followed is perhaps to be preferred. Alford says, "In the divided state of the critical evidence, the reading must be ever doubtful."

In John ix. 8, the A. V. has, "The neighbors and they which before had seen him that he was *blind*," but the better reading is "that he was *a beggar*." The word is the

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same in the Greek as that for "he sat and *begged*," or rather the substantive cognate to the verb, but in the Gothic two quite different words are used for the noun *beggar* and the verb *begged*.

In John xiv. 31, the Gothic reads, "But that the world may know that I love *my* Father, and as the Father gave me commandment, even so I do," for which, however, there seems to be no MS. authority.

The "blindness" which "happened unto Israel," of Rom. xi. 25, is in the Gothic *daubei*, deafness. The Greek is πώρωσις, which is ambiguous.

In Col. i. 12, 13, "who hath made *us* meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light," and "who hath delivered *us* from the power of darkness," etc., here the Gothic reads *you* in both cases, for which there is some, but apparently less, MS. authority.

In Col. iii. 8, there is a slight difference of reading. Instead of "filthy communication out of your mouth," the Gothic joins this to the catalogue of the things they are exhorted to put away, and then inserts, "*let it not proceed out of* your mouth," for which there seems to be some authority.

In 1 Thess. ii. 13, "the word of God which ye heard of us" is rendered "the word of the hearing of God," so that the παρ' ἡμῶν is taken away from ἀκοῆς and joined to παραλαβόντες. The precept in v. 22, "Abstain from all appearance of evil," is rendered, somewhat more feebly, "Keep yourselves from every *thing* of evil."

In 2 Tim. iv. 10, the Gothic reads *Crispus* for "Crescens," but there is also a variant *Kreskus*, which is clearly identical with the ordinary Crescens.

From this brief and fragmentary sketch of the more striking features of the Gothic version it will, it is hoped, be seen how full it is of interest to the philologist, the critic, and the theologian. And yet, except among scholars, it is probably but little known. We are not aware that any modern critical English edition exists. There are several foreign editions, the best probably that of Gablentz and Löbe in quarto, a very excellent one in crown octavo by Massmann, one in octavo by Gangengigl, which however is deficient in accuracy, and the Swedish edition of Upstrom. We may safely affirm that there is no branch of the Teutonic literature of deeper interest to the student than these ancient remains of the primitive Gothic version of the Gospels and Epistles. It is to be regretted that there is not more of them. The ravages of time have been very cruel: the early part of St. Matthew's Gospel is lost to us; there is a terrible gap from the end of the eleventh chapter to the thirty-eighth verse of the twenty-fifth, while part of the twenty-sixth, and the whole of the twenty-eighth, are wanting. St. Mark's Gospel is complete, with the exception of the last eight verses, which have been lost. The eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth chapters of St. Luke are missing. There is a gap at the end of the sixteenth, and the remainder of the Gospel is wanting after xx. 46. The commencement of St. John is imperfect till we come to the middle of chapter v., then it goes on with a few blanks till xix. 13, where it unfortunately ends. The Acts of the Apostles does not exist. The Epistle to the Romans begins at the end of chapter vi., and is fairly perfect till xv. 13, then there is a blank till xvi. 21. The MS. which the Gothic followed evidently ended at xvi. 24. The First Epistle to Corinth is very defective, the second is complete, and a note at the end says it was written from Philippi of Macedonia. The Epistle to the Galatians has a gap in chapter i. and in chapter iii. The Epistle to the Ephesians has a gap in chapter v. and in chapter vi., and the rest of St. Paul's Epistles are more or less imperfect. They come to an end at Philemon xxiii. This is all that we possess of the New Testament. There are a few fragments of the Old Testament, and of a commentary on the Gospel of St. John; but this is all that has as yet been rescued of the original Teutonic language that was spoken by the Goths in the third and fourth century after Christ.

One very important inference fairly deducible from the existence of this version of the New Testament, which dates from the middle of the fourth century A.D., is the existence of a Christian population among the Goths at that early period. We see also that the Scriptures must have been held in high esteem as the treasury of life, for otherwise they would not have been translated. It is also clear that the best MSS. would be chosen for that purpose, and therefore the version of Ulfilas has considerable value as a witness to the reading that stood highest in his day. For instance, his authority in such a case as 1 Tim. iii. 16 must be acknowledged to be very great. It is too early to suppose that a variation so great as that between the revised English version and his had already crept into the text. It could then have had no existence, and therefore the witness of the Gothic version must add very great-

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ly to the presumption against it. In like manner, when we find him writing in 1 Cor. xi. such an addition as "we are all partakers of that one cup," whatever may be the authority or the explanation of the words added, there can be no question that they afford unimpeachable testimony to the practice of the Christians of his day, or at least of those over whom he presided. The denial of the cup to the laity is indeed not a point on which we stand in need of any such early testimony, for it is one that was not mooted till long afterwards, but there can be no hesitation as to the nature and importance of the testimony being what it is. We may trust, therefore, that enough has been said to show the high interest and importance of the remaining fragments of the early Gothic version of Ulfilas, and that the sketch now presented, which does not aspire to give more than a cursory account, may have the effect of awakening a wider and more general interest in the study of a noble language which is one of the richest inheritances of the past, and is closely connected with our own, both in structure and vocabulary, as well as with its immediate descendant, the modern German.

STANLEY LEATHES.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

ÆS TRIPLEX.

THE changes wrought by death are in themselves so sharp and final, and so terrible and melancholy in their consequences, that the thing stands alone in man's experience, and has no parallel upon earth. It outdoes all other accidents because it is the last of them. Sometimes it leaps suddenly upon its victims, like a Thug; sometimes it lays a regular siege and creeps upon their citadel during a score of years. And when the business is done, there is sore havoc made in other people's lives, and a pin knocked out by which many subsidiary friendships hung together. There are empty chairs, solitary walks, and single beds at night. Again, in taking away our friends, death does not take them away utterly, but leaves behind a mocking, tragical, and soon intolerable residue, which must be hurriedly concealed. Hence a whole chapter of sights and customs striking to the mind, from the pyramids of Egypt to the gibbets and dule-trees of mediæval Europe. The poorest persons have a bit of pageant going towards the tomb; memorial stones are set up over the least memorable; and in order to preserve some show of respect for what remains of our old loves and friendships, we must accompany it with much grimly ludicrous ceremonial, and the hired undertaker parades before the door. All this, and much more of the same sort, accompanied by the eloquence of poets, has gone a great way to put humanity in error; nay, in many philosophies the error has been embodied and laid down with every circumstance of logic; although in real life the bustle and swiftness, in leaving people little time to think, have not left them time enough to go dangerously wrong in practice.

As a matter of fact, although few things are spoken of with more fearful whisperings than this prospect of death, few have less influence on conduct under healthy circumstances. We have all heard of cities in South America built upon the side of fiery mountains, and how, even in this tremendous neighborhood, the inhabitants are not a jot more impressed by the solemnity of mortal conditions than if they were delving gardens in the greenest corner of England. There are serenades and suppers and much gallantry among the myrtles overhead; and meanwhile the foundation shudders underfoot, the bowels of the mountain growl, and at any moment living ruin may leap skyhigh into the moonlight, and tumble man and his merry-making in the dust. In the eyes of very young people, and very dull old ones, there is something indescribably reckless and desperate in such a picture. It seems not credible that respectable married people, with umbrellas, should find appetite for a bit of supper within quite a long distance of a fiery mountain; ordinary life begins to smell of high-handed debauch when it is carried on so close to a catastrophe; and even cheese and salad, it seems, could hardly be relished in such circumstances without something like a defiance of the Creator. It should be a place for nobody but hermits dwelling in prayer and maceration, or mere born-devils drowning care in a perpetual carouse. And yet, when one comes to think upon it calmly, the situation of these South American citizens forms only a very pale figure for the state of ordinary mankind. This world itself, travelling blindly and swiftly in overcrowded space, among a million other worlds travelling blindly and swiftly in contrary directions, may very well come by a knock that would set it into explosion like a penny squib. And what, pathologically looked at, is the human body with

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all its organs, but a mere bagful of petards? The least of these is as dangerous to the whole economy as the ship's powder-magazine to the ship; and with every breath we breathe, and every meal we eat, we are putting one or more of them in peril. If we clung as devotedly as some philosophers pretend we do to the abstract idea of life, or were half as frightened as they make out we are for the subversive accident that ends it all, the trumpets might sound by the hour and no one would follow them into battle — the blue-peter might fly at the truck, but who would climb into a sea-going ship? Think (if these philosophers were right) with what a preparation of spirit we should affront the daily peril of the dinner-table: a deadlier spot than any battle-field in history; where the far greater proportion of our ancestors have miserably left their bones! What woman would ever be lured into marriage, so much more dangerous than the wildest sea? And what would it be to grow old? For, after a certain distance, every step we take in life we find the ice growing thinner below our feet, and all around us and behind us we see our contemporaries going threugh. By the time a man gets well into the seventies, his continued existence is a mere miracle; and when he lays his old bones in bed for the night, there is an overwhelming probability that he will never see the day. Do the old men mind it, as a matter of fact? Why, no. They were never merrier; they have their grog at night, and tell the raciest stories; they hear of the death of people about their own age, or even younger, not as if it was a grisly warning, but with a simple, childlike pleasure at having outlived some one else; and when a draught might puff them out like a guttering candle, or a bit of a stumble shatter them like so much glass, their old hearts keep sound and unaffrighted, and they go on, bubbling with laughter, through years of man's age compared to which the valley at Balaklava was as safe and peaceful as a village cricket-green on Sunday. It may fairly be questioned (if we look to the peril only) whether it was a much more daring feat for Curtius to plunge into the gulf, than for any old gentleman of ninety to doff his clothes and clamber into bed.

Indeed, it is a memorable subject for consideration, with what unconcern and gaiety mankind pricks on along the valley of the shadow of death. The whole way is one wilderness of snares, and the end of it, for those who fear the last pinch, is irrevocable ruin. And yet we go spinning through it all, like a party for the Derby. Perhaps the reader remembers one of the humorous devices of the deified Caligula: how he encouraged a vast concourse of holiday-makers on to his bridge over Baiæ bay; and when they were in the height of their enjoyment, turned loose the Prætorian Guards among the company, and had them tossed into the sea. This is no bad miniature of the dealings of nature with the transitory race of men. Only, what a chequered picnic we have of it, even while it lasts! and into what great waters, not to be crossed by any swimmer, God's pale Prætorian throws us over in the end! We live the time that a match flickers; we pop the cork of a ginger-beer bottle, and the earthquake swallows us on the instant. Is it not odd, is it not incongruous, is it not, in the highest sense of human speech, incredible, that we should think so highly of the ginger-beer, and trouble our heads so little about the devouring earthquake? The love of life and the fear of death are two famous phrases that grow harder to understand the more we think about them. It is a well-known fact that an immense proportion of boat accidents would never happen if people held the sheet in their hands instead of tying it; and yet, unless it be some martinet of a professional mariner or some landsman with shattered nerves, every one of God's creatures ties it. A strange instance of man's unconcern and brazen boldness in the face of death!

We confound ourselves with metaphysical phrases, which we import into daily talk with noble inappropriateness. We have no idea of what death is, apart from its circumstances and some of its consequences to others; and although we have some experience of living, there is not a man on earth who has flown so high into abstraction as to have any practical guess at the meaning of the word *life*. All literature, from Job and Omar Khayam to Thomas Carlyle or Walt Whitman, is but at attempt to look upon the human state with such largeness of view as shall enable us to rise from the consideration of living to the definition of life. And our sages give us about the best satisfaction in their power when they say that it is a vapor, or a show, or made out of the same stuff with dreams. Philosophy, in its more rigid sense, has been at the same work for ages; and after a myriad bald heads have wagged over the problem, and piles of words have been heaped one upon another into dry and cloudy volumes without end,

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philosophy has the honor of laying before us, with modest pride, her contribution towards the subject: that life is a "permanent possibility of sensation." Truly a fine result! A man may very well love beef, or hunting, or a woman; but surely, surely, not a "permanent possibility of sensation"! He may be afraid of a precipice, or a dentist, or a large enemy with a club, or even an undertaker's man; but not certainly of abstract death. We may trick with the word life in its dozen senses until we are weary of tricking; we may argue in terms of all the philosophies on earth, but one fact remains true throughout — that we do not love life, in the sense that we are greatly preoccupied about its conservation; that we do not, properly speaking, love life at all, but living. Into the views of the least careful there will enter some degree of providence; no man's eyes are fixed entirely on the passing hour; but although we have some anticipation of good health, good weather, wine, active employment, love, and self-approval, the sum of these anticipations does not amount to anything like a general view of life's possibilities and issues; nor are those who cherish them most vividly, at all the most scrupulous of their personal safety. To be deeply interested in the accidents of our existence, to enjoy keenly the mixed texture of human experience, rather leads a man to disregard precautions, and risk his neck against a straw. For surely the love of living is stronger in an Alpine climber roping over a peril, or a hunter riding merrily at a stiff fence, than in a creature who lives upon a diet and walks a measured distance in the interest of his constitution.

There is a great deal of very vile nonsense talked upon both sides of the matter: tearing divines reducing life to the dimensions of a mere funeral procession, so short as to be hardly decent; and melancholy unbelievers yearning for the tomb as if it were a world too far away. Both sides must feel a little ashamed of their performances now and again when they draw in their chairs to dinner. Indeed, a good meal and a bottle of wine is an answer to most standard works upon the question. When a man's heart warms to his viands, he forgets a greal deal of sophistry, and soars into a rosy zone of contemplation. Death may be knocking at the door, like the commander's statue; we have something else in hand, thank God, and let him knock. Passing-bells are ringing all the world over; all the world over, and every hour some one is parting company with all his aches and ecstasies; for us also the trap is laid. But we are so fond of life that we have no leisure to entertain the terror of death. 'Tis a honeymoon with us all through, and none of the longest. Small blame to us if we give our whole hearts to this glowing bride of ours, to the appetites, to honor, to the hungry curiosity of the mind, to the pleasure of the eyes in nature, and the pride of our own nimble bodies. We all of us appreciate the sensations; but as for caring about the permanence of the possibility, a man's head is generally very bald, and his senses very dull, before he comes to that. Whether we regard life as a lane leading to a dead wall — a mere bag's end, as the French say — or whether we think of it as a vestibule or gymnasium, where we wait our turn and prepare our faculties for some more noble destiny; whether we thunder in a pulpit, or pule in little atheistic poetry books, about its vanity and brevity; whether we look justly for years of health and vigor, or are about to mount into a bath-chair as a step towards the hearse; in each and all of these views and situations there is but one conclusion possible: that a man should stop his ears against paralyzing terror, and run the race that is set before him with a single mind. No one surely could have recoiled with more heartache and terror from the thought of death than our delightful lexicographer; and yet we know how little it affected his conduct, how wisely and boldly he walked, and in what a fresh and lively vein he spoke of life. Already an old man, he ventured on his Highland tour; and his heart, bound with triple brass, did not recoil before twenty-seven individual cups of tea. As courage and intelligence are the two qualities best worth a good man's cultivation, so it is the first part of intelligence to recognize our precarious estate in life, and the first part of courage to be not at all abashed before the fact. A frank and somewhat headlong carriage, not looking too anxiously before, not dallying in maudlin regret over the past, stamps the man who is well armored for this world.

And not only well armored for himself, but a good friend and a good citizen to boot. We do not go to cowards for tender dealing; there is nothing so cruel as panic; the man who has least fear for his own carcase, has most time to consider others. That eminent chemist who took his walks abroad in tin shoes, and subsisted wholly upon tepid milk, had all his work cut out for him in considerate deal-

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ings with his own digestion. So soon as prudence has begun to grow up in the brain, like a dismal fungus, it finds its first expression in a paralysis of generous acts. The victim begins to shrink spiritually; he develops a fancy for parlors with a regulated temperature, and takes his morality on the principle of tin shoes and tepid milk. The care of one important body or soul becomes so engrossing, that all the noises of the outer world begin to come thin and faint into the parlor with the regulated temperature; and the tin shoes go equably forward over blood and rain. To be overwise is to ossify; and the scruple-monger ends by standing stock-still. Now the man who has his heart on his sleeve, and a good whirling weathercock of a brain, who reckons his life as a thing to be dashingly used and cheerfully hazarded, makes a very different acquaintance of the world, keeps all his pulses going true and fast, and gathers impetus as he runs, until, if he be running towards anything better than wildfire, he may shoot up and become a constellation in the end. Lord look after his health, Lord have a care of his soul, says he; and he has at the key of the position, and swashes through peril and incongruity towards his aim. Death is on all sides of him with pointed batteries, as he is on all sides of us; the nastiest chances pop out against him; mim-mouthed friends and relations hold up their hands in quite a little elegiacal synod about his path: and what cares he for all this? Being a true lover of living, a fellow with something pushing and spontaneous in his inside, he must, like any other soldier, in any other stirring, deadly warfare, push on at his best pace until he touch the goal. "A peerage or Westminster Abbey!" cried Nelson in his bright, boyish, heroic manner. These are great incentives; not for any of these, but for the plain satisfaction of living, of being about their business in some sort or other, do the brave, serviceable men of every nation tread down the nettle danger, and pass flyingly over all the stumbling-blocks of prudence. Think of the heroism of Johnson, think of that superb indifference to mortal limitation that set him upon his dictionary and carried him through triumphantly until the end! Who, if he were wisely considerate of things at large, would ever embark upon any work much more considerable than a halfpenny post-card? Who would project a serial novel, after Thackeray and Dickens had each fallen in mid-course? Who would find heart enough to begin to live, if he dallied with the consideration of death?

And, after all, what sorry and pitiful quibbling all this is! To forego all the issues of living in a parlor with a regulated temperature — as if that were not to die a hundred times over, and for ten years at a stretch! As if it were not to die in one's own lifetime, and without even the sad immunities of death! As if it were not to die, and yet be the patient spectators of our own pitiable change! The permanent possibility is preserved, but the sensations carefully held at arm's length, as if one kept a photographic plate in a dark chamber. It is better to lose health like a spendthrift than to waste it like a miser. It is better to live and be done with it, than to die daily in the sick-room. By all means begin your folio; even if the doctor does not give you a year, even if he hesitates about a month, make one brave push and see what can be accomplished in a week. It is not only in finished undertakings that we ought to honor useful labor. A spirit goes out of the man who means execution, which outlives the most untimely ending. All who have meant good work with their whole hearts, have done good work, although they may die before they have the time to sign it. Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the tradition of mankind. And even if death catch people, like an open pitfall, and in mid-career, laying out vast projects, and planning monstrous foundations, flushed with hope, and their mouths full of boastful language, they should be at once tripped up and silenced, is there not something brave and spirited in such a termination? And does not life go down with a better grace, foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably straggling to an end in sandy deltas? When the Greeks made their fine saying that those whom the gods love die young, I cannot help believing they had this sort of death also in their eye. For surely, at whatever age it overtake the man, this is to die young. Death has not been suffered to take so much as an illusion from his heart. In the hot-fit of life, a-tiptoe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starr'd, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land.

R. L. S.

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From Sunday at Home.

A RECOLLECTION OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

BY A COMPANY'S OFFICER.

In the spring of the Mutiny year there were at Agra two or three American Presbyterian clergymen, engaged in missionary work among the natives there. That station was the headquarters of the government of the North-west Provinces, as a northern division of India is called, having a population of above thirty millions, about as great as that of the United Kingdom. Such a government required a number of clerks, who could speak and write English. There were few Englishmen in India then, other than the covenanted civilian and military, so these clerkships were held principally by Eurasians or half-castes, who were educated by their parents expressly for such work. A government college, and missionary schools, were the educational establishments to which these lads were sent. At these mission schools they were welcome, as they gave a Christian tone to the classes, which were otherwise filled by heathen youth. It was also felt that these Eurasians were an important class, over whom it was necessary to watch, lest they should fall into heathenism, and be a hindrance, instead of a help, to the spread of the gospel in India. The certainty of employment for educated sons made the parents eager enough to place them at schools, but as there were few missionary ladies in India at that time, it was very difficult to get any good education for the daughters of this class.

One of the missionaries at that time in Agra was the Rev. Mr. Fullarton, who had pastoral charge of the Presbyterian Church there, which was attended, almost exclusively, by these Eurasians and their families. He was a man of about forty years of age, broad-shouldered and of powerful make, with a fine open face and kindly blue eyes, that shone again with joyous brotherly kindness to all men. His bearing too reminded one of the brave old Covenanter, whom no ills or fears could daunt, and gave the impression that he had a wellspring of life and health within him, that cheered himself and made those about him happy. He was a married man, and his wife, an American lady, was truly a helpmeet to her missionary husband. Though she had three young children, and from the smallness of her husband's missionary salary was unable to have much help in the way of servants, yet she made or found time to assist her husband in his work. Being well-educated, she opened a school for the Eurasian girls of his congregation, and spent her spare strength in teaching them, and preparing them to be good Christian wives and mothers, such as the heathen around might take a lesson from, and imitate.

Like a thunderclap, the news of the mutiny at Meerat, on the 10th of May, fell on the Agra community, and turned the whole current of men's thoughts from the duties and schemes of the day, and bade them prepare for the coming struggle. Duties had, however, to be continued, and Mrs. Fullarton's school was carried on, subject always to the pressing thought that the danger and suffering which had fallen on other stations must be expected some day in Agra. At that time, three native regiments, and one European regiment, with six guns manned by Europeans, formed the garrison of that station.

On Saturday night, the 30th of May, news arrived that some companies of one of the Agra regiments had mutinied at Muttra, a station thirty-five miles off, and had fired on their English officers. The Agra regiments, notwithstanding their protestations of fidelity to their "salt," could no longer be trusted. The lieutenant-governor, Mr. Colvin, after consultation with the brigadier and Mr. Drummond, the magistrate, resolved on disarming them next day, and sending the men to their homes. The brigadier then went to prepare for the disarming, and the magistrate sent orders to rouse all the civilians and Christian clerks, and send them, with their wives and children, to rendezvous that had been appointed beforehand for their reception in the hour of danger.

Mr. Fullarton, with his wife and family, went to the one known as "Boldero's House," a bungalow perched on the top of an old lime-kiln, which from age was covered with sheltering trees, and clothed with grass.

The Sabbath sun rose that morning on a strange scene in the usually well-ordered station of Agra. Instead of early morning church, the troops, English and native, were assembled on parade, and there the natives, to their great astonishment, found themselves drawn up opposite the European regiment and guns with lighted portfires, and ordered to lay down their arms. The great mass of men obeyed, as they had no time to make any arrangements, and, piling their arms, saw them carted away to the magazine in the fort. At night I visited "Boldero's bungalow",

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about ten o'clock. Outside the house lay groups of gentlemen under the trees, talking quietly over the events of the day, but with loaded double-barrelled guns and plenty of ammunition by their sides. In the verandahs, ladies and native ayahs lay pretty closely placed, while the floors of the rooms inside were strewn with about as many babies and young children as they could readily hold. With one or two exceptions, the children were all asleep; but every now and then a sickly child would waken up and begin to scream. Immediately its watchful mother would start up, and go to its assistance, careful in approaching it lest she should step on any other lady's child. I saw Mr. Fullarton and his fellow-missionaries, with some other gentleman, sitting or lying below one of the trees. The full moon shone through the leaves, and I remember well Mr. Fullarton's face turned up to speak to me with a look or word of thankfulness for the sparing and other mercies of the day. At his side, too, lay a double-barrelled gun, which some gentleman had given him, knowing, however unwilling, his heart was stout enough to use it in defence of the helpless women and children.

That danger passed over, but in five weeks a mismanaged fight required the Christians to retire inside the Agra fort, and Mr. Fullarton's house was burnt with the rest. But the lives of all the civilians and native Christians, with a few painful exceptions, were saved; in this respect being so much better off than the people at Cawnpore, Futtehghur, Delhi, and other stations. Distressing news from all these places harrowed the hearts of the Agra people, whose friends and relatives were the sufferers; but Mr. Fullarton, and the other American missionaries, were touched peculiarly by the massacres at Futtehghur.

At Futtehghur an American Presbyterian mission had been long established, and abundantly prospered. The native converts there had been taught an industry which was of great use to the government and officers of the army. The best tents were made by them that could be had in India; the cloth was sure to be good, and all the ropes, poles, etc., of the best material. You were sure indeed of getting there the best article of its kind which you wanted, and good value for your money. The consequence was the community was largely patronized, and was rich and prosperous. The people had excellent houses, and their village was so clean that it was a model which the Christian could point out to the heathen with some pride and great satisfaction. Two or three American Presbyterian missionaries labored there and in the neighboring heathen city and villages. In the centre of the village stood a handsome little church with a spire, telling all around that *Yisu Masih* (Jesus the Messiah) was worshipped there.

Vainly did the English officers for weeks trust the deluded Sepoy garrison, and, to show their confidence, refuse to provision the fort. On the approach of another mutinous regiment, the garrison rose on the officers; and they, with the civilians, missionaries, and others, had to flee for refuge to the fort. Starvation, however, soon drove them to the Ganges, where they embarked at night in boats and dropped down the river. When opposite Cawnpore, about seventy miles down, they were, as we know, missionaries and all, foully butchered. The Sepoys and mob from Futtehghur (or rather Furruckabad, the name of the city) went off to the Christian village, wrecked it, and slew or shot all the Christians they could lay their hands on. News came to Agra that they had all perished, but presently other news came that some had escaped, and were wandering in the jungles. Again news kept coming of one and another being caught, tortured, and slain with the sword, or blown away from guns.

In those days there was no getting down from Agra to help these people. At last, in October, the road was cleared. Havelock's victories threw terror into the native mind. Delhi fell, and a force detached from there came down to Agra, and in a brilliant victory defeated an army that threatened the fort. It then passed down country and joined Lord Clyde's army at Cawnpore, and he, before delivering his second attack on Lucknow, marched his headquarters up to Futtehghur. Mr. Fullarton, yearning after the remains of the Futtehghur flock, and hearing of this movement, joined Mr. Raikes, a civilian, in the perilous attempt of reaching, without a guard, the commander-in-chief's camp, some seventy or eighty miles off. They started together one night on the mail-cart, and happily arrived in safety. About a week after, I and others had to follow, and I shall never forget my impressions on arriving in camp, and the first sight of the long and anxiously-looked-for army from home. The first thing I came on was the artillery siege-train of monster guns, guarded by a party of the Forty-second Highlanders, one of whom was standing sentry. His fresh English complexion,

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so different from what we were accustomed to, gave an impression of vigor and manhood which spoke of certain and speedy victory. I then went to the tent of my friend, the gallant young artillery officer and Christian soldier, Lieutenant Hastings Harington, so soon to be decorated with the Victoria Cross.

The next morning was Sunday, which was spent quietly in camp, with the usual early morning services for the troops on parade. In the forenoon, also, there was a separate service for the headquarter staff, and any other officers who chose to attend, in the commander-in-chief's large tent. Harington and I went there, and a goodly sight it was to see the chiefs of England's brave army in the East coming voluntarily to church. One could not help looking on the manly fellows there, and wondering sadly who of them were to survive the deadly struggle they knew they were so soon to face. In a front place sat Colonel Adrian Hope, commanding the Forty-second Highlanders, whose tall, handsome figure made his reverent bearing and earnestness more conspicuous, and telling and good as an example. He was one of those who not long after fell, trying to get his men out of a false position they were unfortunately sent to occupy.

In the afternoon, as the sun was beginning to go down, Harington and I were sitting in the tent, when "*Harington sahib hai?*" ("Is Mr. Harington here?") sounded outside as from a well-known voice. On going outside there was dear Fullarton, who had come from the city about two miles off to see Harington, and ask him to attend the first Sunday service he was to hold with the newly-found native Christians of Futtehghur.

We started at once. On the way down he told us the story of how, on his arrival in camp, about a week before, he had heard of some native Christians who had come to the city on being told that the English army was there. He determined to find them out, and, all alone, went down towards the town. On his way he met a blind Christian girl, led by a stranger. He at once recognized her, for he had seen her not long before the Mutiny began, when he was down assisting at a communion service at Futtehghur. He stopped her, and asked where she was going. She said she was on her way to the English camp, to find a *padre sahib*, who, she heard, had arrived there. Fullarton told her he was the *padre sahib* she was in search of. The girl stood still, as if in a sore dilemma; the Mutiny days had made her suspicious. At last she said, "May I feel your coat?" "Certainly," said Mr. Fullarton. On which she felt the cloth, and recognized it as that worn by her old clergyman; then, catching his hand, she wept over it with joy. He asked her about the others, and was immediately conducted by her and her friend to a house in one of the streets. On being admitted, Mr. Fullarton walked right into the inner court, and there saw a number of Christians sitting round, who stared at him for an instant, amazed. One of them recognized him, and all rose in a body with the happiness of those relieved from long-continued anxiety and fear. He represented the return of the Christian government, and his presence among them was an assurance of deliverance out of all their troubles. Their deep joy broke him down too, and he could not help mingling his tears with theirs. As Mr. Fullarton was telling us about them, we reached the city of Futtehghur, and were greatly struck with its sad appearance. About the hour when we got there the principal streets of a native town are usually filled with men on business, or strolling up and down meeting friends, and shopping. That evening we met very few. The shops were almost all shut, nor was there any of that "busy hum of men" which is so especially characteristic of Eastern cities. Most of the houses seemed deserted. The people we did meet looked uneasy, no doubt at the presence of the great English army and authority, after the scenes they had joined in or witnessed, without caring or daring to check.

Worst of all, they could not hide the state of preparation they were in to fight the English force, which was now at their doors. Their houses were loopholed all along the principal streets, by order of the nawab and sepoys; but on its arrival they and their rulers had lost heart, and the city now lay at the mercy of the English. What added to their difficulty was, that a sepoy army was advancing on Futtehghur, full of the promise that they would, within the week, destroy the English army, and restore the authority of the nawab. As the boasts of coming victory were no doubt loud and deep, we can fancy there were many who believed the deeds would not belie the words. At last we reached a native house, where Mr. Fullarton stopped, and said that there he was to have his first regular Sunday service with the remnants of the Futtehghur native Christians. We entered through a courtyard, and ascended by some steps to the roof of the house, where was an open space of about twenty feet square. On the street

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side there was a screen-wall some four or five feet high, which protected the people of the house from the vulgar gaze of the passers-by. The walls of the neighboring houses were also so raised and arranged that the people in them could not see us, nor could we see them. The most noticeable thing was that the screen-wall on the side next the street was loopholed for musketry, as in so many of the other houses. Who the owner was we did not know, though no doubt Mr. Fullarton and the native Christians did; but he had thought it prudent to leave his house, with his property, and stay away from home till the present storm had passed. At the farther end of the roof from the street was a covered-in verandah, for sitting in during the day or sleeping in at night. There Mr. Fullarton took his stand, and was joined by an English-speaking native, whom he introduced to us as a "catechist," and one who had been of good repute for long among the Christian community. The man had an intelligent, pleasant, and unassuming expression and manner, but his garments were in a miserable state. Had we not known his circumstances, we would not readily have believed that a respectable native Christian stood before us. Presently the congregation began to arrive, all presenting the same draggled and worn appearance. They had been wandering for months in the jungle, more or less hunted and harassed. Part had been hidden and cared for by a Hindoo village chief, at his great personal risk. He had compassion on them, and a heart to hate the cruelty of the city roughs and mutinous sepoys. The others had wandered about from place to place, hiding during the day and begging by night.

The congregation on the housetop sat down in rows, with earnest but cheerful faces, with their children by them, and some of the mothers had infants in their arms. "The baby," on this occasion at least, formed no excuse for the mother absenting herself from service, and though, after the manner of babies, cries or shouts frequently interrupted the meeting, no one seemed to be offended with them or their mothers. No, there was deep thankfulness that these little ones were spared, and a mother's love was honored by the care that had been taken, amid sore troubles, to preserve the children through such difficulties, exposure, and dangers. The service began with a Hindustanee hymn, which they all seemed to remember. Mr. Fullarton read a chapter, and spoke to the people many words of comfort and kindness in a short address. After this, we had a prayer from the catechist. It was of course in Hindustanee, but a more touching cry to our Heavenly Father I thought I had never listened to. It gave the impression of having been composed, or thought out, during days of the deepest mental anxiety and bodily want, when the need of heaven's love and care were truly felt, and their supply earnestly sought.

At the close there was a talk all round between the clergyman and his flock, and kindly salaams bade him good-bye for the night. After they were all gone, Harington and I talked a while with Mr. Fullarton, who told us more of his dealings with the people. He found them, as we saw, in rags, and even unable to procure sufficient food. He therefore set about planning for their present needs. He first of all selected all the strongest of the men whom he thought he could get employed as policemen by the magistrate who was in camp. He then went to the camp, and asked if they would be received as such. A ready answer, "Yes," was given, for the English magistrate was then in sore want of men about him on whom he could thoroughly depend. He then returned, and told the men they were to have immediate employment, on seven rupees a month (fourteen shillings), which was good pay in their great need. But there was one difficulty — he could not take the men up to camp in such hopelessly tattered and scanty garments, so they must first be clothed. He therefore sent to the bazaar, and bought the cheapest white cloth that would do at all, had the men measured, and set the women to work at once to make up clothes, so that the men might be presentable. Willing hands worked hard, and soon he was able to go with them to camp, and had them all taken on as government servants. Knowing well the small stipend Mr. Fullarton had from the Mission Board in America, I asked, "But where did you get the money to do all this?" "Oh," he said, "I had it." "And how much have you over?" was my next question. He was silent for a moment; I saw the tear start in his eye; his lip quivered a little; at last he said, "A rupee." The truth was out, he was at starving-point himself, but did not care to tell. Harington and I made him take what we could give, for we knew there was much more he wished to do if he had the means. Mr. Fullarton was to sleep in his church on the roof of the house that night, but he would accompany us a short way towards camp.

On descending the stair into the courtyard, and as Harington and he walked on before, I observed a water-carrier, with a

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few dry twigs, trying to get a *lotah* (brass drinking-vessel) to boil. It contained some four or five potatoes. I asked what these were being prepared for. He said, "They are for the *padre sahib's* (Mr. Fullarton's) dinner." "Is there anything more?" "No." Next day I started back for Agra, where dear Mr. Fullarton was so well-known. I told Mr. Lowe, a civilian and a Christian man, who loved Mr. Fullarton and his work, all I had seen and heard at Futtehghur. He started at once to see a few of his friends, and that evening sent off five hundred rupees, which were cheerfully given to aid Mr. Fullarton in putting his native Christian friends beyond want, at least for a while to come.

If any think that the faith of native Christians in the East is inferior to that of Christians in the West, the company of worshippers we met that Sunday afternoon would have dispelled any vain dream of superiority. These men had borne the spoiling of their goods; they had seen some of their number cruelly murdered; they had suffered the humiliation, and had undergone all the hardships, the watchings, the anxieties and fears that fill up the cup of bitterness that martyrs in other climes and ages have had to drain. They had only to renounce their faith, in order that they and their families might be restored to honor and comfort. But they would not deny their faith, and lived a noble company of witnesses for the truth.

England was at the time busy with the story of the sufferings of English women and children, and there were none able to write to the papers from the Futtehghur jungles, so little was known of what was going on. If England's queen would have been glad to see her army at prayer under the difficulties and distractions of active service, the American people had reason to be proud of their countryman that day, caring for nothing but to do his best for the Indian people, whom his brethren had been the means of rescuing from heathenism, and in ministering to whom they had lost their lives.

When peace was restored other American clergymen came to Futtehghur, and it is again prospering under their care. Mr. Fullarton returned to his duties at Agra, but was not permitted to labor long. Cancer of the tongue attacked him, and he was sent to Landour, a sanitarium in the Himalayas. There he bore his sore trial and painful suffering with the patience and resignation which were so natural to his noble Christian character. He chose to die in India, his adopted country, and the scene of his many labors of love. His widow returned with her children to America. If they read this story in the *Sunday at Home*, they may not guess or remember the writer, but he cherishes with affection the memory of the dear servant of God who preached on the Futtehghur housetop that happy Sabbath-day.

THOMAS FARQUHAR.

From The Saturday Review.

THE PLEASURES OF MEDIOCRITY.

THE Frenchman who said of the English girl's singing that it was "magnifique, splendide, sublime, pretty good," had no idea that the last part of the compliment was a bathos. Perhaps he was right, though the opinion of the world has certainly gone against him. Perhaps a work of any sort of art which is "pretty good" gives no less pleasure, or more (and to give pleasure is, after all, its end), than any tremendous composition in the grand style. If you don't care for the grand style, or know what it is, then, says a poet in the most devout way, "*moriemini in peccatis vestris.*" To follow the grand style only, to neglect what is "pretty good," is to miss the sweet April mornings, the indolent, easy pleasures of literature. "I think in my heart," said Thackeray before he was famous, before he was the author of "Vanity Fair," "I am fonder of pretty third-rate pictures than of your great, thundering first-rates. Confess how many times you have read Béranger, and how many Milton. If you go to the 'Star and Garter,' don't you grow sick of the vast luscious landscape, and long for the sight of a couple of cows, or a donkey, and a few yards of common?" One suspects people who do not enjoy the common nature, and the art which is not uncommon, of caring very little for either one or the other. They stay in town as long as fashion allows, and they go twice or thrice to stare at the biggest pictures in Burlington House. They hurry abroad, and nothing will satisfy them, after the scenery of Eaton Square, but nature in her grandest moods — the avalanche, the glacier, the tremendous thunderstorm, the first-rate sunset, the Bengal lights on the falls at Schaffhausen. If they visit a picture-gallery in Paris or Dresden, they glance at the designs which Baedeker marks with three stars. It is not so hard to recognize the grand style when it is indicated by this typographical device.

Surely this kind of person has no real love of the beautiful things of the world

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or of man's making. He lives in commonplace and ugliness all his days, and tries every now and then a violent change of the intellectual air. If a man dwells always as much as he can in the thought and presence of what is beautiful, he cares less for brilliant effects and huge efforts of genius. The scented flowers on a grey old wall, a clump of poplars "whispering to the plane-trees," a river-shallow where the kine stand in the cool water, all these sights are common in his life, and give him from hour to hour as much pleasure almost as he is capable of enjoying. It needs a greater effort, unconscious as the effort may be, to live among the masterpieces of nature, the peaks that bury themselves in mists, or glow like molten steel in the splendors of an Alpine sunset. These beauties become almost intolerable, and lift the spirit into air too rarefied. This show, you cannot but think, has been spread for myriads of years, while there were no human eyes to watch and wonder. These changes and miracles of light and color have revealed themselves indifferently to the blind air before our race was, and when we have gone these eternal peaks will be the same in their barren gorgeousness. It is hard to avoid, and indeed it is not well to avoid, thoughts of this sort in the presence of what we call the sublime — the sea and the mountains which, compared with human fortunes, are immutable; the stars which "brand his nothingness into man." To awake such musings is of the very essence of the sublime. Never to have known them is to have missed a necessary experience, but always to live with them would be intolerable. There is no more pleasant relief than the spectacle of an English common, a Yorkshire moor where one hears the familiar "cluck" of the grouse, after a summer spent with the avalanche and the mountain. The eye and the mind are no longer strained, and nature rounds herself about human life, to foster which, in kindly, commonplace countries, she seems to have been intended from the beginning. People who are all for the austere and elevated natural landscape have souls, it is fair to suppose, naturally attuned to sublimity. In company with Mr. Cook's personally conducted tourists, they "do" their Alps and Dolomites without an effort. They are at home like the eagle in the silent places of the hills, and the Dolomites suggest no fancies with which they are not already quite familiar. Their taste is the same in art; in art, too, it pleases them *aerias tentasse domos* with unwearied wing. "Milton they never grow tired of, and are as familiar with Raffaelle as Bottom with exquisite Titania." They tell you that they do not read poetry often, which is perfectly true, but when they do take it, they like it good. This means that about once in every three years they make an effort to get through "Paradise Lost" — a conscientious, a gallant effort, but alas! an unsuccessful one. Shakespeare, too, they know is an accepted writer, who is as indisputably great as the Matterhorn itself — a poet marked with three stars in the books of all literary Baedekers. Yet even Shakespeare they can only peruse by help of the division of labor, and the encouragement and mutual aid of a society. No one ever saw the man or woman who likes poetry to be of the best reading "King Lear" for his or her own private pleasure. They would as soon think of taking a lonely walk by moonlight. Organized societies, of which each member is interested in reading his part as well as possible, are needed, with all the accompaniment of tattle and criticism, to see the sturdy Englishman who loves the sublime muse safe through "Macbeth." Shakespeare societies are proofs of the conscientiousness of our race. We are not satisfied with praising *le vieux Williams*, as the French praise *le grand Corneille*, without having read him. We are determined to read him, though it takes a dozen of us to work through a drama. When the task is finished, the lovers of the grand style go comfortably back to their newspapers. When they have done their Alps they retire to Eaton Square; when they have done their "Shakespeare" they fall back on the *Times*. It is not necessary, thank goodness, say they, to go roving in poetry or precipices till another year or another month has passed away.

Readers who like always to have some little memory of beautiful words within reach, as they like to have daffodils or daisies near them, and the sight of a tree from their study windows, do not perhaps visit "Paradise Lost" much more frequently than the sublimer souls of whom we have been speaking. Charles Lamb would have had "a grace before books, those spiritual repasts — a grace before Milton, a grace before Shakespeare, a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading 'The Faerie Queene.'" Milton, more than the others, requires, as it were, a solemn form, a grace chanted and choral, longer and more musical than those Latin exercises in which the deans and scholars of colleges respond each to the other at high tables. One has not always time for the spiritual retirement,

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and cannot reach the isolation and elevation of thought, which should possess the reader whom Milton "wraps in a fold of his garment, and carries to the places which are his home." What is needed is a bright little garden of poetical flowers and singing birds; a glimpse, so to speak, of a common; a rare passage from some writer who is not named with the great and famous, but whom we have found for ourselves and made our own by right of discovery. Constable, or Habington, or Herrick, may well please for an hour, though they are many leagues remote from the grand style. There is a natural pleasure in reading things which no conscientious people make it a matter of duty to peruse. Thus one can fancy a Scotch Presbyterian in a Popish land going into a chapel or cathedral on a Saturday. He becomes aware of quite a new and charming sentiment; he is in church, yet he need not be there; he is in a place of prayer, though it is not the Lord's Day, and he may go away when he pleases. The minor poets take one with this charm, and, moreover, they are very human. The giants and Titans of art are separated from us in one sense, and in another they are too much like ourselves. They gave voice and form to the great commonplaces; to thoughts that all men have known they imparted majesty unattainable. Their matter is often as trite as the morality of a Sophoclean chorus; their manner makes their maxims sound like "the large utterance of the early gods," ineffably noble. The little poets wander into fantasies; they offer ideas which are not common, which the great men of art might have justly disdained, and they sing in very pleasant minor keys of their own. Probably we have missed much in losing the works of Greek minstrels of the second order. The so-called Homeric hymn to Demeter is the work of one of these men; it is not very grand, but has an air of its own — a pleasure, for example, in the color of flowers and the movements of girls as they run, which perhaps you do not find in the epics, which cannot contain the whole sum of the poetry of their time. The little masters of the "Anthology" are often to be preferred to Æschylus and his dramas of fate and retribution. These minor singers speak to a few in a language they understand. In reading them one has the pleasure of doing a sort of posthumous kindness. Meleager or the hymn-writers have won no very widespread name; no one is obliged to care for them. It is a voluntary offering one makes in studying their verses; it may be some consolation to the neglected shade. The mediocre writers are not obtrusively thrust on you; their acquaintance you make for yourself, and you have a selfish entertainment in their unfrequented pleasance. They are good for the refreshment of tired minds: they can be laid aside as easily as a bunch of violets, and make hardly a more exorbitant demand on the attention. "Earthy are we, and of the earth;" and the works of the pleasant artists who made no great renown have, like violets, that earthy perfume as of things that "smell sweet and blossom in the dust." The true and tender, though certainly minor, poets have no great flights; have been little in the sun and the storm, and the thin air of the hills. Their verse has a fragrance which brings a melancholy not too profound. They take us by surprise, like the unsigned masterpiece in a chapel unknown to Murray. They missed fame, but they give pleasure. They won and they retain affection, and a kind of personal friendship which we do not offer to men greater and more austere.

From Chambers' Journal.

A FEARFUL SWING.

THE "shaftmen" at our collieries are selected for their physical strength and pluck, in addition to the skill and practical knowledge required for their particular work. The incident we are about to relate will shew how severely the former of these qualifications may at times be tested.

The work of these men is confined to the shaft of the pit, and consists mainly in repairing the "tubbing" or lining of the shaft, stopping leaks, or removing any obstructions interfering with the free passage of the cages up and down the pit. The coal-pit at N—— has a double shaft, divided by a "bratticing" or wooden partition. These divisions we will call A and B. Two cages (the vehicles of transport up and down the pit) ascend and descend alternately in shaft A. At a certain point the shaft is widened, to allow the cages to pass each other, and their simultaneous arrival at this point is insured by the arrangement of the wire ropes on the winding-wheels over the pit-mouth. The oscillation of the cages is guarded against by wooden guiders running down each side of the shaft, which fit into grooves in the sides of the cage.

On one occasion during a very severe frost these guiders had become coated

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with ice, and thus their free passage in the grooves of the cages was interfered with. Before this obstruction was discovered, the engine having been set in motion, the downward cage, which fortunately was empty at the time, stuck fast in the shaft before arriving at the passing-point. The ascending cage, whose only occupant was a small boy returning to "bank," proceeding on its upward course, crashed into the downward cage in the narrow part of the shaft, where of course there was only a single passage. Though the shock was something terrific, the steel rope was not broken; as the engineman, whose responsible position entails the greatest presence of mind and watchfulness, had stopped the engine on the first indication of an unusual tremor in the rope. Yet such was the violence of the meeting, that both cages, though strongly constructed of iron, were bent and broken — in fact rendered useless — by being thus jammed together in a narrow space. The greatest anxiety was felt as to the fate of the boy, as it was seen that even if he had escaped with his life after such a severe crash, his rescue would be a work of great danger and difficulty.

We may imagine the horror of the poor little fellow while suspended in the shattered cage over a gulf some four hundred feet deep, both cages firmly wedged in the shaft, and the ropes rendered useless for any means of descent to the scene of the catastrophe. The readiest way of approach seemed to be by shaft B, the position of which we have indicated above. Down this then, a shaftman, whom we will call Johnson, descended in a cage until he arrived at an opening in the brattice-work by which he could enter shaft A. He found himself (as he supposed) at a point a little above where the accident had occurred; and this conclusion he came to from seeing two ropes leading downwards, which he naturally took to be those by which the cages were suspended. Under this impression he formed the design of sliding down one of the ropes, with a view to liberating, if possible, the entangled cages and securing the safety of the unfortunate boy. The hardy fellow was soon gliding through the darkness on his brave and dangerous errand. He had descended about forty feet, when, to his horror and amazement, his course was suddenly checked by a bend in the rope; and the terrible discovery flashed upon him, that he was *suspended in the loop of the slack rope*, which here took a return course to the top of the downward cage!

It will be understood that when the descending cage stuck upon the runners, as the rope continued to unwind from the pulley it hung down in a loop, descending lower and lower, until the engine was stopped by the meeting of the cages. This loop or "bight" was naturally mistaken by Johnson for the *two ropes*, and he did not discover until he found himself in the fearful situation described, that he had entered through the brattice into shaft A *below* instead of above where the cages were fixed. There he hung then, over a yawning abyss many fathoms deep — closed from above by the locked cages — all below looming dark and horrible.

None of course knew his danger; his hands were chilled by the freezing rope; his arms, already fully exercised, began to ache and stiffen with the strain and intense cold added to the bewildering sense of hopeless peril. Good need there was then that pluck and endurance be found in the shaftman! His square, sturdy frame and unflinching spirit were now on their trial. Had his presence of mind gone or his nerve failed, he must have been paralyzed with fear, lost his hold, and been dashed into an unrecognizable mass.

But self-preservation is a potent law, and working in such a spirit he framed a desperate plan for a struggle for life. The guiders running down the inside of the shaft are fastened on to cross-beams about six feet apart. Johnson hoped that if he could reach one of these, he might obtain a footing whereon to rest, and by their means clamber up to the opening in the brattice-work. How to reach them was the next question that flashed lightning-like through his brain. This he essayed to do by causing the rope to oscillate from side to side, hoping thus to bring himself within reach of one of the cross-beams. And now commenced a *fearful swing*. Gaining a lodgment with one knee in the loop, he set the rope swinging by the motion of his body, grasping out wildly with one hand each time he approached the side of the shaft. Once, twice, thrice, he felt the cold icy face of the "tubbing," but as yet nothing except slimy boards met his grasp, affording no more hold than the glassy side of an iceberg. At last he touched a cross-beam, to which his iron muscles, now fully roused to their work, held on like a vice. He soon found footing on the beam below, and then letting go the treacherous rope, rested in comparative security before beginning the perilous ascent. With incredible endurance of nerve and muscle he clambered upward alongside the guider, by the aid of the cross-beams, and by

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thrusting his hands through the crevices of the timber. In this manner he reached the opening into shaft B, where the cage in which he had descended was waiting. Chilled, cramped, and frozen, and barely able to give the signal, he was drawn to the pit-mouth prostrate and exhausted. The boy was rescued unhurt by a man being lowered to the top of the cages in shaft A. Johnson suffered no ill consequences, and though a hero above many known to fame, he still pursues his hardy task as a shaftman; while beneath the homely exterior still lives the pluck and sinew of iron that did not fail him even in his fearful swing.

From Chambers' Journal.

JAPANESE FANS.

DURING the past few years, Japanese fans have become so popular in this country, that a few brief remarks respecting them and the manner in which they are manufactured — culled from the published report by her Majesty's consul on the trade of Hiogo and Osaka — may perhaps prove acceptable to our readers.

Osaka, we learn, is the principal city for the manufacture of the *ogi* or folding fans, which are those almost exclusively exported, all descriptions of the bamboo kind being made there; the figures, writing, etc, required for their adornment are executed at Kioto. The prices vary from a few pence up to six pounds sterling per hundred, and occasionally even higher prices are given, though the bulk consists of the cheaper sorts. The superior kinds of fans, it may be mentioned parenthetically, which are termed *uchiwa* by the Japanese, are manufactured at Kioto, and are extensively used by the better classes of the natives.

The following are the principal features in the account which Mr. Consul Annesley gives of the details connected with *ogi* or folding fans. As in many other branches of industry, the principle of division of labor is carried out in the fan-making trade. The bamboo ribs are made in Osaka and Kioto by private individuals in their own houses, and combinations of the various notches cut in the lower part are left to one of the finishing workmen, who forms the various patterns of the handle according to plans prepared by the designer. In like manner the designer gives out to the engravers the patterns which his experience teaches him will be most likely to be salable during the ensuing season; and when the different blocks have been cut, it still rests with him to say what colors are to be used for the two sides of each fan. In fact, this official holds, if not the best paid, at any rate the most important position on the staff in ordinary. When the printed sheets which are to form the two sides of the fans have been handed over to the workman, together with the sets of bamboo slips which are to form the ribs, his first business is to fold the two sheets of which the fan is to be composed, so that they will retain the crease, and this is done by putting them between two pieces of paper, well saturated with oil, and properly creased. The four are then folded together and placed under a heavy weight.

When sufficient time has elapsed, the sheets are taken out, and the moulds used again, the released sheets being packed up for at least twenty-four hours in their folds. The next process is to take the ribs, which are temporarily arranged in order on a wire, and "set" them into their places on one of the sheets, after it has been spread out on a block and pasted. A dash of paste then gives the woodwork adhesive powers, and that part of the process is finished by affixing the remaining sheet of paper. The fan has to be folded up and opened three or four times before the folds take the proper shape; and by the time the fan is put by to dry, it has received far more handling than any foreign paper could stand; indeed foreign paper has been tried, and had to be given up, as unsuitable for the work; but with great care the Osaka fan-makers had been able to make some fans with printed pictures which had been sent over from America, though they were invariably obliged to use one face of Japanese paper.

The qualities of native paper now used are not nearly so good as those of which the old fans were made, and in consequence the style of manufacture has had to be changed. Instead of first pasting the two faces of the fan together and then running in pointed ribs, the ribs are square and are pasted in their places in the manner described above. The outside lacquered pieces and the fancy-work are all done in Osaka and Kioto, and some of the designs in gold lacquer on bone are really artistic; but the demand for the highly ornamented description of fans is not sufficient to encourage the production of large quantities of first-class work. When the insides are dry, the riveting of the pieces together, including the outer covering, is rapidly done, and a dash of varnish quickly finishes the fan.

The highest price that was ever given

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for a fan in the days of seclusion from the outer world rarely exceeded a sovereign; but since the arrival of foreigners in the country, some few have been made to order at prices varying from two to three pounds sterling. The general prices of ordinary fans range from two or three shillings to three pounds per hundred, though an extraordinarily expensive fan is turned out at ten pounds per hundred. The sale of fans in olden times seldom exceeded ten thousand a year for the whole country; but in recent years no less than three millions per annum have been exported from the ports of Osaka and Yokohama alone. In concluding these brief notes, it may be interesting to mention that the number of fans ordered in Japan for the centennial exhibition at Philadelphia reached the large figure of eight hundred thousand, the estimated cost of which was ten thousand pounds, and that these were over and above the ordinary annual export alluded to before.

GREEK PRONUNCIATION. — Our classical and scholastic readers will be amused with the following very characteristic letter of Professor Blackie of Edinburgh to the editor of the *Times:* "I was sorry to observe from a report some time ago in your columns that my esteemed friend Mr. Gladstone, in the matter of the pronunciation of the language which he loves so much, still remains a heretic. The English pronunciation of Greek is a mere figment, a piece of incongruity, absurdity, perverseness, and practical inconvenience altogether indefensible, and I hope you will allow me, as a Scottish scholar, to enter my protest against the scholastic continuance of a practice disgraceful to the philological science of these islands. The vocalization of Greek I will let pass, presuming that by the admission of all scholars it cannot stand a single moment after the overthrow which the bastard Latin of the English schools has received from the strong arm of the editor of 'Lucretius.' But neither does the case stand a whit better in the matter of the accentuation. I never yet found an English scholar who could answer me the simple question, Why do you pronounce Latin with the Latin accents received by tradition from the Latinists of the Roman Church, while you refuse to pronounce Greek according to the combined traditions of the Greek Church, the Greek people, and the Alexandrian and Byzantine grammarians? Mr. Gladstone says, repeating in this the refrain of English scholars ready to catch at any straw in defence of their perversities, that Greek accent means 'musical pitch,' and ought not to be confounded with stress or emphasis, which we all understand. Now it is quite true that one element of the Greek accent is musical pitch, this pitch, however, being part of the common music of spoken language, not of singing or of intonation; but it also means emphasis or stress, as can easily be proved from the language of ancient grammarians and rhetoricians; and there is no contradiction between these two things. But, even supposing it meant only musical pitch and not emphasis at all, this would form not the slightest justification of the present practice of pronouncing Greek with the stress laid on Latin chords by the ancient Romans, rather than with the stress laid on Greek words by the living Greek people, an utterly unscientific and indefensible transference that arose out of mere scholastic carelessness and the want of all rhetorical culture in the great English schools, assisted, I believe, by a certain one-sided hobby-horsicality about metres, which for a considerable period gave a peculiar and somewhat narrow character to English scholarship. There is nothing more natural and more easy than to pronounce at once with that elevation of the tone of the voice which is meant by musical pitch and that dominance of emphasis which is now the more commonly accepted meaning of the word accent. There is, therefore, no mystery in the matter; only the dogged conservatism of English scholarship, too lazy or too proud to abandon its old traditions, and eager to defend an untenable position by any sort of unpractical subtlety and artificial mystery. I have only to add that in my teaching I think it sufficient to insist on the stress being laid on the proper syllable, without insisting on the accompanying elevation of tone, partly because the ears of our students are so gross and their æsthetical culture so utterly neglected that I must fain be content to deal grossly with them, and partly also because the proper stress on the proper syllable is absolutely necessary to make the word intelligible to the ear. I should also wish to state my entire accordance with Dr. Schliemann, that it would be well in all cases that Greek were taught as a living and not as a dead language. The saving of time which this would effect is a most important consideration, and I offer myself, as a practical man, to prove publicly before any assembly of scholars in Oxford or Cambridge how this could be done easily, even on English ground, without the slightest prejudice to that minute accuracy and refined classical tone of which English Hellenism has always been proud to make her boast."

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SPRING SONGS.

WAKE ye, oh! wake thro' the echoing wood,
Sweet birds with songs that are blither than laughter!
Tell us once more how the spring-tide's new blood
Flushes and mantles each dim forest rafter!

Did they not hear you, and know you full well,
They who once wandered thro' Eden's bright bowers?
Knew not the wisest of monarchs your spell,
Oft as ye woke by the temple's fair towers?

Constant your voice as the radiant stars
Shining in beauty far o'er the lone mountain,
Dear to all time as the summer-blue skies,
Fresh as the crystal light thrown from the fountain!

Yes, I can think of the millions of men
List'ning and loving your sweet songs before me.
Ay! and of millions more list'ning again,
When the long grass shall wave silently o'er me.

Blithe little birds! ye are singing to-day
Sweetest of all where our dear dead are sleeping;
There, by the old church walls, timeworn and grey,
Rising thro' bright ivy-wreaths round them creeping,

Over the cold dust that never again
Knoweth a care for the fast-coming morrow;
Lips that are silent, and hearts free from pain,
Eyes that have long closed forever on sorrow.

Well for us all that it rings out so clear,
This your glad song o'er the low graves before us!
Bravely you tell of that spring drawing near
When the dark winter of death shall pass o'er us.

Wake then, oh! wake thro' the echoing wood,
Sweet birds with songs that are blither than laughter!
Wake ye! and sing how the spring-tide's new blood
Flushes and mantles each dim forest rafter!

Sunday Magazine. ROBINA F. HARDY.

WIND AND WEATHER.

METEOROLOGICAL IDYL.

"THE sun bursts out in frequent blaze;
Shade flies, light flashes o'er the wold.
But yet in air there hangs a haze,
And what can make it blow so cold?

"The steeple cock points beak due west;
His tail the other way turns he.
Though that, meseems, is where his crest
In such a breeze as this should be.

"So cold has Christmas seldom been.
It ne'er was colder, e'en in May.
Why does the wind's edge cut so keen?
Turn, pensive shepherd, turn and say."

"Stranger, yon vaporous mountains note,
Cumuli, Alps on Alps, up there!
They're frozen clouds, aloft that float
As icebergs in the sea of air.

"Their rimy crags illumed, how fast
See how they change, and surge, and grow;
Whilst Zephyr apes an eastern blast,
Because the sky is full of snow."

"Thanks, guardian of the fleecy flock.
How rare, how pleasing, 'tis to find
'Mongst rustics reared from lowly stock
A cultured and observant mind!"

"Kind stranger, scant's the laborer's hire
In this inclement atmosphere;
And welcome — pardon the desire —
To his parched lips a draught of beer."

"Nay, shepherd, breathe not that request;
Banish strong drink from downs and plains:
Where Science wears the bumpkin's vest,
Let Temperance rule contented swains."

Punch.

TO ETHEL,

(Who wishes she had lived —

"*In teacup-times of hood and hoop,*
Or while the patch was worn.")

"IN teacup times!" The style of dress
Would suit your beauty, I confess;
BELINDA-like, the patch you'd wear;
I picture you with powdered hair, —
You'd make a charming shepherdess!

And I — no doubt — could well express
SIR PLUME's complete conceitedness, —
Could poise a clouded cane with care
"In teacup-times!"

The parts would fit precisely — yes:
We should achieve a huge success;
You should disdain, and I despair,
With quite the true Augustan air;
But . . . could I love you more, or less,
"In teacup-times?"

Blackwood's Magazine. AUSTIN DOBSON.

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From The Contemporary Review.

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

PART II.

MR. FROUDE's account of the early life of Thomas, his childhood, his youth, the time spent in the service of the archbishop and the king, is as truly wonderful as his more general picture of the twelfth century. It is equally wonderful, whether we are to look at it as meant for a piece of mere personal biography or as meant for a contribution to the history of the time. It is strange that Mr. Froude, who at all events can tell a picturesque story, should not have been tempted to enlarge on any of the picturesque stories of which Thomas in his young days became the subject. No doubt there is much truth in Mr. Froude's remark that "the atmosphere of legend in which his history was so early enveloped renders them all suspicious." Yet it is sometimes instructive to trace the growth of a legend, to see how a perfectly credible and probable story may, by a very slight change, be turned into a miracle. A story is told by Roger of Pontigny, and, more shortly, in the French life by Garnier of Pont Sainte-Maxence, of a remarkable escape from a fearful death which happened to Thomas in his boyhood. He falls into a mill-stream; he is drawn near to the wheel; just at that moment the miller happens to stop his wheel, and the boy is saved. "*Homo qui molendinum curabat*," says Roger, "*nihil penitus de his quæ agebantur sciens, aquam subito a rota exclusit*" (p. 96, ed. Giles). Or in the old French:—

> De de juste la plaunche out un mulin mulaunt,
> De grant ravine ala: Tomas i vint flotaunt,
> Quant il dut en la roue chaïr, le chef avaunt,
> Li muners out mulu, mit l'escloture à taunt:
> Si guarist Deus de mort, à cele feiz, l'enfaunt.
> (P. 9, ed. Hippeau.)

Here is something in which we can hardly blame men for seeing a special providence; but there is nothing miraculous. And we may be sure that in Roger's version we have the story as it was told by Thomas himself. Roger, one of the monks of Pontigny among whom Thomas sojourned in his exile, was more likely to hear stories of Thomas's childhood and youth — as distinguished from legends of his birth — in this way than in any other. When Thomas was at Pontigny, neither Thomas in telling a tale nor Roger in noting it down had any temptation to tell it otherwise than according to the best of Thomas's remembrance. This gives a peculiar value to the few notices of this stage of Thomas's life which Roger preserves. They come more nearly than anything else among our materials to the nature of autobiography. The case is different when the tale came, whether from Thomas's own mouth or from any other source, to the ears of men who naturally looked at Thomas and all his acts from a point of view somewhat different from that of the monk of Pontigny. Roger had known Thomas in the central part of his career. Edward Grim knew him only for a few days before his martyrdom, a martyrdom in which he was himself in some sort a sharer. He would naturally look upon Thomas in quite another way from his older friend, and would be inclined to surround all his acts with any amount of marvel and miracle. No wonder then that in Edward Grim's hands the providential delivery becomes a miraculous one. Instead of the miller happening to stop his wheel just at the right moment, the wheel now stops of itself. "*Stetit rota nec se movit semel*" (p. 8, ed. Giles). There is no reason to suspect Edward Grim of wilfully falsifying the story; any one who knows the temper of hagiographers will understand how, without any conscious invention, without any conscious rejection of evidence, the miraculous version, differing so very slightly from the unadorned fact, would seem to be, not only the true but the only possible version.

It may be matter of opinion whether Mr. Froude, in a series of papers such as he has given us, was bound to bring in stories of this kind. Yet the picture which our several authorities enable us to put together of Thomas's boyhood is clear and interesting, and this particular story has surely a special value, as illustrating the easy growth of legends, and as further letting us see the different lights in which Thomas appeared to his several biographers. At all events the things which

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did happen to Thomas in his boyhood have a better claim to a place in his "Life and Times" than the things which Mr. Froude thinks may have happened to him. It is to be hoped that at seven years old, if he "listened to the jests of the citizens at his father's table" about the story of John of Crema, he would not have understood them. It is yet more certain that no person of any age or rank in those days spoke of John of Crema as "his Eminence," a title which Mr. Froude has gone all the way into the seventeenth century to fetch for him. But when we pass from the things which are recorded but which Mr. Froude does not mention, and from the things which are not recorded but which Mr. Froude does mention, and come to Mr. Froude's attempts to reproduce what is recorded, the modernism which talks about "his Eminence" becomes a small matter. Yet it is this very modernism which leads Mr. Froude into many of his worst errors. With all his horror of the bad ways of the twelfth century, he cannot really understand that people did not do the same kind of things and use the same kind of phrases in the twelfth century which they do in the nineteenth.

Thus we find that Thomas, though learning was not his strong point, received a learned education, according to the standard of his age. For that education he naturally went to those places where, in his age, education was to be had. Mr. Froude takes the recorded twelfth-century course, and improves it according to nineteenth-century notions. Thomas, in Mr. Froude's version, must go for learning, not to the place where it was to be had then, but to the place where it is to be had now. Thomas, as a boy, was sent to be brought up by the canons of Merton Abbey. He afterwards attended schools in London, and somewhat later he studied at Paris. Later again, after he had entered the service of Archbishop Theobald, he studied civil and canon law, first at Bologna and then at Auxerre. Mr. Froude disapproves of this course of study, which certainly would be very unusual in our time. He leaves out Auxerre altogether, seemingly as the strangest part of the story. But, that Theobald may not be thought to have sent his promising follower to one school of learning only, he is made to send Thomas first to Paris and then to Bologna, though it is quite plain (W. Fil. S., ap. Giles, 185) that his studies at Paris were before he entered the archbishop's service. Mr. Froude wholly gets rid of the second, the London, stage of Thomas's studies; when he comes to the higher academical course, he simply changes its place from that which is recorded to one which to him seemed more natural. "He was sent to school at Merton Abbey, in Surrey, and afterwards to *Oxford*." Now Oxford studies on the part of Thomas are just possible, and no more. It would have been a striking fact indeed if he had been one of the very first set of scholars that sought the infant school of Oxford. As such, he might have heard the divinity lectures of Robert Puleyn, and, at a later stage, the law lectures of Vacarius.* If Mr. Froude determined to send him to Oxford at all, he might surely have made something picturesque out of his hazardous guess. A picture of the university in its very first days, with young Thomas as one of the first small party of scholars whom love of learning had drawn thither, might have been painted in Mr. Froude's most attractive manner. But no, Mr. Froude is more anxious to tell us how he spent his leisure time. "In his vacations he was thrown among young men of rank and fortune, hunting and hawking with them." That Thomas was fond of hunting and hawking, that his fondness for those sports began in his boyhood, that he followed them most when he was not actually at school, is most certain. But the Oxford vacation, and the young men of rank and fortune, are Mr. Froude's own improvement.† But why did Mr. Froude

* The divinity lectures of Robert Puleyn or Pulan began in 1133, when Thomas was about fifteen. The lectures in civil law by Vacarius, on which Mr. Robertson has something to say in page 22, began in 1149, under the patronage of Theobald. See "Norman Conquest," vol. v., p. 319.

† Thomas's early sporting tastes are set forth by Roger of Pontigny, that is by Thomas himself. He was led into them by Richer of L'Aigle, of whom presently in the text. "Hunc [Richerium] Thomas adhuc puer, quum *per dimidium annum a scholis vacaret* ad talia negotia procedentem libenter frequenterque sequebatur, plurimumque talibus occupationibus delecta-

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send Thomas to Oxford at all? It is not at all clear whether Mr. Froude has read Mr. Robertson's "Becket: a Biography." I do not think that he ever refers to it, and he certainly has not imitated those qualities of the book which deserve to be imitated. But in p. 22 of Mr. Robertson's book is a passage which might, to a very careless reader, suggest the notion that Thomas studied law at Oxford, though Mr. Robertson is much too careful really to say or to imply any such thing. Or there is another way in which the name of Oxford might have been suggested to Mr. Froude's mind in connection with Thomas's studies. Mr. Froude has a singular way, when he departs most widely from the meaning of his text, of saying something which seems as if it were suggested by the outward look of the text. Thus, it may be "*prædictæ rationes*" suggested "shortened rations," though there was nothing about rations in the story. So there is nothing about Oxford in the story, but there are two names which might suggest Oxford. Merton Abbey might easily suggest Merton College, and in mythical Oxford chronology to antedate a foundation by only a century and a half would be a trifle. Or is it possible that Oxford was suggested to Mr. Froude's mind because a name something like it occurs in the text of William Fitz-Stephen not very long after the studies at Paris, and just before the studies at Bologna and Auxerre? At p. 185 comes a mention of the church of Otford. For *Otford* to suggest *Oxford* would be exactly the same process as that of the "*prædictæ rationes*." The earlier London studies would seem to be left out because they are mentioned very briefly, and without any word which stands out in the text.* As for the studies at Auxerre, those who have followed Mr. Froude through all the volumes of his history will understand that "*Autissiodorum*" might be no less puzzling than "*Lexovia*."

batur, indeque hujusmodi traxisse creditur consuetudinem, cui etiam in majori postea ætate, *quoties vacabat* operam impendebat."

Here we see where Mr. Froude got his "vacations," and vacations which lasted "per dimidium annum" might have a specially Oxford look about them. I do not profess to explain "per dimidium annum." It reads to me rather as if, at some particular time, Thomas was absent from school for half a year, and was therefore thrown more into Richer's way. Edward Grim, whose authority on Thomas's early life is less than that of Roger, seems also to imply some temporary absence from school.

"Ad prænominatum divitem a scholis rediens . . . pro libitu nunc domi cum patre, nunc rure cum divite morabatur. Factumque est ut in hunc modum dimissus sibi scholaribus studiis proponeret renunciare."

The mill-stream story then follows. But Edward's chronology is much less clear than that of Roger. In any case the schools were not Oxford schools, nor the vacations Oxford vacations, and the "young men of rank and fortune" seem to have grown out of Richer himself, whom just before Mr. Froude had employed in the quite different character of a careful guardian of the imaginary orphan boy.

We have another case of the hasty way in which Mr. Froude looks at his books in his mention of Richer of L'Aigle or Laigle, the friend in whose company Thomas was when he fell into the mill-stream. That his name, a name which to those who know those times — to Mr. Robertson among them — suggests many thoughts, suggests none to Mr. Froude is not wonderful. And those who both know the times and Mr. Froude's way of dealing with them, will not be surprised to find that he improves the name Rich*er* into the more familiar Rich*ard*, and so writes his place-name as to suggest that he never heard of the town of Laigle. It is not a very famous place, not so famous certainly as Auxerre or Lisieux; but those who have dealt with those times must have heard of it and of the house which took its name from it. But even when Richer of Laigle was turned into Richard de l'Aigle, his story might have been told as it is in the books. Instead of this Mr. Froude tells it as it seems, at a casual glance, to be told in one book only. Edward Grim mentions certain misfortunes which happened to Thomas's parents, and then mentions their deaths. Then he speaks of Richer's fondness for Thomas and his taking him hunting and hawking. But he does not say that this was after the death of Thomas's father; he distinctly implies the contrary, though he shows that he has not quite

* W. Fil. Steph., 183., "Annis igitur infantiæ, pueritiæ, et pubertatis, simpliciter domi paternæ et *in scholis urbis* decursis." When Edward Grim (6) says, "Literarum primordiis puer traditur imbuendus. Quibus decursus ad artes missus multa in brevi comprehendisse memoratur," the "literarum primordia" would take in both Merton and London. "Artes," one would think, must refer to Paris. Cf. Garnier, 8.

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mastered his story, by speaking of Thomas when he fell into the stream as "*adolescens*" instead of "*puer*." Still in Edward's account the death of the parents comes before the first mention of Richer. We therefore read in Mr. Froude —

> His parents, at any rate, both died when he was still very young, leaving him, ill provided for, to the care of his father's friends. One of them, a man of wealth, Richard de l'Aigle, took charge of the tall, handsome, clever lad. He was sent to school, etc.

Here Richer, the hunting companion, who directly after is multiplied into several "young men of rank and fortune," appears as a careful guardian after the death of Thomas's father, and he is seemingly the friend who sends him to Merton and Oxford. All this is pure fiction. Nothing of the kind is said by Edward Grim. Edward himself confutes the story, but it is far more distinctly confuted by the more orderly story in Roger of Pontigny (95–98). We there find that Thomas's parents did not die while he was very young. His mother died when he was twenty-one; his father outlived her; how long we do not know, but according to Edward Grim no long time. There is no mention of Richer of Laigle after Gilbert Becket's death. His hunting with Thomas and the accident in the mill-stream happened while Thomas was quite a boy, and while his mother was alive. So Thomas's earlier studies — at Merton and London — all take place while his mother is alive. William Fitz-Stephen (183) would lead us to think that his studies of the arts at Paris also came within the same time, as by his age they naturally would. Mr. Froude's little romance falls to pieces before a comparison of the authorities: it might also fall to pieces before a reading of Mr. Robertson's account, rather hurried as it is, of these early stages of Thomas's life.

The next event in Thomas's own life is cut very short by Mr. Froude. "After spending three years in a house of business in the city, Becket contrived to recommend himself to Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury." The "house of business in the city" has the same modern sound as "his Eminence" and the Oxford vacations. It certainly draws some support from Mr. Robertson, who says that Thomas, "on returning from France, became clerk and accountant to a rich kinsman, a merchant named Osbern Huit-deniers, and afterwards filled a like situation under the sheriffs (or portreves) of London." I am not clear that Osbern Eightpenny ("Octonummi," "Huit-deniers") was a merchant, any more than Gilbert Becket himself. He was "*quidam Lundrensis cognatus suus, qui non solum inter concives verum etiam apud curiales grandis erat nominis et honoris.**" No words are used of him which necessarily imply trade, and it is most important for a full understanding of the true position of the London "barons," who play so great a part in Stephen's day, to grasp the fact that many citizens were not traders and that many citizens were Normans. It has also sometimes struck me that the employment under Osbern mentioned by Edward Grim, Roger of Pontigny, and Garnier may have been the same as the employment under the sheriffs mentioned by William Fitz-Stephen.† Osborn, a man so eminent in the city, may very likely have been sheriff. I do not insist on this point, and it is of little importance. What is to be noticed is that Mr. Froude leaves out Thomas's employment by the sheriffs. Yet there can be no doubt that it was a very important stage in Thomas's life, perhaps the turning-point in his whole career. Mr. Robertson understands the position of London, which Mr. Froude does not, and adds, with truth, "Thus, it would seem, the chief magistrate's clerk was introduced into political business." All this happened soon after the death of Thomas's mother, and while his father still lived. Mr. Froude, it will be remembered, had disposed of both parents long before.

But from the service of the sheriffs, Thomas soon moved to the service of the archbishop. In Mr. Froude's words, "Becket *contrived* to recommend himself to Theobald." When one reads the real story, one is inclined to ask whether by "Becket" is meant Gilbert the father or Thomas the son. In either case no great contrivance was needed. To Mr. Froude, who has ruled that Gilbert Becket was a tradesman, and who sees "Saxon extraction" in either his name or his surname, it might seem that a little contrivance would be needed for his son to get into the favor of the Norman archbishop. But if we turn from the guesses of Mr. Froude to the facts of William Fitz-Stephen, we shall see that there was nothing which needed any contrivance in the matter. Thomas was recommended to the arch-

* P. 98, Giles. If the form "Lundrensem" is genuine, it points to the French form "Lundres," already in use, as is shown by Garnier and by the local form of the name of the founder of Ewenny Priory.

† Cf. R. Pont., 98; Edw. Grim, 8; W. Fil. Steph., 183; Garnier, 9.

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bishop by common friends from the other side of the Channel.* Indeed the archbishop and Gilbert Becket were old acquaintances, if not friends. Norman Theobald, once monk of Bec, now Archbishop of Canterbury, and Gilbert, once of Rouen but now a baron of London,† had known one another in their own country. It needed very little contrivance to make the archbishop take kindly to a young man of promise who brought such good introductions with him. Mr. Froude does not enlarge — perhaps there was no reason why he should enlarge — on the personal incidents of the life of Thomas while he was still in Theobald's service. But he should hardly have left out that it was at this stage that the rivalry of his life with Roger, first Archdeacon of Canterbury and then Archbishop of York, took its first beginning. I have already noticed that the fact that Roger was favored and promoted by Theobald may make us doubt as to the extreme and monstrous wickedness which was laid to his charge in other quarters. It was now that the public career of Thomas began with his two remarkable missions to Rome before the accession of Henry. The really important part which Thomas had in bringing about Henry's succession by hindering the coronation of Stephen's son Eustace is strangely slurred over by Mr. Froude. His summary is curious : —

The question of the day was the succession to the crown. Was Stephen's son, Eustace, the heir? Or was Matilda's son, Henry of Anjou? Theobald was for Henry, so far as he dared to show himself. Becket was sent secretly to Rome to move the pope. The struggle ended with a compromise. Stephen was to reign for his life. Henry was peaceably to follow him. The arrangement might have been cut again by the sword. But Eustace immediately afterwards died. In the same year Stephen followed him, and Henry II. became king of England. With all these intricate negotiations the future martyr was intimately connected, and by his remarkable talents especially recommended himself to the new king.

The journeys of Theobald and Thomas to Rome, whether in company or not, are discussed by Mr. Robertson (p. 23), but a fresh light has been since he wrote thrown on the great dispute before the papal court by the publication of the "*Liber Pontificalis*," in the twentieth volume of Pertz.* But the action of Thomas comes out plainly enough in the chronicle of Gervase: the point to be noticed is that Thomas did much to secure the crown for Henry, but that he did it in a way which involved the fullest acknowledgment of papal claims.

Stephen wished, exactly as Henry wished afterwards, to secure the succession to his son by having him crowned in his lifetime. Thomas, not yet archdeacon but already in the service of Theobald, suggested the argument that the coronation could not take place without the consent of the pope. Now this act on the part of Thomas is one which it is very important to set forth fully and clearly, though certainly its clear and full setting forth is not convenient for Mr. Froude's argument. Thomas, at this stage, while still in the service of Theobald, appears in two characters, as an assertor of ecclesiastical claims and as a supporter of the Angevin succession. Neither of these sides of him should be passed by in estimating the character of the man. But neither of them falls in with the impression which it is needful for Mr. Froude's purpose to convey.

On the position of Thomas as being at this stage an assertor of ecclesiastical claims I shall speak at a later stage in connection with his appointment to the chancellorship. But the personal importance of Thomas at this time, and the part which he had already taken in affairs, are things to be insisted on. Mr. Froude himself states them clearly enough, though in a general kind of way : —

With all these intricate negotiations the future martyr was intimately connected, and by his remarkable talents especially recommended himself to the new king. No one called afterwards to an important position had

* The story is told by Roger of Pontigny (98) and William Fitz-Stephen (184). William gives the names of Thomas's introducers, and speaks of Gilbert's former acquaintance with the archbishop. "Adhæsit Theobaldo, bonæ memoriæ Cantuariensi archiepiscopo, per duos fratres Bolomienses, Baldwinum archidiaconum, et magistrum Eustachium, hospites plerumque patris ejus, et familiares archiepiscopi, in ipsius notitiam introductus; et eo familiarius, quod præfatus Gilbertus cum domino archipræsule de propinquitate et genere loquebatur; ut ille ortu Normannus, et circa Tierrici villam de equestri ordine, natu vicinus. Horum, inquam et patris introductu, archiepiscopus sui gregis scripsit Thomam." See Mr. Robertson's note, p. 20. I am not quite clear about the person named "*Baillehache*," "*cum securi*," "*cum ascia*;" but the point is of no moment for the present purpose. Roger's version at least shows the opposite to "contrivance" on the part of Thomas. Doubtless in Mr. Froude's eyes all this is surrounded with an atmosphere of legend: but even legend is better than arbitrary assertion.

† Garnier (5, cf. 9) calls Thomas's parents "*baruns de la cit*," — the application of the name to the citizens is familiar. I suppose the "*equester ordo*" in the last quotation from William Fitz-Stephen also refers to Gilbert. I suspect some mistake in Dr. Giles's text.

* See Norman Conquest, vol. v., p. 325.

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better opportunities of acquainting himself with the spirit of the age, or the characters of the principal actors in it.*

Perfectly true; but, as usual, Mr. Froude goes on to give everything a false coloring. He adds: "If his services were valuable, his reward was magnificent." He then goes on to speak of the vast mass of Church preferment held by Thomas, and again adds: "It is noticeable that afterwards, in the heat of the battle in which he earned his saintship, he was so far from looking back with regret on this accumulation of preferments that he paraded them as an evidence of his early consequence." Now this is a most unfair comment, as Mr. Froude's own note is quite enough to show. Mr. Robertson puts the case much more fairly. He says that Thomas, "when afterwards reproached as if he had owed everything to favor of Henry II., could fairly reply by mentioning the large pluralities which he had held before entering the royal service." This reference to Thomas's pluralities is found in a letter addressed by him to Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London, in answer to one which had come to him in the name of the bishops and clergy of England.† The bishops, or at least Gilbert, tell the primate that the king had raised him from a poor and mean estate to glory and power, first as chancellor, then as archbishop.‡ Thomas answers that he was not so very poor when he entered the king's service; as holding the archdeaconry of Canterbury, the provostship of Beverley, and other churches and prebends, he was not at all badly off in this world's wealth; and as for his birth, he was the son of citizens of London of good reputation and by no means of the lowest rank.* It is as hard to see "parade" in this answer as it is to see "contrivance" in the introduction to Theobald. It would not have been hard, on Mr. Froude's own showing, to have pleaded direct and important services done to the king. But Thomas simply answers the immediate charge, and instead of parade, he certainly makes less of his birth than he might have done. It is perfectly true that he expresses no "regret" for "this accumulation of preferments;" but, for the particular purpose in hand, such regret would have been out of place. Gilbert says, "You owe everything to the king, who raised you from poverty to wealth." Thomas answers, "I do not owe everything to the king; for I was a rich man when I entered his service." Surely this is quite answer enough for the matter in hand. He answers a misstatement of fact, and was in nowise called on to mount the stool of repentance then and there.

But this matter of Thomas's pluralities calls for a little further mention. Mr. Froude simply caught at it because he thought it would tell, and confuted himself by his own reference. Mr. Robertson too, unlike most biographers, enjoys a dig at the subject of his biography; but, unlike Mr. Froude, he takes care that his digs shall come within the range of fact and of a kind of formal fairness. He says, with perfect truth: —

> The circumstance that he was only a deacon was no hindrance to the accumulation of benefices on him: for in those days a prosperous ecclesiastic would seem to have regarded his parishes merely as sources of income, while he complacently devolved the care of each on some ill-paid priest. Nor, when Becket afterwards appeared as an ecclesiastical reformer, did he make any attempt to remedy this, which to modern apprehensions may, perhaps, seem the most crying abuse of all.

To modern apprehensions it certainly does seem a very crying abuse. One must

* Mr. Froude here has a singular note: "Very strange things were continually happening. In 1154 the Archbishop of York was poisoned in the eucharist by some of his clergy. . . . Becket could not fail to have heard of this piece of villany, and to have made his own reflections upon it." This is a little dark. Does Mr. Froude mean that Thomas thought that it was on the whole a good thing that Saint William was put out of the way, because it opened the way to his own first great promotion? These stories of poisoning are always very doubtful. But in Mr. Froude's way of speaking, there is again one of those little touches which speak so much to those who know the time. Saint William is to him simply the "Archbishop of York;" the name has no special meaning for him. And a still smaller straw shows the way of the wind: "Wi*ll*elmus" becomes "Wi*lh*elmus."

† See the letters in Giles, vi. 187; iii. 286. Garnier (iii. 116) gives most curious versions in his French rime.

‡ "Insedit alte cunctorum mentibus, quam benignus vobis dominus noster rex exstiterit, in quam vos gloriam ab exili provexerit, et in familiarem gratiam tam lata vos mente susceperit, ut dominationis suæ loca, quæ a boreali oceano ad Pyrenæum usque porrecta sunt, adeo potestati vestræ cuncta subjecerit, ut in his solum hos beatos reputaret opinio, qui in vestris poterant oculis complacere." This means the chancellorship: the letter then goes on to speak of the archbishopric.

* "Congeris et statuis ante oculos nostros beneficia nobis a domino nostro rege collata, et de exili me commemoras ad summa provectum. Ut autem his aliquantisper respondeam, in insipientia mea tamen, de quam exili putas? Si tempus, quo me in ministerio suo præstituit, respicias, archidiaconatus Cantuariæ, præpositura Beverlaci, plurimæ ecclesiæ, præbendæ nonnullæ, alia etiam non pauca, quæ nominis mei erant possessio tunc temporis, adeo tenuem, ut dicis, quantum ad ea quæ mundi sunt, contradicunt me fuisse. Quod si ad generis mei radicem et progenitores meos intenderis, cives quidam fuerunt Londonienses, in medio concivium suorum habitantes sine querela, nec omnino infimi." (He goes on with a discourse on the indifference of high or low birth.) Part of this is quoted by Mr. Froude with a few slight improvements of the text.

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doubt about saying "the most crying abuse of all." That Thomas had, by virtue of a papal exemption, to endure such a wretch as Clarembald almost at his own gates was surely a more crying abuse still. But it is perfectly natural that our modern apprehensions should look at it as a very crying abuse. It was equally natural that in the twelfth century, while a few saints or satirists declaimed against the practice, the average conscience, lay or clerical, should not look at it with any particular horror. It is quite possible — I know of no evidence one way or the other — that Thomas may never have looked back with regret on his accumulation of preferments, except so far as they would go in the lump to make up part of that worldly life which he held himself to have cast aside. The feeling on these matters, as a general feeling, is a very modern one, and it is a growing one. It is whispered that some extreme reformers of our own day have gone so far as to hint that canons of Canterbury should not hold professorships away from Canterbury. Even within this century men did not look back with regret on an accumulation of preferment, small as compared with that of Thomas, but which would certainly startle our generation. In Dursley church in Gloucester is the epitaph of a prosperous ecclesiastic, who was rector of Dursley, vicar of some other place, and curate, of course perpetual curate, of Stroud, and who for so many years "discharged the duties of Archdeacon of Gloucester with credit to himself and satisfaction to a numerous and highly respectable clergy." If the venerable man himself regretted his pluralities, it is clear that his admirers did not. A century earlier the cathedral church of Oxford received the remains of one of its deans — the famous Dr. Fell, whom somebody did not like — who, according to his epitaph, "*huic tantæ plus quam par provinciæ, episcopatum una Oxoniensem feliciter administravit.*" A little earlier again Laud and Williams, rivals something like our Thomas and Roger, almost equalled the standard of Thomas himself. Williams was mockingly said to be "a diocese in himself;" he held at once every kind of office from bishop to parish priest. And so we could carry our *catena* back to Thomas's own day. If Thomas did not regret his own pluralities, if he did not attempt to reform the pluralities of others, it simply shows that on this point his conscience was not enlightened beyond the average enlightenment of his own age and of many much later ages.

But we must look a little deeper into the matter. The strict ecclesiastical theory always condemned pluralities: a few zealous men denounced them in all ages. But it was in the natural course of human affairs that the practice of pluralities should meet with a good deal of toleration in the twelfth century. The matter has often been explained; * but, as Mr. Froude does not seem to have grasped the exact state of things, it is needful to explain it once again. The practice of pluralities was one side of that general system of secularization, and specially feudalization, of the Church, which was one great feature of the times, and some features of which system it was one great object of Henry to enforce. We keep traces of the feeling out of which it arose whenever we speak of an ecclesiastical office as a "benefice" or a "living." Those words are now confined to ecclesiastical offices, and to one class of ecclesiastical offices. But *beneficium* once meant a temporal as well as an ecclesiastical possession. It was sometimes hinted that the empire itself was a *benefice* — a benefice granted by the Bishop of Rome. A benefice, in short, is any feudal holding, and among ecclesiastical preferments the word is applied with greater accuracy to the higher offices, which are now seldom so spoken of, than to the lower, which the word now commonly means. A "benefice," a "living," is an ecclesiastical office looked at from its temporal side, as carrying with it certain temporal profits. In the older view, the higher and truer view, the view to which we have now come back, the office and its duties come first. The holder of the office is first of all bound to discharge its duties, whenever possible, in his own person. The temporal profits of the office are not so much payment for the duties done as a maintenance while he does them. In this view there is no room for pluralities; in all ordinary cases, no man should undertake any office of which he cannot himself discharge the duties. But in days when feudal notions affected everything, when the feudal character of at least the higher Church preferment was strongly insisted on by civil rulers, when the endowments of ecclesiastical offices were turned into *beneficia* or feudal holdings, another way of looking at such matters naturally prevailed. The ecclesiastical

* I have said something on this head at vol. v., p. 502, of the "History of the Norman Conquest." I believe that I was first led to understand this view of the case by a passage in Dr. Hook's "Lives of the Archbishops," but I have not the volume at hand here.

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benefice came to be looked at very much as the temporal benefice was looked at. In the case of the temporal benefice there were duties, commonly military, attached to the possession. But the benefice came first; the duties were attached to the benefice rather than the benefice to the duties. So that the duties were discharged, it was not necessary that the holder of the benefice should always discharge them in person. King Henry of all men, the inventor of scutage, was perfectly willing to allow such duties to be done by deputy. Consequently neither in that nor in any age have men felt any scruple in increasing the number of their temporal benefices, be those benefices kingdoms or simple manors, or estates yet smaller than manors. No one thought of blaming the duke of the Normans because he was also Count of Anjou. No one thinks of blaming the lord of one manor because he is lord of another manor as well. And when ecclesiastical offices had become benefices, when they were looked at as being, like lay benefices, possessions charged with certain duties, it seemed to follow that, provided the duties were discharged, it did not matter whether they were discharged in person or by deputy. Hence again it seemed to follow that, as no man scrupled to heap together any number of temporal benefices, so there was no reason why any man should scruple to heap together any number of ecclesiastical benefices. All that he had to do was to see that the duties of each were discharged by some one or other. Thus reforming bishops do not absolutely enforce residence on their canons; they attach privileges to residence, but they give each canon the alternative of residing or keeping a vicar. This helps us to see something of the real state of things. We come across occasional notices which show that there were here and there saintly men who undertook no office whose duties they could not discharge in person. We also see that there were careless men, who had to be compelled even to provide deputies to discharge their duties for them. The average conscience of the time was fully satisfied if the holder of several benefices provided a competent person to do the duties of each. If Thomas did this at Beverley and Otford, and wherever else he held preferment, he would not reach the standard either of primitive or of modern morality; but he would fully satisfy the morality of his own age. In fact he is praised at a somewhat later time, when already chancellor, because he did not help himself to ecclesiastical benefices much more largely.* The pluralities of Thomas are an undoubted fact. Mr. Robertson's remark that he did nothing to reform the practice of pluralities is also a fact. Mr. Froude's conjecture that he did not regret his own pluralities may also be a fact; we cannot say whether it is or not. But all that the whole matter proves is that Thomas, on this point, at this stage of his life, had the ordinary ecclesiastical conscience of his time. He was neither better nor worse than those around him.

I now come to the second marked stage in the career of Thomas, when he passed from the service of the archbishop to the service of the king. I shall speak hereafter more at large of the objects which Theobald had in recommending his newly-appointed archdeacon for the office of the king's chancellor, of the measure in which those objects were carried out or disappointed, and of the light which this part of Thomas's life throws on his general character. I wish here to deal with his character as touched by certain particular charges which are brought against him by Mr. Froude during his administration of the chancellorship.

The picture which Mr. Froude draws of Thomas's conduct in that office is one against which it is needful to protest in the name of simple truth. Anything more monstrous never appeared from the pen of one who professed to be narrating facts. In any one else one would be tempted to speak of foul misrepresentation and shamelessly garbled quotation. Mr. Froude is entitled to the excuse which I have made for him already. This description of the chancellorship is doubtless only the highest instance of that inherent defect which hinders Mr. Froude from ever accurately repeating the statements of the book which lies before him. It is the crowning case of an ignorance truly invincible of the man and the times of which he has undertaken to write.

I must quote Mr. Froude's charge in full: —

* W. Fil. Steph., 188. "Omnes vacantes par ochianas ecclesias villarum et castrorum potuit habere; nullus enim ei advocatus negare auderet, si rogare vellet; tanta tamen animi magnitudine vicit ambitionem, ut pauperibus sacerdotibus et clericis perquirendi ecclesias illas locum tollere præoccupando dedignaretur. Magnanimus magna potius perquirebat." He then gives a list of Thomas's promotions, temporal and spiritual: his provostship of Beverley, the *donatio* of the prebends of Hastings, the Tower of London and the *castellaria* of Eye, with the services of the knights attached to them, and the castle of Berkhampstead. Elsewhere he is spoken of as Dean of Hastings. Was he dean with the nomination of the prebendaries?

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Of his administration his adoring and admiring biographer, the monk Grim, who was present at his martyrdom, draws a more than unfavorable picture and even charges him with cruelty and ferocity. "The persons that he slew," says Grim, "the persons that he robbed of their property, no one can enumerate. Attended by a large company of knights, he would assail whole communities, destroy cities and towns, villages and farms, and, without remorse or pity, would give them to devouring flames."

Such words give a new aspect to the demand afterwards made that he should answer for his proceedings as chancellor, and lend a new meaning to his unwillingness to reply. At this period the only virtue which Grim allows him to have preserved unsullied was his chastity.

He then adds in a note from Edward Grim's text: —

Quantis autem necem, quantis rerum omnium proscriptionem intulerit, quis enumeret? Validâ namque stipatus militum manu civitates aggressus est. Delevit urbes et oppida; villas et prædia absque miserationis intuitu voraci consumpsit incendio.

Mr. Froude, when he wrote his first paper, evidently wished his readers to believe that these words were meant as a description of Thomas's ordinary behavior as chancellor in England. He would have us call up a picture of the great royal official going about through the land, and carrying havoc and destruction into every corner, at his own pleasure and seemingly out of sheer delight in the work. He even insinuates that it was for deeds of that kind, not for mere reckonings of money, that he was — somewhat tardily — called on to account at Northampton. Mr. Froude has copied his extract right as far as it goes; but he leaves out all that goes before and that goes after. He makes no reference to the other narratives which would have thrown light on the passage; he altogether leaves out in his own narrative a most important part of Thomas's life which there can be no doubt that Edward Grim really had in his eye. Edward records Thomas's appointment to the chancellorship and his power and favor with the king. He goes off into a moral discourse on the danger and temptations of such high places and how men are thereby often led into sin. I must give what follows at length. Mr. Froude's short extract coming in the middle: —

Sanctus Thomas ante cancellariam quam innocenter, quam sine querela priora tempora transegerit in imo positus, sermo superior explanavit, nunc autem locatus in sublimi quantæ audaciæ quantæ fuerit præsumptionis difficile dictu. Quantis enim necem, quantis rerum omnium proscriptionem intulerit, quis enumeret? validâ namque stipatus militum manu civitates aggressus est, delevit urbes et oppida, villas et prædia absque miserationis intuitu voraci consumpsit incendio, *et inimicis domini sui undecunque insurgerent, intolerabilem se exhibebat. Denique quem unquam timebat offendere ut regis satisfaceret votis pareret imperiis?* Sed in his omnibus (licet aliter aliqui æstimaverunt) corpore castus, corde humilis, sed inter humiles, nam inter potentes potentior ipse ac sublimior apparebat: nullus eo discretior, nemo munificentior nec ipso prudentior habebatur, pauperibus absque æstimatione necessaria ministrabat, sed ita omnia dona gratiæ exteriori fastu velabantur, ut nemo nisi pro seculi pompa hunc ipsum, etiam quum archiepiscopus esset, putaverit accitasse. *Tantam quoque gratiam adeptus est a rege et regno universo,* ut hos solum beatos reputaret opinio, qui in ejus oculis complacere et regis consiliario et cancellario obsecundare in aliquo potuissent.

Now the words out of this passage which Mr. Froude has picked out for quotation are certainly a little startling, even as they stand; but read along with the context they are considerably less startling than they seem when they stand alone in Mr. Froude's note. And the original words, even as Mr. Froude quotes them, are again less startling than the English into which his singular fashion of translation changes them. "*Necem et rerum omnium proscriptionem inferre,*" may sometimes be the duty either of a judge or of a warrior; it is a different matter from "slaying" and "robbing persons of all their property," which is what Mr. Froude substitutes for it. Then again, while Mr. Froude clearly wishes us to believe that Thomas slew, robbed, and burned at his own free will, the words which I have put in italics show that it was at least done only to the king's enemies. Moreover, notwithstanding all this, if not because of all this, Thomas won the favor, not only of the king but of the whole kingdom, which he would hardly have won, if he had been a common robber, murderer, and house-burner. Still, taken alone, the passage would be startling; it is an odd description even of a chancellor, much more of an archdeacon. But, considering all that we know of the history of the chancellorship, and considering the rhetorical way in which the passage is brought in, there can be no doubt that the words refer, not to anything done by Thomas in England, not to anything done by him strictly in his character of chancellor, but to his military exploits in

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the war of Toulouse.* Edward Grim laments that the temptations of power and high office led Thomas, churchman as he was, to forget all ecclesiastical rule and to take a part in the bloody work of a soldier. The censure is perfectly just; but it is made on altogether different grounds from those into which Mr. Froude has so oddly twisted it. But the strangest thing is that of the war of Toulouse, so important an episode in every way in the history of this stage of Henry's reign, Mr. Froude seems never to have heard. He says indeed: —

> The anomalous relations of the king with Lewis the Seventh, whose vassal he was for his Continental dominions, while he was his superior in power, were breaking continually into quarrels, and sometimes into war.

As usual, Mr. Froude misses the special point of the case. The specially anomalous relations between Lewis and Henry consisted, not merely in the fact that the vassal was more powerful than the lord, but in the much more unusual fact that both the duchy and the duchess of Aquitaine had been so strangely transferred from the lord to the vassal. But it is odd, especially in dealing with the life of Thomas, to slur over the war of Toulouse in this fashion. It is a war remarkable in two ways, that so little came of it directly, and that so much came of it indirectly. In our constitutional history it marks a memorable epoch, as the time when personal military service was dispensed with for a scutage. In that constitutional change doubtless both Henry and Thomas had a hand; it is a highly important feature in what we may call their joint administration; but Mr. Froude has not a word to say about it. In the personal character both of Henry and Thomas the incidents of the war bring out new features. Henry did not scruple to wage war against his lord, to lay waste his territories and those of his allies, to do all the damage to his and their subjects which is involved in warfare at any time, and which, as Edward Grim's description brings before us, was involved in a yet more frightful degree in the warfare of those times. But he did scruple directly to bear arms against his lord in his own person. When King Lewis was in the city of Toulouse, Duke Henry could not bring himself to assault the city. Chancellor Thomas did not enter into the layman's point of honor; had Henry listened to him and not to others, he would not have passed by a favorable military opportunity for an assault.* There was nothing military in Thomas's earlier education; yet in this war he appeared as a great captain, leading a large force both feudal and mercenary, and his followers are said to have been among the best troops in his master's army. And he showed himself not only a captain, but also something of a knight-errant. He met the French knight Ingelram of Trie in single combat, charged him, lance in rest, unhorsed him, and carried off his *destrier* as a prize. This opens to us a new side in Thomas's character. It is one which we may approve or condemn as we think good; but it is a third side as well as that of the chancellor and that of the archbishop. To my mind all three sides fit very easily into one another; but Mr. Froude leaves out this one altogether,† in order to represent Chancellor Thomas as an habitual disturber of the peace in his own country.

The chancellorship of Thomas is so important a stage in the history of Thomas, of Henry, and indeed of England, it is so utterly and scandalously misrepresented

* The exploits of Thomas in the war of Toulouse are described at the greatest length by William Fitz-Stephen (200, 201), from whom we get the account of his single combat with the French knight. But the account most worth notice is that given by Garnier (13). The French writer says that he had himself seen the chancellor warring against his countrymen. As in so many other places his account and that of Edward Grim have a singular agreement, so here also we have words which are very like those which Mr. Froude has misinterpreted: —

> "De chevalers vassals grant mesnies teneit,
> Et duns et livreisuns richement lur doneit,
> Kotereus et archers et serganz reteneit;
> Forferre les menout et grantment mesfeseit.
> Les enemis le rei mult durement greveit.
> Par assaut prist chasteus, motes et fermetez,
> Et burs et viles arst, et assailli citez,
> Sur le destrer esteit del boen haubert armez;
> Taut k'il en fu sovent mult durement grevez,
> Par sajètes le fist, ke il ne fust nafrez.
> En Gascuingne fu-il lung tens pur guerreier.
> As Gascuns i kovint de lur chasteus lesser.
> En Normendie r'out sun seinur grant mester,
> Et jo l'vi sor Franceis plusur feiz chevaucher.
> De ses bensuignes fist le rei mult avauncer."

So also Roger, 102. Herbert, 20.

* W. Fil. Steph., 200. He pronounces the king's scruple to have been "*vana superstitio et reverentia.*"

† Mr. Froude hardly mends matters when in a later paper (LIVING AGE, No. 1730, p. 361) he comes back to his passage from Edward Grim after this fashion: —

"Grim, perhaps, when accusing him of rapine and murder, was referring to a suppression of a disturbance in Aquitaine, not to any special act of which he was guilty in England; but the unsparing ruthlessness which he displayed on that occasion was an indication of the disposition which was displayed in all that he did, and he was wise in anticipating enquiry."

This does look as if some glimmering of the state of the case had made its way into Mr. Froude's mind in the time that passed between writing the two papers. But suppression of a disturbance in Aquitaine is a very odd way of describing a war waged against King Lewis at Toulouse, and Mr. Froude still sticks to his strange notion that the accounts asked for at Northampton had something to do with deeds of rapine and murder, and not simply with sums of money.

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by Mr. Froude, that I must now do something more than point out Mr. Froude's particular perversions of truth. I must attempt a picture of the kind of work which as chancellor he had to do, and of the way in which he did it. If I feel any zeal, any partisanship in the matter, it is at this stage. I claim justice for every man, even for martyred archbishops; I claim that the actions of every man, in whatever age and of whatever order, should be described as they happened, and not as the fancy of a man bent on running down that age or that order may find that it suits his purpose to describe them. But for Thomas the chancellor I ask more. He is not only foully slandered in Mr. Froude's imaginary picture — I was going to write "caricature," but there is not even the likeness of caricature — but I doubt whether he has ever had full justice done to him anywhere. As I have already said, his later career has overshadowed his earlier. A fame which is partly factitious has robbed him of a fame which was truer and better deserved. I could be well pleased to leave sacerdotalists and anti-sacerdotalists to dispute over the body of the archbishop, if I could only win his true place in English history for the man who was the most striking embodiment of the fusion of Normans and English on English ground, who in his own day brought back peace and order to a troubled realm, and who has left the personal impress of his administrative power on several of the most important institutions of our country.

The state of England at the time of the accession of Henry the Second is described by Mr. Froude in a passage of about twenty lines, of which four at the outside are devoted to the special circumstances of that particular time.

> The state of England itself demanded his [Henry's] first attention. The usurpation of Stephen had left behind it a legacy of disorder. The authority of the crown had been shaken. The barons, secure behind the walls of their castles, limited their obedience to their inclinations.

Then comes a discourse on the claims of the clergy to exemption from secular jurisdiction, containing very much which nobody can doubt about in the nineteenth century, but which was not exactly the thing which would first come into the head of a reformer in the middle of the twelfth century. It was doubtless needful, as Henry presently found, to bring the clergy under the full control of the temporal law; but there was something else to be done first. It was needful first of all to give back to the temporal law power enough to control anybody. The "usurpation" of Stephen is the kind of talk to which scholars have long bidden farewell; * his personal perjury does not here concern us; it is a kind of thing as well known in the nineteenth century as in the twelfth. But to say that "the authority of the crown had been shaken" is a ludicrously inadequate description of the nineteen years' anarchy. Has Mr. Froude never so much as read the picture in the Peterborough Chronicle, some scraps of which have found their way into every child's history? As for "the barons secure behind the walls of their castles," the great king and the great chancellor were coming to put an end to all security of that kind. Instead of the authority of the crown being merely shaken, all authority of every kind, save one, had vanished. The Church alone kept up the faintest shadow of law. It is no wonder that, in Stephen's day, ecclesiastical claims grew. It is no wonder that men endured to see appeals constantly made to Rome, and to see ecclesiastical synods at home take upon themselves to bestow the crown of England. When all was violence, when no sovereign, king or empress, could enforce obedience, the pontiff far away ceased to be looked on as the insatiable spoiler of England's wealth; he seemed rather the sublime and dimly seen embodiment of that reign of law which had passed away from our own shores. When the assemblies of the nation ceased to be held, when there was no power to enact or to administer the temporal law of England, men were disposed to hail something of a substitute in the synods of the Church and in the law which still kept up some measure of life in the hands of ecclesiastical judges. Whatever the spiritual powers did, they did not work the kind of horrors which were done by the "devils and evil men" who filled the castles. A great part of the history of Henry's reign is unintelligible, unless we understand how in the days when the royal power had vanished, when violent men did what was good in their own eyes, peaceable men cherished the Church and its jurisdiction as the only source whence aught like justice or mercy was to be had. Mr. Froude not only passes all this by, but he slurs over the horrors of the anarchy; he leaves out the great work of king and chancellor in

* I have gone fully into the question of Stephen's claim in Appendix DD of my fifth volume.

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bringing back peace and order. The one evil that he has eyes for is the claim of the clergy for exemption from temporal jurisdiction. This, I again most fully admit, was a great evil. In 1164 it might fairly be looked on as the greatest evil of the time. My present proposition is that it was not, as Mr. Froude would have his readers think, the greatest evil of the time ten years earlier.

Let us compare with Mr. Froude's picture the doubtless rhetorical, almost poetical, picture of a contemporary. We may take off something from his rhetoric or poetry. We cannot expect him to be specially eloquent on the one point on which Mr. Froude is specially eloquent. But he helps us to some details of work which had to be done, and work which was done, about which Mr. Froude has not a word to say. I do not undertake literally to translate William Fitz-Stephen's account of the restoration of peace; * but I will try fairly to give its substance.

In the days of Stephen then, war and all its ravages had carried havoc everywhere throughout the kingdom.† In every third township a den of robbers, called a castle, had been set up. The nobles of the land were driven from their possessions; strangers, Flemings and other mercenaries, held Kent and a great part of the land. After twenty years of warfare, confusion had become so great that no man deemed that the strangers could ever be driven out, that peace could ever be restored, and the realm ever brought back to its old state of order. Such a change seemed hopeless under a new and young king. But by the counsels of the chancellor, of the clergy, and of the good men of the realm who wished for the blessings of peace, within three months from the king's coronation, William of Ypres, who occupied Kent by force, went away weeping; all the Flemings crossed the sea, bag and baggage; ‡ all the castles through England were overthrown,§ except the ancient towers and fortresses which were kept for the preservation of the peace. The crown of England was restored to its authority and possessions, and those who had lost their lands were restored to the rights of their forefathers.

* W. Fil. S., 186, 187.

† William says, "Bellica *undique* clades desævisset." The Londoner, in giving a description which was true for the greater part of the kingdom, may have forgotten the comparative exemption of the northern shires.

‡ "Collectis impedimentis et armis:" they were the Circassians and Bashi-bazouks of the time.

§ "Castella omnia per Angliam *corruunt*." He had perhaps the walls of Jericho in his head.

Such was the main work which the young Henry — the king whom all men loved, for he did good justice and made peace * — had to do as soon as he found himself on the throne which was secured to him by the compromise with Stephen. And in that work there is no doubt that Thomas the chancellor was his right-hand man. Mr. Robertson, after his manner, records the fact with perfect truth, but he does not so record it as to give any lively impression.† Mr. Froude, equally after his manner, leaves it out altogether. He had chosen, with that calm oblivion of fact which distinguishes him from all other men who have taken on themselves to record past events, to say that "Becket was known only to the world as an unscrupulous and tyrannical minister." ‡ He had chosen to describe him as a man stained with rapine and murder. It was convenient for his partisan purposes so to describe him. In this state of mind, Mr. Froude never sees the facts and statements which prove the opposite to what he says. They are to him as though they did not exist. The facts form no part of his picture; the statements are left out, even if they immediately follow words which he himself quotes. Thomas was, for party purposes, to be described as an unscrupulous and tyrannical minister. Facts were accordingly dealt with so as to produce that picture, or at least to produce a picture of unscrupulous tyranny of some kind.§ The statement that Thomas was beloved, not only of the king but of the whole kingdom, and the facts which show how he came to win that love, find no place in the story. Mr. Froude no doubt does all this under the same kind of unhappy necessity of departing from his authorities which follows him in all matters great and small. When he leaves out a passage which tells for Thomas, when he misinterprets a passage which seems to tell against Thomas, it is doubtless by the same ill luck which makes him say William when his book says Walter, which makes him say Tuesday when his

* So says the Peterborough chronicler in all but his last words.

† Pp. 28, 29.

‡ LIVING AGE, No. 1725, p. 12.

§ I speak thus, because Mr. Froude's picture is that of a brigand or a captain of mercenaries rather than that of a minister of state of any kind. Flambard in one age, Empson and Dudley in another, were unscrupulous and tyrannical ministers; but we do not read that they went about the country, burning houses and killing people. Even in the case of Thomas Cromwell, if he did anything of the kind, it was in Italy — perhaps in the suppression of disturbances there — certainly not in England.

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book says Monday. But those who have not studied this peculiar tendency of Mr. Froude's mind might be tempted to think that no Jesuit, as Mr. Whalley may conceive a Jesuit, could go further in prudent dealing with the facts that tell against him than a writer who takes up the history of the sixteenth century only because he has nothing else to do, and who takes up the history of the twelfth century only in order to throw scorn on a theological party in the nineteenth.

It will be a relief to glance at the description — it is almost a poem, or what it is the fashion to call an idyll — which William Fitz-Stephen gives of England while Henry ruled her by the advice of Thomas. No doubt it is William's business to put things at the very best; but it is only fair to hear counsel on both sides. When king and chancellor then had got rid of the Flemings and had destroyed the castles — that great work which had always to be done whenever order was restored after confusion — the brigands * left their dens in the woods; they came to the towns, to beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks. The lesser thieves, with the fear of the gallows before their eyes, betook themselves to honest labor, to the tilth of the ground or to mechanic trades. The land was at peace; other lands bought her peaceful wares, while weapons of war were no longer wrought in England, but had to be brought in from other lands. The king was prosperous; his people were rich; the hills were tilled; the dales were thick with corn; the fields were full of oxen and the folds of sheep. Every man could go forth safely to his own work and labor; merchants could without fear leave the shelter of the walled towns to sell their wares at fairs and markets. So equable was the rule of those days that, what some might have thought a doubtful blessing, the Jew could go without danger to demand the money which had been lent to his debtor.† The noble kingdom of England put on a new life, as in a new spring. The holy Church was honored; bishoprics and abbeys, as they fell vacant, were given to worthy men unstained by any simoniacal payment. No wonder that the chancellor, the chief adviser of the young king who had wrought all this change, enjoyed the highest favor with all classes; clergy, knighthood, commons, all agreed to look on him with equal good-will.*

Such is the poetic description given by Thomas's liveliest biographer. But a search into the more sober histories of the time will fully bear out his general facts. In the early days of Henry England was brought back from utter lawlessness to as strict an administration of the law as the state of society in the twelfth century allowed. And Thomas the chancellor was the chief worker in the change. No doubt harsh means were needed to bring it about; more eyes and hands were doubtless sacrificed than would suit modern notions of humanity. But the statute of the elder Henry which made mutilation the punishment of wrongs done to the people by the king's followers was put forth by the advice of Anselm. If Mr. Froude had more minutely mastered the customs of the times, he might have given us a thrilling picture of the unscrupulous and tyrannical chancellor going about the country, boring out an eye here and cutting off a hand there, as the fancy took him. But, by whatever means, with whatever degree of severity, order was brought back, and it was by Henry, acting under the advice of Thomas, that it was brought back. That fact stands out plainly in English history, though with the disadvantage that not only is the minister, as usual, overshadowed by the king, but that in this case he is further overshadowed by his own later self. But cast away Thomas the archbishop; think only of Thomas the chancellor; and surely the man who was foremost in bringing back peace and law after the great anarchy — that anarchy which has no later parallel — is fully entitled to one of the very highest places in the bede-roll of illustrious Englishmen.

But the chancellorship of Thomas is not memorable only for the restoration of peace after the anarchy. The administrative and legislative work of Henry's reign began while Thomas was still his

* William carefully distinguishes between the "*latrones*," robbers on a grand scale, who had "*silvarum latibula*," and the mere "*fures*."

† "Exeunt securi ab urbibus et castris ad nundinas negotiatores, ad creditores repetendos Judæi."

* "Cancellarii summus erat, in clero, militia, et populo regni, favor." This is one of the thousand passages which tell negatively against Thierry's notion of a long-abiding and hostile distinction between Normans and Englishmen. Had such feelings existed, had Thomas or anybody else been the representative of one race or the other, now would have been the very time to say that Thomas won the love of both "Saxons and Normans," as a man might now be said to win the love of both Greeks and Turks. But instead of distinct nations, William Fitz-Stephen only mentions ranks in the same nation. Doubtless, if their pedigrees had been gone into, the majority of the "militia" would have been found to be of Norman, the vast majority of the "populus" to have been of English descent; but it was simply as "militia" and "populus" that they appeared in his eyes, not as Norman and English.

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chief counsellor. Henry showed in aftertimes that he could go on with the work by himself; but it was while Thomas was at his side that it began. One of the greatest blows to feudalism was dealt by the hand of Thomas. It was by his counsel that Henry introduced the practice of *scutage*, the commutation of military service for money. With this money the king hired troops for his foreign wars. Henry showed at a later time, in his Assize of Arms, that no king was more careful that every Englishman of whatever rank, should be ready, when need called, to serve his country at home with the arms befitting his rank. But for wars beyond sea, the great nobles might come, mercenaries or volunteers might come; but King Henry would not drag the country gentleman, the citizen, or the yeoman from his home against his will.* That anti-feudal policy which was hereditary in our kings, since the Conqueror dealt the greatest of all blows to feudalism at Salisbury, was here ably seconded by Chancellor Thomas. So again with Henry's reforms in the administration of justice. The first stages of them must have been largely the work of Thomas. The use of recognitions in judicial proceedings, the greatest of all particular steps towards the full development of jury-trial, is spoken of by the Justiciar Randolf of Glanville as Henry's special gift to his people, as a mode of discerning truth and falsehood far better than the chances of the battle or the ordeal. The recognition, the decision of matters by the oaths of lawful men, was certainly no invention either of Henry or of Thomas. But it was during the reign of Henry that it was systematically used on all kinds of occasions, in a way in which it had not been used before, least of all during the days of anarchy. And the practice of recognition is assumed in the Constitutions of Clarendon as something which was already fully established. It can therefore hardly fail to have been established during the administration of Thomas. Here again we have another sign of the work of that busy chancellorship. So, again, among the charters of boroughs granted by Henry some come early enough in his reign to bear the signature of Thomas the chancellor. Here there are three great changes, three great beginnings of reform and growth, in our military, our judicial, and our municipal system, which come within that part of the reign of Henry where every account sets Thomas before us as his all-trusted and all-powerful minister. We must not expect the biographers and chroniclers of the age to enlarge on points like these. They are more inclined to enlarge on personal adventures, on striking pageants, on warlike or diplomatic achievements. The war of Toulouse and the mission to Paris stand out in their pages in a way in which the legislative work of king and chancellor does not stand out. But they tell us in a general way of Thomas's influence with the king, of his authority over the realm. And from other sources, from incidental notices here and there, we can find out how that influence was used. And, following up our researches in this way, we are fully justified in saying that the man whom Mr. Froude knows only as an unscrupulous and tyrannical minister, stained with deeds of murder and rapine of Mr. Froude's own finding out, is entitled to a place in the foremost rank of those who helped to give the laws of England their later shape. In claiming his due honor for the chancellor we in no way lessen the honor due to the king. For a young prince like Henry to choose or to accept a minister like Thomas, for him to be guided by his counsels till one false step parted them asunder, is the surest sign that, if the minister was worthy of the king, the king was also worthy of the minister. Henry was by instinct a lawgiver; he carried on his work of legislation during his whole reign, even at the most unfavorable times. But he began while he was yet a youth, with Thomas as his guide. When kings reign but do not govern, we give their ministers all the credit or discredit of their actions. And when kings govern as well as reign, we must also give their ministers much of the credit and discredit of their actions, though in another way. The honor — and that honor is great indeed — which belongs to Henry of Anjou for the acts of the first eight years of his reign must in all fairness be shared with him by Thomas the chancellor, the son of Gilbert Becket of London.

I have then, I trust, rescued the memory, whether of a saint or not, at least of a great English minister, from the hasty slanders of a man who seems to write whatever first comes into his head, without

* Mr. Robertson (34) quotes from Robert de Monte, that "the king had recourse to this 'nolens vexare agrarios milites, nec burgensium nec rusticorum multitudinem.'" My copy of Robert is far away; but I know that I can trust Mr. Robertson.

A little later "*rustici*" distinctively means "villains;" here it seems to take in all below knightly, or at least gentle, rank. The *churls* are now fast sinking into *villains*.

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stopping to see whether a single fact bears his statements out or not. But the question now comes: Theobald procured Thomas's appointment to the chancellorship with certain objects; how far did Thomas carry out those objects? The answer to that question is perhaps less simple than may appear at first sight. I believe that Thomas's two great appointments, to the chancellorship and to the archbishopric, have strong points of analogy to one another. That is, in both cases he largely disappointed the expectations which had been formed of him. I believe that it was in the nature of the man that he should in both cases disappoint the expectations which had been formed of him. Had he been either a greater or a smaller man, had he been either a creative genius or a mere clever official, he would probably have fulfilled them better. Being what he was, he disappointed them. But I must put off till another time my picture — very unlike Mr. Froude's picture — of the personal character of both chancellor and archbishop. To my mind Thomas is much the same kind of man in both characters. Only an office for which he was fitted brought out the stronger side of him; an office for which he was unfitted brought out the weaker side. Meanwhile those who have followed me thus far will be able to make up their minds whether they will accept my statement of facts or Mr. Froude's. With those who take the latter alternative I can walk no further. I claim no power of inspiration or divination; I cannot get beyond my books. I have indeed made certain inferences; but I have made them from the only facts that I can get at, and from the general bearing of all those facts. Mr. Froude, from a few facts picked here and there, garnished with a few other statements to be found nowhere but in Mr. Froude's own papers, has made, logically enough, widely different inferences. But, before I put forth my inferences, my position must be understood. Those who accept the life of Thomas, as it stands in recorded history, will, I hope, accept my inferences when I come to state them in full, as a reasonable explanation of those facts. Those who on the other hand accept, not the life of Thomas to be found in recorded history, but the quite different "Life of Thomas" which is contained in Mr. Froude's papers in the *Nineteenth Century*, may save themselves the trouble of following me any further. From the pages of history I believe that my inferences may be drawn; from the pages of Mr. Froude I certainly could not draw them.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

SECOND SIGHT.

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE

BY E. W. LATIMER.

CHAPTER I.

THE first train for Paris from London *viâ* Folkestone and Boulogne stops a few minutes at Verton. Verton is a mere water station, where there are seldom any travellers to be taken on board.

One bright day in July there were seven of us crowded into one compartment of a railway carriage. We had been grumbling ever since we left Boulogne at the meanness of the company, which, in order to avoid putting one more carriage on the train, had given us so little space, when at Verton, just as the train was starting, the guard of our carriage threw open the door, and an eighth traveller entered, who most assuredly was not welcomed by the rest of us.

I was seated in a corner, next the door that had been opened. On my right hand was an Englishman fast asleep, and opposite to him was the only vacant place in the compartment, where the other travellers had put their umbrellas, valises, and railroad rugs. On one side of this empty seat, and opposite to mine, was a young man of about twenty-five, whose nationality was not clear to me till he pulled out of his pocket a heavy silver cigarette-case, containing what are called *papyros* in Russia. He selected one, pressed it together with his fingers, and lighted it by the help of a match fastened to his cigar-case. Then he drew in a long breath of the smoke and slowly exhaled it, with an air of extreme enjoyment, through his delicate nostrils.

The young Russian wore an elegant travelling-dress. He looked in ill health, and had the manners of a man who had seen the world. Very tall and very thin, he might have passed for a Spaniard or a Brazilian, for his complexion was pale olive. His hands were white and handsome, the fingers thin and bony, the nails carefully trimmed. His hands indeed appeared endowed with extraordinary restlessness, — he was constantly stroking a long moustache which covered his upper lip. His teeth were small, regular, well-

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formed, and of dazzling whiteness. He had short, thick hair, of a dark chestnut color, brushed rather low upon the forehead, and well down on the back of the neck, covering completely the long, narrow head. The lips were red, and showed a nervous temperament. The mouth was that of a young man of kindly, weak, irresolute disposition, and it gave the face which otherwise might not have seemed prepossessing, an expression which called forth my interest and sympathy. The most remarkable things, however, about my opposite neighbor were his small, black, round, bright eyes, set wide apart from each other. His eyes were so restless that it tired me to look at them. They went wandering from one passenger to another, though from time to time they remained fixed upon some one face with a singular steady stare. Several times I detected him gazing at me with this strange look, and found it very disagreeable. There was something enquiring, pondering, questioning, about his look. One felt strongly tempted to answer it by saying, "Do you know me? What do you look at me so for? What do you see in me?" This steady gaze was all the more extraordinary, because it was altogether out of keeping with the gentlemanly manners of the young Russian. It was a scrutinizing look, it showed no consideration for the person stared at, it was half impertinent. I could hardly keep from comparing it to the look of a detective in search of some criminal, "wanted" by his superiors, and inclined to suspect every man he saw of being the one he was in search of.

The other half of the compartment was occupied by four Frenchmen, who appeared to know each other, and were talking together on some of the subjects of the day.

All the party, except my neighbor, the Englishman, who was fast asleep, cast glances of mute reproach at the intruder from Verton. But he did not seem to trouble himself much about our ill-humor.

"If you please," said he briefly, glancing at the pile of things laid down in the seat that was still unoccupied. Each of us was then compelled, though by no means with a good grace, to pull out the *impedimenta* that belonged to him, and distribute them as well as he could under his own legs. One railway rug, however, remained unappropriated, the Englishman who was its owner not having woke up. The new-comer waited a moment, then without ceremony he rolled up the rug, and pushed it with his foot under the seat. I was rather surprised to see with what coolness he treated another person's property. Immediately after this the train started. Then I began to examine our new travelling companion.

He had a repulsive, sordid look; he was evidently a common man in his Sunday clothes. His shirt was soiled, and limp with perspiration. His clothes were dark and badly made; so were his boots, and he was covered with dust. My first look told me this much. The man seemed about thirty, and was short and stout. He had a bull-neck, round powerful, shoulders, large, thick, red hands, now swollen by the heat, flat, ugly nails, a heavy fist, legs short and thick; everything about him showed great bodily strength. He had light, dirty-brown hair, cut short, and combed down to two points on the temples, bristly whiskers, no moustache, and the ruddy complexion of a man accustomed to be much in the open air. His forehead was low, his nose broad, his mouth wide, though the lips were thin and closely compressed, so that the line of the jawbone was visible. His eyes were light, keen, and disagreeable, and were all the time looking furtively and fiercely round him.

As soon as he was seated he cast a rapid glance at his travelling companions; then, satisfied probably by what he saw, he pulled out of his pocket a plaid cotton handkerchief, and drawing a long breath wiped the perspiration from his forehead. I then remarked that the fore-finger and middle finger of his right hand were tied up in a piece of fine cambric, a lady's handkerchief apparently. On the palm of the hand there was a dried blood-stain. Those two fingers had evidently been lately hurt. A few minutes after he unfastened his long black cravat, and drew several long breaths, like one who has been just taking some violent exercise, and is glad to rest after it is done. Then by a sudden movement of his hand he pushed back the round hat he wore, stretched his two legs apart, leaned both his hands upon his thighs, and, bending down his head and looking straight before him, seemed absorbed in profound reflection.

The young Russian had not failed to cast on the new-comer the same scrutinizing glance he had bestowed on me. This individual appeared indeed to interest him extremely, for whilst a single steady look had sufficed to make him acquainted with my person, he had turned half round to-

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wards his left-hand neighbor, and was looking at him with fixed attention as if he wanted to engrave forever on his memory the vulgar and unpleasing features of our new companion.

The man who was the object of this persistent attention did not notice it for some time. He was too much absorbed in his own reflections to observe what was going on around him. But suddenly, as the train held up as it approached Abbéville, he raised his head and looked out of the window. His eyes then met those of the young Russian, whose face immediately wore a painful look of embarrassment. The brow of our eighth traveller was puckered into a frown, and his face grew red with anger, as he said, in a rough tone, —

"What are you looking at me for? Do you know me? What do you want?"

I could not help feeling that these questions were perfectly justifiable, since I had been tempted shortly before to say the same thing to my opposite neighbor. The manner however in which the Russian gentleman hastened to reply gave me a new impression in his favor.

"I beg a thousand pardons," he said, in a low voice and very gently; "I assure you I had no intention of being indiscreet."

The Verton man growled out some unintelligible reply; then he rose, and merely saying, "I beg your pardon," he pushed between me and the Russian to look out of the carriage window in the side of the station. After a moment he returned to his own seat; but hardly had the train stopped than he sprang out, and with his right hand clinching something in a side pocket, looked eagerly around him. The platform was empty. Except a few railroad men, there was only one *gendarme*, who, with an indifferent air, was walking down beside the train, throwing a careless glance into each of the carriages. When he got opposite to ours it happened that he paused a moment. Then I distinctly saw the hand of my unpleasant travelling companion tighten its grasp on something he held concealed. The *gendarme* walked on. Just as the train was beginning to move off our traveller got back into the carriage, though he remained standing up a few moments between the Russian and myself. It was not until the train was under a full head of steam that he sat down again in his place.

The Russian had got out a book, and was making believe to read, but his mind was not upon its pages, and from time to time I saw him looking at his left-hand neighbor. His face wore an expression of great perplexity; he had the air of one who is trying to solve a difficult problem. Once our eyes met. His seemed to ask my help; they seemed to say, "Help me to understand all this." I began myself to be puzzled. At Amiens, where I found myself at the refreshment-stand next to the young Russian, I asked him if he had any knowledge of the traveller from Verton, whom he was looking at so persistently.

"No, I never saw him before," he said politely, in a tone which seemed to invite me to continue the conversation, "but there is something about him which attracts me."

"*Ma foi!*" I exclaimed with a laugh, "I did not expect that answer. A less attractive face it seems to me I never saw. I think him repulsive. He looks as if he had escaped from the galleys."

"True; it is a horrid face, a repulsive face — but a very strange one." Here the young Russian had a nervous shiver.

"Will you allow me to offer you a piece of advice?" I continued.

"Pray do."

"Well, I think it would be wise of you to give up looking at or thinking of your neighbor. Without intending it you might get involved in something disagreeable. He does not look like a man pleasant to deal with; he certainly is no gentleman. Did you observe the impertinent freedom with which he pushed himself between you and me to look out of the window? He did it at Amiens and he did it at Abbéville. It made me very angry, but prudence told me I had better hold my tongue. It strikes me such a man might easily pass from insolence to menace, and a personal quarrel with a fellow of that sort would be by no means desirable."

As the train went on from Amiens to Creil the conversation between the young Russian and myself continued. I found him a well-bred man, and a very pleasant companion. We very soon found out that we had several acquaintances in common at Paris and St. Petersburg. He gave me his card, and I told him my name. He was Count Boris Stachovitch, and lived in Paris in the Avenue Friedland.

"How small the world is, after all!" he observed. "Did you never notice how a man of a certain age, if he has been a good deal in various countries, always finds out some link that unites him to every one he becomes acquainted with? Half an hour ago you were a total stranger to me. The

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few words we have already exchanged have shown me that one of my cousins is a friend of yours, and that I went to school with one of your relations. It does not surprise me. It is always so. I would lay any bet that if I were to chat for half an hour with your English neighbor, who is snoring so melodiously, it would turn out that he and I have acquaintances in common. Ah, it is indeed a little world! I have often asked myself how anybody in it can hope to hide his identity. Not very long ago I had quite a curious conversation on that subject with one of the heads of the secret police. He was a man of great experience; he had captured hundreds of thieves and murderers. Amongst other things he told me, 'The authors of many crimes are not discovered, and those who have committed them manage to escape; but not one person in a thousand who has had a crime brought home to him can long keep out of our reach. Sooner or later, however he may disguise himself, into whatever hole he may crawl to hide himself, we track him. Blood shed by a murderer never can be hid. When we get upon a scent we are quite certain never to lose it. The world ——'"

Here our conversation was interrupted. Stachovitch was speaking loud enough for me to hear opposite to him, and of course his words were heard by the man from Verton, who sat beside him. Suddenly this man rose, and, as he had done at Abbéville and Amiens, pushed between us to see out of the window. Then, before we had time to stop him, he flung open the door, and sprang out upon the narrow footboard which runs all along the outside of the railroad carriage.

We looked at each other in astonishment. As we did so the man sprang off on to the track. I leaned out of the window. I saw him leap forward, with his arms spread out, and fall downward. A moment after he was hidden by a garden wall that we were passing.

The Russian turned pale. The four Frenchmen left off talking, and looked anxiously at me. The Englishman, who had woke up at last, was groping for his railway rug that the man from Verton had pushed under the seat.

"What does it all mean?" said Stachovitch.

I could only shrug my shoulders. I had no idea as to the meaning of the affair. But it was soon to be explained to us.

We were drawing near Paris, and the train begun to diminish its speed. When we were about fifty yards from the station it stopped. Two railroad officials, who were waiting for us at the side of the track, jumped on the train, and, passing by the window of each carriage, cried out, as the locomotive slowly went on again, "Keep your seats, *messieurs les voyageurs!*" Half a minute later we were in the station.

There was not a soul upon the platform. But I saw two gentlemen come out of the office of the station-master, followed by one of the chief railroad officials. One had the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his button-hole. They stepped briskly up to the train, and paused a few moments before the door of each compartment. They soon reached ours. The gentleman with the ribbon in his buttonhole, put his head in at the window, cast a sharp glance at each of us, and said,—

"Has any one quitted this carriage since the train left Verton?"

He spoke to me, as I was nearest to him, but one of the four Frenchmen answered first, and related rapidly all he knew of the eighth traveller, who had joined us at Verton, and who had jumped off the train before it reached St. Denis. "Monsieur," he said, pointing to me, "can probably tell you the exact spot, for it was out of the door on his side that the fellow, who was an ill-looking rascal, made his escape."

The head agent of police — we all knew him to be such — then begged me to describe the missing traveller. I was able to give him the information he wanted, for I had carefully observed the man.

As I spoke he nodded his head several times, as if satisfied.

"There can be no doubt of it," he said, when I had finished; "it was he. Monsieur, be so good as to come with me."

I gathered together my things, and got out. Stachovitch got out after me. The railroad officials shouted "Paris! all passengers to leave the train!" And while the platform was being filled with travellers and porters, I turned (still accompanied by the young Russian) into the office of the master of transportation. An order was immediately given for a special train, and in a few minutes I found myself in a luggage-car, in the company of the agent of police, his companion, an active young man about thirty, two *gendarmes*, and the young Russian, who obtained permission to go with us after the agent had heard of the brief altercation that had taken place between him and the man from Verton. I had already mentioned what I believed to be the spot where the fellow had jumped

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from the train, and I added that I was sure I could find it exactly.

As we went along the agent told me that the Baronne de Massieux, a widow living alone with her daughter in a country house near Boulogne, had been murdered the night before, and that her coachman, a man named Béchouard, was suspected of the murder.

"About an hour ago," said he, "we got a description of him by telegraph, and we should have been in time to arrest him on this train, if he had not thought proper to slip off — *prendre la clef des champs* — before the train reached Paris. It won't do him any good, however. He cannot be far off, and we shall soon have him in custody. A murderer is no more lost in the world than a needle in a bundle of hay. With plenty of patience you can always find him."

Stachovitch nodded at me, as if to say, "You see I was right. The world is too small for any one to hide in." But it was not the moment for conversation. We had just passed St. Denis, and the engine was going slowly in order to give me time to identify the spot.

"I remember this house," I said, "and here is the garden wall. This is the spot. But see, the man is here still. He is lying where he fell. He is dead."

We all got out of the baggage-car. About five yards from the track lay stretched out at full length, face downward, the miserable wretch we had come to find. His left arm was doubled under him, his right was stretched out, and the fingers had dug deep into the ground. The cambric handkerchief, which had tied up one of his hands, had come unfastened, the wound had opened, and had bled slightly. The legs were apart. The body lay motionless.

The subordinate of the police agent, who had first jumped out, sprang at the body with the alacrity of a terrier on the scent of a wild animal. He bent down, and seizing one shoulder and one leg with a precision and promptitude which showed him accustomed to such things, turned the body slowly over. The man was dead. The face was entirely uninjured. A slight bloody foam was at the corners of the mouth, a few little drops of dark purple blood from his nostrils had tinged his upper lip. The eyes were wide open, only the whites showing, — their look was inexpressibly awful. Stachovitch, who had leaned over my shoulder to look at him, uttered a cry, and fainted away.

CHAPTER II.

THE public soon forgot the murder of the Baronne de Massieux. Investigation showed that the crime had been committed by Béchouard, who had no accomplices; and, as he did not long escape the punishment of his crime, public justice was satisfied. The matter was no longer of any interest to society, and nothing more was said of it. Two persons, however, never forgot it. Young Marie de Massieux, the daughter of the murdered woman, who wore deep mourning and grieved bitterly, and Boris Stachovitch, over whose existence the tragical event seemed to exert an extraordinary influence.

It was December, — six months after the young Russian and I had first met in the railroad carriage. We had become very intimate. We lived in the same quarter of Paris, we had a good many friends in common, we often dined at the same restaurant, and we rarely passed a day without seeing each other. I grew much interested in my new acquaintance. Stachovitch professed a good many strange ideas on various subjects, but it was evident he always spoke and acted without any kind of affectation. I also discovered that the young Russian possessed excellent qualities of heart and mind. He was sincere, charitable, generous, and singularly amiable; he loved knowledge, and considering his age and his position, he had read and learned considerably. He was truly lovable. I may also add that he inspired me with pity. There was no doubt that Stachovitch was an unhappy man, but I could not discover the cause of his melancholy. He never complained, and when I delicately endeavored to question him he answered me evasively, and with so much reserve and embarrassment, that at last, fearing to be tempted to go too far with him, I ceased to question him about his secret sorrow. He lived in a magnificent *appartement*, he had a carriage and horses, he flung his money, so to speak, out of the window. It certainly was no pecuniary trouble that tormented him, nor did his health seem to give him any especial concern. He always seemed out of spirits, yet he had an excellent appetite, and, after our making a little excursion together, I found out he was a capital walker, a bold horseman, and a man who could indulge in all manner of manly exercises without perceptible fatigue.

He was a capital swordsman too, and had a great reputation as such in Paris in

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all the fencing-galleries. People talked of him as eccentric, but he was generally beloved, and they overlooked his little peculiarities. For example, among the members of his club there were certain persons whom he never would fence with; and yet he would never give any plausible reason or excuse for not doing so. The fear of meeting more than his match, or of hurting his reputation, certainly had nothing to do with it, for on various occasions he had been known to get beaten with the best grace in the world. He never became angry or excited during a fencing-bout, and it was well known that among those whom he never would use swords with, there were some not nearly such good swordsmen as himself. It appeared to be some personal caprice which made him refuse certain opponents, excusing himself always, however, with the utmost politeness, though no one could ever get any explanation from him. One day I was present on an occasion of that kind.

"Come, Stachovitch," said the young Vicomte de Drieux to him, "take your foil. I want to try a few passes with you."

"Excuse me, *mon cher*, you know I never fence with you."

"But why not? Be reasonable. I don't believe you are afraid that I shall let my foil go through your mask."

"Not in the least. Still I had rather not fight with you."

The Vicomte de Drieux planted himself opposite to Count Stachovitch, and said with an offended air, —

"M. le Comte, there must be an end of this. I wish to know why you persistently avoid me. I am determined to fight with you, and if you won't fight me in this fencing-room you will have to fight me elsewhere."

"Don't make a joke of this, my friend. You have no idea how much anything of the kind pains me."

Drieux and I looked at each other with astonishment, for Stachovitch had turned quite pale.

"What a queer fellow you are!" cried Drieux, laughing. But, seeing dark gloom on the face of his Russian friend, he added seriously, "I care too much for your friendship, my dear Stachovitch, not to yield this point to you. So now it is settled. I will never again ask you to fight, if you will give over puzzling me, and tell me why you refuse, as far as fencing goes, to have anything to do with me?"

"Do not be angry with me," replied Stachovitch, "attribute my reluctance to mere caprice. I have a presentiment that some accident would happen to you if you crossed swords with me. Shake hands, Drieux. You don't bear me ill-will — do you?"

"Of course not. Only you are the very queerest fellow I ever knew."

Stachovitch, who was very fond of me, and who confided to me a great many little things, made no allusion when we were alone to what had passed with Drieux. We had indeed for some time had other things to talk of. I knew perfectly well what prompted the young Russian to feel so much affection for my society, and why, notwithstanding a considerable disparity in our years, I had become his bosom friend, whose conversation was indispensable. It was because I was the only person with whom he could freely talk of Marie de Massieux.

The theory of Stachovitch on the "smallness of the world" had recently received a new and striking illustration. Not long after the murder of Madame de Massieux he found out that his sister, the Comtesse de Villiers, who had married a Frenchman, had known her, and what was more, that De Drieux, whom Stachovitch met every day in his club, and at the fencing-gallery, was a relative of the same family. Since her mother's death Marie de Massieux had been living with her aunt, Madame de Baudry, in the Faubourg St. Honoré, in the same house in which was also the *appartement* of the Comtesse de Villiers.

These discoveries delighted Stachovitch. He talked to me about them for several days, and could not say enough about the smallness of "this little, little world."

"Frequent the Bois on horseback for a fortnight," he said, "and you will know by sight every lady and gentleman who rides in Paris; go to all the concerts for a month, and you will know every one who has a taste for music. And then talk to me about its being such a great city! It is bigger, maybe, than a theatre, — a little bit bigger, I grant, but not very much so. If you only set to work rightly, you can know in a month pretty much all those who live in it, and there won't be ten persons you meet a day who will be perfect strangers to you. One will have written something you have read; another will have said something you have heard; one you will pass every evening at a certain house on the Boulevard des Italiens, another will be paying attention to some lady of your acquaintance. Observe, too,

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how one always distrusts every one who cannot be fastened by any link on to one's previous surroundings. The world is 'ever so little,' I repeat. It is hard to come upon anything that is perfectly unknown."

Stachovitch, who often went to see his sister, one day met Madame de Baudry and Mademoiselle de Massieux in her rooms. He was introduced to them, and soon inspired an interest (though a somewhat sad one) in the mind of the young lady, when she found out that it was to him her mother's murderer had spoken his last words.

"What made you look at him so earnestly?" she asked one day in her aunt's drawing-room, after having heard him relate how near he had been to getting into a quarrel with Béchouard. "Had you any presentiment that he was a murderer?"

"I had no idea of it. But his face was strange — was horrible. Fear and curiosity attracted me to look at him. His eyes were all distorted — dead eyes — white eyes!" He shuddered.

"White eyes?" repeated the young girl, "I do not understand you. I knew the wretch. He had grey eyes — wicked eyes. I see them still."

Stachovitch made no answer, and tried to give another turn to the conversation. Marie, who knew he was generally considered rather a singular character, and who also knew from her aunt and Madame de Villiers that he was amiable and right-minded, did not press the point, and they talked of other things. A little later in the evening the servant announced the Vicomte de Drieux. He came in, casting no gratified look on the young Russian, bowed to his cousin, and sat down next to Madame de Baudry, in whose *salon* for some weeks past he had met Stachovitch every evening.

Stachovitch, who found the time pass rapidly when he was talking with Marie, now perceived that his visit might be getting too long. He took up his hat, and took his leave. From Madame de Baudry's he came to my rooms, where for the hundredth time I had to listen to the first chapters of the story of his love for Marie de Massieux. I heard him, as usual, if not with great attention at least with patience and kindness. That was why I had grown to be his dearest friend, the man whose advice and encouragement he valued above everything.

"Take courage," I said, "everything is going on as it ought. You are too afraid of being refused, that is the only trouble. You seem to expect the young lady to tell you her own mind before you declare yourself, which is asking too much. I do not understand your hesitation. You know through your sister, the countess, that Madame de Baudry has no objection to your paying court to her niece. Her approval indeed is very evident. If she did not encourage you, would she let you see Mademoiselle de Massieux every day, and talk with her as long as you please? The aunt is on your side. Her approval is a trump card. Your rival, the Vicomte de Drieux, is not very dangerous. He is a charming young fellow, we both know, but he cannot be the man to come up to the poetical ideal that I am sure exists in the heart of Mademoiselle Marie. I have remarked that when she talks to De Drieux she never goes into those abstract subjects, which (it is funny enough) form the favorite bases of the talk of lovers. He tells her what is being acted at the theatre, who are the best-dressed women of Paris, who is the 'favorite' in the coming races. Those things are all useful knowledge for a young girl, who, no doubt, is already looking forward to the time when she will be mistress of an agreeable *salon*. But she cares for the information, not for the man who instructs her. If her aunt would give her leave to read a newspaper every day, it would more than supply the conversation of her cousin. The vicomte makes her laugh. That is a good sign for you. The young man who makes a young girl laugh is never dangerous as a lover. He may be very acceptable to married women, but not to young ladies. To them love is a sentimental comedy, quite solemn in almost all its scenes. To an experienced spectator, who has gone through it all, and, alas! will act a part in it no more, the solemnity about it is both comic and pathetic. You are playing the lover's part as admirably as Mademoiselle de Massieux is playing that of the lady. She talks to you of her passion for flowers. She plays Chopin for you, and to Drieux she plays noisy waltzes. I have heard her describing to you, with tender sadness, beautiful moonlight walks under the old oaks of the park of Massieux. She was perfectly charming in her innocent sweetness, and some of these days I feel certain she will make an admirable wife at the head of your establishment. You on your part are not less correct. You recommend her good books, you read her poetry, you take her out upon the balcony and show her the constellations of the firmament, Orion, Cassiopeia, and the Great Bear. All this

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is as innocent as it is edifying; and she has unbounded confidence in your scientific attainments. You have been trying to teach her the first principles of geology; she does not understand one thing you tell her, but she listens with the most earnest attention. She would do the same if you explained to her the beauties of a Murillo, or the philosophy of Don Quixote. You might go further, and endeavor to explain to her the music of Wagner and the philosophy of Kant. Everything is working famously. Only go on. Have courage; make your offer for her hand, and I will guarantee it will be given you."

The poor young fellow listened gladly to such speeches, and seemed anxious to believe in the encouragement I gave him, but I could not induce him to follow my advice. He had something at the bottom of his heart which he concealed from me, and which was hindering him from putting an end to his painful uncertainty.

One evening, after a long silence, Stachovitch asked me suddenly if I thought that a man who knew he had not long to live had any right to marry.

His question took me by surprise. I rose, and, standing in front of him, looked at him attentively. He looked badly; he was pale and thin, and his bright eyes were restless and troubled.

"Stachovitch, you make me very uncomfortable," I said, in a paternal tone. "Look me full in the face."

His anxious look had changed to one more calm and pleasant.

"You look like a kind, old, venerable grandpapa," he said. "It does me good to look at you."

I began to laugh. "What a compliment!" I cried. "I may be fifteen years older than you, possibly, but that is no reason for treating me as a grandfather. Besides, *my* looks have nothing to do with this affair. How is it? Are you expecting to die? What do you mean by it? You are pushing your taste for eccentricity too far. Your being in love does not excuse such nonsense. What do you mean to die of? Heart or lungs? Anything else would be too commonplace for such a lover. What is the matter with you?"

"Nothing is the matter."

"Well, then, why ask me so absurd a question? Why do you want to know if a man who thinks he has not long to live has any right to marry?"

"I am wretched. Nobody knows, nobody can guess, what I suffer."

He spoke with melancholy resignation. His eyes were fixed upon the fire. I saw tears gather under the lids and roll slowly down his cheeks.

I put both hands upon his shoulders, and this time I said very seriously,—

"You are a *malade imaginaire*, my dear friend. Such things are not new in the history of medicine, and all such delusions are curable. Promise me to go and see a doctor."

He shook his head.

"Do it to please me," I persisted.

"What would be the use?"

"More than you think. Indeed, I must insist upon it. You have given me your confidence, and I am really fond of you. Our friendship imposes certain obligations that I am going to fulfil. I will come for you to-morrow at one o'clock, and take you to see a physician whom you can trust entirely. You must either go with me, or explain why you will not go."

He turned towards me, and answered very gently, "I will do everything you wish, my dear friend. I thank you for the interest that you take in me; but, understand me, I am quite sure the visit you wish me to make will result in nothing. Do not be angry with me, and above all do not give me up. I am very unhappy."

The visit to my physician was entirely satisfactory. The doctor informed my friend that to all appearance he was perfectly well; that his heart and lungs were in first-rate order. As to the nervous excitement of which I have spoken, he attached no particular importance to it, believing it to be a symptom that would yield to his general treatment. We took leave of him, and at parting he said to my friend the Russian,—

"You have so good a constitution, monsieur, that I know no one more likely to live to be a hundred. Only you must not worry yourself on the subject of your health."

When we were in the street I saw Stachovitch shrug his shoulders with a look of hopeless despair.

"Why, Stachovitch!" I cried, "are you not satisfied? What can you want more? Do you wish a lease of life for a hundred and fifty years?"

"I knew beforehand," he replied, "that our visit to your doctor could do no good."

And indeed, after that morning, he fell into a state of more settled melancholy. I grew more and more uneasy about him. I was several times tempted to go back and see the doctor again, and get him to tell me all he thought of his patient, when a new event changed the whole situation.

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From The Fortnightly Review.

MODERN JAPAN.*

II.

MODERN JAPAN has existed for a very few years only, the most important changes having taken place during the new era of "Meiji" within the last decade; it is not yet twenty years since the treaty ports were opened to foreigners, and it is less than a quarter of a century since the American, Commodore Perry, sailed into the bay of Yedo. From this occurrence the modern history of Japan may be said to date, and accordingly the arrival of the American squadron in July, 1853, is the first event chronicled in "*Kinsé Shiriaku*," a native work giving an account of the most critical period in the annals of Japan, recently translated by Mr. Satow, of the English Legation in Tokio. This chronicle concludes with the capture of Hakodaté by the mikado's forces in 1869, when the existing government was definitively established, and the great struggle between the south-western and north-eastern clans terminated in the triumph of the former. Again and again in Japanese history this struggle has been renewed with varying success, and within the last few months it has been waged with as great determination as ever, the scene of action being changed from the northern island of Yesso to the south-western corner of the empire. Here the energetic and warlike clan of Satsuma has measured its strength single-handed against the mikado's army, to which it so long furnished the most important contingent, and has at last succumbed. The revolution which overthrew the "Bakufu" † was entirely the work of the south-western clans, among which stand conspicuous as leaders Satsuma, Tosa, and Choshiu. They enjoyed the advantage of having in their possession the person of the mikado himself, while their eastern adversaries were stigmatized as being at once friends to the hated foreignor and traitors to the lawful emperor. Then, in addition to this moral superiority, the western clans, Choshiu and Satsuma in particular, had the still more important advantage of being well drilled, lightly clothed, and provided with excellent fire-arms, while the eastern troops were encumbered with heavy armor, and their weapons were principally swords and spears. In the last struggle, which has just been brought to a close, these conditions have been entirely reversed. The cause which brought Satsuma into the field, and roused Tosa to indignant protest, may be as worthy as that for which they both fought victoriously eight or nine years ago, but now the big battalions, the best rifles and cannons, and the mikado himself are all with their adversaries, who bear the title of the "loyal army," and brand with the name of rebels the clansmen of the west. It is hard not to feel sympathy in its downfall with the proud clan of Satsuma, which has played so leading a part in Japanese history as almost to justify the vaunt that "if all Japan weighs one hundred, then Satsuma weighs fifty." Seven years ago the daimio of Satsuma stood foremost among the peers of Japan, his territory extended over three provinces, his revenues were inferior in amount to those of one daimio only, and in political influence he was second to none, holding as he did the Liu Kiu Islands in tributary dependence, and having at his absolute disposal the most warlike and ambitious of the clans. In 1872 four-fifths of those who held the higher offices of the Japanese government belonged to Satsuma and three other allied clans. In a civil war the beaten party is certain to be regarded as in the wrong, and the case of the Satsuma insurgents has never been publicly stated, except by their adversaries, but a fair idea of their leaders' views may probably be obtained from a memorial presented to the mikado in July, 1877, by the Rissisha, a political society formed in the province of Tosa a few years previously. The insurrection was then limited to Kiushiu, the extreme western island of the Japanese archipelago, but grave apprehensions were entertained that an outbreak would take place in the neighboring island of Sikoku, where the influential clan of Tosa is located. At this juncture the Rissisha drew up a memorial, setting forth in temperate language the grievances felt by Japanese reformers, and petitioning the mikado for the establishment of free representative institutions. The principal evils complained of were the despotic nature and changeable policy of the existing government, financial mismanagement, the working of the conscription, extreme centralization, and a lack of patriotic spirit in the conduct of foreign affairs, notably in the cession of Sagalien to Russia without a proper equivalent. That substantial grounds exist for these complaints no one conversant with Japanese

* Concluded from No. 1767.

† *Bakufu* means literally the "curtain" or "tent" government, in allusion to the original position of the shogun, as a great military commander.

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affairs will deny, and the proposed remedies of free discussion and representative control on behalf of the people recommend themselves naturally to every Englishman, but it may well be doubted whether Japan is yet ripe for a complete parliamentary constitution. Anyhow, the peaceable remonstrance of Tosa was not more successful than the armed insurrection of Satsuma, and all hopes of immediate constitutional reform have perished with the gallant Saigo, whose voluntary death by the sword of his best friend was that of a true Japanese gentleman, and who may bear in future the title of the last of the samurais.

The clan of Choshiu has played a part in recent events hardly second even to that of Satsuma, and with the daimios of these two great clans foreign powers have been brought into actual collision — never with the mikado or the shogun. The affairs of Kagoshima and Simonoseki have been the only occasions on which Japanese blood has been shed by British arms, and it is needless to say that Japanese writers take a somewhat different view of those actions, with their causes and their consequences, to that taken generally among ourselves. The attack on Kagoshima, the capital of Satsuma, in August, 1863, was brought about by the murderous attack made upon a party of English gentlemen on the Tokaido road, near Yokohama, in September, 1862, the assassins being the retainers of Shimadzu Saburo, father of the prince of Satsuma. With respect to this affair, the Japanese allege that, while negotiations were still pending, the British admiral seized three steamers lying in a bay near Kagoshima, that this forcible seizure being regarded as an act of hostility the Satsuma batteries opened fire, and that the engagement resulted in severe damage to the English ships, and in the burning of the town of Kagoshima. A gale of wind was blowing at the time, and it is evident to any one familiar with the combustible nature of a Japanese city, that one or two stray shells would be sufficient in such a case to produce a general conflagration, however careful the British artillerists might have been to direct their fire against the batteries and arsenal only. Except as regards the seizure of the Satsuma steamers during the progress of negotiations, no blame, even by the Japanese account, seems to attach to the British in the affair of Kagoshima. It may be conceded that Shimadzu Saburo was not personally implicated in the death of Mr. Richardson, but it is certain that the fatal blows were struck by his retainers and in his presence. If he had given strict orders, as alleged, that his people were to abstain from all demonstrations of hostility against any foreigners whom they might meet, his duty and his dignity alike required that his disobedient followers should be punished with the utmost severity. The Satsuma ministers did not even pretend that this had been done. They expressed regret indeed for the fatal event, but maintained that the foreigners, in impeding the passage of the Tokaido road, had broken the laws of Japan, and had thus brought violence upon themselves. As to those who committed the violence, it was said that "if after examination they were found to be guilty they should be punished." This was the reply made to a demand for the "immediate trial and capital execution of the chief perpetrators of the outrage," exactly eleven months having elapsed without any action being taken for the punishment of Shimadzu's murderous and mutinous retainers. Thus, upon their own showing, the Satsuma authorities had given just cause of complaint to the British government, and their chastisement seems to have been fully deserved, so far as they were chastised by the bombardment of Kagoshima, or the payment of "£25,000 to be distributed to the relations of the murdered man and to those who escaped with their lives." A promise was also exacted that a diligent search should be made for the murderers, but none of them were ever brought to justice, and our government have laid themselves open to the taunt of having dropped the entire subject as soon as their pecuniary demands were complied with. There would have been little force in such a taunt, perhaps, had there been no other payment demanded beyond the moderate indemnity of £25,000 for the actual sufferers. Unfortunately, the British Foreign Office gave instructions that the daimio of Satsuma was to be held responsible in the second place only, and that the Bakufu must bear the primary responsibility. The two conditions to be exacted were "an ample and formal apology for the offence of permitting a murderous attack on British subjects," and "the payment of £100,000 as a penalty for this offence." As to this part of the Richardson affair, the injustice of English policy seems clear, and there is too great an appearance of truth in the accusation that a private crime was made the pretext by a powerful nation for extorting money from a feeble one.

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In 1862–63 the shogun was not ruler of Japan *de facto*, any more than *de jure*, and the unfairness of exacting from his government a large pecuniary penalty is enhanced by the fact that his helplessness at the time was due mainly to the action of foreign powers. To arrest so important a grandee as Shimadzu was quite beyond his power, humbled as he then was. Even in the plenitude of their power, the rulers of Yedo left remote and powerful clans very much to their own devices, but of late years the shogun had been deprived of all authority to the westward of Yedo by the united hostility of the western daimios, acting with the co-operation of the mikado's court. Meanwhile, foreign governments continued to treat with the shogun or taikun as if he were emperor of Japan, and to wring from him concessions which he had neither the right nor the power to grant, ignoring alike the theoretical supremacy of the mikado and the practical independence of the great daimios. By this policy the waning authority of the shogun, founded solely upon military strength and prestige, was rapidly destroyed, and it might be said that his writ had ceased to run, except in the north-eastern provinces.

The Bakufu government were never suspected or accused of complicity in the murder of Mr. Richardson; they did what they could beforehand to obviate by warning and expostulation the catastrophe; and their regret was subsequently expressed in the strongest possible language. *Non possumus* was in their case a genuine plea, and the want of power, which was their only crime, rendered the extortion from them of £100,000 an easy but dishonorable proceeding, while the unfortunate minister who paid the indemnity was censured and disgraced by the court of Kioto. On the other hand the display of artillery power in the bombardment of Kagoshima, which seemed to many a harsh act at the time, may fairly be said to have prevented serious collisions and much bloodshed by humbling at once and decisively the arrogance of the most pugnacious clan.

The Simonoseki affair furnishes another important episode in modern Japanese history, being the second instance in which a warlike clan defied the foreigners, and paid the penalty of such rashness. Here the conduct of the maritime powers, and that of Great Britain especially, cannot be regarded with complete approval by the impartial historian, and the case for the Japanese is certainly stronger than at Kagoshima, where the original outrage is beyond dispute, and the doubtful point is merely whether a fitting punishment was inflicted upon those who were the true offenders. In the case of Simonoseki it is disputed whether an illegal act was ever committed by the Japanese, it is denied that the British authorities had any concern at all in the matter, and it is maintained that the penalty was exacted from persons in no way responsible, and was altogether in excess of the alleged offence. The facts appear to be these. In 1863 the powerful house of Mori, daimios of Choshiu, or Nagato, constructed batteries at Simonoseki with the avowed object of opposing the passage of the western barbarians through the narrow straits, which here separate Kiushiu from Hondo, the mainland of Japan, and are the channel of navigation between the Inland Sea and the outer Sea of Japan. American, French, and Dutch vessels passing through these straits were successively fired upon by the Japanese, one of the ships so attacked being the Dutch man-of-war "Medusa," which at once took her own part so effectively as to silence one of the batteries. The insults to the American and French flags were in their turn promptly avenged by the "Wyoming" and the "Sémiramis." Supposing the foreign vessels to have been justified by law or treaty, which the Japanese deny, in passing through these very narrow straits into the Inland Sea, it seems impossible to find fault with the action thus far of the three foreign nations concerned. It is not necessary here to discuss whether England was justified in her intervention, no injury having been inflicted upon any of her subjects, or to enter into details as to the diplomatic action of the combined powers. The main interest of the whole matter now consists in affording an illustration of the peculiar political situation at the time in Japan, and the ignorance or perversity of foreign governments as to Japanese affairs. Envoys were dispatched by the Bakufu to reprimand the daimio of Choshiu for having fired without orders upon foreign vessels, but the Choshiu people justified their own conduct, and imprisoned one of the envoys, who never returned home, his ultimate fate remaining unknown. A complete breach was caused between the government of Yedo and this headstrong clan, and soon afterwards the troops of Choshiu were removed from their accustomed post at one of the palace gates in Kioto, whereupon they retreated bodily into their own western land. The Mori

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family were now prohibited from entering the imperial capital, and found themselves involved in hostilities not only with the maritime powers, but also with the mikado, the shogun, and all the other clans, including their old allies of Satsuma. Their case seemed hopeless, but their courage did not falter, and far from submitting they actually assumed the offensive. On the 20th of August, 1864, the Choshiu clan marched in three divisions upon Kioto, which was then full of troops. A desperate engagement took place, and by the united efforts of all the most warlike clans the Choshiu forces were finally repulsed with severe loss, but the greater part of the capital was reduced to ashes. Twenty-one clans were ordered at once to invade the province of Nagato, while the shogun prepared to take the field in person with his own immediate vassals in order to chastise the rebels. At the same time a still more formidable foe was approaching Nagato by sea: sixteen men-of-war, British, French, and Dutch, together with a small vessel bearing the Stars and Stripes, appeared before Simonoseki on the 5th of September, 1864. The attack lasted during a portion of three days, and resulted in the destruction of the batteries, the town being spared, in consideration of which forbearance a special indemnity was demanded. The policy of making every disturbance a pretext for extorting money, or trade concessions, or both, from the defenceless Bakufu was in this case followed up with remarkable energy, and $3,000,000 were required as the total indemnity to the four powers, payable by instalments of $500,000.

Meanwhile the stubborn clan of Choshiu withstood the united forces of the Japanese empire, and the Bakufu, between the foreigners and the rebels, found itself "like a tom-tom beaten on both sides." For a short time the partisans of peace, who were stigmatized by the opposite faction as the "Vulgar View" party, gained the upper hand in Nagato, and made submission to the officials of the Bakufu; but the warlike spirit of the clan soon blazed up afresh, and the struggle was renewed with increased fierceness. The chiefs of the Vulgar View party were decapitated, a reconciliation was effected with Satsuma, the eastern invaders were defeated at all points in a series of well-contested actions, and compelled to evacuate the rebellious provinces, while the victors proceeded to carry the war into the enemy's territory. On the 19th of September, 1866, the shogun died, and the imperial court immediately gave orders for discontinuing operations against Choshiu. "The war was now over at last. During its continuance the Bakufu had expended vast sums of money, until its treasures were almost exhausted, and yet it was unable to have its way with Choshiu. From this time onwards the great clans neglected to obey the commands of the Bakufu, and its power eventually decayed." Thus the "*Kinsé Shiriaku*" writes the epitaph of the great Tokugawa family, dominant in Japan for two centuries and a half. In January, 1867, was appointed the last of the shoguns, now living in retirement, and in the following month the reigning mikado ascended the throne, the one hundred and twenty-third sovereign of his dynasty. Foreign encroachments, which were made chiefly at the expense of the shogun, and for which he was held responsible by patriotic Japanese, proved fatal to the dual government established in 1192 by Yoritomo, the first Sei-i Tai Shogun, or "barbarian-subjugating generalissimo." Feudalism, which had been established under the military usurpers of the Kuanto (eastern provinces), did not survive their downfall, and three years after the deposition of the shogun the feudal daimios and samurais were things of the past.

Duarchy and feudalism both received their final death-blow during the war in which the foreign attack on Simonoseki was merely an episode, and the successful resistance offered by the Choshiu clan to forces apparently overwhelming, must be regarded as the victory of regular troops over a feudal militia. Takasugi Shinsaku revolutionized the military system of Japan: he enlisted picked men from the common people, as well as from the samurai class (who had hitherto monopolized the privilege of bearing arms), and formed them into a body of troops receiving high pay and subject to the strictest discipline. He thus created a force, bearing the somewhat inappropriate name of irregulars, before whom no eastern army, however numerous, was able to stand. The new *régime* in Japan, which claims to be merely the ancient system restored as it was before the usurpations of the military caste under the shoguns, is now founded upon the organization of a national army drawn from all classes of the community, and raised, not by voluntary enlistment, like the soldiers of Shinsaku, but by conscription. In time of war the total strength of the regular army amounts to fifty thousand men, drilled, armed, and even fed like European

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soldiers. By this new army, the Satsuma insurrection has been crushed, and the mikado's government are by its means enabled to withstand alike reactionists and reformers, although the imperial proclamation which called it into existence was published only five years ago. The central authority, wielding as it now does so formidable a military force, besides possessing a small but efficient navy under trained officers, has little to apprehend from local disaffection. Finance will probably be the serious difficulty of Japanese rulers in the immediate future, if they persist in their ambition of taking rank among the civilized powers of the world. The land-tax is the source from which five-sixths of the public revenue is derived, and this produced a large increase in 1875-76, according to official estimates, as did also the returns from postage, and from spirits and tobacco; on the other hand, there was a serious falling off under the head of customs. By far the largest item of public expenditure is for samurais' salaries and pensions, but this is a diminishing item, and as there is also a considerable reduction in the army estimates, the most recently published financial statement, showing a small favorable balance, is hopeful enough on the whole, if the figures can be trusted.

The political and social revolution which created modern Japan, has been as sudden and complete as a theatrical transformation scene. A country sealed from time immemorial against all outsiders is suddenly thrown open, and foreign ideas, inventions, and fashions are welcomed and adopted by government and people. A mysterious dignitary, supposed to resemble in his spiritual attributes the Dalai Lama of Thibet, is drawn forth from invisible seclusion, is arrayed in European uniform, and appears before the astonished world as ruling emperor of Japan, while the usurping shogun, the representative of military domination, retires into peaceful obscurity, his title and his office being suddenly extinguished after a duration of seven centuries. A great territorial aristocracy, owning impregnable fortresses, princely revenues, and the allegiance of devoted military retainers, decrees its own overthrow, and subsides without a struggle, almost without a murmur, into the position of private citizens pensioned by the State. A proud and warlike caste, enjoying a monopoly of arms, of scholarship, and of social privileges, "jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel," two-sworded Tybalts and Mercutios of the nineteenth century, lay down their cherished blades, abandon their distinctive dress, mingle with the common herd, and peacefully accept their reduction to equality with merchants and mechanics. Such changes seem too vast and too rapid to be permanent, and a certain amount of reaction may be fairly anticipated; but whatever the future may have in store for Japan, it is clear that the duarchy of mikado and shogun, the feudal sway of daimios, and the privilege of samurais are all as completely things of the past as the corresponding institutions of mediæval Europe, and that none of them can be re-established any more than the national isolation, which alone rendered possible their existence at this period of human history. The entire political system of Japan was effete, and had long resembled a structure of timbers, the interior of which has been devoured by white ants: it was barely able to support its own weight, and it crumbled into dust at the first external touch. Like the mikado himself, the shogun in the castle of Yedo, and the daimios in their provincial capitals, while retaining all external attributes of greatness, had become, with a few distinguished exceptions, mere puppets in the hands of their ministers, many of these being *novi homines*, to whose new ideas the modern revolution is mainly due.

Scattered throughout the length and breadth of Japan are mighty fortifications, with broad, deep moats, and earthworks faced with huge granite blocks, rivalling in extent and in artificial strength the elaborate constructions of Vauban. Six years ago these were the strongholds of great chiefs, by whom, or in whose name, wealthy provinces were ruled like independent principalities, and at whose word thousands of clansmen were prepared literally to sacrifice their lives. Now these fortresses are ruined and deserted as completely as the robber castles of the Rhine, the wooden towers and pavilions which adorned their interiors having in some cases entirely disappeared, while in others they are rapidly falling into decay. Such is the style of Japanese architecture that half-a-dozen years seem to have done the work of centuries; and for centuries to come there will be but little further change in the Cyclopean foundations upon which were raised the ephemeral palaces of paper and wood. The magnificent old trees, which lately overshadowed those structures, remain intact in their grandeur, but the moat has been converted into a rice-field, the bamboo jungle grows already on the thresh-

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old, and huge spiders spin their "thin grey pall" in the massive gateways. The men who once lived there in feudal state are still alive; the knights are not dust, nor are their good swords rust; the individual has survived the system, and an ex-daimio still young may stand under the secular pine-trees amid the ruins of his own castle, and muse over his own departed greatness, departed as utterly as that of the Cæsars from the Palatine Hill. In India we have learnt by sad experience what it may cost to capture the mud fort of a Talukdar, even with the aid of artillery. The original number of great daimios is said to have been sixty-six, but the official list of 1862 gave the number as two hundred and sixty-six, with incomes varying from nearly a million sterling down to £15,000. To subdue by force such an array of chiefs, many of whom merely recognized the supremacy of the mikado, very much as did an Earl Douglas or Lord of the Isles that of the Stuart kings of Scotland, was a task far beyond the strength of the central government.

Efflavit et dissipati sunt — the spirit of the age seems here to have wrought a miracle, and before its breath feudalism, "unsmote by the sword, has melted like snow." In the "last year of feudalism," Mr. W. E. Griffis has described the impressive scene which he witnessed on the 1st of October, 1871, when Matsudaira Mochiaké, lord of Echizen, bade farewell to his clan in the castle hall of Fukui, his capital city, transferring the allegiance of his retainers to the mikado, and surrendering his territorial fiefs. All over Japan similar scenes were enacted. With a calmness which would have been pusillanimous had it not been patriotic, the haughty chiefs laid down their power, and left their ancestral homes forever, exchanging in some cases a principality for the directorship of a joint-stock company in Tokio. Upon their immediate retainers the blow descended with terrible severity; by the stroke of a pen they were all at once converted into ronins, masterless men, samurais without occupation or residence. Mr. Green, speaking of the West Saxons one thousand years ago, tells us that "the 'lordless man' became a sort of outlaw in the realm," and his words are applicable to the modern Japanese. It is true that small pensions are paid by the State to the "disestablished" samurais, but these are at the best mere pittances, and have been in many instances commuted for the payment of a round sum with a view to business speculations. The result too often has been that these persons, utterly devoid of all business experience, have lost or consumed their capital in the vain attempt to increase it. Many of the shizoku, or ancient gentry of the land, are now in abject poverty, and are compelled, they and their families, to earn a livelihood in menial and even degrading occupations. Discussing this subject with an American gentleman who had been brought up in Japan, I asked, "Are the shizoku discontented?" His reply was, "Discontent is a state of mind scarcely compatible with the Japanese temperament: I should rather say that they feel thoroughly humbled and ashamed of their position. Certainly they have abandoned their peculiar costume, and keep as much as possible out of sight, being now as careful to conceal their humiliation as they once were to assert their dignity. They were accustomed to be treated with deference by all, and to carry everything before them; now their swords have been taken from them, they are regarded as stingless drones, and are despised by those who used to fear them." A trying position, beyond question, but one which time will remedy.

Japan has been styled the Britain of Asia, and certain analogies undoubtedly exist between the two groups of islands as to their geography and history, their area and population; but the Japanese have always been more truly *toto divisos orbe* than the inhabitants of the British Isles. Dai Nihon has only been once invaded and never conquered by a foreign foe, and it has very rarely assailed its neighbors, China and Corea. Hence the Japanese differ from the neighboring continentals, not in mere insular peculiarities of dress and manner, but in essential details of character and customs, so that the traveller passing from China to Japan feels at once that he is among a totally distinct people from those whom he has quitted. The Japanese received the Buddhist religion through China from India, they make use of the Chinese written character, and they study the Chinese classics. They have really far less in common with the Chinese than modern England has with imperial Rome. Their religion and literature, their arts and laws, have felt the influence of the great neighboring empire; but the natural genius of the Japanese people, their language, features, and habits, all are perfectly distinct from those of the Middle Kingdom, and seem to indicate Malay or Polynesian rather than Mongolian affinities. While in Japan I was much more frequently reminded of Java than of China, and when allowance has been made

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for difference of climate, the resemblance between the Japanese and Javanese races in manners and appearance is as strong as that between the two countries. The likeness may be illusory like that of the names (more correctly written Nihon and Djawa), but there are considerations of physical geography which connect Japan and Polynesia with the Malay archipelago far more closely than at first sight appears, and it is certain that ocean currents have done much to distribute inhabitants over the vast island system of the Pacific.

The Japanese islands lie in comparatively low latitudes — Yedo, which is centrally situated in Hondo, the principal island, being actually to the south of Gibraltar and Cape Matapan, the southernmost points of Europe. Lying to the eastward of a great continent, the shores of which stretch away to north-east and south-west, these islands are brought under the influence of two ocean currents, one flowing to the south-west from the arctic regions between Japan and the mainland, the other, known as the Kuro Shiwo or Black Stream, flowing to the north-east from the tropic of Cancer along the southern coasts of the archipelago. In consequence of this peculiar position between a warm and a cold current the islands are liable to severe gales and even typhoons; and, notwithstanding the possession of a coast line indented with countless bays and fiords, the Japanese have never been a truly seafaring people, and have displayed no maritime enterprise beyond that of fishermen and coast traders. Unskilful seamanship and defective construction cause many coasting vessels, Chinese as well as Japanese, to be swept out to sea by the sudden and violent storms of these regions, and if they do not founder at once, they are very apt to lose rudder and masts, when of course they drift along helplessly with wind and current. The Kuro Shiwo, sweeping up from the Philippines, flows rapidly by the shores of Japan towards the Aleutian Islands, curving to the south down the American coast, and returning by the Hawaiian Archipelago across the Pacific Ocean.

Mr. C. W. Brooks, for many years Japanese consul at San Francisco, has published in the "Proceedings of the California Academy of Sciences, 1875," all attainable information relating to junks stranded on the coast of North America, and on the Hawaiian or adjacent islands. He finds that in every instance these have proved to be Japanese, no case being on record of a Chinese junk having been so stranded or found adrift in the North Pacific; this might have been anticipated from the set of the current along the coasts of Corea and China from the Kurile Islands into the Straits of Formosa. During the present century the number of persons rescued from Japanese junks wrecked or disabled in the North Pacific has amounted to hundreds, and it is certain that, since the time when ships are first mentioned in Japanese history, B.C. 81, many natives of Japan must have found their way to the American and Hawaiian coasts, where they have been so often wrecked in our own days, and must have remained there for the remainder of their lives. Square rudders and open sterns have been compulsory by edict for Japanese craft since A.D. 1639, the intention being to prevent ocean navigation: at the same time, the return home of any Japanese who had visited a foreign country, however involuntarily, was prohibited under pain of death, which law was rigidly enforced until recent times against all shipwrecked sailors sent home by Portuguese, Russians, or others. Recent changes in Japan are well illustrated by the fact that the present government are in the habit of rewarding foreign captains who rescue their shipwrecked seamen, and in 1874 they ordered models of vessels from the United States, recommending their adoption to shipbuilders in place of the old-fashioned junk. The crews of ordinary junks average about ten men each, but the largest are nearly four hundred tons in burthen; as many as seventeen persons have actually been rescued on board a disabled junk, and sometimes the crew consists of double that number. When blown out into the open Pacific, a rudderless, dismasted vessel is safe from typhoons, and drifts steadily eastward with the current (besides the aid of prevailing westerly winds), at an average rate of full ten knots a day. When carrying, as very many do, a cargo of rice or dried fish, there is a fair probability that the junk, passing through a region subject to much rain, will reach land with some of her crew alive, even if carried by the return current as far back as the Sandwich Islands, and as a matter of fact men have been rescued after drifting helplessly for more than a year. In no reported case has a Japanese woman been found on board, but it is common for entire families to sail in junks, either as passengers or residents, and one vessel so freighted might people a group of islands previously uninhabited. It must naturally have occurred that shipwrecked Japanese sailors

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intermarrying with the natives of inhabited coasts would transmit to their descendants some special characteristics, as well as terms of speech, such as are actually to be found in the dialects of Indian tribes in Oregon and California. The frank and friendly manners of the Japanese, so different from those of continental Asia, have their exact counterpart in Hawaii, and it is easy to understand the remark of a Japanese on landing there, "Why, here we are among our own people!" So strange, on the other hand, do the Chinese appear in Japanese eyes as to resemble Europeans rather than themselves; and in remote districts a European is frequently received by the children with shouts of "Chinaman! Chinaman!" It is clear from all the facts before us that a blood relationship must exist between the races inhabiting the shores washed by the vast circuit of the ocean current, best known as the Black Stream of Japan.

Among the many points of difference which separate the Chinese and Japanese, one of the most striking is that the former (alone, I believe, among Asiatic races) make use of chairs, which are conspicuous articles of furniture in every respectable Chinese house, but were unknown in Japan until within the last few years. However far a Chinaman may go in modifying his habits conformably with foreign fashions, he always clings to his pigtail, and except among prisoners I have never seen a Chinaman of any class minus that ornamental appendage. A Japanese, on the other hand, indicates his political proclivities by the mode in which he wears his hair, and may be recognized as an imperialist, a feudalist, or a radical, by his topknot, his shaven temples, or his close-cropped head. The orthodox samurai fashion is still in high favor, with the front part of the head shaved, a small short cue worn as a sort of crest, and all traces of a beard carefully removed. A native gentleman, who had adopted the coiffure of Young Japan, assured me that the growth of his moustache, small as it was, had greatly increased his travelling expenses: "They treat me now as if I were a foreigner."

Feminine dress and fashions in Japan are quite distinct from those of China; the barbarous custom of crushing the foot is unknown (as also are high-heeled boots), and small, well-shaped hands and feet are characteristic of Japanese women. They continue, however, to blacken their teeth and shave their eyebrows when they marry, although the present empress has set her face against these time-honored observances. The Japanese in general affect a simple style of dress, without gaudy colors or ostentatious ornaments; except for fastening up their hair, even women wear no jewellery, and do not, like their Aryan sisters, pierce the cartilage of nose or ears in order to insert metallic rings. Japan seems to be a country where men never lose their temper, where women and children are always treated with gentleness, where common laborers bow and beg pardon of each other if they happen to jostle accidentally, where popular sports do not inflict suffering upon the lower animals, where a paper screen is a sufficient protection against all intrusion, even that of burglars, and where cleanliness takes such a high rank among social virtues as to be carried almost to a ludicrous excess.

Japanese manners are certainly very different from our own; but even according to such a standard as is generally accepted in Europe, the Japanese are a thoroughly well-bred people. And "manners are not idle:" urbanity, gentleness, and consideration for others are not mere superficial qualities; when such national characteristics are found combined with courage, energy, and intellect, they may surely be accepted as evidence of an advanced civilization. Foreigners, after living in the interior of Japan for a considerable time, on returning into "civilized society," have even stated that the manners of their own countrymen appear to them vulgar and almost brutal, accustomed as they have become to a courtesy singularly free from servile or mercenary considerations. The readiness of the Japanese to adopt what seems to them worthy of imitation in foreigners is regarded by some as indicating a lack of originality and independence. But if they imitate, it is not without discrimination, and their willingness to accept what is new and strange, when convinced of its merits, seems rather to indicate acute intelligence with remarkable freedom from prejudice. The Chinese have just succeeded in getting possession of the only railroad in China, and have at once proceeded to destroy the obnoxious innovation. The Japanese railways are being steadily improved and extended, so as to compare creditably, under native management, with any railways in the world.

DAVID WEDDERBURN.

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From Mind.

NOTE-DEAFNESS.

For many years past, since the celebrated case of Dalton and the researches of George Wilson brought the subject into prominence, the common visual abnormality known as color-blindness or dichroism has largely engaged the attention of physiologists and psychologists; and their observations have been of great value in suggesting new and luminous views with respect to the nature and mechanism of color-perception. But there is a somewhat analogous auditory abnormality, which I believe to be at least equally common, yet of which I have nowhere seen any definite account. We often hear it said in conversation that such and such a person "does not know one note from another;" but most people seem to understand this statement merely as applying to a knowledge of the written musical symbols, not to the sounds which they represent. I have been led, however, to make inquiries into some such cases, and I find that the remark is literally true, in its widest acceptation, of many persons; in other words, that not a few men and women are incapable of distinguishing in consciousness between the sounds of any two tones lying within the compass of about half an octave (or even more) from one another. Upon this abnormality I have ventured to bestow the name of note-deafness; and I propose in the present paper to give a detailed account of one such instance, in a person whom I have had abundant opportunities of observing and experimenting upon.

I need hardly point out, at the present day, the value of such special observations. All psychologists are now agreed upon the necessity for a greatly extended study of individual peculiarities: and I shall be glad if the case which I am about to detail arouses other workers to similar examinations of very unmusical persons amongst their acquaintance.

My subject is a young man of thirty, sufficiently educated to comprehend and answer in psychological terms all inquiries made of him, and with a competent knowledge of the physiological mechanism of hearing. From his youth upward he had never taken any interest in music; but it was not till a couple of years ago that he began to suspect a physical malformation as the basis of his indifference. Since that time he has been subjected to a number of experiments, and with the following results.*

If any two adjacent notes upon a piano be struck, he is quite incapable of perceiving any difference between them. After careful and deliberate comparison, many times repeated, he believes the two sounds to be exactly alike. If the same notes be sung by the human voice, he is equally unable to discriminate between them. And if one of the notes (as for example C) be struck, and the other (D) be sung, he does not perceive any greater incongruity than when the same note (C) is both struck and sung.

Further, if any note, say C, is played on the piano, and another note at a considerable interval, say E or A in the same octave, is subsequently played, he cannot notice any difference between them. As the interval enlarges to an octave or more, as from C to C′ or A′, he becomes gradually aware of a difference in pitch. And when notes separated from one another by very considerable intervals are struck, as for example C and C″ or A″, he is conscious of a very distinct unlikeness. In short, while he can perceive variations in *pitch*, when extremely great, he cannot perceive those minor variations which constitute what we call *notes*.

Between the highest and lowest tones on a piano, he notices a very great difference; and between the middle octave and either of the extremes, he can also observe a strong contrast. But when the notes are played in succession from one end of the keyboard to the other, he can nowhere perceive any distinct line of demarcation between one tone and its neighbor. Instead of the notes being separated sharply from one another in consciousness, like strips of colored paper arranged in prismatic order, they merge indistinguishably into one another, like the colors of the prismatic spectrum itself. To him, three successive notes are not three clearly marked individual sounds, but rather resemble three pieces of blue ribbon, so nearly alike in shade that the eye cannot tell with certainty whether they are the same or not.

This incapacity for distinguishing between tones of slightly different pitch is not, however, the same in every octave. Experiment revealed the fact that in the middle octave of an ordinary piano, my subject was able dimly to discriminate

* I have to thank my friend, Mr. G. J. Romanes, F.L.S., for kind assistance in performing most of the experiments hereafter detailed, and for affording me the use of the necessary apparatus. My acknowledgments are also due to Mr. F. Galton, F.R.S., who very kindly gave me the benefit of his advice, and helped me in the performance of one valuable experiment.

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between notes having the interval of a third from one another; that in the octaves immediately above and below the middle, the utmost power of discriminating sank to a third-and-a-half or a fourth; and that in the highest and lowest octaves it required a full seventh or more to impress his ear with the consciousness of distinct difference.

It should also be noticed that in attempting to distinguish between varying pitches he was greatly influenced by the *volume* of sound. Thus, on a piano, where the volume could be kept pretty constant, his discrimination was more uniform than with the human voice, where differences of intensity confused him sadly. Indeed, his judgment of pitch seemed in every case to be largely supplemented by other considerations. For instance, he could recognize the notes on a piano much better than on a violin, because in the latter instrument his attention was distracted from the pure musical effect by the scraping and twanging noises which necessarily accompany the tones. So, too, in the human voice, he was misled by those inarticulate and unmusical puffs or hisses which may be perceived along with every note. Evidently his ear is far more sensitive to these non-musical noises, relatively to pure tones, than is the case with normal persons. Thus, in the highest notes on a piano, he could hear a mere thud of the hammer, without any musical tone; and if a very shrill whistle was held close to his ear, he could only notice a puff of air, which overbore in consciousness the weak musical tone; while he could readily detect the latter when the whistle was removed to a short distance, so as to lessen the volume of the puff. This *compensatory* sensitiveness to indefinite noises seems to serve him in place of *timbre* as a means of recognizing different voices or musical instruments. A piano is, for him, a musical tone, *plus* a thud and a sound of wire-works; a fiddle is a musical tone, *plus* a scraping of resin and catgut; while an organ is a musical tone, *plus* a puff of air and an indistinct noise of bellows.

It might be supposed that mere carelessness of observation led to this want of musical discrimination. Such, however, is not probably the case. As a boy, my subject was trained to sing with the remainder of his family, but never succeeded in learning anything in the way of music. At sixteen, being unaware of the radical nature of his deficiency, he took regular lessons for some time, but was given up as incorrigible. Later on in life, he put himself to the trouble of learning the notes on the piano mechanically, in order to understand the theory of sound, and experimented to some extent with acoustical instruments. It was a series of observations made on the siren and Savart's wheels that first suggested to him the extent of the difference between his own auditory capabilities and those of normal individuals.

His attempts at singing, indeed, form some of the most instructive phenomena in the whole case. He will sing "God Save the Queen" with scarcely a single note correct, and even the few which coincide with the true ones seem to have come right by accident. If a scale be sung to him, and he be asked to repeat the same sounds afterwards, he will utter the articulate words "*Do*, *re*, *mi*," etc., but run up and down the scale in a disorderly manner, singing tones which do not stand in any musical relation whatsoever to one another.

Passing from the perception of separate tones to their effects in combination, experiments revealed the fact that a discord was no more unpleasant to him than a consonance. Though he was warned, so far as language would permit, of the sort of sound which he ought to expect in a discord, he could not perceive any of that roughness or harshness which was pointed out to him. Any two notes sounded together seemed equally agreeable to him, or, to speak more correctly, equally indifferent.

In order to test his power of discriminating between harmonies and discords, he was tried with a pair of movable organ-pipes, which could be made to produce beats of any desired frequency. It was found that when the beats were very conspicuous to an ordinary ear, he heard them readily, and distinguished them as interruptions of the sound; but when they were more frequent, he did not find them disagreeable, though he still cognized them intellectually as a blurring of the sound, which he compared to the buzzing of a bee; and when they sank to a mere discord, he could not observe the roughness at all, nor indeed could he clearly distinguish very rapidly recurring beats while still moderately audible as such to normal ears.

The natural interval of an octave does not affect him at all differently from any other interval. He can perceive no greater resemblance or congruity between C and C′, than between C and D′ or C

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and E′. In short, the whole distinction of notes, based upon numerical ratios and their corresponding nerve-fibres, is completely lost upon him; and he can only apprehend that of pitch, based upon large absolute differences of frequency.

As regards the general capabilities of hearing, my subject does not seem to differ much from ordinary persons. Several tests, both of distance and lowness, were employed, and they resulted in a conviction that his power of distinguishing non-musical sounds is up to the average, and his hearing is unusually acute. Tried with one of Mr. Galton's little instruments for testing the limits of auditory impressions, he was able to hear notes quite as shrill and quite as low as most other people. For the resonance of a vibrating string and the ticking of a watch, he was rather beyond the average in acuteness. But he is a bad mimic of voices or dialects, and speaks French, to which he has been accustomed from childhood, with a decided English accent. However, as he is himself conscious of the two last-named facts, and can notice the badness of his own imitations, this defect lies more probably in the motor mechanism of speech than in the sensory mechanism of hearing.

With reference to the æsthetic results of these abnormalities, my subject is almost totally careless in the matter of music, for which he has no appreciation whatsoever. He recognizes a considerable number of tunes when played or sung, but he seems to do so by the time alone. Whenever a piece specially strikes him, it is a lively air from an *opéra bouffe*, or the rollicking chorus to an old English song in which the time is strongly marked. He is equally pleased with the piece if it is played or sung out of tune, and enjoys it just as much when he sings it himself to notes of his own composition. He can distinctly appreciate, however, the beauty of a single note, struck in isolation, and perceives its æsthetic superiority to a mere noise. He likes the sound of a full and rich tone, produced by striking a finger-glass; and he is fond of church-bells and chimes. He has also a delicate ear for metre in poetry, and is attracted by the music of Catullus, of Tennyson, and of Swinburne.

As to the hereditary aspect of the case, I have not been able personally to make observations upon other members of his family, but they have obligingly supplied me with the following particulars in answer to inquiries by letter. The father was quite unmusical, but not note-deaf, being able to distinguish between two adjacent notes on the piano, though incapable of observing any special relation between a tone and its octave.* The mother "is fond of music, vocal and instrumental, but does not sing, or play except after a poor fashion." The remoter ancestors are described as being, on the whole, markedly unmusical. Of the children, a brother was at the same stage as the father, but exceeded him in the ability to tell when a singer was out of tune. The sisters are all more or less musical, and one of them possesses a fine voice. But it is worth notice that one of my subject's sisters had no aperture in the right ear, the auditory meatus being closed by a membrane; a fact which may possibly point to some hereditary defect in the structure of the organ. Unfortunately, no operation was ever performed upon her, so that it is impossible to say whether the internal ear was normal or otherwise. On the whole, the family is described as "in this respect only very moderately gifted."

I have been careful thus to place before the reader all the facts of the case, unencumbered by any hypothetical explanations, because whatever may be the value of my theory on the subject, the facts themselves must possess a great interest for all inquirers into the nature of our sensory system. But I shall now venture to offer a few suggestions as to the possible physical deficiencies which underlie the above-noted psychical peculiarities.

Two principal explanations may be advanced. Either the deficiency may be in the peripheral organs or it may be in the nervous centres. We may examine each hypothesis separately.

If the deficiency is in the peripheral organs, we may plausibly account for it thus. While in the normal ear each one of Corti's organs may be supposed, on Helmholtz's theory, to be tuned in harmony with a very limited range of tones, — or, in objective phraseology, to be capable of vibrating sympathetically with air-waves having very nearly its own natural rate of oscillation only, — we may suppose that in the cases under consideration each one of Corti's organs is badly tuned, so that it can answer to a large number of tones — or, in objective phraseology, can vibrate sympathetically with air-waves possessing a considerable range of frequency. If this view be taken, we can understand why notes lying close to one

* His own words are, "I cannot perceive any greater likeness between the two C's than between C and B."

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another on the gamut do not arouse differential sensations, because they would both, in that case, stimulate the same fibres; and it would be necessary to take notes whose frequencies differ widely from one another in order to stimulate separate fibres each time, and so arouse a differential sensation. Again, on the same hypothesis, we can understand why the octave is not perceived by my subject as more congruous than any other interval; because the harmonies of each note would stimulate not only the fibre ordinarily assigned to them, but also adjacent fibres, and so a fifth or a seventh would be indistinguishable from an octave. Lastly, this view accords best with the fact that my subject does not notice any superiority in a consonance over a dissonance; because, if the system of damping in Corti's organs was deficient, we may suppose that the very faint interruptions which are the cause of discord would not have sufficient duration to allow of a cessation in the vibratory motions of the organs, and these would consequently yield a continuous state of consciousness, undisturbed by that roughness which results from intermittent stimulation. The point in frequency of beats at which they ceased to be distinguishable would be, in that case, the measure of the damping powers possessed by the organs.

If, on the other hand, we assume that the deficiency exists in the nervous centres, and suppose them to be so ill-differentiated that they do not yield separate sensations for the stimulation of each separate fibre, we shall be enabled to explain all the phenomena except one, in a way that is perhaps simpler of comprehension. We may then imagine that each fibre is excited in the same manner as in normal cases, but that some ataxy of the centres prevents the stimulations from being differentially cognized. This explanation would accord well with the known phenomena of *diplacusis*, where a single note is heard as of different pitch by the right and left ears respectively: in which case we can hardly avoid the supposition that corresponding fibres on each side are irregularly connected with non-corresponding central ganglia. But there will still remain the difficulty — why does not a dissonance produce its ordinary unpleasant effect? I do not see how we can escape this problem, except by supposing a peripheral malformation: and as, for this particular ear, we are compelled to assume it in the one case, perhaps it is simpler to assume it as the cause in all the others.

And now I should like to point out the special bearings of this abnormality upon æsthetic questions. In the first place, the instance I have given shows how largely our æsthetic feelings may depend upon peculiarities of sensation alone, uncomplicated by emotional or intellectual differences. My subject is often "much annoyed by the imputation of bad taste" which is cast upon him whenever he says that he "does not care for music." This imputation might fairly be made if he deliberately preferred bad music to good. But, as a matter of fact, the whole sensuous basis of music is utterly blank to him. He must not be expected to admire delicate shades of expression which he literally and really *cannot hear*. Again, what we call *bad taste* means in most cases the deliberate preference for combinations which arouse low, vulgar, or commonplace emotions, over those which arouse high, sympathetic, or delicate emotions: but in my subject's case, most musical combinations can evidently rouse *no* emotions at all, and so he cannot fairly be credited with any kind of taste, good or bad. I believe inquiry would reveal the fact that many others are similarly situated, but do not really know the nature of their own deficiency. Such persons are very little likely to turn their attention to questions of sound; and it was the mere accident of the bent taken by his physical inquiries that led my subject to investigate his own case. There is therefore every reason why psychologists should hunt up these unmusical persons, and experiment upon them in the same manner as has been adopted in the present instance.

But while my subject is incapable of appreciating music, he can enter into all those æsthetic auditory feelings which are not based on the sensuous groundwork of harmony and discord. This is the case both as regards the pleasure derived from simple tones, the pleasure derived from metrical arrangement, and (to some slight extent) the pleasure derived from the higher undifferentiated emotional element in music. There is even a certain "compensatory" heightening of his gratification in the second of these instances at least.

First, as to simple tones. If we accept the theory of Helmholtz, that noises are heard by means of the vestibule, while musical sounds are cognized through the instrumentality of the cochlea, it will follow that the nerves in the latter portion of the ear, being less frequently stimulated than those of the former part, will give rise to more pleasurable sensations. This

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effect we might naturally expect to remain, whatever might be the peculiarities of minor organization within the cochlea itself. And the facts in the present case exactly coincide with this supposition. All musical tones are in themselves pleasing to my subject; and he is even able to discriminate between a rich and a poor note; presumably because the former calls into action an immense number of Corti's organs, while the latter, though it probably rouses sympathetic vibrations in a larger area of those organs than would be the case in a normal ear, yet affects a smaller total of fibres than a note with numerous harmonies.

Next, as to the perception of time and metre. One constantly hears it said by persons unaccustomed to psychological analysis — that is to say, by ninety-nine out of a hundred educated men — "What a curious thing that So-and-so who writes verses, or who is so fond of poetry, should not care for music!" In reality, there is very little connection between the two sources of pleasure. The one is mainly sensuous in its ground-work, and depends upon the phenomena of harmony and discord; the other is mainly intellectual in its ground-work,* and depends partly on the fact of expectation, and partly on that of symmetrical recurrence. As my subject is unable to recognize tunes by the notes, and is consequently forced to recognize them by their time alone, his ear has been considerably trained in this direction. But the fact that the two are usually combined in music makes most people unable to distinguish analytically between them; and they consequently express great surprise when they find a capacity to appreciate the one, without the capacity to appreciate the other. Whereas, analogy would lead us to expect that a person whose attention was never distracted by tune would become unusually discriminative of delicate effects in metre. This I believe to be the case with my subject.

Finally, as to the higher emotional element in music. Mr. Herbert Spencer has shown how the emotional expression of music is derived from the emotional expression of everyday life. But it is, so to speak, the ultimate outcome of that expression, pushed to the very highest pitch of delicate discrimination. Accordingly, we cannot expect that persons with less than average auditory endowments will be sensible to more than its broadest distinctions. And this is just the amount of appreciation exhibited by my subject. He can to some extent recognize the general tone of a piece — lively, gay, bright, subdued, tender, solemn, or majestic; but he cannot recognize those minor changes of feeling which are exhibited within the limits of a uniform composition. Of course his discrimination of the prevailing tone is largely due to time and degree of loudness; but it seems also to be influenced to some extent by the general pitch of the piece, and by the alternations of high and low notes. And it is noticeable that while he cares very little or not at all for purely musical pieces, where everything depends upon that delicate distribution of harmonies which is to him an absolute blank, he is slightly affected by bright, popular tunes, in which the emotional element is pronounced, and in which rapid and striking variations keep alive the attention by the diversity of their arrangement. To put the matter simply, he understands in music only the part that is not strictly musical. And, as might be expected, he generally speaks in a rather monotonous voice, little modulated by emotional tones.

There are two other facts in connection with this case worth notice for their wider psychological bearing. The first is this: my subject seems absolutely indifferent to the vast mass of musical sounds. If he is engaged in mental work, and a German brass-band or a barrel-organ is grinding discord under his very ears, he is quite unconscious of the fact until his attention is called to it. He suffers much from headache; but even in that morbid state of nerve, when noise is so intensely painful to most of us, he "would not perceive a drum-and-fife band just outside his window unless somebody happened to notice it in speaking to him." Music, in fact, under ordinary circumstances, quite escapes his observation. The second point is the converse aspect of the same peculiarity. Whenever circumstances compel his attendance at a concert, a choral service, or a musical party, where no other occupation is possible, he suffers from the most intense ennui, which "becomes after a time almost unsupportable." The music being an absolute matter of indifference to him, the effect is the same as if he "were made to sit quietly in an attitude of attention for two or three hours, while nothing whatsoever was taking place."

In conclusion, I should like to add that if any competent physicist or physiologist wishes to verify any of the above statements, or try any further experiments, I

* I say "in its ground-work" in either case, because of course the higher effects of both are neither sensuous nor intellectual, but purely emotional.

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would endeavor to make arrangements with my subject for the purpose, on receiving a communication to that effect.

GRANT ALLEN.

From The Contemporary Review.

POSITIVISM ON AN ISLAND:

THE NEW PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

"Those who can read the signs of the times, read in them that the Kingdom of Man is at hand." — PROFESSOR CLIFFORD.

I.

THE magnificent ocean steamer, the "Australasian," was bound for England, on her homeward voyage from Melbourne. She carried her Majesty's mails and ninety-eight first-class passengers. The skies were cloudless; the sea was smooth as glass. Never did vessel start under happier auspices. No sound of sickness was to be heard anywhere; and when dinner-time came there was not a single appetite wanting.

But the passengers soon discovered they were lucky in more than weather. Dinner was hardly half over before two of those present had begun to attract general attention; and every one was wondering, in whispers, who they could possibly be.

One of the objects of this delightful curiosity was a large-boned, middle-aged man, with gleaming spectacles, and lank, untidy hair; whose coat fitted him so ill, and who held his head so high, that it was plain at a glance he was some great celebrity. The other was a beautiful lady of about thirty years of age. No one present had seen her like before. She had the fairest hair and the darkest eyebrows, the largest eyes and the smallest waist conceivable; in fact, art and nature had been struggling as to which should do the most for her; whilst her bearing was so haughty and distinguished, her glance so tender, and her dress so expensive and so fascinating, that she seemed at the same time to defy and to court attention.

Evening fell on the ship with a soft, warm witchery. The air grew purple, and the waves began to glitter in the moonlight. The passengers gathered in knots upon the deck. The distinguished strangers were still the subject of conjecture. At last the secret was discovered by the wife of an old colonial judge; and the news spread like wildfire. In a few minutes all knew that there were on board the "Australasian" no less personages than Professor Paul Darnley, and the superb Virginia St. John.

II.

MISS ST. JOHN had, for at least six years, been the most renowned woman in Europe. In Paris and St. Petersburg, no less than in London, her name was equally familiar both to princes and to potboys; the eyes of all the world were upon her. Yet, in spite of this exposed situation, scandal had proved powerless to wrong her, she defied detraction. Her enemies could but echo her friends' praise of her beauty; her friends could but confirm her enemies' description of her character. Though of birth that might be called almost humble, she had been connected with the heads of many distinguished families; and so general was the affection she inspired, and so winning the ways in which she contrived to retain it, that she found herself at the age of thirty mistress of nothing except a large fortune. She was now converted with surprising rapidity by a ritualistic priest, and she became in a few months a model of piety and devotion. She made lace trimmings for the curate's vestments; she bowed at church as often and profoundly as possible; she enjoyed nothing so much as going to confession; she learned to despise the world. Indeed, such utter dross did her riches now seem to her, that, despite all the arguments of her ghostly counsellor, she remained convinced that they were too worthless to offer to the Church, and she saw nothing for it but to still keep them for herself. The mingled humility and discretion of this resolve so won the heart of a gifted colonial bishop, then on a visit to England, that, having first assured himself that Miss St. John was sincere in making it, he besought her to share with him his humble mitre, and make him the happiest prelate in the whole Catholic Church. Miss St. John consented. The nuptials were celebrated with the most elaborate ritual, and after a short honeymoon the bishop departed for his South Pacific diocese of the Chasuble Islands, to prepare a home for his bride, who was to follow him by the next steamer.

Professor Paul Darnley, in his own walk of life, was even more renowned than Virginia had been in hers. He had written three volumes on the origin of life, which he had spent seven years in looking for in infusions of hay and cheese; he had written five volumes on the entozoa of the pig, and two volumes of lectures, as a corollary to these, on the sublimity

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of human heroism, and the whole duty of man. He was renowned all over Europe and America as a complete embodiment of enlightened modern thought. His mind was like a sea, into which the other great minds of the age discharged themselves, and in which all the slight discrepancies of the philosophy of the present century mingled together and formed one harmonious whole. He criticised everything; he took nothing on trust except the unspeakable sublimity of the human race and its august terrestrial destinies. And in his double capacity of a seer and a *savant*, he had destroyed all that the world had believed in the past, and revealed to it all that it is going to feel in the future. Nor was he less successful in his own private life. He married, at the age of forty, an excellent evangelical lady, ten years his senior, who wore a green gown, grey cork-screw curls, and had a fortune of two hundred thousand pounds. Orthodox though she was, Mrs. Darnley was yet proud beyond measure of her husband's world-wide fame, for she did but imperfectly understand the grounds of it. Indeed, the only thing that marred her happiness was the single tenet of his that she had really mastered. This, unluckily, was that he disbelieved in hell. And so, as Mrs. Darnley conceived that that place was designed mainly to hold those who doubted its existence, she daily talked her utmost, and left no text unturned to convince her darling of his very dangerous error. These assiduous arguments soon began to tell. The professor grew moody and brooding, and he at last suggested to his medical man that a voyage round the world, unaccompanied by his wife, was the prescription most needed by his failing patience. Mrs. Darnley at length consented with a fairly good grace. She made her husband pledge himself that he would not be absent for above a twelvemonth, or else, she said, she should immediately come after him. She bade him the tenderest of adieus, and promised to pray till his return for his recovery of a faith in hell.

The professor, who had but exceeded his time by six months, was now on board the "Australasian," homeward bound to his wife. Virginia was outward bound to her husband.

III.

THE sensation created by the presence of these two celebrities was profound beyond description; and the passengers were never weary of watching the gleaming spectacles and the square-toed boots of the one, and the liquid eyes and the ravishing toilettes of the other. There were three curates, who, having been very quick in making Virginia's acquaintance, soon sang at nightfall with her a beautiful vesper hymn. And so lovely did the strains sound, and so devotional did Virginia look, that most of the passengers the night after joined in a repetition of this touching evening office.

The professor, as was natural, held quite aloof; and pondered over a new species of bug, which he had found very plentiful in his berth. But it soon occurred to him that he often heard the name of God being uttered otherwise than in swearing. He listened more attentively to the sounds which he had at first set down as negro-melodies; and he soon became convinced that they were something whose very existence he despised himself for remembering — namely, Christian hymns. He then thought of the three curates, whose existence he despised himself for remembering also. And the conviction rapidly dawned on him, that though the passengers seemed fully alive to his fame as a man of science, they could yet know very little of all that science had done for them; and of the death-blow it had given to the foul superstitions of the past. He therefore resolved that next day he would preach them a lay-sermon.

At the appointed time the passengers gathered eagerly round him — all but Virginia, who retired to her cabin when she saw that the preacher wore no surplice; as she thought it would be a mortal sin to listen to a sermon without one.

The professor began amidst a profound silence. He first proclaimed to his hearers the great primary axiom in which all modern thought roots itself. He told them that there was but one order of things, it was so much neater than two; and if we would be certain of anything, we must never doubt it. Thus, since countless things exist that the senses can take account of, it is evident that nothing exists that the senses cannot take account of. The senses can take no account of God; therefore God does not exist. Men of science can only see theology in a ridiculous light; therefore theology has no side that is not ridiculous. He then told them a few of the new names that enlightened thinkers had applied to the Christian Deity — how Professor Tyndall had called him an "atom-manufacturer," and Professor Huxley, a "pedantic drill-sergeant." The passengers at once saw how demon-

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strably at variance with fact was all religion, and they laughed with a sense of humor that was quite new to them. The professor's tones then became more solemn; and, having extinguished error, he proceeded to unveil the brilliant light of truth. He showed them how, viewed by modern science, all existence is a chain, with a gas at one end, and no one knows what at the other; and how humanity is a link somewhere; but, holy and awful thought! — we can none of us tell where. "However," he proceeded, "of one thing we can be quite certain: all that is, is matter; the laws of matter are eternal, and we cannot act or think without conforming to them; and if," he said, "we would be solemn, and high, and happy, and heroic, and saintly, we have but to strive and struggle to do what we cannot for an instant avoid doing. Yes," he exclaimed, "as the sublime Tyndall tells us, let us struggle to attain to a deeper knowledge of matter, and a more faithful conformity to its laws!"

The professor would have proceeded; but the weather had been rapidly growing rough, and he here became violently seasick.

"Let us," he exclaimed hurriedly, "conform to the laws of matter and go below."

Nor was the advice premature. A storm arose, exceptional in its suddenness and its fury. It raged for two days without ceasing. The "Australasian" sprang a leak; her steering gear was disabled; and it was feared she would go ashore on an island that was seen dimly through the fog to the leeward. The boats were got in readiness. A quantity of provisions and of the passengers' baggage was already stowed in the cutter; when the clouds parted, the sun came out again, and the storm subsided almost as quickly as it arose.

IV.

No sooner were the ship's damages in a fair way to be repaired than the professor resumed his sermon. He climbed into the cutter, which was still full of the passengers' baggage, and sat down on the largest of Virginia's boxes. This so alarmed Virginia that she followed the professor into the cutter, to keep an eye on her property; but she did not forget to stop her ears with her fingers, that she might not be guilty of listening to an unsurpliced minister.

The professor took up the thread of his discourse just where he had broken it off. Every circumstance favored him. The calm sea was sparkling under the gentlest breeze; all nature seemed suffused with gladness; and at two miles' distance was an enchanting island, green with every kind of foliage, and glowing with the hues of a thousand flowers. The professor, having reminded his hearers of what nonsense they now thought all the Christian teachings, went on to show them the blessed results of this. Since the God that we once called all holy is a fable, that humanity is all holy must be a fact. Since we shall never be sublime, and solemn, and unspeakably happy hereafter, it is evident that we can be sublime, and solemn, and unspeakably happy here. "This," said the professor, "is the new gospel. It is founded on exact thought. It is the gospel of the kingdom of man; and had I only here a microscope and a few chemicals, I could demonstrate its eternal truth to you. There is no heaven to seek for; there is no hell to shun. We have nothing to strive and live for except to be unspeakably happy."

This eloquence was received with enthusiasm. The captain in particular, who had a wife in every port he touched at, was overjoyed at hearing that there was no hell; and he sent for all the crew, that they might learn the good news likewise. But soon the general gladness was marred by a sound of weeping. Three-fourths of the passengers, having had time to reflect a little, began exclaiming that as a matter of fact they were really completely miserable, and that for various reasons they could never be anything else. "My friends," said the professor, quite undaunted, "that is doubtless completely true. You are not happy now; you probably never will be. But that is of little moment. Only conform faithfully to the laws of matter, and your children's children will be happy in the course of a few centuries; and you will like that far better than being happy yourselves. Only consider the matter in this light, and you yourselves will become happy also; and whatever you say, and whatever you do, think only of the effect it will have five hundred years afterwards."

At these solemn words, the anxious faces grew calm. An awful sense of the responsibility of each one of us, and the infinite consequences of every human act, was filling the hearts of all; when, by a faithful conformity to the laws of matter, the boiler blew up, and the "Australasian" went down. In an instant the air was rent with yells and cries; and all the humanity that was on board the vessel was busy, as the professor expressed it, unit-

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ing itself with the infinite azure of the past. Paul and Virginia, however, floated quietly away in the cutter, together with the baggage and provisions. Virginia was made almost senseless by the suddenness of the catastrophe; and on seeing five sailors sink within three yards of her, she fainted dead away. The professor begged her not to take it so much to heart, as these were the very men who had got the cutter in readiness; "and they are therefore," he said, "still really alive in the fact of our happy escape." Virginia, however, being quite insensible, the professor turned to the last human being still to be seen above the waters, and shouted to him not to be afraid of death, as there was certainly no hell, and that his life, no matter how degraded and miserable, had been a glorious mystery, full of infinite significance. The next moment the struggler was snapped up by a shark. The cutter, meanwhile, borne by a current, had been drifting rapidly towards the island. And the professor, spreading to the breeze Virginia's beautiful lace parasol, soon brought it to the shore on a beach of the softest sand.

V.

THE scene that met Paul's eyes as he landed was one of extreme loveliness. He had run the boat ashore in a little fairy bay, full of translucent waters, and fringed with silvery sands. On either side it was protected by fantastic rocks, and in the middle it opened inland to an enchanting valley, where tall tropical trees made a grateful shade, and where the ground was carpeted with the softest moss and turf.

Paul's first care was for his fair companion. He spread a costly cashmere shawl on the beach, and placed her, still fainting, on this. In a few moments she opened her eyes; but was on the point of fainting again as the horrors of the last half-hour came back to her, when she caught sight in the cutter of the largest of her own boxes, and she began to recover herself. Paul begged her to remain quiet whilst he went to reconnoitre.

He had hardly proceeded twenty yards into the valley, when to his infinite astonishment he came on a charming cottage, built under the shadow of a bread-tree, with a broad verandah, plate-glass windows, and red window-blinds. His first thought was that this could be no desert island at all, but some happy European settlement. But on approaching the cottage, it proved to be quite untenanted, and from the cobwebs woven across the doorway it seemed to have been long abandoned. Inside there was abundance of luxurious furniture; the floors were covered with gorgeous Indian carpets; and there was a pantry well stocked with plate and glass and table-linen. The professor could not tell what to make of it, till, examining the structure more closely, he found it composed mainly of a ship's timbers. This seemed to tell its own tale; and he at once concluded that he and Virginia were not the first castaways who had been forced to make the island for some time their dwelling-place.

Overjoyed at this discovery, the professor hastened back to Virginia. She was by this time quite recovered, and was kneeling on the cashmere shawl, with a rosary in her hands designed especially for the use of Anglo-Catholics, and was alternately lifting up her eyes in gratitude to heaven, and casting them down in anguish at her torn and crumpled dress. The poor professor was horrified at the sight of a human being in this degrading attitude of superstition. But as Virginia quitted it with alacrity as soon as ever he told his news to her, he hoped he might soon convert her into a sublime and holy utilitarian. The first thing she besought him to do was to carry her biggest box to this charming cottage, that she might change her clothes, and appear in something fit to be seen in. The professor most obligingly at once did as she asked him; and whilst she was busy at her toilette, he got from the cutter what provisions he could, and proceeded to lay the table. When all was ready, he rang a gong which he found suspended in the lobby; Virginia appeared shortly in a beautiful pink dressing-gown, embroidered with silver flowers; and just before sunset, the two sat down to a really excellent meal. The bread-tree at the door of the cottage contributed some beautiful French rolls; close at hand also they discovered a butter-tree; and the professor had produced from the cutter a variety of salt and potted meats, *pâté de foie gras*, cakes, preserved fruit, and some bottles of fine champagne. This last helped much to raise their spirits. Virginia found it very dry, and exactly suited to her palate. She had but drunk five glasses of it, when her natural smile returned to her, though she was much disappointed because Paul took no notice of her dressing-gown; and when she had drunk three glasses more, she quietly went to sleep on the sofa.

The moon had by this time risen in dazzling splendor; and the professor went out and lighted a cigar. All during dinner there had been a feeling of dull despair in

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his heart, which even the champagne did not dissipate. But now, as he surveyed in the moonlight the wondrous paradise in which his strange fate had cast him, his mood changed. The air was full of the scents of a thousand night-smelling flowers; the sea murmured on the beach in soft, voluptuous cadences. The professor's cigar was excellent. He now saw his situation in a truer light. Here was a bountiful island, where earth unbidden brought forth all her choicest fruits; and most of the luxuries of civilization had already been wafted thither. Existence here seemed to be purified from all its evils. Was not this the very condition of things which all the sublimest and exactest thinkers of modern times had been dreaming and lecturing and writing books about for a good half-century? Here was a place where humanity could do justice to itself, and realize those glorious destinies which all exact thinkers take for granted must be in store for it. True, from the mass of humanity he was completely cut away; but Virginia was his companion. Holiness, and solemnity, and unspeakably significant happiness, did not, he argued, depend on the multiplication table. He and Virginia represented humanity as well as a million couples. They were a complete humanity in themselves, and humanity in a perfectible shape; and the very next day they would make preparations for fulfilling their holy destiny, and being as solemnly and unspeakably happy as it was their stern duty to be. The professor turned his eyes upwards to the starry heavens; and a sense came over him of the eternity and the immensity of nature, and the demonstrable absence of any intelligence that guided it. These reflections naturally brought home to him with more vividness the stupendous and boundless importance of man. His bosom swelled violently; and he cried aloud, his eyes still fixed on the firmament, "Oh, important All! oh, important Me!"

When he came back to the cottage, he found Virginia just getting off the sofa, and preparing to go off to bed. She was too sleepy even to say good-night to him, and with evident want of temper was tugging at the buttons of her dressing-gown. "Ah," she murmured as she left the room, "if God, in his infinite mercy, had only spared my maid!"

Virginia's evident discontent gave profound pain to Paul. "How solemn," he exclaimed, "for half humanity to be discontented!" But he was still more disturbed at the appeal to a chimerical manufacturer of atoms; and he exclaimed, in yet more sorrowful tones, "How solemn for half humanity to be sunk lower than the beasts by superstition!"

However, he hoped that these stupendous evils might, under the present favorable conditions, vanish in the course of a few days' progress; and he went to bed, full of august auguries.

VI.

Next morning he was up betimes; and the prospects of humanity looked more glorious than ever. He gathered some of the finest pats from the butter-tree, and some fresh French rolls from the bread-tree. He discovered a cow close at hand, that allowed him at once to milk it; and a little roast pig ran up to him out of the underwood, and fawning on him with its trotters, said, "Come, eat me." The professor vivisected it before Virginia's door, that its automatic noise, which the vulgar call cries of pain, might awaken her; and he then set it in a hot dish on the table.

"It has come! it has come!" he shouted rapturously, as Virginia entered the room, this time in a blue silk dressing-gown, embroidered with flowers of gold.

"What has come?" said Virginia pettishly, for she was suffering from a terrible headache, and the professor's loud voice annoyed her. "You don't mean to say that we are rescued, are we?"

"Yes," answered Paul solemnly; "we are rescued from all the pains and imperfections of a world that has not learned how to conform to the laws of matter, and is but imperfectly acquainted with the science of sociology. It is therefore inevitable that, the evils of existence being thus removed, we shall both be solemnly, stupendously, and unspeakably happy."

"Nonsense!" said Virginia snappishly, who thought the professor was joking.

"It is not nonsense," said the professor. "It is deducible from the teachings of John Stuart Mill, of Auguste Comte, of Mr. Frederic Harrison, and of all the exact thinkers who have cast off superstition, and who adore humanity."

Virginia meanwhile ate *pâté de foie gras*, of which she was passionately fond; and, growing a little less sullen, she at last admitted that they were lucky in having at least the necessaries of life left to them. "But as for happiness — there is nothing to do here, there is no church to go to, and you don't seem to care a bit for my dressing-gown. What have we got to make us happy?"

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"Humanity," replied the professor eagerly, — "humanity, that divine entity, which is of course capable of everything that is fine and invaluable, and is the object of indescribable emotion to all exact thinkers. And what is humanity?" he went on more earnestly, "you and I are humanity — you and I are that august existence. You already are all the world to me; and I very soon shall be all the world to you. Adored being, it will be my mission and my glory to compel you to live for me. And then, as modern philosophy can demonstrate, we shall both of us be significantly and unspeakably happy."

For a few moments Virginia merely stared at Paul. Suddenly she turned quite pale, her lips quivered, and exclaiming, "How dare you! — and I, too, the wife of a bishop!" she left the room in hysterics.

The professor could make nothing of this. Though he had dissected many dead women, he knew very little of the hearts of live ones. A sense of shyness overpowered him. He felt embarrassed, he could not tell why, at being thus left alone with Virginia. He lit a cigar, and went out. Here was a to-do indeed, he thought. How would progress be possible if one half of humanity misunderstood the other?

He was thus musing, when suddenly a voice startled him; and in another moment a man came rushing up to him, with every demonstration of joy.

"Oh, my dear master! oh, emancipator of the human intellect! and is it indeed you? Thank God! — I beg pardon for my unspeakable blasphemy — I mean, thank circumstances over which I have no control."

It was one of the three curates, whom Paul had supposed drowned, but who now related how he had managed to swim ashore, despite the extreme length of his black clerical coat. "These rags of superstition," he said, "did their best to drown me. But I survive in spite of them, to covet truth and to reject error. Thanks to your glorious teaching," he went on, looking reverentially into the professor's face, "the very notion of an almighty Father makes me laugh consumedly, it is so absurd and so immoral. Science, through your instrumentality, has opened my eyes. I am now an exact thinker."

"Do you believe," said Paul, "in solemn, significant, and unspeakably happy humanity?"

"I do," said the curate fervently. "Whenever I think of humanity, I groan and moan to myself out of sheer solemnity."

"Then two-thirds of humanity," said the professor, "are thoroughly enlightened. Progress will now go on smoothly."

At this moment Virginia came out, having rapidly recovered composure at the sound of a new man's voice.

"You here — you too!" exclaimed the curate. "How solemn, how significant! This is truly providential — I mean this has truly happened through conformity to the laws of matter."

"Well," said Virginia, "since we have a clergyman amongst us, we shall perhaps be able to get on."

VII.

THINGS now took a better turn. The professor ceased to feel shy; and proposed, when the curate had finished an enormous breakfast, that they should go down to the cutter and bring up the things in it to the cottage. "A few hours' steady progress," he said, "and the human race will command all the luxuries of civilization — the glorious fruits of centuries of onward labor."

The three spent a very busy morning in examining and unpacking the luggage. The professor found his favorite collection of modern philosophers; Virginia found a large box of knickknacks, with which to adorn the cottage; and there was, too, an immense store of wine and of choice provisions.

"It is rather sad," sighed Virginia, as she dived into a box of French chocolate creams, "to think that all the poor people are drowned that these things belonged to."

"They are not dead," said the professor: "they still live on this holy and stupendous earth. They live in the use we are making of all they had got together. The owner of those chocolate creams is immortal because you are eating them."

Virginia licked her lips, and said, "Nonsense!"

"It is not nonsense," said the professor. "It is the religion of humanity."

All day they were busy, and the time passed pleasantly enough. Wines, provisions, books, and china ornaments were carried up to the cottage and bestowed in proper places. Virginia filled the glasses in the drawing-room with gorgeous leaves and flowers; and declared by the evening, as she looked round her, that she could almost fancy herself in St. John's Wood.

"See," said the professor, "how rapid is the progress of material civilization!

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Humanity is now entering on the fruits of ages. Before long it will be in a position to be unspeakably happy."

Virginia retired to bed early. The professor took the curate out with him to look at the stars; and promised to lend him some writings of the modern philosophers, which would make him more perfect in the new view of things. They said good-night, murmuring together that there was certainly no God, that humanity was very important, and that everything was very solemn.

VIII.

NEXT morning the curate began studying a number of essays that the professor lent him, all written by exact thinkers, who disbelieved in God, and thought humanity adorable and most important. Virginia lay on the sofa, and sighed over one of Miss Broughton's novels; and it occurred to the professor that the island was just the place where, if anywhere, the missing link might be found.

"Ah!" he exclaimed; "all is still progress. Material progress came to an end yesterday. Mental progress has begun to-day. One third of humanity is cultivating sentiment; another third is learning to covet truth. I, the remaining and most enlightened third, will go and seek it. Glorious, solemn humanity! I will go and look about for its arboreal ancestor."

Every step the professor took he found the island more beautiful. But he came back to luncheon, having been unsuccessful in his search. Events had marched quickly in his absence. Virginia was at the beginning of her third volume; and the curate had skimmed over so many essays, that he professed himself able to give a thorough account of the want of faith that was in him.

After luncheon the three sat together in easy-chairs, in the verandah, sometimes talking, sometimes falling into a half-doze. They all agreed that they were wonderfully comfortable, and the professor said, —

"All humanity is now at rest, and in utter peace. It is just taking breath, before it becomes unspeakably and significantly happy."

He would have said more, but he was here startled by a piteous noise of crying, and the three found themselves confronted by an old woman, dripping with sea-water, and with an expression on her face of the utmost misery. They soon recognized her as one of the passengers on the ship. She told them how she had been floated ashore on a spar, and how she had been sustained by a little roast pig, that kindly begged her to eat it, having first lain in her bosom to restore her to warmth. She was now looking for her son.

"And if I cannot find him," said the old woman, "I shall never smile again. He has half broken my heart," she went on, "by his wicked ways. But if I thought he was dead — dead in the midst of his sins — it would be broken altogether; for in that case he must certainly be in hell."

"Old woman," said the professor, very slowly and solemnly, "be comforted. I announce to you that your son is alive."

"Oh, bless you, sir, for that word!" cried the old woman. "But where is he? Have you seen him? Are you sure that he is living?"

"I am sure of it," said the professor, "because enlightened thought shows me that he cannot be anything else. It is true that I saw him sink for a third time in the sea, and that he was then snapped up by a shark. But he is as much alive as ever in his posthumous activities. He has made you wretched after him; and that is his future life. Become an exact thinker, and you will see that this is so. Old woman," added the professor solemnly, "you are your son in hell."

At this the old woman flew into a terrible rage.

"In hell, sir!" she exclaimed; "me in hell! — a poor, lone woman like me! How dare you!" And she sank back in a chair and fainted.

"Alas!" said the professor, "thus is misery again introduced into the world. A fourth part of humanity is now miserable."

The curate answered promptly that if no restoratives were given her, she would probably die in a few minutes. "And to let her die," he said, "is clearly our solemn duty. It will be for the greatest happiness of the greatest number."

"No," said the professor; "for our sense of pity would then be wounded, and the happiness of all of us would be marred by that."

"Excuse me," said the curate; "but exact thought shows me that pity for others is but the imagining of their misfortune falling on ourselves. Now, we can none of us imagine ourselves exactly in the old woman's case; therefore it is quite impossible that we can pity her."

"But," said the professor, "such an act would violate our ideas of justice."

"You are wrong again," said the curate;

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"for exact thought shows me that the love of justice is nothing but the fear of suffering injustice. If we were to kill strong men, we might naturally fear that strong men would kill us. But whatever we do to fainting old women, we cannot expect that fainting old women will do anything to us in return."

"Your reasoning cannot be sound," said the professor; "for it would lead to the most horrible conclusions. I will solve the difficulty better. I will make the old woman happy, and therefore fit to live. Old woman," he exclaimed, "you are yourself by your own unhappiness expiating your son's sins. Do but think of that, and you will become unspeakably happy."

Meanwhile, however, the old woman had died. When the professor discovered this he was somewhat shocked; but at length with a sudden change of countenance, "We neither of us did it," he exclaimed; "her death is no act of ours. It is part of the eternal not-ourselves that makes for righteousness — righteousness, which is, as we all know, but another name for happiness. Let us adore the event with reverence."

"Yes," said the curate, "we are well rid of her. She was an immoral old woman; for happiness is the test of morality, and she was very unhappy."

"On the contrary," said the professor, "she was a moral old woman; for she has made us happy by dying so very opportunely. Let us speak well of the dead. Her death has been a holy and a blessed one. She has conformed to the laws of matter. Thus is unhappiness destined to fade out of the world. Quick! let us tie a bag of shot to all the sorrow and evil of humanity, which, after all, is only a fourth part of it; and let us sink her in the bay close at hand, that she may catch lobsters for us."

IX.

"At last," said the professor, as they began dinner that evening, "the fulness of time has come. All the evils of humanity are removed, and progress has come to an end because it can go no further. We have nothing now to do, but to be unspeakably and significantly happy."

The champagne flowed freely. Our friends ate and drank of the best, their spirits rose; and Virginia admitted that this was really "jolly." The sense of the word pleased the professor, but its sound seemed below the gravity of the occasion; so he begged her to say "sublime" instead. "We can make it mean," he said, "just the same, but we prefer it for the sake of its associations."

It soon, however, occurred to him that eating and drinking were hardly delights sufficient to justify the highest state of human emotion; and he began to fear he had been feeling sublime prematurely; but in another moment he recollected he was an altruist, and that the secret of their happiness was not that any one of them was happy, but that they each knew the others were.

"Yes, my dear curate," said the professor, "what I am enjoying is the champagne that you drink, and what you are enjoying is the champagne that I drink. This is altruism; this is benevolence; this is the sublime outcome of enlightened modern thought. The pleasures of the table, in themselves, are low and beastly ones; but if we each of us are only glad because the others are enjoying them, they become holy and glorious beyond description."

"They do," cried the curate rapturously, "indeed they do! I will drink another bottle for your sake. It is sublime!" he said, as he tossed off three glasses. "It is significant!" he said, as he finished three more. "Tell me, my dear, do I look significant?" he added, as he turned to Virginia, and suddenly tried to crown the general bliss by kissing her.

Virginia started back, looking fire and fury at him. The professor was completely astounded by an occurrence so unnatural, and exclaimed in a voice of thunder, "Morality, sir, — remember morality! How dare you upset that which Professor Huxley tells us must be forever strong enough to hold its own?"

But the last glass of champagne had put the curate beyond the reach of exact thought. He tumbled under the table, and the professor carried him off to bed.

X.

The professor, like most serious thinkers, knew but little of that trifle commonly called "the world." He had never kissed any one except his wife; even that he did as seldom as possible; and the curate lying dead drunk was the first glimpse he had of what, *par excellence*, is called "life." But though the scene just described was thus a terrible shock to him, in one way it gave him an unlooked-for comfort. He felt that even yet things were not quite as sublime as they should be. He now saw the reason. "Of course," he said, "existence cannot be perfect, so long as one-third of humanity

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makes a beast of itself. A little more progress is still necessary."

He hastened to explain this next morning to Virginia, and begged her not to be alarmed at the curate's scandalous conduct. "Immorality," he said, "is but a want of success in attaining our own happiness. It is evidently most immoral for the curate to be kissing you; and therefore kissing you would not really conduce to his happiness. I will convince him of this solemn truth in a very few moments. Then the essential dignity of human nature will become at once apparent, and we shall all of us at last begin to be unspeakably happy."

The curate, however, altogether declined to be convinced. He maintained stoutly that to kiss Virginia would be the greatest pleasure that humanity could offer him. "And if it is immoral as well as pleasant," he added, "I should like it all the better."

At this the professor gave a terrible groan; he dropped almost fainting into a chair; he hid his face in his hands; and murmured half-articulately, "Then I can't tell what to do!" In another instant, however, he recovered himself; he fixed a dreadful look on the curate, and said, "That last statement of yours cannot be true; for if it were, it would upset all my theories. It is a fact that can be proved and verified, that if you kissed Virginia it would make you miserable."

"Pardon me," said the curate, rapidly moving towards her, "your notion is a remnant of superstition; I will explode it by a practical experiment."

The professor caught hold of the curate's coat-tails, and forcibly pulled him back into his seat.

"If you dare attempt it," he said, "I will kick you soundly, and, shocking, immoral man! you will feel miserable enough then."

The curate was a terrible coward, and very weak as well. "You are a great hulking fellow," he said, eyeing the professor; "and I am of a singularly delicate build. I must, therefore, conform to the laws of matter, and give in." He said this in a very sulky voice; and, going out of the room, slammed the door after him.

A radiant expression suffused the face of the professor. "See," he said to Virginia, "the curate's conversion is already half accomplished. In a few hours more he will be rational, he will be moral, he will be solemnly and significantly happy."

The professor talked like this to Virginia the whole morning; but in spite of all his arguments she declined to be comforted. "It is all very well," she said, "whilst you are in the way. But as soon as your back is turned, I know he will be at me again."

"Will you never," said Paul, by this time a little irritated, "will you never listen to exact thought? The curate is now reflecting; and a little reflection must inevitably convince him that he does not really care to kiss you, and that it would give him very little real pleasure to do so."

"Stuff!" exclaimed Virginia, with a sudden vigor at which the professor was thunderstruck. "I can tell you," she went on, "that better men than he have borne kicks for my sake; and to kiss me is the only thing that that little man cares about. What *shall* I do!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears. "Here is one of you insulting me by trying to kiss me; and the other insulting me by saying that I am not worth being kissed!"

"Ah me!" groaned the poor professor in an agony, "here is one-third of humanity plunged in sorrow; and another third has not yet freed itself from vice. When, when will sublimity begin?"

XI.

At dinner, however, things wore a more promising aspect. The curate had been so terrified by the professor's threats, that he hardly dared to so much as look at Virginia; and to make up for it, he drank an unusual quantity of champagne, which soon set him laughing and chattering at a rate that was quite extraordinary. Virginia, seeing herself thus neglected by the curate, began to fear that, as Paul said, he really did not so much care to kiss her after all. She, therefore, put on all her most enticing ways; she talked, flirted, and smiled her best, and made her most effective eyes, that the curate might see what a prize was forever beyond his reach.

Paul thought the state of affairs full of glorious promise. Virginia's tears were dried, she had never looked so radiant and exquisite before. The curate had foregone every attempt to kiss Virginia, and yet he seemed happiness itself. The professor took the latter aside, as soon as the meal was over, to congratulate him on the holy state to which exact thought had conducted him. "You see," he said, "what a natural growth the loftiest morality is. Virginia doesn't want to be kissed by you. I should be shocked at your doing so shocking a thing as kissing her. If you kissed her, you would make both of us miserable; and, as a necessary conse-

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quence, you would be in an agony likewise; in addition to which, I should inevitably kick you."

"But," said the curate, "suppose I kissed Virginia on the sly, — I merely put this as an hypothesis, remember, — and that in a little while she liked it, what then? She and I would both be happy; and you ought to be happy too, because we were."

"Idiot!" said the professor. "Virginia is another man's wife. Nobody really likes kissing another man's wife; nor do wives ever like kissing any one except their husbands. What they really like is what Professor Huxley calls 'the undefined but bright ideal of the highest good,' which, as he says, exact thought shows us is the true end of existence. But, pooh! what is the use of all this talking? You know which way your higher nature calls you; and, of course, unless men believe in God, they cannot help obeying their higher nature."

"I," said the curate, "think the belief in God a degrading superstition; I think every one an imbecile who believes a miracle possible. And yet I do not care two straws about the highest good. What you call my lower nature is far the strongest; I mean to follow it to the best of my ability; and I prefer calling it my higher, for the sake of the associations."

This plunged the professor in deeper grief than ever. He knew not what to do. He paced up and down the verandah, or about the rooms, and moaned and groaned as if he had a violent toothache. Virginia and the curate asked what was amiss with him. "I am agonizing," he said, "for the sake of holy, solemn, unspeakably dignified humanity."

The curate, seeing the professor thus dejected, by degrees took heart again; and as Virginia still continued her fascinating behavior to him, he resolved to try and prove to her that, the test of morality being happiness, the most moral thing she could do would be to allow him to kiss her. No sooner had he begun to propound these views, than the professor gave over his groaning, seized the curate by the collar, and dragged him out of the room with a roughness that nearly throttled him.

"I was but propounding a theory — an opinion," gasped the curate. "Surely thought is free. You will not persecute me for my opinions?"

"It is not for your opinions," said the professor, "but for the horrible effect they might have. We can only tolerate opinions that have no possible consequence. You may promulgate any of those as much as you like; because to do that would be a self-regarding action."

XII.

"Well," said the curate, "if I may not kiss Virginia, I will drink brandy instead. That will make me happy enough; and then we shall all be radiant."

He soon put his resolve into practice. He got a bottle of brandy, he sat himself down under a palm-tree, and told the professor he was going to make an afternoon of it.

"Foolish man!" said the professor; "I was never drunk myself, it is true; but I know that to get drunk makes one's head ache horribly. To get drunk is, therefore, horribly immoral; and therefore I cannot permit it."

"Excuse me," said the curate; "it is a self-regarding action. Nobody's head will ache but mine; so that is my own lookout. I have been expelled from school, from college, and from my first curacy for drinking. So I know well enough the balance of pains and pleasures."

Here he pulled out his brandy-bottle, and applied his lips to it.

"Oh, humanity!" he exclaimed, "how solemn this brandy tastes!"

Matters went on like this for several days. The curate was too much frightened to again approach Virginia. Virginia at last became convinced that he did not care about kissing her. Her vanity was wounded, and she became sullen; and this made the professor sullen also. In fact, two-thirds of humanity were overcast with gloom. The only happy section of it was the curate, who alternately smoked and drank all day long.

"The nasty little beast!" said Virginia to the professor; "he is nearly always drunk. I am beginning quite to like you, Paul, by comparison with him. Let us turn him out, and not let him live in the cottage."

"No," said the professor; "for he is one-third of humanity. You do not properly appreciate the solidarity of mankind. His existence, however, I admit is a great difficulty."

One day at dinner, however, Paul came in radiant.

"Oh holy, oh happy event!" he exclaimed; "all will go right at last."

Virginia inquired anxiously what had happened, and Paul informed her that the curate, who had got more drunk than usual that afternoon, had fallen over a cliff, and been dashed to pieces.

"What event," he asked, "could be

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more charming — more unspeakably holy? It bears about it every mark of sanctity. It is for the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Come," he continued, "let us begin our love-feast. Let us each seek the happiness of the other. Let us instantly be sublime and happy."

XIII.

"Let us prepare ourselves," said Paul solemnly, as they sat down to dinner, "for realizing to the full the essential dignity of humanity — that *grand être*, which has come, in the course of progress, to consist of you and me. Every condition of happiness that modern thinkers have dreamed of is now fulfilled. We have but to seek each the happiness of the other, and we shall both be in a solemn, a significant, and unspeakable state of rapture. See, here is an exquisite leg of mutton. I," said Paul, who like the fat best, "will give up all the fat to you."

"And I," said Virginia resignedly, "will give up all the lean to you."

A few mouthfuls made Virginia feel sick. "I confess," said she, "I can't get on with this fat."

"I confess," the professor answered, "I don't exactly like this lean."

"Then let us," said Virginia, "be like Jack Sprat and his wife."

"No," said the professor meditatively, "that is quite inadmissible. For in that case we should be egoistic hedonists. However, for to-day it shall be as you say. I will think of something better to-morrow."

Next day he and Virginia had a chicken apiece; only Virginia's was put before Paul, and Paul's before Virginia; and they each walked round the table to supply each other with the slightest necessaries.

"Ah!" cried Paul, "this is altruism indeed. I think already I can feel the sublimity beginning."

Virginia liked this rather better. But soon she committed the sin of taking for herself the liver of Paul's chicken. As soon as she had eaten the whole of it, her conscience began to smite her. She confessed her sin to Paul, and inquired, with some anxiety, if he thought she would go to hell for it. "Metaphorically," said Paul, "you have already done so. You are punished by the loss of the pleasure you would have had in giving that liver to me, and also by your knowledge of my knowledge of your folly in foregoing the pleasure."

Virginia was much relieved by this answer; she at once took several more of the professor's choicest bits, and was happy in the thought that her sins were expiated in the very act of their commission, by the latent pain she felt persuaded they were attended by. Feeling that this was sufficient, she took care not to add Paul's disapproval to her punishment, so she never told him again.

For a short time this practise of altruism seemed to Virginia to have many advantages. But though the professor was always exclaiming, "How significant is human life by the very nature of its constitution!" she very soon found it a trifle dull. Luckily, however, she hit upon a new method of exercising morality, and, as the professor fully admitted, of giving it a yet more solemn significance.

The professor having by some accident lost his razors, his moustaches had begun to grow profusely; and Virginia had watched them with a deep, but half-conscious admiration. At last, in a happy moment, she exclaimed, "Oh, Paul! do let me wax the ends for you." Paul at first giggled, blushed, and protested, but as Virginia assured him it would make her happy, he consented. "Then," she said, "you will know that I am happy, and that in return will make you happy also. Ah!" she exclaimed when the operation was over, "do go and examine yourself in the glass. I declare you look exactly like Jack Barley — Barley Sugar, as we used to call him — of the Blues."

Virginia smiled; suddenly she blushed; the professor blushed also. To cover the blushes she begged to be allowed to do his hair. "It will make me so much happier, Paul," she said. The professor again assented, that he might make Virginia happy, and that she might be happy in knowing that he was happy in promoting her happiness. At last the professor, shy and awkward as he was, was emboldened to offer to do Virginia's hair in return. She allowed him to arrange her fringe, and as she found he did no great harm to it, she let him repeat the operation as often as he liked.

A week thus passed, full, as the professor said, of infinite solemnity. "I admit, Paul," sighed Virginia, "that this altruism, as you call it, is very touching. I like it very much. But," she added, sinking her voice to a whisper, "are you quite sure, Paul, that it is perfectly moral?"

"Moral!" echoed the professor, "moral! Why exact thought shows us that it is the very essence of all morality!"

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XIV.

MATTERS now went on charmingly. All existence seemed to take a richer coloring, and there was something, Paul said, which, in Professor Tyndall's words, "gave fulness and tone to it, but which he could neither analyze nor comprehend." But at last a change came. One morning, whilst Virginia was arranging Paul's moustaches, she was frightened almost into a fit by a sudden apparition at the window. It was a hideous, hairy figure, perfectly naked but for a band of silver which it wore round its neck. For a moment it did nothing but grin and stare; then it flung into Virginia's lap a filthy piece of carrion, and in an instant it had bounded away with an almost miraculous activity.

Virginia screamed with disgust and terror, and clung to Paul's knees for protection. He seemed unmoved and preoccupied. All at once, to her intense surprise, she saw his face light up with an expression of triumphant eagerness. "The missing link!" he exclaimed, "the missing link at last! Thank God! — I beg pardon for my unspeakable blasphemy — I mean, thank circumstances over which I have no control. I must this instant go out and hunt for it. Give me some provisions in a knapsack, for I will not come back till I have caught it."

This was a fearful blow to Virginia. She fell at Paul's feet weeping, and besought him in piteous accents that he would not thus abandon her.

"I must," said the professor solemnly; "for I am going in pursuit of truth. To arrive at truth is man's perfect and most rapturous happiness. You must surely know that, even if I have forgotten to tell it to you. To pursue truth — holy truth for holy truth's sake — is a more solemn pleasure than even frizzling your hair."

"Oh," cried Virginia hysterically, "I don't care two straws for truth. What on earth is the good of it?"

"It is its own end," said the professor. "It is its own exceeding great reward. I must be off at once in search of it. Good-bye for the present. Seek truth on your own account, and be unspeakably happy also, because you know that I am seeking it."

The professor remained away for three days. For the first two of them Virginia was inconsolable. She wandered about mournfully with her head dejected. She very often sighed; she very often uttered the name of Paul. At last she surprised herself by exclaiming aloud to the irresponsive solitude, "Oh, Paul, until you were gone, I never knew how passionately I loved you!" No sooner were these words out of her mouth than she stood still, horror-stricken. "Alas!" she cried, "and have I really come to this! I am in a state of deadly sin, and there is no priest here to confess to! I must conquer my forbidden love as best I may. But, ah me, what a guilty thing I am!"

As she uttered these words, her eyes fell on a tin box of the professor's, marked "Private," which he always kept carefully locked, and which had before now excited her curiosity. Suddenly she became conscious of a new impulse. "I will pursue truth!" she exclaimed. "I will break that box open, and I will see what is inside it. Ah!" she added, as with the aid of the poker she at last wrenched off the padlock, "Paul may be right after all. There is more interest in the pursuit of truth than I thought there was."

The box was full of papers, letters, and diaries, the greater part of which were marked "Strictly private." Seeing this, Virginia's appetite for truth became keener than ever. She instantly began her researches. The more she read, the more eager she became; and the more private appeared the nature of the documents, the more insatiable did her thirst for truth grow. To her extreme surprise, she gathered that the professor had begun life as a clergyman. There were several photographs of him in his surplice; and a number of devout prayers, apparently composed by himself for his own personal use. This discovery was the result of her labors.

"Certainly," she said, "it is one of extreme significance. If Paul was a priest once, he must be a priest now. Orders are indelible — at least in the Church of England I know they are."

XV.

PAUL came back, to Virginia's extreme relief, without the missing link. But he was still radiant in spite of his failure; for he had discovered, he said, a place where the creature had apparently slept, and he had collected in a card-paper box a large number of its parasites.

"I am glad," said Virginia, "that you have not found the missing link; though as to thinking that we really came from monkeys, of course that is too absurd. Now if you could have brought me a nice monkey, I should really have liked that. The bishop has promised that I shall have a darling one, if I ever reach him — ah me!

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if —— Paul," continued Virginia, in a very solemn voice, after a long pause, "do you know that whilst you have been away I have been pursuing truth? I rather liked it; and I found it very, very significant."

"Oh, joy!" exclaimed the professor. "Oh, unspeakable radiance! Oh holy, oh esentially dignified humanity! it will very soon be perfect! Tell me, Virginia, what truths have you been discovering?"

"One truth about you, Paul," said Virginia very gravely, "and one truth about me. I burn — oh, I burn to tell them to you!"

The professor was enraptured to hear that one-half of humanity had been studying human nature; and he began asking Virginia if her discoveries belonged to the domain of historical or biological science. Meanwhile Virginia had flung herself on her knees before him, and was exclaiming in piteous accents,—

"By my fault, by my own fault, by my very grievous fault, holy father, I confess to you ——"

"Is the woman mad?" cried the professor, starting up from his seat.

"You are a priest, Paul," said Virginia; "that is one of the things I have discovered. I am in a state of deadly sin; that is the other; and I must and will confess to you. Once a priest, always a priest. You cannot get rid of your orders, and you must and shall hear me."

"I was once in orders, it is true," said Paul reluctantly; "but how did you find out my miserable secret?"

"In my zeal for truth," said Virginia, "I broke open your tin box; I read all your letters; I looked at your early photographs; I saw all your beautiful prayers."

"You broke open my box!" cried the professor. "You read my letters and my private papers! Oh, horrible! oh, immoral! What shall we do if half humanity has no feeling of honor?"

"Oh," said Virginia, "it was all for the love of truth — of solemn and holy truth. I sacrificed every other feeling for that. But I have not told you my truth yet; and I am determined you shall hear it, or I must still remain in my sins. Paul, I am a married woman; and I discover, in spite of that, that I have fallen in love with you. My husband, it is true, is far away; and, whatever we do, he could never possibly be the wiser. But I am in a state of mortal sin, nevertheless; and I would give anything in the world if you would only kiss me."

"Woman!" exclaimed Paul, aghast with fright and horror, "do you dare to abuse truth, by turning it to such base purposes?"

"Oh, you are so clever," Virginia went on, "and when the ends of your moustaches are waxed, you look positively handsome; and I love you so deeply and so tenderly, that I shall certainly go to hell if you do not give me absolution."

At this the professor jumped up, and, staring very hard at Virginia, asked her if, after all that he had said on the ship, she really believed in such exploded fallacies as hell, God, and priestcraft.

She reminded him that he had preached there without a surplice, and that she had therefore not thought it right to listen to a word he said.

"Ah," cried the professor, with a sigh of intense relief, "I see it all now. How can humanity ever be unspeakably holy so long as one-half of it grovels in dreams of an unspeakably holy God? As Mr. Frederic Harrison truly says, a want of faith in 'the essential dignity of man is one of the surest marks of the enervating influence of this dream of a celestial glory.'" The professor accordingly redelivered to Virginia the entire substance of his lectures in the ship. He fully impressed on her that all the intellect of the world was on the side of humanity; and that God's existence could be disproved with a box of chemicals. He was agreeably surprised at finding her not at all unwilling to be convinced, and extremely unexacting in her demands for proof. In a few days, she had not a remnant of superstition left. "At last!" exclaimed the professor; "it has come at last! Unspeakable happiness will surely begin now."

XVI.

No one now could possibly be more emancipated than Virginia. She tittered all day long, and whenever the professor asked her why, she always told him she was thinking of "an intelligent First Cause," a conception which she said "was really quite killing." But when her first burst of intellectual excitement was over, she became more serious. "All thought, Paul," she said, "is valuable mainly because it leads to action. Come, my love, my dove, my beauty, and let us kiss each other all day long. Let us enjoy the charming license which exact thought shows us we shall never be punished for."

This was a result of freedom that the professor had never bargained for. He could not understand it; "because," he argued, "if people were to reason in that

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way, morality would at once cease to be possible." But he had seen so much of the world lately, that he soon recovered himself; and, recollecting that immorality was only ignorance, he began to show Virginia where her error lay — her one remaining error. "I perceive," he said, "that you are ignorant of one of the greatest triumphs of exact thought — the distinction it has established between the lower and the higher pleasures. Philosophers, who have thought the whole thing over in their studies, have become sure that as soon as the latter are presented to men they will at once leave all and follow them."

"They must be very nice pleasures," said Virginia, "if they would make me leave kissing you for the sake of them."

"They *are* nice," said the professor. "They are the pleasures of the imagination, the intellect, and the glorious apprehension of truth. Compared with these, kissing me would be quite insipid. Remain here for a moment, whilst I go to fetch something; and you shall then begin to taste them."

In a few moments Paul came back again, and found Virginia in a state of intense expectancy.

"Now" — he exclaimed triumphantly.

"Now" — exclaimed Virginia, with a beating heart.

The professor put his hand in his pocket, and drew slowly forth from it an an object which Virginia knew well. It reminded her of the most innocent period of her life; but she hated the very sight of it none the less. It was a "Colenso's Arithmetic."

"Come," said the professor, "no truths are so pure and necessary as those of mathematics; you shall at once begin the glorious apprehension of them."

"Oh, Paul," cried Virginia, in an agony, "but I really don't care for truth at all; and you know that when I broke your tin box open and read your private letters in my search for it, you were very angry with me."

"Ah," said Paul, holding up his finger, "but those were not necessary truths. Truths about human action and character are not necessary truths; therefore men of science care nothing about them, and they have no place in scientific systems of ethics. Pure truths are of a very different character; and however much you may misunderstand your own inclinations, you can really care for nothing so much as doing a few sums. I will set you some very easy ones to begin with; and you shall do them by yourself, whilst I magnify in the next room the parasites of the missing link."

Virginia saw that there was no help for it. She did her sums by herself the whole morning, which, as at school she had been very good at arithmetic, was not a hard task for her; and Paul magnified parasites in the next room, and prepared slides for his microscope.

When they met again, Paul began skipping and dancing, as if he had gone quite out of his senses; and every now and then between the skips, he gave a sepulchral groan. Virginia asked him, in astonishment, what on earth was the matter with him.

"Matter!" he exclaimed. "Why, humanity is at last perfect! All the evils of existence are removed; we neither of us believe in a God or a celestial future; and we are both in full enjoyment of the higher pleasures, and the apprehension of scientific truth. And therefore I skip because humanity is so unspeakably happy; and I groan because it is so unspeakably solemn."

"Alas, alas!" cried Virginia, "and would not you like to kiss me?"

"No," said the professor sternly; "and you would not like me to kiss you. It is impossible that one-half of humanity should prefer the pleasure of unlawful love to the pleasure of finding out scientific truths."

"But," pleaded Virginia, "cannot we enjoy both?"

"No," said the professor; "for if I began to kiss you, I should soon not care two straws about the parasites of the missing link."

"Well," said Virginia, "it is nice of you to say that; but still — ah me!"

XVII.

VIRGINIA was preparing, with a rueful face, to resume her enjoyment of the higher pleasures, when a horrible smell, like that of an open drain, was suddenly blown in through the window.

"Oh, rapture!" cried the professor, as Virginia was stopping her nose with her handkerchief, "I smell the missing link." And in another instant he was gone.

"Well," said Virginia, "here is one comfort. Whilst Paul is away I shall be relieved from the higher pleasures. Alas!" she cried, as she flung herself down on the sofa, "he is so nice-looking, and such an enlightened thinker. But it is plain he has never loved, or else very certainly he would love again.

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Paul returned in about a couple of hours, again unsuccessful in his search.

"Ah," cried Virginia, "I am so glad you have not caught the creature!"

"Glad!" echoed the professor, "glad! Do you know that till I have caught the missing link the cause of glorious truth will suffer grievously? The missing link is the token of the solemn fact of our origin from inorganic matter. I did catch one blessed glimpse of him. He had certainly a silver band about his neck. He was about three feet high. He was rolling in a lump of carrion. It is through him that we are related to the stars — the holy, the glorious stars, about which we know so little."

"Bother the stars!" said Virginia; "I couldn't bear, Paul, that anything should, come between you and me. I have been thinking of you and longing for you the whole time you have been away."

"What!" cried Paul, "and how have you been able to forego the pleasures of the intellect?"

"I have deserted them," cried Virginia, "for the pleasures of the imagination, which I gathered from you were also very ennobling. And I found they were so; for I have been imagining that you loved me. Why is the reality less ennobling than the imagination? Paul, you shall love me; I will force you to love me. It will make us both so happy; we shall never go to hell for it; and it cannot possibly cause the slightest scandal."

The professor was more bewildered than ever by these appeals. He wondered how humanity would ever get on if one-half of it cared nothing for pure truth, and persisted in following the vulgar impulses that had been the most distinguishing feature of its benighted past — that is to say, those ages of its existence of which any record has been preserved to us. Luckily, however, Virginia came to his assistance.

"I think I know, Paul," she said, "why I do not care as I should do for the intellectual pleasures. We have been both seeking them by ourselves; and we have been therefore egoistic hedonists. It is quite true, as you say, that selfishness is a despicable thing. Let me," she went on, sitting down beside him, "look through your microscope along with you. I think perhaps, if we shared the pleasure, the missing link's parasites might have some interest for me."

The professor was overjoyed at this proposal. The two sat down side by side, and tried their best to look simultaneously through the eye-piece of the microscope. Virginia in a moment expressed herself much satisfied. It is true they saw nothing; but their cheeks touched. The professor too seemed contented; and said they should both be in a state of rapture when they had got the right focus. At last Virginia whispered, with a soft smile, —

"Suppose we put that nasty microscope aside; it is only in the way. And then, oh, Paul! dear love, dove of a Paul! we can kiss each other to our hearts' content."

Paul thought Virginia quite incorrigible, and rushed headlong out of the room.

XVIII.

"ALAS," cried Paul, "what can be done to convince one-half of humanity that it is really devoted to the higher pleasures and does not care for the lower — at least nothing to speak of?" The poor man was in a state of dreadful perplexity, and felt well-nigh distracted. At last a light broke in on him. He remembered that as one of his most revered masters, Professor Tyndall, had admitted, a great part of humanity would always need a religion, and that Virginia now had none. He at once rushed back to her. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "all is explained now. You cannot be in love with me, for that would be unlawful passion. Unlawful passion is unreasonable, and unreasonable passion would quite upset a system of pure reason, which is what exact thought shows us is soon going to govern the world. No! the emotions that you fancy are directed to me are in reality cosmic emotion — in other words are the reasonable religion of the future. I must now initiate you in its solemn and unspeakably significant worship."

"Religion!" exclaimed Virginia, not knowing whether to laugh or cry. "It is not kind of you to be making fun of me. There is no God, no soul, and no supernatural order, and above all there is no hell. How then can you talk to me about religion?"

"You," replied Paul, "are associating religion with theology, as indeed the world hitherto always has done. But those two things, as Professor Huxley well observes, have absolutely nothing to do with each other. 'It may be,' says that great teacher, 'that the object of a man's religion is an ideal of sensual enjoyment, or ——'"

"Ah," cried Virginia, "that is my religion, Paul."

"Nonsense!" replied Paul; "that cannot be the religion of half humanity, else high, holy, solemn, awful morality would never be able to stand on its own basis. See, the night has fallen, the glorious moon

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has arisen, the stupendous stars are sparkling in the firmament. Come down with me to the seashore, where we may be face to face with nature, and I will show you then what true religion — what true worship is."

The two went out together. They stood on the smooth sands, which glittered white and silvery in the dazzling moonlight. All was hushed. The gentle murmur of the trees, and the soft splash of the sea, seemed only to make the silence audible. The professor paused close beside Virginia, and took her hand. Virginia liked that, and thought that religion without theology was not perhaps so bad after all. Meanwhile Paul had fixed his eyes on the moon. Then in a voice almost broken with emotion, he whispered, "The prayer of the man of science, it has been said, must be for the most part of the silent sort. He who said that was wrong. It need not be silent; it need only be inarticulate. I have discovered an audible and a reasonable liturgy which will give utterance to the full to the religion of exact thought. Let us both join our voices, and let us croon at the moon."

The professor at once began a long, low howling. Virginia joined him, until she was out of breath.

"Oh, Paul," she said at last, "is this more rational than the Lord's prayer?"

"Yes," said the professor, "for we can analyze and comprehend that; but true religious feeling, as Professor Tyndall tells us, we can neither analyze nor comprehend. See how big nature is, and how little — ah, how little! — we know about it. Is it not solemn, and sublime, and awful? Come, let us howl again."

The professor's devotional fervor grew every moment. At last he put his hand to his mouth, and began hooting like an owl, till it seemed that all the island echoed to him. The louder Paul hooted and howled, the more near did he draw to Virginia.

"Ah," he said, as he put his arm about her waist, "it is in solemn moments like this that the solidarity of mankind becomes most apparent."

Virginia, during the last few moments, had stuck her fingers in her ears. She now took them out, and, throwing her arms round Paul's neck, tried, with her cheek on his shoulder, to make another little hoot; but the sound her lips formed was much more like a kiss. The power of religion was at last too much for Paul.

"For the sake of cosmic emotion," he exclaimed, "O other half of humanity, and for the sake of rational religion, I will kiss you."

The professor was bending down his face over her, when, as if by magic, he started, stopped, and remained as one petrified. Amidst the sharp silence, there rang a human shout from the rocks.

"Oh!" shrieked Virginia, falling on her knees, "it is a miracle! it is a miracle! God is angry with us for pretending that we do not believe on him."

The professor was as white as a sheet; but he struggled with his perturbation manfully.

"It is not a miracle," he cried, "but an hallucination. It is an axiom with exact thinkers that all proofs of the miraculous are hallucinations."

"See," shrieked Virginia again, "they are coming, they are coming. Do not you see them?"

Paul looked, and there, sure enough, were two figures, a male and a female, advancing slowly towards them, across the moonlit sand.

"It is nothing," cried Paul; "it cannot possibly be anything. I protest, in the name of science, that it is an optical delusion."

Suddenly the female figure exclaimed, "Thank God, it is he!"

In another moment the male figure exclaimed, "Thank God, it is she!"

"My husband!" gasped Virginia.

"My wife!" replied the bishop (for it was none other than he). "Welcome to Chasuble Island. By the blessing of God it is on your own home you have been wrecked, and you have been living in the very house that I had intended to prepare for you. Providentially, too, Professor Darnley's wife has called here, in her search for her husband, who has overstayed his time. See, my love, my dove, my beauty, here is the monkey I promised you as a pet, which broke loose a few days ago, and which I was in the act of looking for when your joint cries attracted us, and we found you."

A yell of delight here broke from the professor. The eyes of the three others were turned on him, and he was seen embracing wildly a monkey which the bishop led by a chain. "The missing link!" he exclaimed, "the missing link!"

"Nonsense!" cried the sharp tones of a lady with a green gown and grey corkscrew curls. "It is nothing but a monkey that the good bishop has been trying to tame for his wife. Don't you see her name engraved on the collar?"

The shrill accents acted like a charm

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upon Paul. He sprang away from the creature that he had been just caressing. He gazed for a moment on Virginia's lovely form, her exquisite toilette, and her melting eyes. Then he turned wildly to the green gown and the grey corkscrew curls. Sorrow and superstition he felt were again invading humanity. "Alas!" he exclaimed at last, "I do now indeed believe in hell."

"And I," cried Virginia, with much greater tact, and rushing into the arms of her bishop, "once more believe in heaven."

W. H. MALLOCK.

From The Nineteenth Century.

CAN JEWS BE PATRIOTS?

"Der Gedanke ist mächtig genug, ohne Anmassung und Unrecht, über die Anmassung und das Unrecht zu siegen." — ZUNZ.

IN the month of February last appeared an article by Professor Goldwin Smith, entitled "England's Abandonment of the Protectorate of Turkey." With the political portion of that article I do not propose to deal. I am one of those ministers of religion who, rightly or wrongly, think it preferable not to add to the strife of tongues which political questions are apt to evoke. But the writer has thought fit towards the end of his paper to level a most violent diatribe against Jews and Judaism, and to revive charges which, it was imagined, had forever been relegated to the limbo of mediævalism. I feel myself bound, as one professing that ancient religious faith which has been attacked, not to allow those statements to pass unchallenged.

The time was when, on being reproached and reviled, we had no alternative but to muffle our faces in our gaberdines and meekly to hold our peace. Those times, it is to be hoped, have gone forever. We need no longer speak

With bated breath and whispered humbleness.

The interests of truth, the sacred cause of civil and religious freedom, demand that we should repel with indignation charges against our faith and our race — charges which I cannot characterize otherwise than as cruel and gratuitous calumnies.

The gist of the indictment brought against us is that we are no patriots. "They [the Jews] have now been everywhere made voters; to make them patriots while they remain genuine Jews is beyond the legislator's power." I shall anon test the truth of this astounding proposition by the teachings of Judaism and the history of the Jews. But, before doing so, I shall examine the arguments whereby Mr. Goldwin Smith seeks to make his statement good. He says that the monotheism of the Jew, like that of Islam, is unreal. "The Jewish God, though single, is not the Father of all, but the deity of his chosen race." One could almost imagine that he who could pen such words had never taken the Bible in his hand, for the very first pages of Holy Writ contradict the assertion. The Hebrew Scripture brings before us the Lord as Creator of heaven and earth. It tells us that all the families of the earth have one common origin, have sprung from one and the same stock. Not as a mere poetical fancy, but with the sober logic of fact, this venerable document "makes the whole world kin," and teaches, in the genealogical table of nations written in the tenth chapter of Genesis, that the Semite, the Aryan and Turanian, Slav, Kelt, and Teuton are descended from one common ancestor. It is true we read in Exodus (xix. 5), "Now, therefore, if ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people." And from this text it has often been erroneously represented that this selection by the Lord implied a partiality, as though he loved the descendants of Jacob only, whilst the fate of the rest of mankind was a matter of indifference to him. The chosen people! How often has that expression been repeated with ill-disguised contempt, as though the assumption of this term were due to our self-satisfied righteousness, as though it were an outcome of pride and haughtiness, as though it breathed an exclusive spirit which caused us to regard ourselves as the sole objects of divine care and providence! Accordingly Lessing, in his noble plea for universal tolerance, "*Nathan der Weise*," puts these words into the mouth of the Templar, the representative of Christianity: —

Doch kennt Ihr auch das Volk
Das diese Menschenmäkelei zuerst
Getrieben? Wiszt Ihr, Nathan, welches Volk
Zuerst das auserwählte Volk sich nannte?
Wie? wenn ich dieses Volk nun, zwar nicht hasste,
Doch wegen seines Stolzes zu verachten
Mich nicht entbrechen könnte? Seines Stolzes
Den es auf Christ und Muselmann vererbte
Nur sein Gott sei der rechte Gott!

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But surely the words which immediately follow the above Biblical text would suffice to disprove the charge. "For the whole earth is mine." The words spoken by the Lord when he called Abraham, "In thee shall all families of the earth be blessed," * equally proclaim the divine concern in the welfare of the entire human family, and indicate the relation intended to subsist between the chosen race and the rest of the world. And in that same spirit of catholicity does Moses, the representative man of this exclusive race, address his "tribal God" as "the Lord, the God of the spirits of all flesh," † the God alike of Jew and Gentile. All human beings form part of his universal family, all are alike created in his image, all are alike sustained, loved, and redeemed by him, the eternal, merciful Father of the human race." ‡

Nor do the teachings of the prophets disprove the professor's assertion less distinctly. "Adonai," in whose name the inspired seers speak, is not the tutelary Deity of the Israelites, is not the God of one people only, whose territory is bounded by the Lebanon and the Jordan. We hear their glowing admonitions addressed to all the great empires of the East — to Egypt, Assyria, and Babylonia no less than to the kingdom of Judæa. Obadiah and Jonah, indeed, were sent exclusively to preach repentance to pagan Edom and pagan Nineveh. Nor do the interpreters of the divine will announce their messages with cold insensibility. Their hearts overflow with pity while they declare Heaven's stern decree. "My compassion yearneth for Moab as a harp," § Isaiah exclaims. "Raise the lamentation over the king of Tyre, over Pharaoh," are the words of Ezekiel.‖ Nor are these kingdoms any the less objects of divine mercy than is Israel himself. "Blessed be Egypt, my people, and Assyria, the work of mine hands, and Israel, mine inheritance." ¶

Whilst the ancient classical poets taught that the golden age of the world was a thing of the past, the prophets of Israel announce that it must be looked for in future time. And what is the picture they unroll before us? Not Israel, the triumphant, enthroned in majesty on Zion as the conqueror of the earth, but all the nations of the globe beatified by the possession of truth and the acknowledgment of the divine unity. "For then will I turn to the nations a pure language, that they may all call upon the name of the Lord to serve him with one consent." * And Malachi, the last of the prophets acknowledged by Judaism, sums up these teachings in the touching words: "Have we not all one father, hath not one God created us?" † — a quotation heard many a time and oft from Christian as well as Jewish pulpits. How can the learned professor assert, in the face of it, that the Jews regarded God as the Deity of his chosen race, and not as the Father of all?

Mr. Goldwin Smith next states that the morality embodied in the Mosaic law was in its day a nearer approach to humanity than any other known law. But he adds the damaging qualification that both the morality and the law were distinctly "tribal." It "sanctioned a difference of principle between the rule of dealing with a Hebrew and that of dealing with a stranger, which the civilized conscience now condemns." A strange misconception! Amid the great divergence of opinions in the theological world, there is one point on which unanimity prevails — that the decalogue taught on Sinai contains the germs of all the duties which man owes his Creator and his fellow-creatures. The professor may look upon the opinion of a Jewish rabbi as warped by partiality. Will he reject with like disdain the authoritative teaching of the Dean of Westminster?

> The Ten Commandments delivered on Mount Sinai have become embedded in the heart of the religion which has succeeded. . . . They represent to us both in fact and in idea the granite foundation, the immovable mountain, on which the world is built up, without which all theories of religion are but as shifting and fleeting clouds; they give us the two homely fundamental laws, which all subsequent religion has but confirmed and sanctioned — the law of our duty towards God and the law of our duty towards our neighbor.‡

When Israel was about to be redeemed from Egypt, when the first precept was given him, the divine order was issued, 'One law shall be to him that is homeborn and unto the stranger that sojourneth among you." § Again in Leviticus,‖ where

* Gen. xii. 3.
† Numb. xxvii. 16.
‡ Cf. Pirke Aboth, ch. iii., § 14. "*Man*" (not the Israelite) "is the object of divine love, inasmuch as he has been created in the image of the Lord."
§ Isa. xvi. 11.
‖ Ezek. xxviii. 12, xxxii. 2.
¶ Isa. xix. 25.

* Zeph. iii. 9.
† Mal. ii. 10.
‡ Dean Stanley's "Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church," vol. i., p. 150.
§ Exod. xii. 49.
‖ xxiv. 22.

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the penalty of the homicide is declared, the monition is added: "Ye shall have one manner of law as well for the stranger as for one of your own country, for I am the Lord your God." It was first commanded by the *Hebrew* Scriptures, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself: I am the Lord." * There is no justification whatever for interpreting this command as applicable solely to the Israelite. The veriest tyro in the knowledge of Hebrew could prove satisfactorily by many a quotation that the word *reá* is also applied to a non-Israelite.† Again and again we are told not to vex "the stranger," but "the stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself." ‡ In his sublime prayer of dedication, Solomon implores the Lord: "Moreover, concerning a stranger that is not of thy people Israel, but cometh from a far-off country . . . when he shall come and pray toward this house, hear thou in heaven thy dwelling-place, and do according to all that the stranger calleth to thee for." § What grand, all-embracing brotherhood do these words breathe!

I am aware that here and there in the Pentateuch some enactments may be found, which, at the first blush, would seem to bear out the professor's assertion, and with these I shall now very briefly deal. The statement has been made that according to the Mosaic law it was only forbidden to lend the Israelite at a usurious rate, but that no prohibition of this nature existed with respect to the non-Israelite. This opinion is sought to be supported by a verse in Deuteronomy ‖ which is translated in the authorized version, "Unto a stranger thou mayest lend upon usury, but unto thy brother thou shalt not lend upon usury." The error is, that *neshech* is supposed to be synonymous with *usury* in the present acceptation of the term. The word, like *usury* in old English, simply means interest — any compensation whatever paid for the use of money. Accordingly the passage should be rendered: "Unto a stranger thou mayest lend upon interest, but unto thy brother thou shalt not lend upon interest." With respect to the Israelite it was prohibited both to take and to give any interest whatever, for it was clearly the design of the Mosaic legislation to prevent the few growing rich at the expense of the many, and to maintain the simple primitive conditions of self-reliant, self-contained industrial support by agriculture and handicrafts, credit being regarded as an evil and a humiliation to the borrower. "Thou shalt lend to many nations, but shalt not borrow," * is a blessing which sufficiently indicates the advantage of an internal commerce free from internal credit and indebtedness. Had the Israelites been allowed to lend to one another at interest, their lands would have been encumbered, and their energies as agriculturists would have been crippled. This happened in Athens and in Rome, where all the landed property gradually fell into the hands of the rich, and where the poor were so oppressed by the debts they owed the landowners that a social revolution ensued. The like condition of things even now exists in India. But this danger could not arise from lending to the foreigner. It was found necessary since the earliest times of the Hebrew commonwealth to carry on some commerce with neighboring countries, in order to exchange the surplus of their own produce for the commodities of other lands. Solomon sent to Hiram, king of Tyre, to purchase sandalwood and sycamore for the construction of the temple. Thus, also, if an Israelite possessed any capital or produce which he could not utilize in his own country, he had a right to demand from a member of a foreign state some compensation for the use of the money or produce lent to him, and if the foreigner applied that capital to commercial enterprise no Mosaic principle was infringed by charging him interest. This permission, however, only applied to sums borrowed for mercantile purposes. When the Gentile needed the loan of money, not for commerce, but for his subsistence, the Mosaic law made no difference between him and the Hebrew. "And if thy brother be waxen poor, and his hand faileth with thee, then thou shalt relieve him; yea, though he be a *stranger* and *sojourner*; that he may live with thee. Take thou no usury of him or increase; but fear thy God." † Yes, this "tribal" law, which we are told "sanctioned a difference of principle between the rule of dealing with a Hebrew and that of dealing with a stranger," did *not* allow the Jew to make any distinction between the Israelite and the Gentile in the exercise of philanthropy.

* Lev. xix. 18.
† *E.g.* in the passage, "And they shall ask every one of his neighbor" (Exod. xi. 2), where the word *reá* applies to the Egyptians.
‡ Lev. xix. 34.
§ 1 Kings viii. 41–43.
‖ xxiii. 20.

* Deut. xxviii. 12.
† Lev. xxv. 35–36.

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He was bidden to visit the sick among the non-Israelites, to relieve their poor, and to bury their dead, even as those of his own people; for he was bound to walk in the ways of his Lord, "who is good to all, whose tender mercies are over all his works." *

The article proceeds: "At length humanity itself appeared. . . . The less noble part of the Jewish nation, led by national pride and ceremonialism, embodied in the Pharisee, rejected humanity." If Mr. Goldwin Smith desires to condemn us in these words for having refused to acknowledge the divinity of the teacher of Nazareth, we unhesitatingly plead guilty to the charge. We did refuse, and we still refuse, to pay divine adoration to a human being. We have been, and we are still, faithful to the teachings of Sinai: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." † Nor can we bind our heaven-given reason in iron fetters, such as a belief in the mystery of the Trinity would throw around us. But humanity we have never rejected. We are not genuine Jews unless we be humane, merciful, brotherly, tender, and considerate. And does not the professor himself admit: "Benevolent and munificent they [the Jews] often are in the highest degree"?

Next the old prejudice is revived — for prejudices die hard — that during the Middle Ages the Jews were "cruel usurers," "and learned to surpass all races in the art of handling money with profit, and in whatever is akin to that art." Unfortunately for humanity, the times have been when the Hebrew was shut out from every honest and honorable occupation, when money-lending constituted almost his sole means of obtaining a livelihood, and when the impost heaped upon him, together with the unscrupulous conduct of his borrowers, compelled him to exact usurious rates of interest. I will not seek to exculpate the cruel usurers, but simply repeat what was said by a high-minded prelate, Gregory, Bishop of Blois (in his memoir in favor of the Israelites): "O nations! If you recall the past faults of the Jews and their corruptions, let it be to deplore your own work." Similarly, Martin Luther observes in a pamphlet published in 1523: "If we prohibit the Jews from following trades and other civil occupations, we compel them to become usurers."

And how different is the estimate formed by another eminent contemporary historian of this martyr people, in whom Mr. G. Smith can see nothing, at the best, but agents and partners of royal and feudal extortion! Mr. Lecky, whose views were not blinded by party spirit, sees in them almost the only representatives of commercial activity, of learning and progress, during the Middle Ages.

> While those around them were grovelling in the darkness of besotted ignorance; while juggling miracles and lying relics were themes on which almost all Europe was expatiating; while the intellect of Christendom, enthralled by countless persecutions, had sunk into a deadly torpor, in which all love of inquiry and all search for truth were abandoned, the Jews were still pursuing the path of knowledge, amassing learning, and stimulating progress, with the same unflinching constancy that they manifested in their faith. They were the most skilful physicians, the ablest financiers, and among the most profound philosophers. While they were only second to the moderns in the cultivation of natural science, they were also the chief interpreters to western Europe of Arabian learning.*

There now remains the gravest charge of all to be dealt with, that genuine Jews cannot be patriots. "Their only country is their race, which is one with their religion." "*Alles schon dagewesen*," says the rabbi in Gutzkow's "*Uriel Acosta*." It is not the first time that this cruel accusation has been preferred against us. We have heard it before from the lips of Haman, when he said, "There is a certain people scattered abroad and dispersed among the people in all the provinces of thy kingdom; and their laws are diverse from all people; neither keep they the king's laws; therefore it is not for the king's profit to suffer them." †

Granted that eighteen hundred years ago our ancestors dwelt amid the vine-clad hills of Judæa, is that any reason why we should be less solicitous for the glory and interest of the empire we now inhabit? True, we still obey certain religious ordinances commanded by our law; we still practise "an oriental and primeval rite." Can Mr. Goldwin Smith show in what

* Talmud. Gittin, p. 61; and Maimonides, Kings, ch. x., p. 12.

† Exod. xx. 3.

* See Lecky, "Rise and Influence of Rationalism in Europe," vol. ii., p. 281, and the authorities there quoted. Cf. Draper's "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," vol. i., ch. xviii., and vol. ii., ch. iv. A valuable monograph on this subject has recently been published by Prof. Schleiden, entitled "*Die Bedeutung der Juden für Erhaltung und Wiederbelebung der Wissenschaften im Mittelalter*." The writer, neither a Jew nor of Jewish extraction, begins his treatise: "Die Juden sind und bleiben das merkwürdigste Volk, und wenn man sich auf die Symbolik einer Vorsehung einlassen will, darf man sie wohl das 'auserwählte Volk Gottes' nennen."

† Book of Esther iii. 8.

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manner it prevents us from being loyal citizens? With as much right he can assert that they who have substituted adult for infant baptism cannot be patriots. He surely cannot wish to set up the monstrous doctrine, that only they who belong to the Established Church can be imbued with love of their country. He surely cannot desire to push his proposition to its logical conclusion, and to brand Nonconformists and Roman Catholics as deficient, if not altogether lacking, in patriotism.

Or does the professor mean to assert that the sacred books, from which the Jewish religion is derived, fail to inculcate the virtue of patriotism? There are no grounds whatever for such a supposition. There was a time when Israel was carried away captive into Babylon, with its king, its priests and its prophets, its officers and artisans. Then there were some among the people — Jeremiah calls them dreamers and diviners — who were anxious to prevent the people from becoming too deeply attached to the country of their adoption, as they were not to abide there for more than seventy years. But the prophet sent them the missive, "Serve the king of Babylon, and live." * "Build ye houses, and dwell in them; and plant gardens, and eat the fruit of them. And seek the welfare of the city whither I have caused you to be carried away captives, and pray unto the Lord for it; for in the peace thereof shall ye have peace." † And the counsel here given has ever since regulated our course of action. From the time of the second temple, where, as we are told by Philo and Josephus,‡ sacrifices were offered twice every day for Cæsar and for the Roman people, to this day, prayers ascend from every synagogue throughout the globe for the prosperity of the country in which the Jew may dwell, and for the welfare of his sovereign.

And we have proved by our actions that our prayers were not mere vain lip-service. Whenever and wherever the members of this "exclusive race" were permitted to occupy responsible posts in the administration of their country, they devoted their energies loyally and zealously to discharge their functions for the welfare of the State and the ruler they served. We see them faithful to the traditions of their race; we see them treading in the footsteps of Joseph, who was called the "Saviour of the World" by the grateful Egyptian people. We see them following the example of Daniel and his colleagues, of Mordecai, Ezra, and Nehemiah, who served non-Jewish kings with willing allegiance. We read in history that some of the most faithful diplomatic envoys of Charlemagne were Jews.* Many of those men who by their writings have shed lustre on Hebrew literature were wise statesmen, ministers for foreign affairs and ministers of finance, who brought prosperity and renown to the countries they served. Rabbi Chisdai ibn Shaprut was the trusted counsellor of the khalif Abdul-Rahman the Third. For nearly thirty years did Samuel ibn Nagrela conduct the diplomatic and military affairs of the kingdom of Granada. His biographer says of him that with equal devotion he served the State, science, his religion and his race — separate interests, each of which had its own claims upon him.† In addition to these could be named Don Isaac Abravanel, Don Joseph, Prince of Naxos, and a long list of illustrious statesmen. It could further be easily shown that devoted loyalty was evinced not merely by a few exceptional men who, it might be argued, rose superior to the prejudices of their race, but by the bulk of a Jewish population.

In the declaration to the Commonwealth of England by Manasseh Ben Israel, recently published in the "Miscellany of Hebrew Literature," many an historical illustration is given of the steadfast faithfulness of the Jewish people as subjects. One example may suffice: —

> In Spain, the Jews of Burgos, as the chronicles do declare, most generously showed the same fidelity in the time of Don Henry, who, having killed his brother the king, Don Pedro, made himself lord of all his kingdoms, and brought under his obedience all the grandees and people of Spain. Only the Jews of Burgos denied to obey him, and fortified themselves within the city, saying, that God would never have it that they should deny obedience to their natural lord, Don Pedro, or to his rightful successors — a constancy that the prudent king, Don Henry, very much esteemed of, saying, that such vassals as those were, by kings and great men, worthy of much account, seeing they held greater respect to the fidelity they owed to their king, although conquered and dead, than to the present fortune of the conqueror. And a while after, receiving very honorable conditions, they gave themselves over.‡

* Jer. xxvii. 17.
† Jer. xxix. 5, 7.
‡ Wars of the Jews, Book II., chap. x., § 4.

* The authorities for these and the following facts are given in Grätz's "*Geschichte der Juden*."
† See "Miscellany of Hebrew Literature," 1st issue, "The Minister Rabbi Samuel ibn Nagrela," by Dr. Grätz.
‡ The truth of this fact is attested by a contemporary chronicler, Ayala, in his *Cronica* for the year 1367, ch. 34, 35.

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It is but rarely that Jews have been permitted the opportunity of fighting for their country, but whenever they have been allowed to enter the lists, they have proved that the yellow badge of degradation and contumely had not altogether quenched the soul of manhood within them, that they were not unworthy descendants of the Maccabean heroes who cast off the yoke of the Syrian king. An imperial Austrian standard is to this day suspended in the *Alt neu Schule* at Prague, one of the oldest synagogues in Europe — a standard presented to the inhabitants of the *Judenstadt* by the emperor Ferdinand the Third in recognition of the valor they had displayed in keeping at bay the Swedish besiegers in the year 1648.

During the present century until very recently Jews were not permitted to enter military service. Now that they have been admitted, have they proved themselves cowards or traitors on the day of battle? "Patriots they cannot be," says Professor Goldwin Smith. Is it just to cast this opprobrium upon the Jews of Germany who but lately shed their life's blood in defence of their fatherland? Is this insult deserved by the brave Jews of France who rallied with equal alacrity under the banner of the empire and the republic when the safety of their country was imperilled? The Iron Cross and the badge of the Legion of Honor which decorate the breast of many a valiant Jew of Germany and France prove how confidently a state may reckon upon its Jewish sons in the hour of danger. Nay, even the poor, down-trodden Jews of Roumania volunteered in large numbers to serve in the national army, and fought patriotically at the side of their oppressors, in the war with Turkey just ended.

And in this dear England of ours have we Jews ever been guilty of an offence that could deserve the stigma of the professor? Have the Jewish members of Parliament shown that "they cannot really share the political life of a European nation"? Have Jewish magistrates, has a Jewish master of the rolls, discharged judicial and magisterial functions less faithfully than their Christian fellow-citizens? When the cry of the famine-stricken indwellers of India reached our shores, did the members of this "exclusive race" hold back their hand? When the heir-apparent was laid low by disease, did the Jews fail to send up their fervent prayers on high? Did not the primate in that memorable thanksgiving service at the Metropolitan Cathedral state in his sermon, "None were more hearty in their prayers than God's ancient people"?

I have been informed that of the two hundred thousand volunteers enrolled in England there are no fewer than two thousand Jews. And this I can assert without fear of contradiction, that of all the subjects of our most gracious Majesty there is no section more deeply concerned for the honor, the highest and truest interests of our beloved country, no class more ready at the same time to make for its sake every sacrifice of comfort, of substance, aye, and of life, than that which professes the ancient, primeval faith of Judaism.

It is quite true that we Jews feel ourselves bound by the ties of religion with our brethren in foreign lands. It is quite true that when we hear that they are oppressed and persecuted we seek to do what is in our power to mitigate their sufferings. We invoke the powerful help of the British government that is ever ready to lift up its voice on behalf of persecuted humanity. But does this feeling of kinship militate against the loyalty we owe our country? Are those Christians less loyal citizens of England who have pleaded for the better government of their co-religionists in Bulgaria? Inasmuch as we are Englishmen, it behoves us to sympathize with the oppressed throughout the globe. We never prove ourselves better Englishmen than when we plead on behalf of humanity and justice, and in the name of civil and religious freedom.

I am aware that I have left one loophole to the professor. He may say, "Granted then that you are patriots, but then you are not genuine Jews." Genuine Jews perhaps not, according to the distorted conceptions of an Eisenmenger, a Chiarini, or a Billroth. I, however, deny the right of an historian to first set up the travesty of a Jew, and then to say, "This is a Jew, and he who does not resemble him is not a genuine Jew." And so, conscious of my own Judaism, I distinctly refuse the professor the right to deny me the appellation of genuine Jew.

An old Talmudic adage has it that it is the function of the scholar to plant peace and goodwill upon earth. It should, in truth, be his mission to extirpate prejudice and to banish sectarian hatred. Is it not then to be deplored that a teacher of history should have lent the weight of his name to perpetuate prejudice and to galvanize into a spurious vitality the hydra of religious intolerance?

A teacher of history should regard him-

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self as an apostle of truth. If, pandering to popular prejudice, he substitutes sensational fiction for inexorable fact, though he may achieve distinction among the *ephemeridæ* of his time, posterity will refuse him the title of historian.

HERMANN ADLER.

From Fraser's Magazine.

A ROMANCE OF THE EAST COAST.

THERE has been no systematic research or connected relation of the touching history of loss and stirring event, that belts our island below the waves that encircle its coasts. We frequently hear of encroachment of the sea in one place; of land hardly fought for and hardly regained in another; yet few people trouble themselves to recall the circumstances under which the sea stole in and the soil crumbled and fell. Many a time-worn cliff and shifting sand-beach could testify to histories as strange and tragic as any fiction could invent.

It was with an attempt to unveil the oblivion that has covered one of the most interesting spots in the England of former years that the present paper was begun. Keble's bequest of a lifeboat drew momentary attention to a place known best to lovers of ecclesiastical history, and led us to investigate a history of its growth and decline, which an antiquary of the last century, Gardner, made it his work to record, leaving a history as strange and touching as any in our annals.

On the edge of a cliff, on a desolate part of the Suffolk coast, stands in solitude a grey, ruined tower, looming grimly over the yellow sandstone rock which the sea has eaten and furrowed with wave-lines down to the bar of white sand which stretches below. That ruin is almost all that remains of a considerable city, one of England's principal towns and seaports, a flourishing place that was member of the Cinque Ports at one time; while now the white-tipped waves and pale blue sea roll heavily over tower and spire, streets and houses, which for six miles to seaward lie buried beneath, to the border of the horizon where we see the breakers lashing over the bar, and where the waste cliff was washed up and piled to the destruction of many a good ship.

Dunwich (or Don Wyc), now represented by a small fishing village, was, as Gardner tells us, a royal residence, and the first episcopal see in the kingdom of East Anglia; and not merely from his record, but from other sources, it is easy to trace its history as it was torn away bit by bit, and street by street fell into the merciless sea. An account of Dunwich is given by Bede. It was first distinguished through Sigebert's establishing his court there with his favorite, Bishop Felix, who founded the see, and he "graced it with many royal palaces." If chroniclers be trustworthy, this king must have been an able ruler and reformer to have so quickly established "civility, morality, and Christianity throughout his domains." Stow relates of him that "his great desire was to suppress idolatry, and in this he was assisted by Felix, a pious priest from Burgundy, who was consecrated first bishop of East Anglia by Honorius, Archbishop Cantuar, who sent him to preach the gospel in 636." Many famous men then resorted to Dunwich to be coadjutors in promoting the grand design of conversion, which by their zeal was effected. Seminaries were established there, "and the sable cloud of paganism dispelled." We find in Speed's chronicle this curious rhyme: —

> At Donmok there was Felix bishop
> Of East Angle and taught the Christian faith,
> That is full hye in heaven I hope.

The fourth bishop — Bisus, or Bosa — in his old age divided the see into Dunwich for Suffolk, and Elmham for Norfolk.

Goodwin mentions nine bishops of Dunwich and eleven of Elmham. Humbert, the last of Elmham, was consecrated about 826. He crowned Edmund king of East Anglia, and with him was martyred by the Danes in 870, Nov. 20. Wibred, Bishop of Dunwich, succeeded him, and again united both sees at Elmham.

There can be no doubt that Dunwich was a town of considerable size. Suckling gives a tradition "that the tailors of Dunwich would formerly sit in their shops and see the shipping at anchor in Yarmouth roads." To do that, the coast must have been convex on the south, and Dunwich six miles to eastward.

In Edward the Confessor's survey, Edin de Laspuld held Dunwich for one manor, two carves of land besides one in the demesne, twelve bordari, and one hundred and twenty burgesses, one church.

When Robert Malet held it, only one carve of land remained, for the sea had already commenced its destructive work.

The town has been fully described by more than one historian. It was built on a cliff forty feet high, with a rampart of earth east and west, fortified with pali-

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sades, at the foot of which was a deep ditch. To frustrate ascent from the river on the north side, artificial mounds were raised on the ridges, also fenced with palisades adjoining "Pales dikes." Within, a spacious plot was encompassed, of hills and hollows, replenished with buildings fair and magnificent, called "*Cite de Denwyk*" and "*Civitas Dunwic.*" Gardner also relates how a forest called "Eastwood" or "King's Forest" extended for several miles southeast of the town, "for mnay ages destroyed by the sea, and become a road where boats and vessels now sail." Another forest, "Westwood," stood westerly. Weever states that the men of Dunwich required aid of William I. against the rage of the sea, affirming that it destroyed their forest. In 1739, the sea uncovered the roots of a great number of trees, supposed to be a part of the submerged forest, and still occasionally to be seen. Gardner had seen a MS. which mentioned that the Conqueror gave leave to the Rouses of Baddington to hunt and hawk in his forest of Dunwich.

The town boasted of a mint with its own coinage; and Stow speaks of the "coynes which many men of the town can yet show," sterling pence — with this inscription, "*Civitas Dunwic, XX.*" — which weighed an ounce, twelve ounces of a pound troy, and so, being twenty shillings in money, were both a pound in payment and in weight. During Felix's time the city was governed by a mayor and three bailiffs, with inferior officers. We hear of ten churches, and others that fell, monasteries, and hospitals, at a very early date. The entrance to the haven was on the north side, where a pier was erected. In Gardner's time a part of the quay was visible, and about two hundred of the piles exposed at low water. Some ancient writings speak of the road of St. John, a king's highway to Norwich. Dunwich was besieged by Robert, Earl of Leicester, and was strong enough to withstand his army of three thousand Flemings and other troops sent by Lewis of France for Henry's assistance — an army which had subdued Ipswich and Norwich, but retired in despair from before Dunwich. Remains of the earl's fortifications are still to be found on Westleton Heath close by. Dunwich ranked itself under the White Rose later, and afforded considerable aid to Edward IV.

Before entering into any further historical details, it may be well to sketch Dunwich as it now appears. We were curious to see the last remains of the city, and as no railway comes within some miles of the place, we chose the pleasantest route, going from the village of Thorpe by sea.

For some time the coast on our left presented the same unvarying features — long banks of grey shingle, a bar of white sand between each, rising tier on tier to the cliff, which was always of sandstone fringed with dark corn-grass and harebell, and a barren country with stunted trees, few and far between, alternating with patches of wild common, all golden and purple with gorse and heather.

The sea moans a ceaseless knell over the treacherous bar, and spars of wreck continually strewed on the shore tell a melancholy tale. At Sizewell the bay extends widely, and Dunwich first becomes visible at a dark wooded point descending abruptly to the line of white sand, and the gaunt drear ruin of All Saints Church on the cliff stands sharply against the sky. Beyond Dunwich are fainter reaches of rock and cliff, broken only by the large half-ruined church of Walberswich; and Southwold, a white, sun-tipped mass, glistens at the farthest point of the bay. No other buildings break the line of desolate beach. No sounds disturb the silence, but the lashing of the waves, the melancholy curlew's song and the plover's cry.

Landing near the point, we climbed up the side of the cliff by sand steps to a path which led through a wood of gnarled oaks and ancient firs (a weird spot, whose audible stillness was broken by the wild dove cooing hoarsely) to a massive ivy-grown wall. Passing through a low arch and a little wicker gate, we found ourselves in a barley field inclosed by a heavy grim wall with lofty gateways. In the centre of the field before us a noble pile of ruins arose, thickly clothed with ivy, but even in decay most beautiful and stately.

We could discern much of the building, and arches and numerous entrances invited closer investigation, unfortunately forbidden by the ripe barley through which we could find no path. To our right the wall jutted out abruptly into the field, above which rose the ruined grey tower of All Saints Church. We were within the walls of the Grey Friars, whose monastery, the so-called "Monks' Palace," was before us. Gardner gives a very complete account of the Grey Friars or Friars Minor, which was in his time very much in the same dismantled state as we now see it.

The monastery was founded by Richard Fitzjohn and Alice his wife, and augmented by Henry III. A part of the ram-

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part was pulled down to make room for it on the east. Gardner says: "This friary contains seven acres encompassed with a stone wall, and had three gates eastward (one demolished) and two adjoining west, whose arches continue pretty firm, not without some curiosity of workmanship, but clad as most of the wall with ivy. The bigger gate was the entrance to the house, the greater part of which now lies in ruinous heaps, and the standing remains converted into a good tenement and hall with apartments where affairs of corporation are transacted, and a gaol having a red brick front built of late years. The lesser gate was the way to the church." The inhabited portion he speaks of has now disappeared. The common garden was a plot of ground, whereon grew large crops of thyme, which was washed away in 1770. The seal of the Grey Friars was oval and had a ship under sail, the king at the prow, a bishop with mitre and crozier at the stem; the inscription, "* Sigillu. + Frm. — Minor. — Dominic." At the dissolution of monasteries, the Grey Friary was granted to John Eye.

We retraced our steps through the wood and entered a lane which took us into the road on the other side of the friary wall, then down a steep incline, and a path led us up to the edge of the cliff and into the churchyard and ruined church. The latter had been pulled down at no very distant period. The date on one of the tombstones was 1814. The sea has worked to the very foot of the building, and a few years later must witness its fall.

Standing between the roofless walls and broken arches and pillars with the tower behind us, we enjoyed a view unusually beautiful, an almost unbroken expanse of fine sea and distant coast, only a ruined fragment of grey wall in the foreground, deep in the clefts of which the "Dunwich rose" was springing and throwing long sprays and wreaths of blossoms over the crumbling stone. Even nature's productions in this spot have an historical interest. Tradition relates that this flower was brought by the monks from Normandy centuries ago, and that it will grow nowhere else. It certainly degenerates under cultivation, and partakes of the nature of the Scotch rose — hardy, and spreading rapidly. It grows all over the sand cliffs and pentlands about there, creeping along the ground when it can find nothing to cling to. The flower has a powerful scent; it is a single blossom of purest white velvet, with anthers of black or brown, a smooth brown stem, with long sharp thorns, and smooth, pointed, dark-green leaves, growing like the blackberry leaves, for which at first we mistook them.

The church is of flint and freestone. Gardner describes it as "old, but pretty strong, and indifferently handsome, crowned with a battlement, each angle supporting the statue of an angel, Gabriel, Michael, Raphael, and Uriel, whereof one is blown down and destroyed; it formerly enjoyed a clock, but now possesses three bells instead." In the aisle were magisterial seats, decorated with curious carved work, and some very ancient tombs, with inscriptions "illegible to any." In a later account we find All Saints mentioned as the only church in being where divine service was celebrated fortnightly from Lady Day to Michaelmas, and monthly afterwards. The minister's stipend was not to exceed 12*l.* a year, with a small allowance for refreshment in consideration of his journey there. The church at that time was but mean externally, and in a tottering state, especially the chancel; and our writer speaks of the walls inside "being infected with an incurable, spreading leprosy," probably damp; but of remains of grandeur in the roof, and of the antiquity of the gravestones and brasses. He also praises the painted glass windows, and the image of St. Mary Magdalene. Most of the churches at Dunwich and in the neighborhood seem to have been profusely decorated. In "Dowsing's Journal" we find a note of one church in Dunwich marked for destruction, St. Peter's, northeast of All Saints, and that alone "contains sixty-three cherubims, sixty at least of Jesus, writings in capital letters on the roof, and forty superstitious pictures, all promised by church wardens to be destroyed."

It would be difficult to recall all the ornamentation, or reconstruct mentally the bare and shattered ruin we saw. Yet Gardner's descriptions are so vivid that the entire city is made to rise before our eyes and seem a familiar place. He follows its history from the building of the first church in Edward the Confessor's reign, and only in the steady catalogue of loss can the size of the place be realized. The following list may give some idea of his patient research in chronicling the churches and buildings which fell into the sea: —

The church of St. Felix and a cell of monks, lost very early.

A hospital of St. James for lepers, of Richard I.

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Several churches washed away in 1286, on the night after New Year's Day.

The old port destroyed in the first year of Edward III., and in the twenty-third year of his reign a great part of the town — four hundred houses, with shops and wind-mills.

1331. St. Michael and St. Bartholomew's (Register of Eye); St. Leonard's and St. Martin's Church in 1335.

1385. The eighth year of Rich. II. The sea ate away the shore to Black Friars.

1540. The churches of St. John Baptist, St. Anthony, and St. Francis; also the South Gate and Golden Gate; not a quarter of the town left standing.

1570. Great damage. St. John's Church was large, and in the centre of the town lay the market-place. The inhabitants took it down to save the material, and found in the chancel the tomb of one of the bishops, "with a pair of boots (still remaining on his feet), and on his breast two chalices of coarse metal."

The losses at this period excited great commiseration in England. Dunwich suffered greatly in Henry VIII.'s reign, both by the religious houses and in the fishing trade, through the removal of their port. Queen Elizabeth gave them, in compensation, the money arising from the sale of bells and other material of Ingate church, and the chancel of Kissingland church. St. Leonard's fair, which was very profitable, survived for many years.

In Charles I.'s reign the foundation of the Temple buliding was reached.

1677. The market-place suffered, and the cross was taken down and sold.

1680. All the buildings of Maison Dieu Lane destroyed.

1702. St. Peter's Church and the Town Hall pulled down.

1715. The gaol undermined.

1729. Utmost bounds of St. Peter's Cemetery.

1740. Terrible devastations in December.

And this last storm destroyed Dunwich as a town. The picture of devastation and the irresistible force of its energy is so striking that we must give it in Gardner's words: —

The wind blowing very hard N. E. for several days, occasioned great seas, doing much damage on the coast by inundations, breaking down banks, and overflowing marshes, the sad effects of which were felt at Dunwich; much of their cliffs was washed away with the last remains of St. Nicholas churchyard and the great road leading to the town from the Key, leaving several naked walls and tokens of antient buildings.

From Maison Dieu Lane northwards was a scene of confusion. Part of the Old Key, built with stone, lay bare, making canals across the beach, through which the river had communication, hindering foot-passengers. King's Holm or St. Leonard's Marsh under water, and much shingle and sand thrown on it, ever since of little worth. The sea raged with such fury that Cock and Hen Hills (140 feet) had their heads levelled with their bases, and the ground about them so rent and torn that the foundation of St. Francis' Chapel, between the hills, was discovered, where besides the ruined walls were five round stones 4 feet in diameter, also a circle of large stumps of piles 24 feet in circumference. The bounds of the cemetery were staked, within which the secret repositories of the dead were exposed to view, several skeletons, divested of their coverings, some in order, others interrupted and scattered as the surfs carried them. A stone coffin lined with tiles broken by the sea in two pieces, which now serve as steps at each foot of Deering bridge.

Another writer describes "how while wind and sea roared, the dead were seen sticking to the sides of the cliff in ghastly and terrible fashion." Gardner also relates of the old quay, the foundations of earlier buildings, and the pipes of an ancient aqueduct "of lead and grey earth, like that of some Urus being laid bare, all reduced to beach, over which the sea plays at high tide." He gives a carefully-drawn map of Dunwich in 1542, marking the line of cliff in his own time, so that its former dimensions might be estimated. Since he wrote a large portion has been washed away.

From time to time we find mention of Dunwich in history. In Richard I.'s reign the town was fined one thousand and sixty marks for the illicit practice of supplying the enemy with corn. They seem to have redeemed their character later, for Edward I. allowed the men of Dunwich 200*l.* that his father granted them for faithful services. In the twenty-fourth year of his reign they, at their own cost and charges, built eleven ships of war, furnished with munition. These sailed with the king's brother, Edmund, Earl Leicester, for France, and remained on the coast of Gascoign from St. Andrew's Day till Pentecost, serving the king without pay, and had four ships, with their artillery, taken and destroyed by the enemy.

In 1282 there is a grievous complaint against the pirates of Zetland and Holland, who spoiled and robbed them, slaying many men, and carrying away their ships

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and goods. Dunwich suffered much loss from time to time by these raids. One noted man only we find living there after the dissolution of its monasteries in 1518: Fox, the first who printed in Saxon characters in England. He was imprisoned and exiled by Mary.

With an antiquarian delight Gardner devotes a large part of his book to the descriptions and drawings of the curiosities and relics he found in large numbers at Dunwich, some of which were very curious. Whether Roman, Anglo-Saxon, Norman, or relics of a later time, all receive full description, the circumstances of their discovery and their history are impartially given with equal care. The book may be commended in this respect to the curious in such matters, while the recollections of our excursion must be now limited.

Descending by the road to some cottages, we walked under the Grey Friars' wall again, past the lane before mentioned, which really led to Scott's Hall, a fine old tri-gabled house, now a farm, and we gained the open common — Westleton Common — when we turned and looked our last at Dunwich remains, of which we had the finest view. Perhaps the beauty of its situation is better manifested from this point than any other. At the top of the hill, clearly outlined against the purple lowering evening clouds, rose All Saints tower, a light grey mass of stone, above a crown of trees. From this leafy crest descended a steep incline of common, richly clothed with many-hued heather of crimson purple and brown, and with green and gold bracken, a sandy road winding tortuously down the hill, in one curve of which a corn-laden wain crept its slow way. Between the elm coronal and a broken bit of common was a peep of blue sea, with white-sailed, motionless ships; right and left of us trees and woody ravine. We were not strictly in Dunwich then, but in the parish of Westleton, by which route we wended our way to the nearest station, nine miles distant; a pleasant walk through old-world villages with round-towered and thatched churches and gossip-seats on the green, through pleasant fields, where the cattle stood in the after-glow, and rustic bridges spanned the tiny streams, till the railroad brought us back to a modern busy world once more.

EMILY L. CORNISH.

CARDINAL YORK (Henry Stuart). — One day, in Campagna di Roma, we saw a splendid carriage and six horses of most brilliant caparison coming towards us across the plain. The carriage stopped; down went the window, and out came a head with a large red hat on it. He leant his arms on the window-ledge, saying, "Are you Englishmen?" "Yes, sir," I said. "Come to see Rome?" "Yes." And then he began asking questions, all of which I don't remember, till he stopped for a moment, and then, in a loud voice, said, "How are all my armies and navies in Britain?" I looked up with astonishment, and could not understand what he had to do with armies and navies. After staring in his face with amazement, I said, "The sailors are as jolly as ever, and the soldiers very comfortable in their barracks;" and while I still stood in confusion of mind, I saw him putting out his two fingers, and saying, "God bless you, my children!" he pulled up the window and drove off. Turning round, I went two or three steps to my companion, who stood behind me, and he said to me, "John, do you know who you have been talking to?" "No, Frank, I don't know him; who is he?" "That was 'Charley is my darling's' brother!"

Life of J. C. Schetky, Marine Painter, born 1778, died 1874.

FROM THE RECORDS OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL, A.D. 1182.

(A WORKMAN'S BILL.)

	s.	d.
For work done,		
In soldering and repairing St. Joseph, .	0	8
Cleaning and ornamenting the Holy Ghost, ...	0	6
Repairing the Virgin Mary before and behind, and making a new Child,	4	8
Screwing a nose in the Devil, putting in the hair in his head, and placing a new joint in his tail, . .	5	6

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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume XXII. | No. 1770.—May 18, 1878. | From Beginning, Vol. CXXXVII.

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TWO SONNETS.

HER LAUREATE.

I AM, indeed, no theme with you for song —
A poet you, yet not for me your praise —
You crowned another woman with your bays,
Lifting your voice to heaven, triumphant, strong,
And fear by future rhymes to do her wrong:
If I should walk beside you in your ways
An echo would pursue us from old days,
And men would say, "He loved once, and for long!
So now without great love he is content,
Since she is dead for whom he used to sing,
And daily needs demand their aliment."
Thus some poor bird who strives with broken wing
To soar, then stoops, strength gone and glad life spent,
To any hand that his scant food will bring.

HEREAFTER.

In after years a twilight ghost shall fill
With shadowy presence all thy waiting room —
From lips of air thou canst not kiss the bloom,
Yet at old kisses will thy pulses thrill,
And the old longing that thou couldst not kill,
Feeling her presence in the gathering gloom,
Will mock thee with the hopelessness of doom,
While she stands there and smiles, serene and still.
Thou canst not vex her then with passion's pain;
Call, and the silence will thy call repeat,
But she will smile there with cold lips and sweet,
Forgetful of old tortures, and the chain
That once she wore — the tears she wept in vain
At passing from her threshold of thy feet.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Macmillan's Magazine.

A CHILD'S HEART.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

Give me thy heart, O little child!
Just for one golden hour;
Thine eyes by passion undefiled,
Thy soft cheek's peachy dower.
Give me thy curls that float and fall
In tangles sweet and wild;
But more than all, oh, more than all,
Give me thy heart, O child!
O glad child's heart!

Give me thy heart of careless sun,
And I will give to thee
My present schemes, my triumphs won,
My dreams that might not be,
My precious hoard of garnered thought
Piled in the fruitful years,
My worldly wisdom, dearly bought
With blood, and toil, and tears,
O glad child's heart!

He gives his curls a saucy shake
And blithely darts away;
Not all the promises I make
Will tempt the child to stay.
For if he lent for one sweet hour
That priceless boon I lack,
Full well he knows no earthly power
Could make me give it back —
O glad child's heart!

Sunday Magazine.

IN A MEADOW.

How may a grateful mortal speak his thanks
For such a day as this? The rillet plays
Between a paradise of lilied banks;
Cool, sheltered by a million moving sprays.
The early sweets of life, that long had been
Forgotten in the darkened days of pain,
Come back to give old charms to each new scene,
And withered hopes, like trees, grow green again.

Midmost the leafage of the bending lane,
Half hid in shade, half shining in the sun,
Rumbles the heavy, rocking farmer's wain;
And after it barefooted children run
To cheer the wagoner, and reach the hay
Plucked by the hedges; and old women sit
To knit in silence and to nod away
The hours on cottage-steps with noon-light lit.

Cassell's Magazine. GUY ROSLYN.

A ROOM.

In Florence, sacred to a great man's fame
Remains the room of Michael Angelo,
Wherein we softly breathe, with motion slow,
As if a spirit might intrusion blame.
Could it be yesterday he sketched the same
Sad *Dies Iræ** all the world doth know,
Each touch itself a monument of woe;
Or are we captive to an ancient name?
Time's periods move with still increasing might
Of reverence, for the man whose cunning hand,
Direct from his soul's impulse, opened sight
To blind imaginations, whose command
Removed the hanging veil of Day and Night,
Where Death and Time are vanquished from the land.

Athenæum. J. W. INCHBOLD.

* The sketch for the "Last Judgment" is (or was till recently) there.

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From The Westminster Review.

POPULAR BUDDHISM ACCORDING TO THE CHINESE CANON.*

In the year 1875 there was delivered, at the library of the India Office in London, a collection of books in seven large boxes, carefully packed in lead, with padding of dry rushes and grass. The books are the Buddhist Tripitaka, in Chinese characters, with Japanese notations, issued in Japan, with an imperial preface, in the years 1681–1683 A.D. The entire series of two thousand volumes is contained in one hundred and three cases or covers. When placed in the library, they required eleven shelves of ten feet in length. This was the magnificent gift of the Japanese government to England, made on the suggestion of the ambassador who had recently visited Europe. He had doubtless been struck by the anomaly between the intense desire of the English to convert the heathen, and their profound ignorance of all religions except their own, and especially of the one which most closely resembles it, the state religion of his own country, Buddhism. Mr. Beal and Dr. Rost requested him to solicit the gift. No more appropriate gift could have been sent; and the secretary of state directed the Rev. Samuel Beal, professor of Chinese in the University of London, to prepare a "compendious report of the Buddhist Tripitaka." The result of his labors is the catalogue *raisonné* now before us. Professor Beal is well known as one of the first Buddhist scholars in Europe, and he had already reported upon the Chinese books in the library of the India Office.

The importance of the Chinese copy of the Buddhist canonical scriptures lies in the fact that it was commenced in the first century A.D. The translation was made from the Sanskrit, or from some Indian vernacular, by early Buddhist missionaries from India to China.

Like Socrates and other great religious teachers, Buddha taught only by word of mouth. Immediately after his death his disciples assembled in conclave to recall and commit to memory the words of the master. These "words" were, like the Vedas, handed down from disciple to disciple, until they were finally committed to writing.* They were divided into three parts, or *baskets*, Tri-pitaka: (1.) Doctrinal and practical discourses; (2.) Ecclesiastical discipline for the religious orders; (3.) Metaphysics and philosophy. So long as the words of Buddha were handed down by oral tradition, there was danger of heresies and false teaching; therefore, about the year 246 B.C., King Asoka, who stood to Buddhism in a relation similar to that of the emperor Constantine to Christianity, summoned a council to fix the canon. This council was to India what the Council of Nice became to Europe. The assembled fathers, who numbered a thousand, received the excellent advice from the king, that they should seek only for the words of the master himself, for "that which is spoken by the blessed Buddha, and that alone, is well spoken." The canon drawn up by this council is the one accepted by the southern Buddhists of Ceylon, Siam, and Burmah. None of the Pitakas can be traced back with certainty to an earlier date, although they contain matter which is much older. The northern canon, which is somewhat larger than the southern, was fixed at a council held in Kashmeer about the commencement of the Christian era. The Chinese is translated from this northern canon; and many of the monasteries in China contain complete copies of the scriptures in the vernacular, and also of the Sanskrit originals from which the Chinese version was made. Great impetus to the work of translation was given by the influx of Buddhist missionaries on the conversion of the Chinese monarch in the middle of

* 1. *The Buddhist Tripitaka as it is known in China and Japan.* A Catalogue and Compendious Report. By SAMUEL BEAL. Printed for the India Office. 1876.

2. *A Letter to Dr. R. Rost, Librarian, India Office, London.* By SAMUEL BEAL. Printed for the India Office. 1874.

3. *A Catena of Buddhist Scriptures from the Chinese.* By S. BEAL. Trübner. 1871.

4. *The Romantic History of Buddha from the Chinese-Sanskrit.* By S. BEAL. Trübner. 1875.

* Vassilief thinks that writing was not known in India until long after Buddha's death. "*Der Buddhismus*," 1860.

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the first century of our era.* Thus, at the very time when Christianity was being carried westward into Europe by St. Paul and his companions, Buddhism was being carried eastward into China by missionaries no less courageous and zealous for the faith which they believed.

As Buddha did not claim any revelation, so the canon stands alone among the sacred scriptures of the world in not assuming any special inspiration for its contents: "For the attainment of those previously unknown doctrines, the eye, the knowledge, the wisdom, and the light were developed within me."

We propose to carry out the good intentions of the Japanese ambassador by giving an account of the life and teaching of Buddha as it is accepted by the popular Buddhist mind, apart from the metaphysical speculations of the philosophical schools in the scholastic and mystic periods.

I. *The Personality.* — In the fifth century, B.C., there arose in the civilized world the remarkable intellectual movement of which Pythagoras is the representative in Europe, Zoroaster in Persia, Buddha in India, Confucius in China. Buddha is more fortunate than the others in having bequeathed to the world not only words of wisdom, as did they, but also the example of a life in which the loftiest morality was softened and beautified by unbounded charity and devotion to the good of his fellow-men. His walk through life was along "the path whose entrance is purity, whose goal is love." The personality of the Buddha is still a living power in the world, and by its exquisite beauty it attracts the heart and affection of more than one-third of the human race.

Buddha is not, strictly speaking, the name of a man. The word means "the Enlightened," and is the title applied to a succession of men whose wisdom has enlightened mankind. It has, however, become identified with the founder of Buddhism, Gautama. Buddhists think it irreverent to say the word "Gautama," so they speak of him as the Buddha, Sakyamuni, "the sage of the Sakyas,"* "the lion of the tribe of Sakya," "the king of righteousness," "the blessed one." Gautama, then, is *the* Buddha, and his followers have been called Buddhists from the characteristic feature of the founder's office — he who enlightens mankind. Gautama claimed to be nothing more than a link in the chain of Buddhas who had preceded and who should follow him.† This modest claim is characteristic of great reformers: Confucius said, "I only hand on, I cannot create new things; I believe in the ancients." Mohammed claimed to return to the creed of Abraham, "the Friend." Nevertheless, the glory of a religion belongs to the founder, not to his predecessors nor his successors, he it is who makes all things new; and therefore it is to the life and teaching of Gautama that we must look for the mainspring of the religion. Buddha is one of the few founders of religion who did not claim a special revelation or inspiration: "I have heard these truths from no one," he said; "they are all self-revealed, they spring only from within myself." And he believed them to be true for all time: "The heavens may fall to earth, the earth become dust, the mountains may be removed, but my word cannot fail or be false."

Buddha commenced his preaching at the city of Benares on the banks of the Ganges, where Brahmanism was the religion of the mass of the people. He was a reformer. His reformation bears to Brahmanism the relation which Protestantism bears to Roman Catholicism, rather than that which Christianity does to Judaism, though it may be doubted whether a schism actually took place during Buddha's lifetime. It was primarily a protest against the sacrificial and sacerdotal system of the Brahmans; it rejected all bloody sacrifice, together with the priesthood and social caste so essentially bound up with them.

† Ramusat, "Foe-koue-ki," p. 41; Beal, "Fahian," pp. 20–22.

* *Sakya* = the able ones: "These princes are *able* to found a kingdom and to govern it. Hence the name Sakya" ("Rom. Hist." 23). *Muni* comes from *man*, to think; hence the thinker, the sage, the monk. Gautama is still the family name of the Rajput chiefs of Nagara, where Buddha was born.

† Traditional sayings of former Buddhas are translated in Beal's "Catena," pp. 158, 159.

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The logical consequence of animal sacrifice he admirably showed in the words: "If a man, in worshipping the gods, sacrifices a sheep, and so does well, why should he not kill his child, his relations, or his dearest friend, in worshipping the gods, and so do better?" But while Buddhism was opposed to sacerdotalism, it was in close alliance with the teaching of the philosophers, for all its main positions may be traced to their origin in the teaching of the philosophical schools of India.* Buddha states and accepts the high aim of these schools: "All the different systems of philosophy are designed to one end — to overthrow the strongholds of sin." He endeavored to popularize this end of the philosophy of the day, and to bring it within the comprehension of the poorest and most outcast of the people. Indeed, one secret of his success lay in the fact that he preached to the poor as well as to the rich, and that the common people heard him gladly.

II. *The Birth and Early Manhood.* — The birth of Buddha † is veiled in a myth, the outward objective expression of the inner subjective idea, which is the ethical centre of his religion, — unbounded self-sacrifice and tenderest compassion for mankind. The scriptures say that Buddha, having by the law of evolution passed through the various stages of existence, at length attained the perfection of being in the highest of the heavens. It was not necessary for him to be again re-born; he was prepared to pass into the rest and repose of *nirvâna*. Nevertheless, "he was so moved by the wretched condition of mankind and all sentient creatures, that by the force of his exceeding love" ‡ he took upon him the form of man once more, in order that he might "save the world" by teaching them the way to escape from their wretchedness, and attain that perfection to which he had attained, and enjoy the rest and repose of nirvâna. "I am now," he said, "about to assume a body, to descend and be born among men,

* Prof. Monier Williams gives a popular sketch of these philosophical systems in "Indian Wisdom."

† M. Senart has investigated the story as a solar myth in his "*Essai sur la légende du Bouddha, son Caractère et ses Origines.*" Paris, 1876.

‡ Catena, pp. 15, 130.

to give peace and rest to all flesh, and to remove all sorrows and grief from the world." * He chose as his earthly mother the wife of the king of Kapilavastu, named Mâyâ, who was henceforth known as the "holy mother Mâyâ." He was her first and only son.† In an account of his incarnation contained in a Chinese translation made in the year 194 A.D., this event is literally translated: "The Holy Ghost descended into the womb." ‡ The purity of Mâyâ is described in a very beautiful *sutra*: —

As the lotus springs unsullied from the water,
So was thy body pure and spotless in the womb.
What joy and delight was it to thy mother,
Desiring no carnal joys, but rejoicing only in the law,
Walking in perfect purity, with no stain of sin, etc., etc. §

The "incarnation scene" is frequently met with in the Buddhist sculptures at Sanchi and Amravati, which are about the date of the Christian era. Around this myth there have gathered a string of legends which bear a striking resemblance, and a no less striking difference, both to the Gospel history and the Apocryphal Gospels. On the day of the child's birth the heavens shone with divine light, and the earth shook withal, while angelic hosts sang, "To-day Buddha is born on earth, to give joy and peace, to give light to those in darkness, and sight to the eyes of the blind." The light shone because Buddha should hereafter enlighten the darkness of men's minds, the earth shook withal because he should shake the powers of evil which afflict the world. An aged hermit of the Himalayas is divinely guided to the spot where the young child lay in the arms of Mâyâ, his mother, and placing his venerable head under the tiny

* Rom. Hist., p. 33.

† St. Jerome says: "It is handed down as a tradition among the Gymnosophists of India, that Buddha, the founder of their system, was brought forth by a virgin from her side." — Cont. Jovian, i.

‡ "Catalogue of Buddhist Tripitaka," in the Indian Office, 1878, pp. 115, 116.

§ "Romantic History of Buddha," p. 275, a Chinese translation from the Sanskrit, made in the year 69 or 70 A.D. "We may therefore safely suppose," says Mr. Beal, "that the original work was in circulation in India for some time previous to that date." — Introd. vi.

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feet of the infant,* spoke of him as the "deliverer of sin and sorrow, and death." Weeping, he repeated the following canticle: —

Alas, I am old and stricken in years;
The time of my departure is at hand;
I rejoice and yet I am sad.
The misery and the wretchedness of man shall disappear,
And at his bidding peace and joy shall everywhere flourish.

And he added: "Alas! while others shall find deliverance for their sins, and arrive at perfect wisdom through the preaching of the child, I shall not be found among them." The princes of the tribe of Sakya brought rare and costly gifts and presented them to the child; but the brightness of his person outshone the lustre of the jewels, and a voice from heaven proclaimed:

In comparison with the fulness of true religion
The brightness of gems is as nothing.

The neighboring king of Maghadha is advised to send an army to destroy the child who is to become a universal monarch; but he answers: "Not so, if the child become a holy man and wield a righteous sceptre, then it is fitting for me to reverence and obey him, and we shall enjoy peace and safety under his rule. If he become a Buddha, and his love and compassion leads him to save and deliver all flesh, then we ought to listen to his teaching, and become his disciples." He astonished his teachers when he entered the schools of letters and of arms: they said, "Surely this is the instructor of gods and men, who condescends to seek for a master!" He simply said, "It is well; I am self-taught." † This is the only record of his youth until his twenty-ninth year, when he was converted.

It is difficult to assign any definite date to those legends. "All evidence tends to prove that they are earlier than the Christian era." ‡ There is little doubt, however, that they arose after the death of Buddha; because he would have rejected all such appeals to the miraculous. Buddha never refers to them,§ and when some enthusiasts sought a sign from him to convince the people, he answered, "The miracle my disciples should show is to hide their good deeds and confess their faults." * The chief are sculptured on the rails of the tope at Sanchi, which is a sort of Buddhist picture-Bible carved in stone.†

These legends are of comparatively small value, for they add nothing to the glory of the man's life, which, after his "conversion," became a life of the loftiest moral perfection and the noblest self-devotion to the good of others. Born the son of a king, he was brought up in all the luxury of an Oriental court. From this epicurean life he was converted by three sights — an old man tottering under the weight of his years, a young man tossing in the raging heat of fever, and a corpse lying exposed by the roadside. These sights made him reflect that though he were now young and vigorous, yet he, too, was liable to the sorrows of old age, disease, and death.

While he pondered in his heart over these things, he saw a holy mendicant with the placid expression of a disciplined spirit who had renounced all pleasures and had attained to perfect calm. He asked who the holy man might be, and was told: "Great prince! this man constantly practises virtue and flees vice; he gives himself to charity, and restrains his appetites and desires; he is at peace with all men; and, so far as he can, he does good to all, and is full of sympathy for all."

These sights depressed his spirits, and he sought for means to escape from such sorrows, if, indeed, they were not irrevocably fixed upon all men alike. Herodotus mentions a Thracian tribe who mourned when a child was born and rejoiced when any one died. The same sad aspect of life oppressed the mind of the young prince. His sadness was no selfish desire of escape from his own troubles; it arose from intense sympathy with the sorrows of others. As he walked about the palace, men heard him repeat: "Nothing on earth is stable, nothing is real. Life is passing as a spark of fire or the sound of a lute. There must be a Supreme Intelligence wherein we can rest. If I attained it, I could then bring light to men. If I were free myself, I could deliver the world."

This thought of the salvation of mankind and the deliverance of the world became the dominant aim of his life. On

* In Spier's "Ancient India" there is a drawing from the Cave of Ajanta, which represents the old man with the infant Buddha in his arms (p. 248).

† *Cf.* Apoc. Epistle of Thomas vi., Pseudo-Matthew xxx. xxxi. The same legend reappears in the biography of Nanak, founder of the Sikh religion (1469 A.D.). The "Adi Granth," p. 602. Printed for India Office, 1877.

‡ Beal's "Rom. Hist." ix.

§ Christ never refers to the events recorded in St. Matthew and St. Luke i. and ii.

* So Mohammed's reply: "My Lord be praised! am I more than a man sent as an apostle? . . . Angels do not commonly walk the earth, or God would have sent an angel to preach his truth to you."

† Fergusson's "Tree and Serpent Worship," p. 182.

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the birth of his first-born son, the people flocked joyfully to the palace gates; but the sight almost moved him to tears: "All these people are without the means of salvation, without any hope of deliverance, constantly tossed on the sea of life and death, old age and disease; with no fear or care about their unhappy condition, with no one to guide or instruct them; ever wandering in the dark, and unable to escape. Thinking thus, his heart was moved with love, and he felt himself strengthened in his resolution to provide some sure ground for the salvation of the world." In the night watches he hears a voice calling him: "A man whose own body is bound with fetters, and who yet desires to release others from their bonds, is like a blind man who undertakes to lead the blind." In the daytime the songs of the singing-girls seemed to say: "Quit the world, prepare thy heart for supreme wisdom; . . . thy time is come, it behoveth thee to leave house and home." He again hears the divine voice —

Whatever miseries of life or death are in the world,
The Great Physician is able to cure all.

It is in vain that his father tries to dissuade him; he replies: "Your Majesty cannot prevail against my resolve; for what is it? Shall a man attempt to prevent another escaping from a burning house?" At length his resolution is taken: "I will go; the time is come to seek the highest law of life." *

Very touching is the account of the temptations of the young prince. When his child was born he said, "This is a new tie, yet it must be broken." At midnight he seeks the chamber where lay his wife; he pauses in the doorway — their first-born lay upon her breast. He fears to take the infant in his arms lest he should wake the mother. He tears himself away, vowing that he will return not as husband and father, but as teacher and saviour. He rides forth to the city gate; here Mâra, the evil one, meets him, and now by threats, now by the offer of the "kingdoms of the world" for his empire, seeks to turn him from his resolution. "A thousand honors such as those you offer have no charm for me to-day. I seek enlightenment. Therefore begone, hinder me not."

Riding far enough from the city to baffle pursuit, he turns to take one farewell look; he then dismounts, strips himself of his princely robe, and putting on a mendicant's dress, takes an alms-bowl * to beg his daily bread, and determines henceforth to be known by no other name than the recluse of the Sakyas, Sakyamuni.

Many were the temptations which now beset him; for "as a shadow follows the body, so did Mâra follow the blessed one, striving to throw every obstacle in his way towards the Buddhahood." The nausea of the mendicant's food, the recollections of the affection, the home, the kingdom he had renounced, tried him sorely. His father sent to entreat him to return to him, to his wife and child; he answered, "I know my father's great love for me, but then I tremble to think of the miseries of old age, disease, and death, which shall soon destroy this body. I desire above all things to find a way of deliverance from these evils; and therefore I have left my home and kinsfolk to seek after the complete possession of supreme wisdom. A wise man regards his friends as fellow-travellers, each one going along the same road, yet soon to be separated as each goes to his own place. If you speak of a fit time and an unfit time to become a recluse, my answer is, that death knows nothing of one time or another, but is busy gathering his victims at all times. I wish to escape from old age, disease, and death, and have no leisure to consider whether this be the right time or not." The beauty of his person and the wisdom of his mind induced a neighboring king to offer him a share in his kingdom; "I seek not an earthly kingdom," he replied; "I seek to become enlightened."

To attain this enlightenment, he first studied under the Brahmans, but he soon found that they and the Vedas could not help him. He next joined some hermits in the jungle, and underwent such austerities that, while his body became "worn

* The "fulness of the time" is marked by the conjunction of a certain star with the moon.

* The legend of Buddha's alms-bowl migrated to Europe as the legend of the Sanc Greal. Fa-hian, pp. 162–164. "*Mémoires sur les Contrées Occidentales*," by Hiouen-Thsang, A.D. 648. Stanislas Julien, i. 81. Fa-hian was told that when men became very bad, the alms-bowl should disappear, and then the law of Buddha would gradually perish. Hiouen-Thsang caught a glimpse of it in a cave: "Suddenly there appeared on the east wall a halo of light, large as an alms-bowl, but it vanished instantly. Again it appeared and vanished." Both these characteristics of the legend are unconsciously preserved by Mr. Tennyson in his "Legend of the Holy Grail:" —

"What is it?
The phantom of a cup that comes and goes.
. . . If a man
Could touch or see it, he was healed at once
By faith of all his ills. But then the times
Grew to such evil, that the holy cup
Was caught away to heaven and disappeared."

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and haggard," his fame as an ascetic "spread abroad like the sound of a great bell hung in the canopy of the sky." But after six years' trial, he found that the road to enlightenment did not lie through asceticism. Therefore he abandoned it, and enunciated one of the fundamental truths of his system, "Moderation in all things." He had tried the two extremes of luxury and asceticism; true enlightenment was not to be found in either. Then he learned that "like as the man who would discourse sweet music must tune the strings of his instrument to the medium point of tension, so he who would arrive at the condition of Buddha must exercise himself in the medium course of discipline." *

Once more he went begging through the villages. At length the day of enlightenment came, as he was seated one evening under a tree, which for many centuries afterwards became the most interesting object of the pilgrim's pilgrimage.† The temptation which preceded that supreme moment is most touching. A peasant woman led her little child by the hand to offer food to the holy man. The sight carried back his thoughts to the home he had left. The love of wife and child, the wealth and power of place, came upon him with a force overwhelmingly attractive. It was a sore temptation.‡ He agonized in doubt. But as the sun set, the religious side of his nature won the victory; he came forth purified in the struggle; he abandoned all — wife, child, home, princely power — in order to win deliverance for mankind: "I vow from this moment to deliver the world from the thraldom of death and of the evil one. I will procure the salvation of all men, and lead them across to the other shore." The supernatural side of this struggle is described with all the wealth of oriental imagery. Mâra § with his daughters and angels alternately rage against and caress him; all nature is convulsed at the conflict "between the saviour of the world and the prince of evil;" the earth shakes as she only does when a man's virtue reaches perfection or is utterly lost. The Buddhist description bears a striking resemblance to the passage in "Paradise Regained" in which the "patient Son of God" was tempted in the wilderness, and sat "unappalled in calm and sinless peace." * Buddha sat "unmoved from his fixed purpose, firm as Mount Sumeru," until Mâra, having exhausted all his powers, fell at his feet, in terror; and the cry went through the worlds of heaven and hell, "Mâra is overcome, the prince is conqueror." Then Buddha's mind was enlightened, and he saw the way of salvation for all living creatures.

From out the darkness and gloomy night of the world,
The gross darkness and ignorance that envelop mankind,
This Holy One, having attained the perfection of wisdom,
Shall cause to appear the brightness and glory of his own light.

The tree beneath which Buddha attained enlightenment and the Buddhaship has become to his followers a symbol as expressive of their faith as is the cross to the Christian. The victory won beneath that tree has brightened, and to this day brightens, the lives of more men and women than does any other victory in the history of the world; for out of the thousand million inhabitants which it is computed people this earth, four hundred and fifty million are Buddhists. On that day heaven and earth sang together for joy, flowers fell around the holy one; "there ceased to be ill-feeling or hatred in the hearts of men; all wants of food and drink and clothing were supplied; the blind saw, the deaf heard, the dumb spake; the prisoners in the lower worlds were released; and all living creatures found rest and peace." †

III. *The Enlightenment.* — What was the enlightenment which made the young prince the enlightened one, the Buddha, who should enlighten the world? It was *the way* by which men should escape from the sorrows of old age, disease, and death. The way was contained in the four sublime truths, or noble truths, proclaimed in his first sermon, the sutra of "The Foundation of Righteousness." These truths are, (1) sorrow exists; (2) sorrow increases and accumulates through

* *Cf.* the philosophical position of the Hebrew preacher: "Be not wise overmuch; be not foolish overmuch; be not righteous overmuch; be not wicked overmuch" (Eccles. vii. 16, 17).

† Asoka's daughter brought to Ceylon in 245 B.C. a branch of this tree (*Fiscus religiosa*). The branch grew, and is now "the oldest historical tree in the world." Its history is preserved in a series of continuous chronicles, which are brought together by Sir Emerson Tennent, "Ceylon," vol. ii., pp. 613 sq. Fergusson, "Tree and Serpent Worship," p. 56.

‡ The temptation scene is figured on the middle beam of the northern gateway at Sanchi. Frontispiece to "Tree and Serpent Worship."

§ "Mâra est le démon de l'amour, du péché et de la mort; c'est le tentateur et l'ennemi du Buddha." — Burnouf, Introd. 76. Mâra, as the night-*mare*, still torments English people.

* Mr. Rhys Davids has worked out the parallel in "Buddhism," S.P.C.K. Ed.

† Rom. Hist., p. 225.

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desires and cravings after objects of sense; (3) sorrow may be destroyed by entering on the "four paths;" (4) the four paths are perfect faith, perfect thought, perfect speech, perfect deed.* These paths lead to the rest and repose of nirvâna.

Thus Buddha taught that it is through perfection of life that men attain enlightenment and knowledge. "Not study," he said, "not asceticism, but the purification of the mind from all unholy desires and passions," — a position we may place side by side with the words of Christ: "If any man willeth to do God's will, he shall know of the doctrine." The perfection of goodness, bringing with it the perfection of wisdom, Buddha taught as the end and aim of our existence. When man has attained this perfection, his soul is freed from all slavery to the objects of sense, and as there is therefore no longer any need for him to be re-born, he passes into the rest and repose of nirvâna, which is the perfection of being.

This religion of perfection Buddha based upon the cornerstones of self-conquest and self-sacrifice. Self-conquest is developed by the observance of the five commandments: "Thou shalt do no murder; Thou shalt not commit adultery; Thou shalt not steal; Thou shalt not lie; † Thou shalt not become intoxicated." The man who keeps these commandments orders his conduct aright, and "remains like the broad earth, unvexed; like the pillar of the city gate, unmoved; like the tranquil lake, unruffled." ‡ Self-sacrifice is to be shown by an unbounded charity, and a devotion to the good of others which rises to an enthusiasm for humanity.

The motive for this self-conquest and self sacrifice was, that by their development to perfection of character they would enable men to escape from the sorrows and miseries of life. This motive appealed to the common sense of mankind, for Buddha taught that every thought, word, and deed bear their own consequences. Goodness is rewarded, badness is punished, in the way of natural consequence; and these consequences continue through countless births and re-births on earth, in heaven, in hell. We are now reaping, in this present stage of our existence, the natural harvest of the seeds of good or evil sown by us in previous stages; we shall in the future reap the harvest of the sowing in the present. Whatever a man hath sown he is now reaping; whatever a man is now sowing, that shall he also hereafter reap. We *are* that which we have made ourselves in the past; we *shall be* that which we are now making ourselves. A man is born blind because in a previous stage of existence he indulged in the lust of the eye; a man has quick hearing, because in a previous stage he loved to listen to the reading of the law. Each new birth is conditioned by the *karma* — the aggregation of the merit and the demerit of previous births — the conduct of life.

A man once asked the master, "From some cause or other mankind receives existence; but there are some persons who are exalted, others who are mean; some who die young, others who live to a great age; some who suffer from various diseases, some who have no sickness until they die; some who are of the lowest caste, some who are of the highest; what is the cause of these differences?" To this Buddha replied: "All sentient beings have their own individual karma. . . . Karma comes by inheritance from previous births. Karma is the cause of all good and evil. It is the difference in the karma which causes the difference in the lot of men, so that some men are low and some exalted, some are miserable and some are happy. A good action well done, a bad action wickedly done, when they reach maturity, equally bear inevitable fruit." * The master himself had obtained the Buddhaship by the same law, "by the meritorious karma of previous births." Step by step had he won his way; born as a bird, as a stag, as an elephant, through each successive stage of human rank and condition by continued births had he at last reached the highest elevation of purity and self-sacrifice; and now he has come into the world the saviour of mankind, to teach them the way by which they might all attain to the same perfection.

* Nanak, the founder of the Sikh religion (1469–1538 A.D.), taught that nirvâna was to be reached by the four paths of (1) extinction of individuality, (2) disregard of ceremonies, (3) conversion of foes into friends, (4) the knowledge of good. "The Adi Granth, or the Holy Scriptures of the Sikhs," by Trumpp; Trübner, 1877.

† The absolute necessity of truthfulness is constantly enforced. Buddha once said to Mâra, "O Mâra! I am born a Kshatriya, and therefore I scorn to lie." This oath of the Kshatriya is the origin of "the word of honor" in chivalry. "Rom. Hist," 222, n.

‡ Dhap., xc.–xcvi.

* Hardy's "Manual of Buddhism," pp. 445, 446. The Jews believed in the pre-existence of souls (St. John ix. 2); see Lightfoot's "Exercit. Talmud" on this passage; Alger's "Critical History of a Future Life," New York, 1867, for the history of the subject. There is an interesting passage on pre-existence in Lessing's "*Die Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts,*" which is pure Buddhism.

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Of the first origin of things, of the first birth, Buddha knew nothing. "When he was asked whether the existence of the world is eternal or non-eternal, he made no reply," because he considered such inquiries of no profit. He starts from the material world and the conscious beings in it. Here he finds all things changing by the law of cause and effect; nothing continues in one stage. Then this reflection came into his mind. Birth exists, and is the cause of decay, disease, and death. Therefore, destroy birth, and the effects of birth are destroyed likewise; and this world, which is but a mass of sorrows culminating in decay and death, will be annihilated.

As of the beginning of existence, so of the end of existence Buddha knows nothing. He traces the progress of the human being as it develops towards perfection through a series of ever-ascending heavens, until the last and final heaven is attained. Gradually, by a series of steps, has all imperfection been purified, and man has become perfect, so far as the mind of man can conceive of perfection. And when made perfect, there is no further need for it to be re-born, because no more births could make it more humanly perfect than it is. Therefore it passes into the rest and repose of nirvâna, that transcendental stage of being which overpasses the horizon of man's conception. What the nature of that state may be Buddha knows not — it is nirvâna. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man." * Beautifully is it described as "the eternal place of bliss, where there is no more sorrow, no more disease, nor old age, nor death." It is the "home of peace," "the other shore of the ocean of existence," the "shore of salvation," the "harbor of refuge," the "mecicine of all evils." The rest and repose of nirvâna may be obtained on earth by the man who attains the ideal holiness. Indeed, Mr. Rhys Davids proposes to translate nirvâna by the word "holiness — holiness, that is, in the Buddhist sense, *perfect peace, goodness, and wisdom*." † Some people, not in harmony with the mind of Buddha, have spoken of nirvâna as though it meant annihilation. But there is no thought of annihilation in the mind of the founder who said, "I devote myself wholly to moral culture, so as to arrive at the highest condition of moral rest, Nirvâna." * There can be no thought of the loss of personal being in the place whose four characteristics are "personality, purity, happiness, eternity." †

Indeed, the controversy between the Confucians and the Buddhists in China turns upon the belief in a future life as a motive for virtue, as may be seen from the biographical section of the history of the Sung dynasty: "The instructions of Confucius include only a single life; they do not reach to the future state, with its illimitable results. His only motive to virtue is the happiness of posterity. The only consequence of vice he names is present suffering. The reward of the good does not go beyond worldly honors. The aims of Buddha, on the other hand, are illimitable. His religion removes care from the heart, and saves men from all danger. Its one sentiment is mercy seeking to save. It speaks of hell to deter from sin; it points to heaven that men may desire its happiness. It exhibits the nirvâna as the spirit's final refuge, and tells us of a body (*dharmakâya*) to be possessed under other conditions, long after the present body has passed away." ‡

Thus Buddha taught that the aim of life is perfection, and that rest and repose can only be found in the perfection of the moral and spiritual being. How closely this coincides with the teaching of Christ on this point five hundred years later, will appear from the words, "Be ye *perfect*, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect," — τέλειοι, complete, all-embracing, godlike in your charity and love to others, like the Father, who sendeth his rain and maketh his sun to shine both on the evil and the good. Again, "He that is *perfect* shall be as his master," — κατηρτισμένος, fully instructed, well-conditioned, knowing his duty and doing it.§ So also St. Paul urges men to arrive at the "perfect man" (εἰς ἄνδρα τέλειον), "to the measure of the stature of Christ's fulness."

It is quite true that Buddha did not give as the standard of ideal perfection "our Father in the heavens," that most touching name by which the early Aryan clan spoke of God, and which reappears in the lan-

* 1 Cor. ii. 9.
† "Buddhism," p. 112; Childers' Pali Dict., "Nibbanam."

* Catena, p. 183.
† Letter, Dr. Rost, p. i.
‡ "Travels of Fa-hian," introd., p. xxvi. "If we look in the Dhammapada," says Prof. Max Müller, "at every passage where nirvâna is mentioned, there is not one that would require that its meaning should be annihilation; while most, if not all, would become perfectly unintelligible if we assigned to the word nirvâna that meaning." — Buddhaghosha, p. 41.
§ The Buddhistic spirit of this passage was pointed out to the writer by the veteran scholar, Mr. Bryant Hodgson.

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guage of their European descendants. Buddha, as a rationalist, knew nothing of a personal God, but only of his manifestation in the law of karma.

There are some who have described Buddhism as atheistic, but the mind which refuses to predicate attributes of God which it cannot prove is different from the mind which boldly asserts, "There is no God." It may be difficult to prove the existence of a personal God; it is not less difficult to prove his non-existence. Buddha neither asserted nor denied. Buddha is accused of atheism because he rejected Indra, Brahma, and the whole material pantheon; but the accusation comes with a bad grace from those who must know that the early Christians were called *ἄθεοι*, because they refused to believe in Jupiter and the other divinities of Greece and Rome. Buddha had a very high conception of deity; but so far did he push the refinement of deity or the divine existence, that he not only eliminated from it all human conditions and relationships, but he thought that it must embrace all existence. In other words, nothing really exists but *it*, and phenomenal existence is really phenomenal. Therefore, the leading idea of his religion, when regarded as a rule of faith for shaping our lives and raising them to the ideal of the divine, is that we must not only get rid of all the imperfections included in the idea of ill-conduct, but also the limitations included in the idea of individual existence. This is not pantheism, but, if anything, transcendentalism — a conception of deity which transcends human thought.

The idea of a perfect life on earth Buddha taught not merely by word of mouth, but also by the moral purity and the lofty purpose of his character, and by his devotion to the good of his fellow-men. Every Buddhist believes that it was Buddha's "exceeding great love" which moved him with compassion for suffering humanity, and brought him back from heaven to earth to teach mankind the way of salvation. His enemies blamed his disciples for applauding his saying, "Let all the sins that have been committed fall upon me, in order that the world may be delivered." * This spirit of self-sacrifice we constantly find in his disciples. For instance, King Rantiveda, who endured hunger and thirst that he might relieve others, says, "I desire not from the Lord that highest destiny which is accomplished in the eight perfections, neither do I ask to be exempted from future births. I seek to live within all corporeal beings, and endure their pains, so that they may be freed from suffering." * The traditions show this self-sacrifice pushed to the point of extravagance, in stories of Buddha having, in previous stages of existence, given his body to a famished tigress to enable her to succor her young. "As a mother," he said, "even at the risk of her own life, protects her son, her only son, so let there be good-will without measure among all beings. Let unmeasured good-will — unhindered love and friendliness — prevail in the whole world, above, below, around. If a man remain in this state of mind at all times, then is brought to pass the saying that is written, 'Even in this world has holiness been found.'" One of the highest acts of charity is to pray to a Buddha "from a desire to save all living creatures." "Our object should be by personal profit to profit others." "It is because men seek their own profit that sorrows come upon them." "Love is the greatest of all things, and frees the man whose heart is full of it from all bonds of ignorance and sin." † "When a man abstains from evil, and experiences in his heart a feeling of universal charity and love, and desires to arrive at perfection in order that he may benefit others, and from no selfish desire, then, like dry wood, the fire may be easily kindled." Indeed, Buddha is described as "that great man who, unaided, works out salvation for the world." ‡

IV. *The Teacher.* — Buddha, having attained this enlightenment, shrank at first from the task of proclaiming it to the world. Men, weighed down by sorrow, oppressed by false teaching, would not be able to understand this law of enlightenment; had he not better remain a solitary hermit? As he thought thus, the divine voice of his better nature spoke: "Oh, do not act thus; be not silent, but, for the sake of man sunk in sin, declare thy law! Let thy love constrain thee to do so, let thy compassionate heart move thee to declare thy law; for though the world be wicked, yet are there many prepared to receive this message of love and to be converted, many who would otherwise perish. Let the world-honored one, therefore, resolve to preach the law for the good of others." Then by the power of his wisdom he beheld the various conditions

* Max Müller, "Ancient Sanskrit Literature," p. 80. A similar noble sentiment was expressed by Moses (Exod. xxxii. 32) and by St. Paul (Rom. ix. 3).

* Bhâgavata Purâna, ix. 21.

† *Cf.* the Hebrew proverb, "Love covereth all sin" (x. 12), quoted in 1 Peter iv. 8.

‡ Burnouf, "*Lotus de la Bonne Loi,*" p. 332.

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of men, in ignorance and in knowledge, like the lotus flowers in a tank, some emerging from the mud but not yet above the water, others above the water but not yet expanded, others just opening, waiting for his word to complete their development. Then his resolution was formed, and he said, "I am willing now to open the gate of immortality. If any will listen, let them come gladly; let them hearken as I declare the tidings of this law."

The first persons to whom he preached the kingdom of righteousness, or "turned the wheel of the law," were the five hermits who had been with him in the time of his penance, and who now dwelt in the Deer Park near Benares. Afterwards he went to preach in the city. An acquaintance met him on the road, and inquired whither he was going. "I am going to Benares," he answered, "to establish a kingdom of righteousness,* by giving light to those who are shrouded in darkness, and by opening to all men the gate of immortality." At Kapilavastu, he offered salvation to his father: "My father, when a man has found a treasure, it is his duty to offer the most precious of his jewels to his father first. Do not delay; let me share with you the treasure I have found." His wife had fasted and wept during his absence; he went to her, for he said, "She is exceeding sorrowful. Unless her sorrow be allowed to take its course, her heart will break. She may embrace me. Do not stop her." But when she saw him enter, no longer the husband she remembered, but a recluse with shaven head and face, and in the yellow † robe, she fell at his feet, and held them, watering them with her tears. Then, feeling how great was the distance between them, she rose and stood on one side. So they parted either from other, and in after years she became a Buddhist nun. His son came and asked for his inheritance. "The boy asks for an earthly inheritance which availeth nothing. I will give him a spiritual inheritance which fadeth not away. Let him be admitted among us."

Buddha preached to all men alike, but it was to the poor that his teaching came home with peculiar force; for he broke down the *caste* which degraded society; he taught them the way to escape from the sorrows of their daily life, and he held out to them a brighter future, dependent upon their goodness and their charity. He showed his love and compassion for them by becoming a poor man himself, although born son of a king. The people were astonished: "Our young prince is gone mad!"* The priests were indignant that one not of their order should teach the people; they were still more indignant when they heard him announce that no one was of a caste too low and despised but that he could attain to the moral perfection and the enlightenment of Buddha himself. Ananda, his favorite disciple, meets a poor Chandala woman beside a well of water, and asks her for a drink. She tells him she is a Chandala,† an outcast; but he replied, "My sister, I ask not after thy caste and thy family, I only ask for a draught of water." She became a disciple. "Not by birth," said Buddha, "does one become a slave (*vasala*), not by birth does one become a Brahman; one becomes a slave by bad conduct, as one by good conduct becomes a Brahman." "Not by plaited hair or family shall one become a Brahman; for what avail thy plaited hair and garment of skins when within thee there is impurity, and the outside only thou makest clean. He who walks truthfully and righteously, he is the true Brahman." ‡

No one was too unlearned. When Patisma, who could only learn one *gâtha*, attained supreme wisdom, men exclaimed, "How hath this man this wisdom?" Buddha replied, "Learning need not be much; conduct is the chief thing. Patisma has allowed the words of the *gâtha* to penetrate his spirit. . . . To explain one sentence of the law, and to walk according to it, this is the way to find supreme wisdom." §

No one was too poor to win Buddha's praise. He tells the story of a poor old woman who wished to offer him a gift. She had only two small coins (mites), so she spent them in buying a little oil, which she took to a sacred place, and burned it in a lamp to his honor. The lights of all the rich folk were extinguished, but hers burned on continually.‖ Poor people were able with a few flowers to fill his alms-

* This is the translation proposed by Mr. Rhys Davids for the usual Buddhist phrase, "to turn the wheel of the law." — *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

† This color was first chosen as one of contempt, being the color of old cast-off rags of white cotton cloth; it soon became the sign of the highest honor (Dhap. 9).

* Klaproth, Journ. As., vii. 181, qd. by Köppen.

† The Chandalas were the outcasts of Indian society; they had no caste. When they entered a town or market-place, they struck a piece of wood to keep themselves separate. People hearing their sound, avoided touching or brushing against them.

‡ Dhap. 393, 394. "Young philosophers assume a cloak and grow a beard, and say, 'I am a philosopher.'" — Epictetus, iv. 8. *Cf.* 1 Pet. iii. 3, 4.

§ Dhap. xvi.

‖ Beal's Letter to Rost, p. 7.

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bowl, although there were rich men who could not fill it with many baskets of flowers.*

During the famine a certain Pratyeka Buddha got up early one morning, and putting on his robe, took his alms-dish in his hand, and entered the city of Benares, where he begged from door to door. He obtained nothing, so he went home again, washed his alms-bowl, and sat down. Now there was in Benares a certain poor man who had watched the holy man, and seen that he received nothing; so he went to him, and invited him to his house to share all that he had, which was just one measure of coarse cockle-seed. A servant girl, whose mistress had refused to relieve a dirty old man, ugly and graceless, begged her daily portion of meal, and gave it in charity to the man; "for," said she, "in holy men one does not look for comeliness of person, but for purity of heart."

But not only did he preach to the poor and the low-caste, he preached to the rich and the high-caste also, and gathered disciples from all ranks of society. To all he laid down as the characteristic of the "true disciple, the disciple indeed" — "He ministers to the worthy, does harm to none, gives honor to whom honor is due, loves righteousness and righteous conversation, rejoices in meditating on the law, reflects in his life the divine wisdom, practises self-discipline in order to lead a pure and chaste life, always does good to those around him." For one class, indeed, he made special provision — the hermits. Brahmanism had developed by its teaching men who retired from the world under vows of chastity and poverty. Buddha had himself tried their system, and it had failed to give rest and repose to his spiritual being. He now offered to those ascetics the way by which they might escape from the sorrows of life and find spiritual rest. The way of salvation was the same for all men, but for those who desired to live a higher life he provided special "counsels of perfection." Hence there sprang the elaborate conventual system which so keenly exercised the speculation of the early Jesuit missionaries, and which is so powerful to this day in Buddhist countries. The monastic order was bound by vows of celibacy and poverty; but those vows did not bring in themselves merit, they were only to be regarded as a help to the men and women who bound themselves by them. All men and women were admitted without distinction of caste, and no one who was under age was received without the consent of their parents. They were not priests, for they neither offered sacrifice nor prayers. Originally they lived under trees, but they soon assembled in religious houses — the men in monasteries, the women in convents. Their time was spent in meditation, which is the effort of the "true self" to obtain freedom from the trammels of sense. "Cleansed from all personal defilement, the candidate," says Buddha, "comes out of the world, and is truly a homeless one — a disciple indeed." Henceforth he must give himself up to work and chastity, for "the man who has left home to become a *shaman*, and yet gives way to idleness and sloth, or whose mind hankers after impure indulgence, is like the rotten tree against which the wind blows, which can hardly resist its force, but is soon blown down."* To this day the admission of a neophyte is one of the most imposing ceremonies of the Buddhist *culte*.†

The number of inmates in some of the monasteries at the present day is enormous. Huc and Gabet found four thousand at Kounboun. When Father Bury saw the Chinese bonze tonsured, using the rosary, praying in an unknown tongue, and kneeling before images, he said, "There is not a piece of dress, not a sacerdotal function, not a ceremony of the court of Rome, which the devil has not copied in this country;" and the young De Beauvoir says, "What struck me was the outward resemblance of the religious ceremonies of the temples to those of our own religion. A bonze, surrounded with clouds of incense, and dressed in a chasuble of red silk, officiated with great pomp."‡ The rock-cut Buddhist temples of India, which date two hundred years before our era, have a nave, side aisles, and an apse round which the aisle is carried, resembling in form the early Christian churches. The rock-cut monasteries are also earlier in date than the Christian; there are between seven and eight hundred in India, dating from 200 B.C., to 500 A.D.

The wife of Buddha and their son were among the first admissions into the con-

* Travels of Fa-hian, p. 38.

* Dhap. xxxiv.

† The rules of the order are translated in Beal's "Catena," p. 240. The initiation is described by Rhys Davids in "Buddhism," p. 161. The two hundred and fifty monastic rules were translated into Chinese from the Sanskrit about 70 A.D., and are therefore anterior to Christian monasticism ("Catena," p. 189).

‡ Voyage, Japan, p. 151.

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ventual orders; others quickly followed. We read of a young man whom Buddha called: "Follow me, Yasa." The youth passed on; but by night he returned secretly, and was so won over by the loving character of the master, that he became his disciple. He ordained fifty-four of Yasa's friends with the formula, "Follow me." One day a rich young man came to Buddha clothed in costly garments and riding in a sumptuous chariot; he wished to become a disciple. Buddha, looking on him, bid him return home and selling all that he had, bestow his wealth in charity, so as to fit himself to become a disciple.* Some joyous youths, looking in a wood for a dancing-girl, who had left them after a night's debauch, lighted on Buddha seated under a tree, and asked him if he had seen the girl; he answered, "Listen to me, O youths! I will ask you a question. Whether is it better, think you, to find yourselves, or to find the woman whom ye seek?" They replied, "It would certainly be better to find ourselves." Then Buddha invited them to sit down, and he taught them the way of salvation, and they became his disciples. He placed the highest ideal of purity before his disciples: "Say to yourself, 'I am placed in this sinful world; let me be the spotless lily, unsoiled by the mud in which it grows.' The heart is the busy contriver of lust; compose the heart, and those evil thoughts will all be still."

To all men Buddha taught the laws which ought to govern the life of man. We will mention a few of these.

One day Buddha found his disciples in fierce anger because the master had been reviled by a priest. Gently does he rebuke them: "Beloved! if others speak against me, or against the truth, be not displeased with them, or you will not be able to judge whether they speak truly or not."

There was no limit to the forgiveness of injuries. Among the parting words he spoke on the evening of his death are these: "If a man should do you such injury as to chop your body in pieces limb for limb, yet you ought to keep your heart in perfect control; no anger or resentment should affect you, nor a word of reproach escape your lips; for if you once give way to a bitter thought, you have erred from the right way." "To a man who foolishly does me wrong, I will return my ungrudging love; the more evil comes from him to me, the more good shall return from me to him." He explains to a young nobleman named Chamah the four aspects under which patience exhibits itself in a son of Buddha: "When reviled, he revileth not again; when smitten, he bears the blow without resentment; when treated with anger and passion, he returns love and good-will; when threatened with death, he bears no malice." "Liberality, courtesy, kindliness, and unselfishness are to society what the linch-pin is to the chariot."

He was singularly sympathetic, and could be touched by every tale of sorrow. The only child of a young mother died, and she carried the little cold body in her bosom, and going from house to house, entreated all she met to give her medicine to cure the child. Among others she met Buddha. "Lord and master," she said, "give me some medicine for my child." He bid her bring a handful of mustard from a house in which no child, parent, wife, husband, or slave, had died. She went to search; but she found that in every home death had entered; all said to her gently, "Lady, the living are few, the dead are many." Then at last, when she found no house free from death, the truth broke gently upon her. She laid down her baby boy and returned to Buddha, who, when he saw her, said, "You thought that you alone had lost a son; the law of death is among all living creatures; there is nothing that abides." She became his disciple.*

He set no limit to the power of faith. One day as Buddha was preaching by the side of a deep and rapid river, a man appeared on the other bank and walked across upon the surface of the water. The villagers, astonished, asked him by what power he did so marvellous a feat; he answered, "I asked the people on the other side if I might cross without a boat; they said, 'Yes, you can cross without fear;' then I walked over because I believed. Simple faith and nothing more enabled me to do so." Buddha said, "It is well spoken! well spoken! Faith like yours alone can save the world; such faith alone can enable men to walk across dry-shod to the other shore." "Faith with obedience is the path of wisdom." †

"As flowers, when waved to and fro by the wind, scatter their scent far and wide, so wide is the renown of the accumulated

* Rom. Hist., 378.

* Encyclopædia Britannica, Art. "Buddhism."

† Dhap. iv. The Dhammapada dates about 100 B.C.; it was translated into Chinese about 149 A.D., by An-shi-ko, a prince-royal of the Parthians (An-si), who left his kingdom, became a Buddhist monk, and went as a missionary to China.

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merits of him who once is born and lives as he ought."

Buddha once sent Ananda to ask an old man of eighty years why he had pulled down his old house and built a larger one, when death was so near. The man gave his reason, and stated the purposes of his numerous chambers. Buddha said, "'I have children and wealth,' such is the constant thought of the fool. He is not even master of himself; what then are his children and his money? The fool who says he is wise is foolish indeed." On the old man returning to his dwelling he suddenly fell dead from a blow.*

He was very tender and loving towards children. A child one day came beside him as he sat at a feast, and covered himself over with his robe. The disciples wished to drive him away, but "the world-honored one forbade them, and said, 'Let him stay, and let him hide himself in my robes.'"

V. *The Missionaries.* — The salvation of all men was a new thought in the world. It necessitated another thought equally new, viz., the duty of preaching the way of salvation to the world. The spirit of the true missionary inspired the soul of Buddha. As soon as he had sixty disciples, he said to them, "There is laid on us, who know the truth and who have been thereby made free, the duty of giving mankind the priceless blessing of salvation; go ye and visit the towns and villages throughout the land, preach the excellent law, and teach men to believe in the triple gem, Buddha, the law, and the church. Go ye, prepare the way for my coming; I will retire for a time into solitude." "Two by two" he sent them forth, and bid them take "only one robe, and one alms-bowl," for they were vowed to poverty. Poverty was their bride, charity their sister. As an earlier Buddha, Wassabhu Tathagata, had said, "As the butterfly alights on the flower and destroys not its form or its sweetness, but sipping forthwith departs, so the mendicant follower of Buddha takes not nor hurts another's possessions." † When he was left alone Buddha reflected, "These disciples of mine are gone to convert the world. Delivered from sin and at peace, they can now deliver others." "I will not die until this holy religion becomes known to many people, and is grown great, and is universally published among men." He then went into the solitudes of Uravilva, and prepared himself by fasting and meditation for the conversion of the fire-worshipper Kasyapa and his brothers. This missionary plan he carried out every year. In the rainy season he gathered round him his disciples for instruction, and in the dry season he sent them forth to preach the way of salvation and to make disciples.

The history of these missionaries is full of interest. The spirit that animated them may be gathered from the story of one who asked leave to preach to his relations. "'The people of that place,' said Buddha, 'are exceedingly violent. If they revile you, what will you do?' 'I will not revile again.' 'If they strike you?' 'I will not strike in return.' 'If they try to kill you?' 'Death is no evil in itself; I shall try neither to hasten nor to delay my departure.'" When threatened by an infuriated mob, one of the missionaries of later times confronted them with the words, "If the whole world were to come to terrify me, they could not cause me to be afraid." Then when he had persuaded the people to listen, he dismissed them with the simple words, "Do not hereafter give way to anger; do not destroy the crops, for all men love happiness. Show mercy to all living beings, and let men dwell in peace." * Missionary zeal carried on the work after Buddha's death, whose disciples went forth into all lands; and it received a great impulse after the Council of Asoka. The names of the missionaries mentioned by the chronicler are inscribed on the relics found at some of the stations.† The old chronicler closes his first chapter on missions with the words, "Who would demur, when the salvation of the world is at stake?"

The success of Buddhist missionaries is shown by the fact that after more than two thousand years "Buddism rules supreme in central, northern, eastern, and southern Asia, and it gradually absorbs whatever there is left of aboriginal heathenism in that vast and populous area." ‡

VI. *Buddha's Death.* — When Buddha was eighty years of age, he felt death coming on. He lay down under some sal trees, and calling his favorite disciples round him, he conversed with them long and earnestly. "It was now the middle of the night," says the sutra; "all was perfectly quiet and still." For the sake of his disciples he gave a brief summary of the law. We will quote a few passages: "Beloved, after my death keep my word

* Dhap. xii.
† Catena, p. 159.

* Max Müller, "Chips," vol. iv., p. 257.
† Köppen, "*Die Religion des Buddha,*" p. 188.
‡ Chips, vol. iv., p. 265.

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with reverence, as the poor man the pearl of great price which he has found. . . . Keep the body temperate in all things. . . . By self-control and upright thought aim at emancipation. Conceal none of your faults, but confess them before the congregation. . . . Be content with such things as are allotted you. Keep your senses within bound, just as a shepherd with his crook prevents the sheep from straying into the neighboring pastures. . . . The heart is lord of the senses, govern therefore your heart well, for it is like a venomous snake, a wild beast, a cruel robber, a great fire. . . . Restrain therefore and keep in subjection your heart; let it not get the mastery. Above all things, let modesty govern every thought and every word of your daily life. It is characteristic of truly great men to keep the rules of moral restraint without wavering, and to exercise patience without tiring. Strive after wisdom, for it is a lamp shining in darkness, a medicine for all diseases, a hatchet to cut down the tree of sorrow, a strong and trustworthy boat to cross the sea of old age, disease, and death. Continual perseverance is like a little fire that keeps on burning, but he who tires in the practice of religion is like a fire that goes out. Never forget self-examination and meditation; for if you neglect them, all perseverance is at an end. In the practice of these you put on a helmet of defence, so that no sword can hurt you, and no enemy get the advantage over you. Think only of the words I have given you; meditate on them on the mountain-pass and in the depths of the valley, in the congregation and in the solitary cell. I, as the good physician, knowing the disease which affects you, give this as a medicine fit for the case; without this you die. Like the guide that knows the way, I direct you whither to go and what path to follow; without this you perish."

As Socrates in the "Phædo"* asks his friends if they have any doubts respecting the future life, so Buddha asks his disciples if they have doubts concerning the four noble truths which are the foundation of his teaching. They answer, that their only thought is "one of grief that the world-honored one is about to depart and enter nirvâna, just when we have entered on the practice of the law, — as in the night a flash of lightning lights up the way for the weary traveller and is gone, and he left to wander in the dark." He said, "Lament not my departure. If I continued in the world it would do no good; those who were to be saved are saved; those who are not saved shall be saved by the seeds of truth I have sown. The word I have preached is everlasting and imperishable. The world is fast bound in fetters and oppressed with affliction; I now give it deliverance, a physician who brings heavenly wisdom." His favorite disciple, Ananda, here turned aside to weep.* "I am not yet perfect, and my master is passing away." Buddha called him: "O Ananda! do not weep, let not your heart be troubled. Sooner or later we must part from all we hold most dear."

Then to all his disciples: "When I have passed away, and am no longer with you in bodily presence, do not think that the Buddha has left you, and is not still in your midst. You have my words, my explanations of the deep things of truth, the laws I have laid down; let them be your guide — Buddha has not left you. Beloved! if you revere my memory, *love all the disciples as you love me.* Love my words. Beloved! keep your minds on these. All other things change, my word changeth not. I will speak no more with you. I desire to depart. I desire nirvâna. These are my last words with you." As the sun rose, the old man calmly and unconsciously passed away." †

As at Buddha's birth the aged Asita laid his venerable head beneath the infant's feet, so at the funeral the "old and wrinkled" Kasyapa thrice perambulated the pyre,‡ and said, "May I once more behold the sacred feet, and bow my head before them." §

Legends collect around the funeral, which was by cremation, after the "old rule of the wheel kings." None could move the sacred coffin, which rose by itself into the air; none could light the funeral pyre, which became self-enkindled. Then, in order that the relics of the sacred body might be preserved, Sakra, pouring water from the golden pitcher, extinguished the

* Phædo, 84.

* *Cf.* Phædo, 59, 117.

† "Sutra of Buddha's Dying Instructions," translated in Beal's Letter to Dr. Rost, p. 9; and Rhys Davids, Encycl. Brit.

‡ So at the funeral rites of Patrocles —

"Thrice in procession round the dead they drove
Their coursers sleek." — Il. xxiii. 13.

§ The last act towards a corpse among the Jews is for the friends to uncover the feet, and touching the two great toes, ask pardon for offences against them, and desire to be remembered in the other world. At the entombment of Pope Pius IX., the cardinals, in passing the body on their way to their seats in the chapel of the choir, each stopped for a moment and kissed his foot.

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flames of the royal sandalwood pyre.* The relics, which were like a heap of pearls, shed around sweet perfume. Afterwards came gorgeous retinues of the princes carrying golden vessels for the relics, each emulous to raise precious chaityas over the remains.

The personal influence of Buddha while he lived, the enthusiasm for humanity with which he inspired his followers, the attractive beauty of character which he bequeathed "a rich legacy" to mankind, place him as the central figure of his religion. The result has been that he has been idealized until he is regarded as divine, and omniscient, and free from all sin. "There is no deity above him; he stands out alone, unrivalled, unequalled, and unapproachable." † Prayers are addressed to him, flowers and incense offered, and his relics are enshrined in stupas. Nevertheless, Gautama stands but as one in a long chain of Buddhas who have preceded him, and who will follow. His teaching was higher and nobler than the teaching of those who came before him; the teaching of the Buddhas who will in the course of the ages follow will be greater and more divine than was his. Therefore he bade men look forward to and hail their advent.‡ The next Buddha will be Maitreya, the Buddha of charity.§

It is difficult to fix the exact date of Buddha's death; it may have been as early as 477,‖ or as late as 412 B.C.¶ Upon his death, Kasyapa claimed to be leader of the assembly, because Buddha had said to him, "Thou shalt wear my hempen robes." Therefore Kasyapa, fearing lest the words of Buddha should be forgotten, summoned an assembly of five hundred disciples; and the young Ananda, Buddha's beloved disciple, recited aloud the sutras. Missionaries carried the words abroad to all lands; the religion spread over India, and King Asoka made it the state religion of his dominions about the year 250 B.C. He promulgated decrees which remain to this day inscribed on stone pillars and cut in the living rock, enjoining morality and toleration, and justice and charity, on his subjects; commanding the foundation of hospitals;** appointing a minister of religion, who should preserve the purity of the faith and protect the aborigines and subject nations, and a minister of education, who should promote the instruction of the women in the harems and elsewhere in the principles of the religion of Buddha. The son and daughter of Asoka introduced it into Ceylon, where it still retains its purity. Missionaries carried it into Kashmir in the first century, A.D., and into Burmah in the fifth century, and thence into Siam in the seventh century. In the golden age of India, the state religion was Buddhist. We catch glimpses of its influence in the travels of the Chinese pilgrims Fa-hian in 400 A.D., of Sung-yun, in 518, and of Hiouen-thsang in 629–648 A.D.* For a thousand years it maintained its supremacy. In the eighth or ninth century A.D., there seems to have been a reaction against it in favor of Brahmanism, and a persecution to have taken place, which was so thorough that there is now scarcely a Buddhist in India. In this it resembles the history of Christianity; the Aryan race from whose bosom it sprang cast it forth, and it became the religion of a race entirely different, the Turanian.

VII. Christians of all shades of opinion have spoken with reverence of Buddha. The Venetian Marco Polo said, "Indeed had he been a Christian, he would have been a great saint of our Lord Jesus Christ, so good and pure was the life he led;" and he tells us how pilgrims came to Adam's Peak in Ceylon "from very long distances with great devotion, just as Christians go to the shrine of Messer Saint James in Gallicia." † M. St. Hilaire says, "Je n'hésite pas à ajouter que, sauf le Christ tout seul, il n'est point, parmi les fondateurs de religion, de figure plus pure ni plus touchante que celle de Bouddha. Sa vie n'a point de tache. Son constant héroïsme égale sa conviction; et si la théorie qu'il préconise est fausse, les exemples personnels qu'il donne sont irréprochables. Il est le modèle achevé de toutes les vertus qu'il prêcha." ‡ An Anglican clergyman, Mr. Baring Gould, bears witness that "the ethic code of Buddha can hardly be ranked lower than that of Christianity; and it is immeasurably superior to every heathen system that the world has ever seen." §

* So Apollo sends a miraculous rain to preserve the body of Crœsus. Herod., i. 84.
† "Analysis of Religious Belief," Lord Amberley, ii. 146.
‡ *Cf.* Phædo, 78; Alcibiades, ii.
§ Maitreya, possessed of love, (root *maitra*, love or charity). Fa-hian, p. 20 n.
‖ Max Müller, "Chips," i. 311.
¶ Rhys Davids' "Ancient Coins and Measures of Ceylon."
** *Westminster Review*, New Series, civ., p. 435.

* "*Mémoires sur les Contrées Occidentales*," by Hiouen-thsang, A.D. 648, St. Julien. Paris, 1857.
† Yule's ed., ii. 258. "He only is a pilgrim who goeth towards or frowards the house of St. James, . . . who journey unto the holy house of Gallicia." — Dante, "*Vita Nuova*."
‡ *Le Bouddha et sa Religion*, introd. v.
§ Development of Christianity, i. 357.

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But, most remarkable of all, is the fact that Buddha is a canonized saint of the Christian Church. St. John of Damascus in the eighth century wrote a religious romance, of which the narrative is taken from the "*Lalita Vistara*," the story of Buddha's life. It became very popular in the Middle Ages, and the hero was canonized. He has his festal days in the Roman communion on the 27th November, in the Eastern on 26th August, under the name of Josaphat, a corruption of Bodhisattva.*

In all times and in all places men have lived pure and holy lives, and have shown themselves Christians even "before Christ came in the flesh." † Buddha, whose teaching approaches nearer than does that of any other founder of a religion to the teaching of Christ, has won, by the attractive beauty of his character, the unconscious homage of Christendom. He has been placed in the golden roll of Christian saints, side by side with St. Francis d'Assisi and other founders of religious orders, with St. Francis Xavier and other missionary heroes, and with Francis de Sales and other saintly men. Worthily does he stand among "the sons of God who were righteous in their lives." ‡ "THEY WERE LOVELY AND PLEASANT IN THEIR LIVES, AND IN THEIR DEATH THEY WERE NOT DIVIDED."

* Max Müller, "Chips," iv. 174–189; Beal's "Fahian," p. 86, n.
† *Cf.* St. Aug., "Retract.," i. 13.
‡ Plato, "Apology," 41.

SECOND SIGHT.

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE

BY E. W. LATIMER.

CHAPTER III.

WINTER was over. It was the month of March. I had been forced to accept a crowd of invitations, and for the first time since I knew Stachovitch several days had passed without my seeing him.

One day, as I was on my way home about eleven o'clock in the evening, I found myself before his door. Seeing a light burning in his room, I went up-stairs and found him busy writing.

"Very glad to see you," said he, coming to meet me. "I have something I want you to do for me."

He asked me to sit down, and took a chair opposite to me. I then perceived that he was greatly agitated.

"What has happened?" said I.

Stachovitch rose, and began walking rapidly up and down the room. Suddenly he stopped before me, and asked me point-blank the question, —

"Am I a coward?"

"Most certainly not," I said. "What do you mean by asking me?"

"I have been insulted — grossly insulted; and it is impossible for me to fight the man who has insulted me."

"Humph! That's a pity. There are people of course who won't fight on principle. With some men it is a matter of conscience — a matter of taste. It cannot be argued about; only ——"

"You mistake," cried Stachovitch eagerly, "I have fought several duels, and I may fight more. But it was Drieux who insulted me —— "

"What matter who it was," said I, "Drieux or another?"

"I cannot fight him."

"Why not?"

"I can't. I ought not." He spoke with great excitement.

"My dear fellow," said I, rising, "I am at your service with all my heart, on one condition however. It is that you will be pleased not to talk in riddles, and that you will tell me clearly what has taken place."

"Drieux insulted me."

"That's the third time you have said so."

"I ought to ask satisfaction."

"That is what we must see about presently, when you have been so good as to tell me all the particulars. Drieux is a man of honor. He will not refuse you any satisfaction that you have a right to demand."

"But I cannot fight him."

Here I began to lose patience.

"I'll come back to-morrow morning," I said. "I hope you will then be calm enough to explain yourself. Good evening."

"No, stay. Pray stay. Don't leave me. Help me."

"Well, then, I will remain. Calm yourself. Give me a light. Thank you. Do me the favor to light your own cigarette. Very well. Are you ready? Now tell me why you cannot fight Drieux."

He looked at me fixedly. His eyes, which were unnaturally wide open, had an indescribable expression of horror.

"Because I do not choose to be his murderer," he replied slowly at last, pausing on the syllables of every word.

"You are more and more mysterious."

"Because it is quite certain I shall kill him if I fight him."

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I shrugged my shoulders, and gave unequivocal signs of impatience.

"Never mind about that," I said crossly, "we will talk about that by-and-by. Tell me now everything that passed. Till I know all I do not see how I can help you."

The story that Stachovitch at last decided to impart to me was very simple. For some time past the intimacy between himself and Drieux had cooled. Rivals in love, and each jealous of the other, they took small pleasure in meeting four or five times a week in the *salon* of Madame de Baudry. The vicomte at last asked Marie's hand: he was refused, and came no more to his aunt's house. His self-love suffered quite as much as anything else from his disappointment. He was ill-tempered with every one, and especially with Stachovitch. He still bowed to him very stiffly, but that was all. The young Russian was constantly expecting a quarrel with him, and tried to keep out of his way. That afternoon he had met him at the fencing-gallery. There Drieux had abruptly asked him if he would do him the honor to cross swords with him.

"I refused," continued Stachovitch, "and I am certain I refused with the utmost politeness. But Drieux would not give the matter up. He was evidently resolved to pick a quarrel with me. He went on in such a way that I should have been perfectly entitled to call him to account, had I not been anxious above everything to avoid a quarrel. Several persons present tried to interfere. They spoke to Drieux, blaming him for his persistency, and reminding him that everybody had long before agreed to put up with the apparently capricious selection I was accustomed to make of my opponents; that it had been agreed that no one should be offended if I refused to fence with him, and that Drieux, by acting otherwise, seemed to reflect on others. But Drieux would not give up his point; he raised his voice, and addressed me in such a way that I was forced at last to ask him to explain himself, or to take back what he had said. Then he laughed, and went on to say that his words were plain enough already, that he should not take them back; that I might either put up with them, or ask for satisfaction. That is how the affair stands. Now how do you advise me?"

I replied that the first thing to be done was to try every means of conciliation.

"I will go and see Drieux to morrow morning," I said. "He may be wiser when he has slept upon it. I will point out to him that he is only doing himself an injury by pushing the matter to extremities. Don't worry yourself meantime. Whatever comes of it, I will protect your honor."

The next morning I went early to see the Vicomte de Drieux. He was expecting me, and as soon as I began to speak stopped me, giving me the names of two of his friends, and requesting me to arrange the matter with them. In vain I tried to force him to make some explanation. He listened to me most politely, and behaved with all propriety, but would only answer that he was now in the hands of his friends.

Drieux had been careful to select young men not exactly of his own set, who were pleased with the distinction of being his seconds, and who would have been very sorry to have the meeting fall through. I could make no impression at all upon them.

"But, monsieur," they said, "why should these gentlemen not fight if they want to? A meeting is inevitable unless you decline to ask satisfaction. M. de Drieux assured us expressly that he would make no apology. He has asked us to be his seconds. We have accepted that honor, and all we have now to do is to settle the terms of meeting, provided Count Stachovitch thinks it his due. We are ready to fight, and wait your pleasure."

I went away and gave them time to reflect; then I had a second interview with these young fools, after which I went back to Stachovitch, and told him how all my attempts at reconciliation had failed.

"I knew they would fail beforehand," he replied, "but my conscience tells me I have now done all I could to avoid this unlucky duel. The blood that will be shed must fall upon the head of him who would not be reconciled."

The duel took place next morning at daybreak in the forest of Vincennes. I had been a little anxious lest Stachovitch should show some nervousness upon the ground, for in spite of my presence, he seemed almost beside himself the night before with anxiety. When I found myself with him the next morning in a carriage, he hastened to reassure me.

"You need not be anxious," he said, "I know what I have to do, and shall give you no occasion to be ashamed of me."

His whole bearing was excellent. He was grave, self-contained, and perfectly cool. As he stood sword in hand, after taking off his coat and waistcoat and unty-

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ing his cravat, I could not forbear admiring the strength and suppleness of his well-knit figure. Drieux attacked him vehemently. For some time all Stachovitch did was to parry the furious assaults of his opponent, but by degrees he warmed to his work and began to attack in his turn. More than once I fancied that I saw his sword touch the chest of the vicomte, but he did not wound him. All of a sudden he dropped his arm. We ran up to him. He was badly wounded through the right fore-arm. To continue the duel was impossible. Drieux prepared slowly to leave the ground, whilst his seconds earnestly begged to know if they could be of any use to me. I thanked them, but declined their help. After which, bowing low to us, they went away.

I turned to Stachovitch, who was already in the hands of the surgeon, and was amazed to see the look of perfect happiness upon his countenance.

"Thank God," he cried, "that it has ended thus! If you only knew what a weight has been taken off my mind."

This explosion of joy, on the part of a man who had been badly wounded, was at least surprising. I answered,—

"As far as I am concerned I had rather the vicomte had been hit; however, as you seem so charmed that it was you, I have no right to complain."

The wound having been dressed and the surgeon sent away, I got into our carriage with Stachovitch, and drove to the Avenue Friedland. As we drove along the young Russian seemed supremely happy. Every now and then he fell into deep revery, but his reflections must have been agreeable, for a smile of rest and satisfaction such as I had never seen before upon his face lighted up his features.

"I feel as if I had just got rid of an ugly dream," he said. "I am awake now, and I see that all that has been making me unhappy was unreal. This very day I will go to Madame de Baudry's, and ask her niece's hand. I know she will grant it me. I am full of happy hopes. I have been wretched for so long. Now my turn has come for being happy. Yes, I shall not be refused. I will see you this evening, dear friend. Congratulate me. I am so happy."

I could not in the least understand this new excitement; but I had no wish to trouble my friend's joy, so I said *au revoir*, after having taken him back to his own rooms, and retired, well satisfied with the result of the duel.

The proposal of Stachovitch for the hand of Marie de Massieux was accepted. My friend appeared indeed a happy man. He was altogether changed. His former sadness, of which he had never told me the cause, gave place to almost extravagant spirits and gaiety. I found it hard to get accustomed to the alteration; and it did not seem to me anything so very extraordinary that Stachovitch should be an accepted suitor. Mademoiselle de Massieux was a very charming person, and my friend's delight at his engagement was to a certain extent natural; yet it had been so obvious long before that he was encouraged to address her, that I could not imagine why his acceptance should appear to him a matter of surprise.

"I am the happiest man that lives!" he was forever saying to me. And I always made answer,—

"I am very glad of it, *mon cher;* but it is your own fault that your happiness did not begin three months ago."

When I spoke thus Stachovitch always had a strange way of looking at me, as if he were half inclined to tell me something. He never did, however, and I remained as ill-informed about the source of his new happiness as I had been about his former depression and misery.

The Vicomte de Drieux had left Paris. I heard accidentally that he was travelling in Greece.

"I wish him every good thing he can possibly desire," said Stachovitch, on hearing this news. "I owe him all my present happiness."

"Enigmas again!" I cried. "What possible connection can there be between De Drieux and your life's happiness?" Stachovitch smiled his most mysterious smile, as if to say,—

"I know — and am perfectly sure of it."

This conversation ended like all the rest. But after Boris had taken leave of me I began to ask myself, could anything be wrong in my young friend's brain?

A few days later the same idea recurred to me; and this was the occasion. One evening about ten o'clock I went to his rooms. We had agreed I should do so, and that we would go together and pass the evening with the Comtesse de Villiers. The servant of Count Stachovitch, knowing I was constantly there, showed me into the sitting-room without announcing my arrival. The room was empty. I crossed it without noise, for there was a very thick carpet on the floor, and I was about to enter my friend's bed-chamber when I was stopped upon the threshold by a very singular sight.

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On the chimney-piece burned two candelabra, which threw a blaze of light on a large looking-glass. Before this glass stood Stachovitch, making the most singular faces. He would look at his own face with the same look of looking it through that I remembered when he gazed so earnestly in the railroad carriage at the murderer Béchouard. Then he would draw back a few steps, still looking at his own face, but seeming to desire to view it from a new position. Then he winked his eyes, and drew down the corners of his mouth, and wrinkled up his forehead, so that his face got an expression of weariness and age. After looking at it thus for a few moments, he went back to the glass, when I saw him to my great astonishment pick up a little *crayon de toilette*, and proceed to draw wrinkles round his lips and eyes, like an actor getting himself up for an old man's part.

I was inexpressibly discomposed by what I saw. There I stood, spectator, as it seemed to me, of some lugubrious farce, or of some act of insanity. I walked back on tiptoe to the door by which I had entered the sitting-room, and after pausing a moment to recover myself, I opened and closed it violently, calling out to Stachovitch in his room to know if he was ready.

"I'll be with you in a moment," he cried, and there was no emotion whatever in his voice. "Take an evening paper, and sit down."

Then he closed his own door without having shown himself, left me to myself for a few minutes, and appeared smiling, as he always smiled since his duel.

I had the greatest mind to question him concerning the strange scene of which I had been the involuntary spectator. But I was afraid of intruding on his secret, so I held my tongue.

We went out. At the corner of the Avenue Friedland and the Rue St. Honoré we took a carriage.

"A lucky number," I said, looking at the ticket that the coachman gave me. "No. 1107."

"Why lucky?" asked Stachovitch.

"Because 1107 can be divided by 9."

Stachovitch still looked at me.

"I have a fancy," I said, "for noting the numbers on the hack carriages I engage, and the houses where I visit. If the figures when added together make nine, or a number that can be divided by nine, it is all right. If on the contrary they make thirteen, as for instance 643 does, I am made seriously uncomfortable. I like best to visit houses with lucky numbers, and I am always afraid of quarrelling with people who live at numbers 49, 67, and so on. Luckily there are not many such houses. In your Avenue Friedland there is no No. 13. The houses are numbered 11, 11 *bis*, 15."

Stachovitch looked at me a little anxiously.

"Really and truly," he said, "do you believe such things?"

Not knowing whether he were joking or in earnest, I answered, laughing, "Of course I believe them."

"Then," said he, "I suppose you are afraid of Friday, and would not choose to start upon a journey on that day?"

"Oh, no," I replied with mock gravity, "*that* is mere superstition. An interest in numbers is quite another affair. It is an excellent habit to cultivate. After a time you might develop it into quite a respectable mania. You can be always enjoying the use of it too without any inconvenience to others. I assure you I find it contribute greatly to the interest of my existence."

"Take care," said the young Russian eagerly, "you are playing with dangerous weapons. Believe me, for I know what I am saying. I have had sad experiences."

"Are you really in earnest?"

"Perfectly. All manias are dangerous. *Mania*, *maniacus*, are sad words, my dear fellow. As soon as a man gets out of the straight line of common sense, he finds himself upon the road to insanity."

I answered, "Yes — yes, you are quite right," well knowing that absolute consent cuts short discussion; for when I thought of the scene before the glass, I could not bear to allude in the presence of Stachovitch to anything connected with insanity.

However, the matter faded from my mind. I set it down at last to mere grimacing, to try effects of expression before a mirror. This certainly put Stachovitch in rather a ridiculous light, but in no way impaired my regard for him.

His marriage was to take place on the eighth of June.

It was the last week in May. Stachovitch dined nearly every day with Madame de Baudry, and came home about ten o'clock. I was accustomed to look in upon him nearly every evening, when we commonly strolled together down the Champs Elysées.

One evening when I went to his house his servant told me he had just gone out, but that he had left a message for me begging me not to go away without seeing him, as he had something very important

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that he wished to say to me. I thought it was probably something about his marriage. So having nothing in particular to do I took a comfortable chair, and began to read. It was a lovely night. From the windows of the sitting-room I could see the trees of the avenue, I could hear the noise of the carriages in the streets. There was nothing to conduce to any sad or mysterious train of feeling.

All of a sudden I uttered a cry of terror. Before me, pale as a corpse, with haggard, burning eyes, stood Stachovitch, drawn up to his full height, looking like his own spectre.

"Read that!" he cried in a hoarse voice, "read that!" as, without giving me time to ask a question, he thrust a crumpled newspaper into my fingers.

Instead of looking at it however, I sat gazing into the face of my friend.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Read it — read it," he repeated; "you will see that I was right all along. Oh, my terrible presentiment!"

I took the newspaper and read the paragraph. It was a telegraphic despatch, and ran thus: —

"ATHENS. Vicomte René de Drieux was murdered yesterday by brigands, whilst making an excursion at no great distance from the city. His body was easily identified by the French consul. M. de Drieux was stabbed in the breast by a dagger. The police is actively engaged in endeavoring to discover those who committed the crime."

"Poor young man!" said I. "It is a sad piece of news indeed, and I am truly sorry."

"I knew — I always knew that Drieux would die like that," cried Stachovitch.

His exclamation startled me. I suddenly remembered how unwilling Stachovitch had been to fight with Drieux, because he was so sure that he would kill him. Involuntarily I began to feel very uncomfortable. Yet after all it might be merely a coincidence; and it was not for me to follow Stachovitch into all kinds of queer theories and vagaries, it was my duty rather to recall him by sober arguments to calmness and right reason. I therefore insisted that he must confide his trouble to me.

His excitement had made him lose all self-command, and with it the reserve he had hitherto maintained towards me. After a while he consented to tell me his story. His agitation, however, became greater than ever. He kept walking up and down his chamber, talking loud, and gesticulating violently. What he said was at first hardly intelligible; but by degrees I got the thread of the narrative, and when he had done I had learned all the particulars of his melancholy story.

I do not give it here just as he told it me. I only recapitulate it as it is graven in my memory.

CHAPTER IV.

THIS is the story of my friend Count Boris Stachovitch.

One day I found myself at a great dinner-party, sitting beside a beautiful young woman. Her figure was perfect. I never saw more lovely shoulders, or such faultless arms and hands. She had large blue eyes, limpid, and full of intelligence. Her lips were fresh and pink. Her eyebrows were exquisitely pencilled, and her long curved eyelashes added, whenever she looked down, an especial grace and softness to her features. I was perfectly bewitched by the union of so many charms, and all through the dinner did nothing but pay attentions to my neighbor. She listened to me with the most flattering attention; sometimes she smiled at me as if we had been old friends; sometimes she looked as if all I said demanded her most serious attention. Whatever she did became her. I found her growing more and more beautiful. After dinner the lady of the house invited her to play. She did not take much pressing, but played two or three difficult pieces with the brilliancy and ease of a professor. Then she sang. Her voice was a powerful voice, and highly cultivated. Never in my life had I met so accomplished a woman. All the party crowded round her, and paid her compliments. She had modest thanks for every one. I looked at her with all my eyes. I could not bear to look away from her. Suddenly I saw her walk towards a lady of a certain age seated near the piano, to whom nobody had been paying any attentions. This lady's face did not appear wholly unknown to me, but I could not remember where I had ever seen her. I looked at her attentively. She was not ugly, though her face had something about it singularly disagreeable. She looked stern, cold, and cruel. She was tall and thin. She wore a plain dress of some dark color. Her hands, which were covered by very shiny black gloves, were extraordinarily small. Her hair was thin, but black as jet, and was arranged very simply. Her skin, which looked like wax, was withered like the skin of a mummy. Her eyes were clear, intelligent, watchful

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of all that passed, and deep sunk in their orbits. Her lips were thin and pale.

"Humph!" I said to myself, "what an unpleasant-looking creature! She must have a heart as hard as a stone."

At this moment she looked up at the ceiling. "Where can I have seen her face before?" I again asked myself.

Again she looked down, and I felt sure I had never before seen her.

"Do you know that lady that Mlle. Olga M—— is now speaking to?" said I, addressing an old gentleman, a great friend of my father's, who was very intimate in the house where I was visiting.

"She is mother to Mlle. Olga, your neighbor at dinner. She is Countess M——."

"Is it possible," I cried, "that so charming a creature should have such a mother?" My friend smiled.

"I knew the countess before she was married," said he; "we used to call her *la belle Nathalie*. She was ever so much prettier than her daughter Olga. And besides she was charmingly intelligent and amusing. Every man who saw her fell in love with her. Nobody could resist such an enchantress. *Moi qui vous parle*, I was wildly in love with her. And your own father too, Boris, — he came near dying of love for *la belle Nathalie*. But she was a young person who meant to get the most she could out of her advantages. She talked, and she laughed, and she danced, and she sang like a siren. Neither your father nor I would do for *her*. She had set her mind on Count M——, a rich man and nothing else; and of course she succeeded in marrying him. In five years she had given him three daughters, and by the time they had been married six years, she had sent him into another world by her coldness and her cruelty. Two of her daughters are married, but the youngest, Olga, is still free. If you will accept a piece of good advice, my young friend, let me recommend you to have nothing to do with so dangerous a beauty. Olga reminds me of her mother when she was eighteen. She has the same smile; she knows how to cast soft glances just as her witch of a mother could do. Look at them this moment! — both of them are casting down their eyes in the same way; they have the same hands, feet, forehead, and mouth. All that is sharp and withered in the countess is in her daughter fresh and fair. Years will transform your beautiful Olga as they have transformed my charming Nathalie. In thirty years she will be the living image of her mother. Good-night, Boris. Don't dream of Olga. If you must dream, dream of that pretty little girl yonder in a pink dress, who sits quietly and modestly beside her mother. The mother is as sweet and fresh as she is."

I went apart to think over what I had just heard. I have good eyes, and from the dark corner of the *salon* in which I stood I could see Olga as plainly as though I had been at her side. It was true she was like her mother. The likeness was not striking at first, but became very evident when her face was stripped of its youthful charms. Ah! what cold, cruel looks those lovely eyes were capable of giving, — how hard and stern the mouth when stripped of its attractive smile! "And that is how Olga will look in thirty years," I thought, as I gazed at her mother. I became afraid of the young girl who had so lately fascinated me. Somehow my thoughts went back to my own grandmother, and an old great aunt who was still living. They were sisters and extraordinarily like each other. And yet my grandmother had been a great beauty in her day, and my great aunt positively ugly. All kinds of queer ideas passed through my mind about the unchangeableness of the typical forms of face in every individual, though such typical forms may lie concealed for years under a veil of youth or happiness, sorrow, health, or sickness. Nevertheless, as every individual grew old I suddenly seemed to understand that his typical countenance, the primitive plan of his face, would inevitably declare itself. "It is the true essence of himself," I thought, "the rest is outward show." After this I came out of my retreat, and again joined the others. I chanced to pass near Olga. Her expressive look welcomed me back.

"What a pensive air, *M. le philosophe!*" she exclaimed, "what are you thinking about? Give me your arm, and take me out of this furnace. I can hardly breathe."

I took her into another room. She stood by a window, and, still leaning on my arm, she looked out into the starry night. A pensive sadness overspread her face; I felt the beating of her heart; a deep sigh rose from her soft bosom. And I knew — I knew with absolute certainty — that she was a living lie; that everything about her was false, her dreamy eyes, her smiling mouth, her gentle words, and every beat of her false heart of stone. As she stood silent and motionless beside me like a faultless statue, she appeared to me not what she *was*, but what she would

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be thirty years to come. I perceived clearly her real, primitive type, — the same as her mother's, with her cruel mouth and evil eyes. I let her hand drop from my arm, and I drew apart from her.

"What is the matter?" she said, with some surprise. "You are quite pale!"

At the moment I could find no commonplace words of excuse to offer her. I was impelled to tell the truth. "You fill me with horror!" I exclaimed. She gave a merry laugh, probably supposing I was joking. But without another word I left her and went home.

From that day forward I began a new existence. Every face I saw became the object of my careful examination. Young people's faces especially interested me. If I saw them with their parents, I was not easy till out of the fair, fresh, youthful face I had picked out the family features. Youth withered under my glance. The desire to find the true face under the mask became a mania. It caused me many annoyances, for it often happened that strangers wanted to know why I was gazing at them. Several times I made a resolution to give up this unlucky propensity, but it was too strong for me. At concerts or at theatres I would fix my eyes on some young face, and then turn it into an old one; after which I would make every effort to obtain a glimpse of the father or mother of the young person whose face I was experimenting upon. At first I often found myself mistaken, but I grew more skilful as time went on. I laid down laws, fixed rules for my own guidance, and after a while became a master of the miserable art which had gained complete ascendancy over me.

What I may call my apprenticeship did not last long. I had been early struck with the fact that certain faces could not be subjected to my process of *aging* them. In vain I applied to them all the rules I found successful in other cases. They would not grow old.

One of these *refractory* faces, as I called them, was my brother's; another that of a young girl who was my sisters' friend; whom I saw every day either at our own house or at her father's, and who was the object of my secret love.

"Why cannot I transform these two faces?" I asked myself. If I covered my eyes with my hands, and tried to make them old, Alexis and Sophie would only look pale with their eyes closed. And it was not long before I saw their dead bodies just as I had so often seen them in imagination. They were out upon the lake in a party of pleasure. The boat upset; and they were drowned.

The grief that I felt for their loss was increased by my conviction that I possessed the fated gift of knowing who among those who surrounded me would die young. I almost went out of my senses. I became very ill. For weeks my life was despaired of. When I grew better I went to a retired country house owned by my family in southern Russia. There I lived for a year in the strictest possible seclusion.

One day, having nothing to do, I undertook to see if I could apply to my own face the same rules by which I had been in the habit of testing the faces of others. My face proved a *refractory* face. I could not make it grow old. "I shall die young, like Sophie and Alexis," I exclaimed, "and I am glad it should be so." Life had grown to be a heavy burden, and yet I was only twenty-two years old.

When the next winter came I dreaded a return to its long solitude. I went to Moscow, and thence I set out for Paris. I thought I would have all the enjoyment I could out of the few years I had to live. I also wanted to see my sister, the Comtesse de Villiers, before I died.

During my journey I resumed my old habit of analyzing the faces round me. I lived as it were surrounded by old faces. Some I liked, and those persons I tried to know; some were inexpressibly disagreeable to me. I was considered eccentric in my tastes; I did not care.

My illness — for I recognized my mania as such — seemed every day to make fresh progress. My first terrible experience was before I reached Paris.

When the train in which I was seated had just crossed the Belgian frontier, a railroad *employé* sprang on the step outside to examine the tickets of the passengers. His was a *refractory* face. I was looking at him with deep pity, for I knew he must die young, when suddenly I saw a broad red line, like a deep wound, across his forehead. I could not take my eyes from his face so long as he remained at the door of our carriage, and I looked out for him at every station. He was a young, active man, with a very pleasing countenance. Wherever we passed he seemed to have friends, and to exchange a pleasant word with them. He was never in a hurry. He would let the train begin to move, and then running alongside it jump upon the footboard. At Saint Quentin, however, he delayed too long. I watched him from my window. I

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saw him make a spring to catch the last carriage. His foot slipped — he fell. I heard a cry, lost in the scream of the locomotive. The engineer had seen the accident, and stopped the train. In a few moments a corpse was borne past my window. The poor fellow had fallen on a rail, and had split open his skull. The dark red wound that I had seen was on his forehead.

It was the same with the murderer Béchouard, whom we met on our way from England. I saw him seated beside me with his eyes turned in his head, eyes such as we saw when we found him; and Drieux I always saw stabbed through the body.

After the duel that I had with our poor friend I came to life again. I had been certain I should kill him if I fought him. But the meeting had taken place, and I was the one wounded. I blessed him for having forced me into the quarrel. If I could have been deceived once, my gift of second sight was not infallible. The fated power that I thought I had might not be in my possession. I reasoned thus, and I was happy. I did so wish for happiness! Life seemed to me to become all at once so wonderful and beautiful. I hoped long to enjoy it. I hoped so yesterday — hoped so this morning, only a few hours since. Now all my hope has vanished. I know Drieux has been murdered. He died as I foreknew he would, I made no mistake — I cannot make mistakes, alas! on such a subject. And now I know I shall die soon. Life has no more to offer me. All is lost — all is over!

As Stachovitch ended his sad story he sunk back in his chair, covered his face with both hands, and sobbed aloud. I did all I could to calm him. When I found nothing would do I called in his old servant who began comforting him in Russian, and at last we got him to bed. While he was undressing I ran for a doctor, and was fortunate at that hour in getting my old friend. When we reached the bedside of Count Stachovitch he was in a troubled slumber. The doctor felt his pulse, and said he had high fever. He gave his servant some directions, and said he would be back next morning.

I spent nearly all night by the sick-bed of my friend. But at dawn, having grown very sleepy, and seeing that Stachovitch seemed quiet, I left him to his Russian servant, who promised not to quit his chamber.

It was late next morning when I woke. I dressed in haste and went to my friend's room. The *concièrge* stopped me at the foot of the staircase.

"You will not find any one at home," he said. "M. le Comte and his servant left this morning at seven o'clock."

"Gone? Where?" I asked.

"I do not know. M. le Comte went past my *loge* without even looking up. His servant, who had a little valise in his hand, said, "We shall be away for a day or two."

I heard no more. I next went to see Stachovitch's sister.

"Madame la Comtesse," they said, "is not at home." I next called upon Madame de Baudry. She received me immediately, and before I opened my mouth put a paper into my hand.

"What does this mean?" said she.

A few lines were written in haste, and ran as follows: —

"I am obliged to renounce forever my life's happiness. Do not blame me. I am innocent. Pity me; I am most wretched. Console Marie.

"BORIS STACHOVITCH."

What use would there have been of explanations? The only one that seemed possible was to say I thought the poor young man was mad. And that would have been no comfort to any one. I did not like to burn my ships. Something might occur to bring things right again. So I only told her that Stachovitch had been very ill the evening before, and had left early in the morning; that his letter was written under feverish excitement, and that I did not think it worthy of any great consideration. In short I begged Madame de Baudry not to think hardly of her niece's suitor, but to wait for further information.

A long time, however, passed before I heard anything more of Boris Stachovitch. The Comtesse de Villiers, upon whom I repeatedly called, was never at home to me. I understood at last that she did not wish to see me, but being deeply anxious as to the fate of my young Russian friend, I ventured at last to write to her.

"My brother is not well," she answered. "His physicians have ordered him to southern Russia, where he is at present, on one of my father's estates. He is getting better, though not very rapidly. I shall have great pleasure in writing to you, as soon as I have any good news to tell you."

Years have since passed. Madame la Comtesse has never again written to me, but I met with the cousin of Boris, the

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same we spoke of the day when we first met, and when he first broached to me his theory of this "little, little world." From him I learned the fate of my poor friend.

After leaving Paris he went back to the same lonely country house, where he had gone once before after the death of his brother and the young girl he had first loved. There he lived six months in complete solitude, with nobody to speak to but his servant, who found him one morning lying dead before the looking-glass in his bedroom. He had stabbed himself to the heart, thus realizing by his own hand the vision that had haunted him of dying young.

I could not but feel I had expected this, and the news of his death caused me more sorrow than surprise.

Marie de Massieux did not die of grief for the loss of her lover; on the contrary she consoled herself before long, and I do not blame her. It is both brave and sensible to submit to an inevitable loss, and act accordingly. All oracles of wisdom — ancient or modern — tell us so. After all, this life is terribly deceptive. It promises a great deal that it has no intention to perform. Happy are those who having secured a little comfort, or a little happiness, enjoy it to the utmost, without anxiety or regret. Marie de Massieux must have been a woman of this kind. She married a kindly country gentleman, and her life seems very happy. I met her not long since walking in the Champs Elysées with her two children. She was proud, fair, and satisfied. One might have sworn that nothing had ever troubled her peace, and that when she should be eighty she would be as calm and smiling as I saw her there. Our eyes met, but she did not recognize me. She was wholly devoted to her present life; she had forgotten the past, and was trustful of the future. Was not this wisdom? I thought it better not to wake sad memories of a painful passage in her life, and I passed on without bowing to her.

R. L.

From The Church Quarterly Review.

THE POETRY OF DOUBT. — ARNOLD AND CLOUGH.*

In the account of Julius Hare, prefixed to the "Guesses at Truth," we are told that he made a special entry in some autobiographical memoranda as to the date when he first read Wordsworth. "To him, as to so many others, that was an epoch in his life," says his biographer; and we may add that the influence is to be traced in almost every line of his literary work. Again, every reader of J. S. Mill's autobiography will recollect his account of the prolonged melancholy which came over him when a young man. From this, he says, he was relieved chiefly by reading Wordsworth. These two instances are merely casual illustrations of the great influence which Wordsworth exerted on the minds of the generation immediately succeeding his own; and we have called attention to them now in order that we may have a standard whereby to compare the poets of our time with those of other periods. We have taken Wordsworth as perhaps the greatest instance in our own modern literature of a poet who was a definite teacher. But there are, of course, many similar instances. Byron had just as definite an influence over the minds of his contemporaries; he was an actual leader, if not of thought, at least of sentiment, and the Byronic tendency was plainly visible both in literature and in practice. And it is not only true of the beginning of this century, but in most periods poets have been leaders and teachers, with a definite "gospel," as Mr. Carlyle would call it, not so systematic, but quite as influential, as schemes of philosophy or morality. Of course there are many exceptions; there are many dramatic or purely artistic poets whose teaching is only indirect and vague; but, on the whole, it is not difficult to estimate the tendencies of the poetry of any period, inasmuch as those tendencies have been definite and patent. What a poet teaches is not to be found in his longer or more didactic poems only, for there it often misses its effect; it is generally more powerful in the purely lyrical pieces. Insight into Wordsworth's view of nature has been given with greater vividness by "Tintern Abbey," or by "Three Years she Grew in Sun and Shower," than by "The Excursion." The essential requisite is that the poet himself shall be so informed by some master truth that hardly an utterance of his shall fail to give some expression to it, and his purest poetry will convey it most fully.

Such being one, and surely the highest, of the poet's functions, we have to ask whether it is fulfilled by any of our contemporary poets. We feel that we must answer this question mainly in the nega-

* 1. *Arnold's Poems: Narrative and Elegiac: Dramatic and Lyric.* London: 1869.
2. *Clough's Poems.* London: 1869.

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tive. We have imitators of Mr. Tennyson, as he has informed us; echoes of Mr. Swinburne are everywhere audible; Mr. Browning's monologues have given rise to many uncouth travesties; but such imitations of popular writers do not imply that these poets have founded schools of thought, or that any one forms his opinions or controls his actions in accordance with their guidance. No doubt among our contemporary poets we can find those who can give expression to deep or lofty thoughts, but is there one whom we can call an original creator, one who can create an ideal, and by the power of his imagination or the universality of his expression can compel the minds of men to follow him in striving after it? The leaders who have really guided thought during our epoch have been, in England, great prose writers on morals or art, such as Mr. Carlyle or Mr. Ruskin, or great scientific thinkers like Mr. Darwin; we do not find a poet among the "kings of modern thought."

The question then arises, if, in our day, contemporary poetry does not lead the mind of the age, what function does it actually fulfil? The answer, in our judgment, is not far to seek; and we reply that it acts not so much as a guide, but as a reflection of contemporary tendencies. This is not the highest function of the poet, but still it is a high calling, and one which, as regards the present age, so singularly incoherent and confused, so full of vague and inarticulate movements, is no light task. And as a matter of fact, this summing up and expression of these otherwise unexpressed strivings and tendencies is the very office which one of their number calls upon poets to fulfil: —

> Come, Poet, come!
> A thousand laborers ply their task,
> And what it tends to scarcely ask,
> And trembling thinkers on the brink
> Shiver, and know not how to think.
> To tell the purport of their pain,
> And what our silly joys contain;
> In lasting lineaments portray
> The substance of our shadowy day;
> Our real and inner deeds rehearse,
> And make our meaning clear in verse:
> Come, Poet, come! for but in vain
> We do the work or feel the pain,
> And gather up the seeming gain,
> Unless before the end thou come
> To take, ere they are lost, their sum.
> (Clough, "Poems," p. 471.)

This incoherence of modern thought is, perhaps, one of the reasons why our poetry is its reflection and not its guide. For a poet to lead the thought of any period it is necessary that the minds of men should be predisposed to go in certain definite directions, that the paths of possible progress should be broad and well-marked, that there should be a store of energy ready to be directed with overwhelming force into some one of these paths. To be a leader a poet must himself feel the overmastering impulse by which he shall compel men to follow him. If there be no such impulse how can he lead? If the paths do not lie broad and clear before him, but confused and faint, and too numerous to be rightly discerned, the sensitive mind will turn from them, and its poetry will be no guide, but a mere echo of the hesitation and bewilderment of those who doubt whither to advance. Such an echo is the poetry of our age. If there be one characteristic common to most of our leading poets, it is that of doubt, hesitation, questioning of all things. Though Blake wrote,—

> If the sun and moon should doubt,
> They'd immediately go out,

a thought which, in spite of its quaintness, expresses a great truth, yet this age has proved that poetry does not require such unhesitating certainty for its work, and a genuine music has been brought out of doubt and vagueness of belief.

We propose to examine the main characteristics of two of the poets of the day, in order to discover the peculiarity in their mode of echoing the confused murmurs of contemporary voices, and especially their treatment of the deeper questions which agitate modern literature. The two poets whom we shall discuss are not our leading poets, but we have selected them partly because they represent a certain large and important section, though only a section, of university thought and culture, and partly because of their position in regard to religion and faith.

Mr. Arnold is so keenly alive to the vagueness and confusion of modern thought,

> The hopeless tangle of our age,

and the difficulty of obtaining a clear answer to the problems that haunt us, that we may almost say that his perception of this is the secret of his charm as a poet. He knows that the poet's work differs from the musician's and the artist's chiefly by reason of its complexity. In the "Epilogue to Lessing's 'Laocöon,'" he discusses the causes of the rarity of perfection in poetry compared to music or painting,

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and finds it in the fact that while painters have only to show one aspect,—

> A moment's life of things that live,

and musicians need only

> The feeling of the moment know,

and give it utterance, the poet has to mirror life's movement,—

> The thread which binds it all in one,
> And not its separate parts alone.

And as a poet, scanning life in order to discover this thread, he feels himself hopelessly baffled by the complexity of the modern world. Once he thinks

> The stream of life's majestic whole

flowed unbroken in one deep channel; now it is parted and scattered and wasted, and the poet's efforts to explore its course are mere "misery and distress."

Mr. Arnold's view, then, of the world is the view of one who feels himself in the turmoil and confusion of a crowd, who is unable to escape from it altogether, but is determined, as far as in him lies, to counteract the wasting and dispersion of his soul's powers. What he longs for is

> One mighty wave of thought and joy,
> Lifting mankind amain.

But this he knows is not to be felt yet in the present; he looks for it to come in the future. In the present we see only

> Blocks of the past, like icebergs high,
> Float on a rolling sea.
> Upon them ply the race of man
> All they before endeavored;
> They come and go, they work and plan,
> And know not they are severed.

Till the reunion, the consolidation of the new world out of the fragments of the old, man must endure. That is the great secret of Mr. Arnold's teaching — endurance. This teaching seems to him necessary because of the hopeless sadness of the age; there is no tone of hope or buoyancy in his finest poems. The world is sad, and the saddest thing is that so few see the sadness of it: —

> Ye slumber in your silent grave!
> The world, which for an idle day
> Grace to your mood of sadness gave,
> Long since hath flung her weeds away.
> The eternal trifler breaks your spell;
> But we — we learnt your love too well!
> There yet, perhaps, may dawn an age,
> More fortunate, alas! than we,
> Which without hardness will be sage,
> And gay without frivolity.
> Sons of the world, oh, haste those years;
> But, till they rise, allow our tears!

Endurance being our duty, we ask, how can man attain to it? It is in Mr. Arnold's answer to this that we perceive the connection between his prose and his poetry.

Few things are more remarkable, at first sight, than the great difference between Mr. Arnold in prose and Mr. Arnold in poetry. His poems are grave, or rather mournful; they have no irreverence, none of what some call "delicate banter," and others flippancy, no levity in the presence of great problems, and scarcely any bitterness: his prose, as we all know, is the very reverse. We prefer to think that his poetry expresses his mind more truly than his prose, and that we may estimate his tone of thought better by the "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse," than by "Friendship's Garland" or "Literature and Dogma."

But on more careful inspection one sees that the difference is little more than one of form, though in the case of so genuine an artist difference of form involves more than a mere superficial variation of expression. Still, one who has patience to penetrate beyond the form of his writings can see that the answer given, whether in prose or in poetry, to the great questions which he raises, is substantially the same.

Mr. Arnold is known as the preacher of culture; of the duty, under all circumstances, of self-improvement; not with a view to worldly advancement, not as machinery, but as an end in itself. Our duty in life is to aim at perfecting our nature on all its sides, securing for ourselves "spontaneity of consciousness," so that above all things we should avoid becoming fixed and immovable in any of our notions or habits. About these we must let "a stream of fresh thought play freely," lest we incur that "failure" which, to quote an extreme votary of culture, "is to form habits." Now whether Mr. Arnold's teaching be true or not we do not now attempt to decide; we wish only to point out that it is the teaching of his poetry as well as of his prose, though under a very different form. Whether culture be our duty or not, it is obviously a work that, at least primarily, concerns ourselves; a religion of culture has a tendency to become self-centred. And it is precisely this attribute of self-absorption that we find in Mr. Arnold's poetry. He is possessed with a feeling of the sadness, the vagueness and incompleteness of our life as it is, and the only thing that we can do now is to endure, and endurance is only possible by self-dependence: —

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With joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll;
Why? — self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see.

With this conviction the whole problem of life becomes to the poet not any external truth, not any life or love without him, but the effort to "possess his soul." When, in a very beautiful poem, he would find some power in our life to correspond to the "palladium" which invisibly preserved Troy, he shows it to be the soul: —

Still doth the soul, from its lone fastness high,
Upon our life a ruling effluence send;
And when it fails, fight as we will, we die,
And while it lasts, we cannot wholly end.

This is the remedy for all that we suffer, so far as there is a remedy at all. This formula, for so we may almost call it, Mr. Arnold would apply to all the conditions of our life. And we must notice how it enters into every part of his emotional or intellectual being. It colors his view of human love, of philanthropy, of the world's progress, of religion.

Self-absorption is dominant in his treatment of human love. The series of poems entitled "Switzerland," which for the union of fine thought and delicate expression is almost unrivalled even among Mr. Arnold's writings, is the record of the struggle between the fascination of love and the soul which shrinks from love because it would be self-contained. The final separation which gains for the soul its bitter victory over the love that would have drawn it out of itself, is justified by the afterthought that isolation is not only a duty but a necessity ordained by God. The justification is a deep though partial truth, and is expressed in almost perfect language: —

Yes! in the sea of life enisled,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live alone.
The islands feel the enclasping flow,
And then their endless bounds they know.

But does it not leave the impression that to the poet the soul's instinctive longing for solitude was the first feeling, and the discovery that

A God, a God their severance ruled

was the result, not the cause, of that feeling?

The proud eminence of the soul in its solitude can be rudely disturbed by the passion of human love, but both in "Switzerland" and in "Faded Leaves" the effort is not so much to quell the disturbance by giving a free course to the passion and resting upon an unselfish love, but to forget, to efface the passion, and to preserve to the soul its calmness and self-possession. And there is singularly little about love in these poems. It would seem as if the very mention of a feeling which is essentially unselfish, at least in its first impulse, is foreign to the poet's purpose. Even when he appears to feel the influence of another soul close to his, as in "The Buried Life," where he describes beautifully the peace of love,

When a beloved hand is laid in ours,
When, jaded with the rush and glare
Of the interminable hours,
Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,
When our world-deafened ear
Is by the tones of a loved one caressed,

what is to him the fruit of this, the gain of love? Still self-knowledge and self-possession —

The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,
And what we mean we say, and what we would, we know.

Equally self-absorbed is Mr. Arnold when we might expect the "enthusiasm of humanity" to be a reality to him. It must be owned that very little of this feeling is to be found here. There is at times a fine vision of the progress of mankind, the ultimate goal of perfection to which even now we are tending; but there is no enthusiasm in the tone, it is not to him an inspiring or a joyous theme. We must notice that Mr. Arnold is not a pessimist in the ordinary sense; he believes in progress, and, as we saw in "Obermann Once More," he represents the new world as being even now formed from the fragments of the old. But this does not relieve his melancholy. It is belief, but not hope. What shall be in the future is not for him to share, for he is one of the past, and it is therefore no cause for rejoicing. He can endure present ills, not because he knows that they will end, but because nature and nature's works

Seem to bear rather than rejoice.

And if we would learn from nature we must not look onward so much as inward, and thus

Yearn to the greatness of nature,
Rally the good in the depths of thyself.

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The hope of a glorious future for the world gives him no joy because he feels so strongly the beauty and the charm of the past. He has not yet been caught up in the whirlwind of progress, he does not yet feel the glow of the rising sun, though he has an intellectual conviction that it will rise; and he is haunted by the recollection of what was, and cannot bear to see the world preparing to cast off the old emotions and faiths. Some of the most beautiful lines he ever wrote describe the calm after the "epoch" has ended, before the new world breaks in with its hurry and rushing successes. These he compares to the bacchanals breaking in upon the calm of the evening, and, called upon to admire the "bright new age," he can only answer, —

> Ah, so the silence was!
> So was the hush.

He feels himself neither of the new nor of the old, and in the "Grande Chartreuse" he does not wish to share their faith with "these, last of the people who believe," but only to shed his tears with them.

> Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
> The other powerless to be born,
> With nowhere yet to rest my head,
> Like these, on earth I wait forlorn.
> Their faith, my tears, the world deride;
> I come to shed them at their side.

He cannot throw himself forward into the brilliant future, nor can he feel himself at one with the past; his isolation is complete, he cannot find anything outside himself.

It is hardly necessary to ask whether Mr. Arnold's view of religion affords him a remedy for the sadness which he feels, or whether, here also, his prevailing self-absorption does not pursue him. For we know, from other sources, to what a thin abstraction he has reduced the object of religion, and even if the "eternal that makes for righteousness" be "not ourselves," yet it is not likely that so impalpable an object could draw out of itself a soul that resists the fascination of love and the contagious ardor of human progress. But we shall find that even "Literature and Dogma" is in advance of many of his poems in asserting the existing of something external to us, which we ought to worship.

The prevailing uncertainty and hesitation in religious belief affect him with sorrow; he looks back to the faith which "vigorous teachers" forced him to resign, and mourns that he can no longer share it. But his sorrow arises from a different cause from that which makes many an earnest sceptic lament the clouds of doubt which darken heaven for him: to Mr. Arnold unbelief is sorrowful, not because it darkens the vision of God within us, and covers truth with a cloud, but because it unfits the soul for action, or indeed for contemplation, because it makes us "fluctuate idly without term or scope." In "The Scholar Gipsy," he describes the paralysis of faith, as it might be called; and there is no word of that which faith reveals, and doubt hides from our eyes: —

> We,
> Light half-believers of our casual creeds,
> Who never deeply felt, nor clearly will'd,
> Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds,
> Whose vague resolves never have been fulfill'd,
> For whom each year we see
> Breeds new beginnings, disappointments new;
> Who hesitate and falter life away,
> And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day.

These verses express well Mr. Arnold's complaint against the tendencies of our age. The vague rebuke of unbelief in the first line is diverted into a wail over the shattering effect of doubt on our own thoughts and actions; of all the charges brought against mankind in the stanza, we imagine Mr. Arnold lays most stress on the first, that "we never deeply felt;" but none of them concern any one but ourselves, and there is no reference to a being beyond us, nor even to the "white Star of Truth," which elsewhere he mentions.

But Mr. Arnold's chief statement of his philosophy of religion is in the fine poem entitled "Obermann Once More," in which he describes the weariness and satiety of the pagan world, the life-giving influence of Christianity poured upon it, and then the gradual waning of the faith which had given the life, and the hope of the new faith which is even now replacing it. But though here Mr. Arnold touches most closely upon the life of Christ, and the religion he founded, it is startling to find how little is said about him, how much about our belief, and the feelings it inspired. He longs for religion, not because that in which religion trusts is true, but because religion is trust. He yearns for the ages of faith, because in them his "ravished spirit" would also have been "caught away," and

> No thoughts that to the world belong
> Had stood against the wave
> Of love which set so deep and strong
> From Christ's then open grave.

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The life of Christ is forgotten or passed over, not because Mr. Arnold does not believe in it, because we know that in a certain sense he does, but because to him the importance of religion lies not in its external reality, but its sensible effect on the soul. So, a few stanzas later, we find the fact and our belief in the fact inextricably confused: —

And centuries came, and ran their course,
  And unspent all that time
Still, still went forth that Child's dear force,
  And still was at its prime.

Ay, ages long endured His span
  Of life, 'tis true received,
That gracious Child, that thorn-crowned Man!
  He lived while we believed.

While we believed, on earth He went,
  And open stood His grave;
Men called from chamber, church, and tent,
  And Christ was by to save.

Here then the highest faculty of man, the divinest thing in him, is employed in casting shadows upon the ground, and falling down and worshipping them. The inspiration and fervor of prayer is justified, not by the fact that there is One to whom we call, whether he will answer us or no, but by our belief that there is such an one. The poet would fain galvanize himself into this belief, but cannot, for

Now He is dead! Far hence He lies
  In the lone Syrian town,
And on His grave, with shining eyes,
  The Syrian stars look down.

What we would specially remark in this poem is not that Mr. Arnold takes little account of Christ's person, for that is not surprising in one who cannot believe that person to be divine, but that he should long for faith in that very person, and persuade himself that the whole force of Christianity was this imagined belief in what "the brooding East" had evolved from her own thought. It can only be explained by reference to that self-absorption which we have described as Mr. Arnold's special characteristic. The truth of religion matters not, so long as we can feel the religious emotion; when that is once passed, we must up and make to ourselves new gods which will afford us fresh emotions, and in their turn will pass and die. But the strangest thing is that the poet seems to fancy that this self-absorption, which in him leads to such results, is the teaching of Christ. The discovery of the East, that by which she converted the Western world, in fact, the secret of Christianity, he describes thus: —

"Poor world," she cried, "so deep accurst!
  That runn'st from pole to pole
To seek a draught to slake thy thirst —
  Go, seek it in thy soul;"

or, as Mr. Arnold elsewhere expresses it, in words which by their very sound might have reminded him how contrary to Christ's real teaching they are, —

Resolve to be thyself! and know, that he
Who finds himself, loses his misery.

We do not mean to say that Mr. Arnold's religion is uniformly self-centred, for there are many passages which speak of a "way divine," of an "unseen power whose eye forever doth accompany mankind," of a "Friend of man;" but habitual reference to such a power is not the characteristic of his poetry. And even when he does dwell upon it it is more than doubtful whether his pantheistic tendencies do not make him regard this power as merely the sum of the individual souls of mankind: —

We
Myriads who live, who have lived,
What are we all, but a mood,
A single mood, of the life
Of the Being in whom we exist,
Who alone is all things in one?

We may be wronging Mr. Arnold in this; but whether pantheism or no, there are several passages in his poems which imply the loss of personality in death, and the reabsorption of soul into the one spirit. Yet at other times, notably in the lines to his father's memory, the contrary is suggested.

We have quoted, perhaps, to excess from Mr. Arnold's poems. But the thoughts which we have attempted to analyze cannot be better expressed than in Mr. Arnold's own language. There is a vagueness about the matter, and a pellucid clearness about the form of these poems that render it almost necessary to employ little but the poet's own words in presenting his thought. The matter is the matter, cloudy, varying, and intangible, of nineteenth-century speculation: the form is Greek in its exquisite lucidity and clearness. In reading these poems we are continually met by passages in which no word is superfluous, no phrase is jarring, but that which has to be expressed is expressed once for all. Such a stanza as

But each day brings its petty dust
  Our soon-choked souls to fill,
And we forget because we must,
  And not because we will,

takes us back from the age of word-paint-

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ing and novel combinations in language and rhythm, of superabundant epithets and darkened meaning, to the age of Pope, or of Gray, when language was studied and yet clear, artificial and yet simple. Not Mr. Tennyson's richness of detail, not Mr. Browning's rugged power, not Mr. Swinburne's astonishing volume of words can afford to the jaded minds of modern readers the exquisite pleasure which is given by Mr. Arnold's self-restrained purity of language. And if, to correspond to this, there is not the "sad lucidity of soul" which he so much desires, and asserts that "fate" has given to the poet, we may ascribe the want in great measure to the "hopeless tangle of our age," though partly, no doubt, it is due to the vague and unsatisfactory character of the self-possession to which he strives to attain.

We would contrast with Mr. Arnold's tone of thought, with his hopes, his sympathies, and his beliefs, not one of the more definitely Christian poets such as Mr. Tennyson or Mr. Browning, nor one whose irreligion is as definite, such as Mr. Swinburne; but one whom Mr. Arnold would, we suppose, claim as a sympathizer in thought, and who was, indeed, much in the same perplexity and doubt, his friend, Arthur Hugh Clough.

He was one of those whose whole life was colored by the impressions received at Oxford during the stirring years 1837–42. Not one whose faith was raised and fortified by the discussions and the personal influences of the time, but one who, as he himself expressed it, was "like a straw drawn up the draught of a chimney" and afterwards left floating in the air without much of definite guidance or impulse. On first reading Clough's poems we seem to be in an atmosphere of doubt and of little else. Two of his longer poems are entirely occupied with the vacillations of mind which beset those who are starting on life's journey, and can see little before them but an uncertain road and a lowering sky. To one of these he has prefixed the motto, "*Il doutait de tout, même de l'amour;*" while the name of the other, "Dipsychus," expresses the state of division and wavering which seems to be the lot of "feeble and restless youths born to inglorious days." And the poet's characteristic humor, which is hardly absent from any of his poems, is not exactly a straightforward perception and enjoyment of the incongruities of life, with a consciousness all the while of the preponderating serious realities, but an irony, benevolent and natural, yet at times almost inscrutable, which makes the two sides of life seem inextricably confused. Most of his poems are concerned with the uprooting of old opinions. and share to the full the uncertainty that has invaded all provinces of thought; and his humorous irony tends to increase the appearance of utter confusion in which the world is lying. This causes the difficulty of really getting to the root of his meaning; he is not essentially dramatic like Mr. Browning, for he seldom hides himself behind the mask of another character; but the genial irony of his humor eludes at times any firm apprehension. Read such poems as the "*Amours de Voyage*," and especially the section beginning, —

> Juxtaposition, in fine; and what is juxtaposition?

or the song of the spirit in "Dipsychus,"

> There is no God, the wicked saith;

or the verses headed "*Wen Gott betrügt, ist wohl betrogen*," and the difficulty of disentangling the lines, so to speak, of Clough's thought will be evident. The humor is apparent on the surface, but it is not so easy to discover how deep it goes.

Clough, then, seems to be essentially the poet of doubt; more so, at first sight, than Mr. Arnold himself. It pervades his poems, and we do not find that, like Mr. Arnold, he seeks a refuge in the calm strength and certainty of nature, there to find the endurance so sorely needed; but he rather regards nature as a background to the mixed and confused drama of human life, which it cannot explain nor greatly relieve. His poems are mostly of purely human interest; even those which are speculative derive their impulse from the bearing of speculation on life and duty; and to fly from mankind to seek a higher teaching or a calmer security in nature would be foreign to Clough's instincts. Nature, indeed, is to him, as to Shakespeare or Chaucer (with whom Mr. Hutton has well compared him) an unfailing source of delight, but it is the childlike, unreflecting delight of an earlier period, something of the same kind of feeling as that which he describes in the "Piper" of the reading-party, who

> Went, in his life and the sunshine rejoicing, to Nuneham and Godstowe;
> What were the claims of degree to those of life and the sunshine?

Life and the sunshine pervade Clough's poems, but he finds no deep lessons in the

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external beauty that he describes so well, nor does he dwell on nature for its own sake, but rather as the setting and accompaniment of human action. He can with genuine truth feel that

> Life is beautiful, Eustace, entrancing, enchanting to look at;
> As are the streets of a city we pace while the carriage is changing,
> As a chamber filled in with harmonious exquisite pictures,

but it is human life that he means, and the thought is inspired by what he sees in the streets of Rome, not in the solitudes of nature. Still, the very unself-consciousness of his love of nature makes the feeling all the healthier and happier; there is much of the breeziness of a Scotch moor, or of the open sea, in his poems. It is a strong contrast after Mr. Arnold's cool English scenery, the river bank with its lapping wavelets and the trailing wild-flowers washed by the waters, to come upon Clough's glimpses of the burns descending to the "great still sea," and to feel the keen air of the salt breezes. In his two finest lyrics the chief image is taken from the sea, in the boundless expanse of which he seems to get a special inspiration, while his verse often reminds one of the freedom and motion of the waves. But we do not turn to Clough for an insight into the hidden meanings of nature, nor for a portrayal of the calm and easily overlooked beauties of the world, as we turn to Wordsworth or to Mr. Arnold. What then is the special interest of Clough as a poet?

We have said that he seems to be the poet of doubt, and in this he apparently resembles Mr. Arnold. But it is not only in their view of nature that the two Oxford poets differ; it is impossible to read them without being struck by the essentially different way in which the same intellectual and spiritual facts come before them. And this is especially noticeable in regard to the absorbing question of the certainty of religious truth. Mr. Arnold, as we have seen, is chiefly interested in it as affecting his own consciousness, and regrets the old faiths, and has no very joyous expectation of the future, because he is self-centred. With Clough all this is changed. There is no restless longing for a rest, which is only attainable by means of a sort of stoical endurance, but a strong, buoyant, and somewhat proud confidence in a final truth, and a determination to abide its appearance. Mr. Arnold and Clough are both waiting for what the future shall bring forth; but, unlike the former, Clough waits for it in cheerful hope, not without sympathy for the past, but convinced that the ultimate manifestation will be vouchsafed to man in the future. Thus the different characteristics of the two poets are best illustrated by the differing modes in which they treat an almost identical subject. Both have written short poems on the subject of the final victory of good over evil, light over darkness, but the whole tone is entirely distinct. With Mr. Arnold the central idea is that of the individual soldier baffled and at last overcome in the struggle, and falling with a sort of sullen confidence in the final victory, which, however, seems to afford but little consolation in the prospect:—

> Creep into thy narrow bed,
> Creep, and let no more be said.
> Vain thy onset! all stands fast!
> Thou thyself must break at last.
>
> Let the long contention cease!
> Geese are swans, and swans are geese.
> Let them have it how they will!
> Thou art tired; best be still.
>
> They out-talked thee, hissed thee, tore thee?
> Better men fared thus before thee!
> Fired their ringing shot and passed,
> Hotly charged — and broke at last.
>
> Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
> Let the victors, when they come,
> When the forts of folly fall,
> Find thy body by the wall.

In Clough's poem the individual, far from being the centre, is depicted as the only hindrance to the success of the whole cause; the strife is conceived as almost ended already, and the despondent fighter is rebuked:—

> Say not, the struggle nought availeth,
> The labor and the wounds are vain,
> The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
> And as things have been they remain.
>
> If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
> It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
> Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
> And, but for you, possess the field.
>
> For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
> Seem here no painful inch to gain,
> Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
> Comes silent, flooding in, the main,
>
> And not by eastern windows only,
> When daylight comes, comes in the light,
> In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
> But westward, look, the land is bright.

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Nothing can be finer than the two images by which he expresses the character of the struggle; the third stanza brings before us at once the whole scene of an incoming tide, with that peculiar sense of the vastness and openness of the sea which distinguishes Clough. The contrast of the whole with the bitter and sarcastic resignation of Mr. Arnold's poem; the different conceptions of the struggle itself; in the one a confused, smoke-enshrouded contest, but in the open field, in the other desperate charges against strongly-held forts; the buoyant hope of victory in the one, and the careless, hardly-mentioned belief in it in the other; all these points afford us some insight into the very distinct characteristics of the two sceptical poets. The difference goes beyond the mere superficial treatment of a subject in a few stanzas; it pervades all their poems. And the fundamental distinction that underlies this superficial unlikeness will, we think, be found to be that while it is doubtful whether Mr. Arnold really holds to, or is possessed by the idea of anything external to himself, in Clough's poems numberless passages express not only his unshaken trust in God, but the great influence which his trust has on all his nature, upon every thought and emotion. And this is the more remarkable, because he cannot define him, or even conceive him.

> I will not prate of "thus" and "so,"
> And be profane with "yes" and "no,"
> Enough that in our soul and heart
> Thou, whatsoe'er Thou may'st be, art.

With a feeling which, to him at least, may have seemed to deserve in some measure our Lord's blessing on "those who have not seen, and yet have believed," he can exclaim, —

> Be Thou but there — in soul and heart,
> I will not ask to feel Thou art.

It is evident that this attitude in regard to truth is very different from Mr. Arnold's emotional and subjective estimate of it. And it is an attitude which, though it must be called one of suspense, must still be distinguished from scepticism; for though Clough rejects all definiitons of God that have yet been promulgated, he does not take pride in believing in an indefinite being, whose only attribute is to be unknowable, but his faith is in a God whom hitherto man has been unable rightly to conceive, but who assuredly will reveal himself to us; and till he does so the poet can wait in patient confidence.

> No God, no Truth, receive it ne'er —
> Believe it ne'er — O Man!
> But turn not then to seek again
> What first the ill began;
> No God, it saith; ah, wait in faith
> God's self-completing plan;
> Receive it not, but leave it not,
> And wait it out, O Man!

The whole of this poem, "The New Sinai," is well worth studying, as a development of Clough's religious philosophy. God, he says, has already rebuked idolatry and polytheism by the declaration, "I am One;" he will hereafter rebuke both the new idolatries and "the atheistic systems dark," which have, like "baby-thoughts," dogged the growing man. Our duty is to wait, not in a forced endurance, but in the belief that

> Some lofty part, than which the heart
> Adopt no nobler can,
> Thou shalt receive, thou shalt believe,
> And thou shalt do, O Man!

The human soul, then, with Clough, is not the centre of the universe, to which all truth must be brought, the object for which all truth exists, but rather one of the attendants at the shrine of truth, of small interest compared with the paramount claims of some being external to us, who is truth and light. To this fact he clings, and here, diametrically opposed to Mr. Arnold, he finds relief from the confused turmoil of modern doubt and speculation.

> It fortifies my soul to know
> That though I perish, Truth is so;
> That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
> Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
> I steadier step when I recall
> That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

If we bear in mind Clough's conviction that truth is something greater than his soul, and that there may be all the difference in the world between truth and his confused apprehension of it, we shall the better understand his relation to Christianity as a possible form of truth. Though he cannot accept the historical facts of the gospel, yet he is in no hurry to turn away and seek for a new religion. He is earnest in pleading for a humbler attitude of mind, and his complaint against the world is not that its scepticism has perturbed his soul's calm, but that in its hurry and carelessness it may have passed by some essential truth, and therefore he adjures his brother-men to pause: —

> The souls of now two thousand years
> Have laid up here their toils and fears,
> And all the earnings of their pain, —
> Ah, yet consider it again.

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But though Clough's religious attitude is, at first sight, one of intellectual suspense, yet he does not hold truth to be perceptible to the intellect alone, or, at least, he is inclined to follow without reluctance the leadings of the emotions, even where the head cannot justify the conclusions of the heart. So in the wonderfully terse and thoughtful lines headed "Through a Glass Darkly," after suggesting as an alternative, which we know, from his whole tone of mind, he would have rejected with disdain, that we may

for assurance sake,
Some arbitrary judgment take,
And wilfully pronounce it clear,
For this or that 'tis we are here;

he declares that the hope which is given to us constrains in a manner our intellect: —

Ah yet, when all is thought and said,
The heart still overrules the head;
Still what we hope we must believe,
And what is given us receive;

Must still believe, for still we hope
That in a world of larger scope,
What here is faithfully begun
Will be completed, not undone.

My child, we still must think, when we
That ampler life together see,
Some true result will yet appear
Of what we are, together, here.

The close of these verses leads us to a further result of Clough's firm trust in some external reality, namely, his longing for "faithful" work upon earth, his belief that genuine labor in the cause of good will have its fruit, either here or elsewhere; and if not, why still it is work, and action is our duty. Even his hesitating heroes, who cannot for themselves decide on any course of action, can see the beauty of definite work, and he pronounces his decision for deeds done in behalf of something not ourselves, rather than for self-culture in words which he puts in the mouth of Dipsychus: —

Ah, not for profit, not for fame,
And not for pleasure's giddy dream,
And not for piping empty reeds,
And not for coloring idle dust;
If live we positively must,
God's name be blest for noble deeds.

This, too, is the moral of "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich;" that the beauty of life comes from its reality, that is, from the reality of the work which we can do on earth. But this is held without attacking culture in the one-sided way which is so common. What he rejects is the false culture which proceeds on the assumption that the object of life is to perfect oneself without regard to the work which has to be done. Some are meant for beauty, others for "subduing the earth and their spirit," and both should do their work. In spite of the longing for simplicity of life, in spite of the superficial flavor of Rousseau in this poem, it is obvious that Clough is far from rejecting either education or civilization. The beauty of Elspie's nature could only be really seen by one who, like Philip, had "the knowledge of self, and wisely instructed feeling." The very form of the poem, the buoyant refinement which the irregular hexameters suggest, the free Scotch life with the accompaniment of academic study and speculation, combine to give us the impression of a mind subtle yet curiously simple, vigorous, though apparently distracted by speculative hesitation. And though the abundant humor of the poem makes it not easy to be sure how far Clough was speaking his own opinions through the mouths of his *dramatis personæ*, yet both in this and in his other two long poems, "Dipsychus" and "*Amours de Voyage*," we can hardly doubt that the poet has himself experienced the difficulties and questionings which he depicts. And if this be so it is remarkable how Clough, through all this wavering and cloudiness, never really loses his stand on the firm earth. In most of his speculative poems he brings us back at the close to the solid reality of life and duty, which in the earlier part he has been refining away. He does not solve the problems, but he is certain that there is a solution; and it matters not much whether he individually has the solution or not.

And as limited beings
Scarcely can hope to attain upon earth to an Actual Abstract,
Leaving to God contemplation, to His hands knowledge confiding,
Sure that in us if it perish, in Him it abideth and dies not,
Let us in His sight accomplish our petty particular doings.

So, confident of this, he can afford to lose himself, as it would seem, in the subtle speculations of his poems, such as those which he well describes in "The Questioning Spirit," for they end with the thought, —

I know not, I will do my duty.

After apparently sharing fully in the doubts, and sympathizing with them, he

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seldom fails, reverting to his secure standpoint, to rebuke the anxious intellect, and to point to that which, after all said, is unwavering and abiding. Take, for example, the fine conclusion of "The Stream of Life:" —

> O end to which our currents tend,
> Inevitable sea,
> To which we flow, what do we know,
> What shall we guess of thee?
>
> A roar we hear upon thy shore,
> As we our course fulfil;
> Scarce we divine a sun will shine
> And be above us still.

Timid unbelief could hardly be more simply and forcibly rebuked; and yet by the very form of the rebuke, "scarce we divine," the poet shows that he enters into the feeling, that he sympathizes with the mind which is confused by the roar of the waves, though at the same time he knows and must point out that the sun is "above us still." For a similar return from the uncertain quagmire of sceptical rationalism to the firm ground of hope and trust, take "Epi-Straussium," in which he accepts the worst that criticism can do, and then points to the sun of truth which still illumines the building, even though it has risen too high for the "pictured panes."

The contrast between Clough and Mr. Arnold can be carried further than the broad differences as to truth and duty. In Mr. Arnold's view of human relations we find the inevitable hopelessness which we believe to be the result of the self-centred attitude of his mind: —

> We leave behind —
> As, chartered by some unknown Powers,
> We stem across the sea by night —
> The joys which were not for our use designed,
> The friends to whom we had no natural right,
> The homes that were not destined to be ours.

Clough, too, imagines separation of friends; he also represents life as a voyage; but what a difference in the tone! What a buoyant motion in the very measure, as of a great ship leaping forward before a strong wind! —

> But, O blithe breeze! and O great seas,
> Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
> On your wide plain they join again,
> Together lead them home at last.
>
> One port, methought, alike they sought,
> One purpose hold where'er they fare, —
> O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
> At last, at last unite them there!

His thoughts instinctively turn, after he has felt the parting, to the final goal; the tone is that of joyful hope, while Mr. Arnold ends with calm sadness, looking at the present separation and loss, and at nothing beyond.

But perhaps the strongest contrast — and with this we will conclude — is to be found in their respective treatment of love. Mr. Arnold's we have seen; we have seen him resisting it, reluctantly giving way to the fascination, and wrenching his soul back to its loneliness once more. To Clough it is far more of an interest than it is to his fellow-poet. Many of his poems are occupied with the discussion of love in various aspects; and though this subject cannot escape from his subtle mind without undergoing, like all others, a process of refining away, yet generally in the end he reverts to an extremely simple, and, not conventional but, natural position; and at times raises the mingled selfishness and self-renunciation of love into a higher sphere by means of a lofty conception of duty, in the performance of which united lives are of more avail than solitary: —

> Yet in the eye of life's all-seeing sun
> We shall behold a something we have done,
> Shall of the work together we have wrought,
> Beyond our aspiration and our thought,
> Some not unworthy issue yet receive;
> For love is fellow-service, I believe.

Here we will conclude our examination of the deeper characteristics of these two poets. We have refrained as much as posible from criticising, in the more technical sense; our office has been to explain and to analyze, not to judge. No doubt, analysis and explanation involve, to a certain extent, criticism also; but we have endeavored to refrain, when dealing with men who are undoubtedly poets, and therefore have claims on our reverence, from that special function of modern criticism which consists in a fine perception of blemishes rather than beauties, which delights to tell its hearers not what the poet says, but what he does not say. As poetry, we will not criticise these writings; as containing schemes of life, we will only add, in conclusion, that Mr. Arnold stands self-condemned. From the general tone of his poems it is obvious that the sadness pervading the world remains in himself, in spite of the proud self-absorption which he extols as the remedy; and from one pathetic passage it would seem that he has at times a sense of the inconsistency between his professed object and his method, between the pantheistic absorption into nature at which he aims, and the studied

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self-culture and isolation in which he would live: —

But mind — but thought —
If these have been the master part of us,
Where will *they* find their parent element?
What will receive *them*, who will call *them* home?
But we shall still be in them, and they in us —
And we shall be the strangers of the world,
And they will be our lords, as they are now;
And keep us prisoners of our consciousness,
And never let us clasp and feel the All
But through their forms, and modes, and stifling veils.
And we shall be unsatisfied as now;
And we shall feel the agony of thirst,
The ineffable longing for the life of life
Baffled forever; and still thought and mind
Will hurry us with them on their homeless march,
Over the unallied unopening earth,
Over the unrecognizing sea.

Self-culture cannot give us a religion; not even the religion of pantheism. And when we turn to Clough, we find that it is precisely in proportion as he feels himself able to cling to somewhat external to him that he is hopeful, energetic, and religious. Would it not therefore seem that, if these poets be representatives of our age, no teaching can satisfy it but that which will give it something external and objective wherein to rest; that no merely emotional, introspective religion will loose the chains which bind us, for they are the chains of self; but that now, as of old, it is only the truth that can make us free?

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MACLEOD OF DARE

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XVI.

REBELLION.

AND where was she now — that strange creature who had bewildered and blinded his eyes and so sorely stricken his heart? It was, perhaps, not the least part of his trouble that all his passionate yearning to see her, and all his thinking about her and the scenes in which he had met her, seemed unable to conjure up any satisfactory vision of her. The longing of his heart went out from him to meet — a phantom. She appeared before him in a hundred shapes, now one, now the other; but all possessed with a terrible fascination from which it was in vain for him to try to flee.

Which was she, then — the pale and sensitive and thoughtful-eyed girl who listened with such intense interest to the gloomy tales of the northern seas; who was so fine, and perfect, and delicate; who walked so gracefully and smiled so sweetly; the timid and gentle companion and friend?

Or the wild coquette, with her arch, shy ways, and her serious laughing, and her befooling of the poor stupid lover? He could hear her laugh now; he could see her feed her canary from her own lips. Where was the old mother whom that mad-cap girl teased and petted and delighted?

Or was not this she — the calm and gracious woman who received as a matter of right the multitude of attentions that all men — and women too — were glad to pay her? The air fine about her; the south winds fanning her cheek; the day long, and balmy, and clear. The white-sailed boats glide slowly through the water; there is a sound of music and of gentle talk; a butterfly comes fluttering over the blue summer seas. And then there is a murmuring refrain in the lapping of the waves: *Rose-leaf — Rose-leaf — what faint wind will carry you away to the south?*

Or this audacious Duchess of Devonshire, with the flashing black eyes, and a saucy smile on her lips? She knows that every one regards her; but what of that? Away she goes through the brilliant throng with that young Highland officer, with glowing light and gay costumes and joyous music all around her. What do you think of her, you poor clown, standing all alone and melancholy, with your cap and bells? Has she pierced your heart too with a flash of the saucy black eyes?

But there is still another vision; and perhaps this solitary dreamer, who has no eyes for the great slopes of Ben-an-Sloich that stretch into the clouds, and no ears for the soft calling of the sea-birds as they wheel over his head, tries hardest to fix this one in his memory. Here she is the neat and watchful house-mistress, with all things bright and shining around her; and she appears, too, as the meek daughter and the kind and caressing sister. Is it not hard that she should be torn from this quiet little haven of domestic duties and family affection to be bound hand and foot in the chains of art, and flung into the arena to amuse that great ghoul-faced thing, the public? The white slave does not complain. While as yet she may she presides over the cheerful table; and the

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beautiful small hands are helpful, and that light morning costume is a wonder of simplicity and grace. And then the garden, and the soft summer air, and the pretty ways of the two sisters: why should not this simple, homely, beautiful life last forever, if only the summer and the roses would last forever?

But suppose now that we turn aside from these fanciful pictures of Macleod's and take a more commonplace one of which he could have no notion whatever? It is night — a wet and dismal night — and a four-wheeled cab is jolting along through the dark and almost deserted thoroughfares of Manchester. Miss Gertrude White is in the cab, and the truth is that she is in a thorough bad temper. Whether it was the unseemly scuffle that took place in the gallery during the performance, or whether it is that the streets of Manchester, in the midst of rain and after midnight, are not inspiriting, or whether it is merely that she has got a headache, it is certain that Miss White is in an ill-humor, and that she has not spoken a word to her maid, her only companion, since together they left the theatre. At length the cab stops opposite a hotel, which is apparently closed for the night. They get out; cross the muddy pavements under the glare of a gas lamp; after some delay get into the hotel; pass through a dimly-lit and empty corridor; and then Miss White bids her maid good-night and opens the door of a small parlor.

Here there is a more cheerful scene. There is a fire in the room; and there is supper laid on the table; while Mr. Septimus White, with his feet on the fender and his back turned to the lamp, is seated in an easy-chair and holding up a book to the light so that the pages almost touch his gold-rimmed spectacles. Miss White sits down on the sofa on the dark side of the room. She has made no response to his greeting of "Well, Gerty?"

At length Mr. White becomes aware that his daughter is sitting there with her things on, and he turns from his book to her.

"Well, Gerty," he repeats, "aren't you going to have some supper?"

"No, thank you," she says.

"Come, come," he remonstrates, "that won't do. You must have some supper. Shall Jane get you a cup of tea?"

"I don't suppose there is any one up below; besides, I don't want it," says Miss White, rather wearily.

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing," she answers; and then she looks at the mantelpiece. "No letter from Carry?"

"No."

"Well, I hope you won't make her an actress, papa," observes Miss White, with no relevance, but with considerable sharpness in her tone.

In fact, this remark was so unexpected and uncalled-for that Mr. White suddenly put his book down on his knee, and turned his gold spectacles full on his daughter's face.

"I will beg you to remember, Gerty," he remarked, with some dignity, "that I did not make you an actress, if that is what you imply. If it had not been entirely your wish, I should never have encouraged you; and I think it shows great ingratitude, not only to me but to the public also, that when you have succeeded in obtaining a position such as any woman in the country might envy, you treat your good fortune with indifference, and show nothing but discontent. I cannot tell what has come over you of late. You ought certainly to be the last to say anything against a profession that has gained for you such a large share of public favor —"

"Public favor!" she said, with a bitter laugh. "Who is the favorite of the public in this very town? Why, the girl who plays in that farce — who smokes a cigarette, and walks round the stage like a man, and dances a breakdown. Why wasn't I taught to dance breakdowns?"

Her father was deeply vexed; for this was not the first time she had dropped small rebellious hints. And if this feeling grew, she might come to question his most cherished theories.

"I should think you were jealous of that girl," said he petulantly, "if it were not too ridiculous. You ought to remember that she is an established favorite here. She has amused these people year after year; they look on her as an old friend; they are grateful to her. The means she uses to make people laugh may not meet with your approval; but she knows her own business, doubtless; and she succeeds in her own way."

"Ah, well," said Miss White, as she put aside her bonnet, "I hope you won't bring up Carry to this sort of life."

"To what sort of life?" her father exclaimed angrily. "Haven't you everything that can make life pleasant? I don't know what more you want. You have not a single care. You are petted and caressed wherever you go. And you ought to have the delight of knowing that the further you advance in your art the further

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rewards are in store for you. The way is clear before you. You have youth and strength; and the public is only too anxious to applaud whatever you undertake. And yet you complain of your manner of life."

"It isn't the life of a human being at all," she said boldly — but perhaps it was only her headache, or her weariness, or her ill humor, that drove her to this rebellion; "it is the cutting one's self off from every thing that makes life worth having. It is a continual degradation — the exhibition of feelings that ought to be a woman's most sacred and secret possession. And what will the end of it be? Already I begin to think I don't know what I am. I have to sympathize with so many characters — I have to be so many different people — that I don't quite know what my own character is, or if I have any at all ——"

Her father was staring at her in amazement. What had led her into these fantastic notions? While she was professing that her ambition to become a great and famous actress was the one ruling thought and object of her life, was she really envying the poor domestic drudge whom she saw coming to the theatre to enjoy herself with her fool of a husband, having withdrawn for an hour or two from her housekeeping books and her squalling children? At all events, Miss White left him in no doubt as to her sentiments at that precise moment. She talked rapidly, and with a good deal of bitter feeling; but it was quite obvious, from the clearness of her line of contention, that she had been thinking over the matter. And while it was all a prayer that her sister Carry might be left to live a natural life, and that she should not be compelled to exhibit, for gain or applause, emotions which a woman would naturally lock up in her own heart, it was also a bitter protest against her own lot. What was she to become, she asked? A dram-drinker of fictitious sentiment? A ten-minutes' emotionalist? It was this last phrase that flashed in a new light on her father's bewildered mind. He remembered it instantly. So that was the source of inoperation?

"Oh, I see now," he said, with angry scorn. "You have learned your lesson well. A 'ten-minutes' emotionalist;' I remember. I was wondering who had put such stuff into your head."

She colored deeply; but said nothing.

"And so you are taking your notion, as to what sort of life you would lead, from a Highland savage — a boor whose only occupations are eating and drinking and killing wild animals. A fine guide, truly! He has had so much experience of æsthetic matters! Or is it *metapheesics* is his hobby? And what, pray, is his notion as to what life should be? That the noblest object of a man's ambition should be to kill a stag? It was a mistake for Dante to let his work eat into his heart; he should have devoted himself to shooting rabbits. And Raphael — don't you think he would have improved his digestion by giving up pandering to the public taste for pretty things, and taking to hunting wild boars? That is the theory, isn't it? Is that the *metapheesics* you have learned?"

"You may talk about it," she said, rather humbly, for she knew very well she could not stand against her father in argument, especially on a subject that he rather prided himself on having mastered, "but you are not a woman, and you don't know what a woman feels about such things."

"And since when have you made the discovery? What has happened to convince you so suddenly that your professional life is a degradation?"

"Oh," she said, carelessly "I was scarcely thinking of myself. Of course I know what lies before me. It was about Carry I spoke to you."

"Carry shall decide for herself, as you did; and when she has done so, I hope she won't come and blame me the first time she gets some ridiculous idea into her head."

"Now, papa, that isn't fair," the eldest sister said, in a gentler voice. "You know I never blamed you. I only showed you that even a popular actress sometimes remembers that she is a woman. And if she is a woman, you must let her have a grumble occasionally."

This conciliatory tone smoothed the matter down at once; and Mr. White turned to his book with another recommendation to his daughter to take some supper and get to bed.

"I will go now," she said, rather wearily, as she rose. "Good-night, papa — what is that?"

She was looking at a parcel that lay on a chair.

"It came for you, to-night. There was seven and sixpence to pay for extra carriage — it seems to have been forwarded from place to place."

"As if I had not enough luggage to carry about with me!" she said.

But she proceeded to open the parcel all the same, which seemed to be very care-

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fully swathed in repeated covers of canvas. And presently she uttered a slight exclamation. She took up one dark object after another, passing her hand over them, and back again, and finally pressing them to her cheek.

"Just look at these, papa — did you ever in all your life see anything so beautiful?"

She came to a letter, too; which she hastily tore open and read. It was a brief note, in terms of great respect, written by Sir Keith Macleod, and begging Miss White's acceptance of a small parcel of otter-skins, which he hoped might be made into some article of attire. Moreover, he had asked his cousin's advice on the matter; and she thought there were enough; but if Miss White on further inquiry found she would rather have one or two more, he had no doubt that within the next month or so he could obtain these also. It was a very respectful note.

But there was no shyness or timidity about the manner of Miss White when she spread those skins out along the sofa, and again and again took them up to praise their extraordinary glossiness and softness.

"Papa," she exclaimed, "it is a present fit for a prince to make."

"I daresay you will find them useful."

"And whatever is made of them," said she, with decision, "that I shall keep for myself — it won't be one of my stage properties."

Her spirits rose wonderfully. She kept on chatting to her father about these lovely skins, and the jacket she would have of them. She asked why he was so dull that evening. She protested that she would not take any supper unless he had some too; whereupon he had a biscuit and a glass of claret, which at all events compelled him to lay aside his book. And then, when she had finished her supper, she suddenly said, —

"Now, pappy dear, I am going to tell you a great secret. I am going to change the song in the second act."

"Nonsense!" said he; but he was rather glad to see her come back to the interest of her work.

"I am," she said seriously. "Would you like to hear it?"

"You will wake the house up."

"And if the public expect an actress to please them," she said saucily, "they must take the consequences of her practising."

She went to the piano, and opened it. There was a fine courage in her manner as she struck the chords and sang the opening lines of the gay song: —

"Threescore o' nobles rode up the king's ha',
But bonnie Glenogie's the flower o' them a',
Wi' his milk-white steed and his bonnie black e'e,"

but here her voice dropped, and it was almost in a whisper that she let the maiden of the song utter the secret wish of her heart —

"'*Glenogie, dear mither, Glenogie for me.*'"

"Of course," she said, turning round to her father, and speaking in a business-like way, though there was a spice of proud mischief in her eyes, "there is a stumbling-block, or where would the story be? Glenogie is poor; the mother will not let her daughter have anything to do with him; the girl takes to her bed with the definite intention of dying."

She turned to the piano again.

"There is, Glenogie, a letter for thee,
Oh, there is, Glenogie, a letter for thee.
The first line he looked at, a light laugh laughed he;
But ere he read through it, tears blinded his e'e."

"How do you like the air, papa?"

Mr. White did not seem over well pleased. He was quite aware that his daughter was a very clever young woman; and he did not know what insane idea might have got into her head of throwing an allegory at him.

"The air," said he coldly, "is well enough. But I hope you don't expect an English audience to understand that doggerel Scotch."

"Glenogie understood it, anyway," said she, blithely, "and naturally he rode off at once to see his dying sweetheart.

"Pale and wan was she, when Glenogie gaed ben,
But rosy-red grew she when Glenogie sat down.
She turned away her head, but the smile was in her e'e,
'*Oh, binna feared, mither, I'll maybe no dee.*'"

She shut the piano.

"Isn't it charmingly simple and tender, papa?" she said, with the same mischief in her eyes.

"I think it is foolish of you to think of exchanging that piece of doggerel ——"

"For what?" said she, standing in the middle of the room. "For this?"

And therewith she sang these lines — giving an admirable burlesque imitation of herself, and her own gestures, and her

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own singing in the part she was then performing: —

"The morning bells are swinging, ringing,
Hail to the day!
The birds are winging, singing
To the golden day,
To the joyous day.
The morning bells are swinging, ringing,
And what do they say?
O bring my love to my love,
O bring my love to-day!
O bring my love to my love,
To be my love alway!"

It certainly was cruel to treat poor Mrs. Ross's home-made lyric so; but Miss White was burlesquing herself as well as the song she had to sing. And as her father did not know to what lengths this iconoclastic fit might lead her, he abruptly bade her good night and went to bed, no doubt hoping that next morning would find the demon exorcised from his daughter.

As for her, she had one more loving look over the skins, and then she carefully read through the note that accompanied them. There was a smile on her face — perhaps of pleasure, perhaps of amusement at the simplicity of the lines. However, she turned aside, and got hold of a small writing-desk, which she placed on the table.

"Oh, here is, Glenogie, a letter for thee,"

she hummed to herself, with a rather proud look on her face, as she seated herself and opened the desk.

CHAPTER XVII.

"FHIR A BHATA!"

YOUNG Ogilvie had obtained some brief extension of his leave, but even that was drawing to a close; and Macleod saw with a secret dread that the hour of his departure was fast approaching. And yet he had not victimized the young man. After that first burst of confidence he had been sparing in his references to the trouble that had beset him. Of what avail, besides, could Mr. Ogilvie's counsels be? Once or twice he had ventured to approach the subject with some commonplace assurances that there were always difficulties in the way of two people getting married, and that they had to be overcome with patience and courage. The difficulties that Macleod knew of as between himself and that impossible goal were deeper than any mere obtaining of the consent of friends or the arrangement of a way of living. From the moment that the terrible truth was forced on him he had never regarded his case but as quite hopeless; and yet that in no way moderated his consuming desire to see her — to hear her speak — even to have correspondence with her. It was something that he could send her a parcel of otter-skins.

But all the same, Mr. Ogilvie was in some measure a friend of hers. He knew her — he had spoken to her — no doubt when he returned to the south he would see her one day or another, and he would surely speak of the visit he had paid to Castle Dare. Macleod set about making that visit as pleasant as might be; and the weather aided him. The fair heavens shone over the windy blue seas; and the green island of Ulva lay basking in the sunlight; and as the old "Umpire," with her heavy bows parting the rushing waves, carried them out to the west, they could see the black skarts standing on the rocks of Gometra, and clouds of puffins wheeling round the dark and lonely pillars of Staffa; while away in the north, as they got clear of Treshanish Point, the mountains of Rum and of Skye appeared a pale and spectral blue, like ghostly shadows at the horizon. And there was no end to the sports and pastimes that occupied day after day. On their very first expedition up the lonely corries of Ben-an-Sloich young Ogilvie brought down a royal hart — though his hand trembled for ten minutes after he pulled the trigger. They shot wild-duck in Lock Scridain, and seals in Lock-na-Keal, and rock-pigeons along the face of the honey-combed cliffs of Gribun. And what was this new form of sport? They were one day being pulled in the gig up a shallow loch in hope of finding a brood or two of young mergansers, when Macleod, who was seated up at the bow, suddenly called to the man to stop. He beckoned to Ogilvie, who went forward, and saw, quietly moving over the seaweed, a hideously ugly fish with the flat head and sinister eyes of a snake. Macleod picked up the boat-hook, steadied himself in the boat, and then drove the iron spike down.

"I have him," he said. "That is the snake of the sea — I hate him as I hate a serpent."

He hoisted out of the water the dead dogfish, which was about four feet long, and then shook it back.

"Here, Ogilvie," said he, "take the boat-hook. There are plenty about here. Make yourself St. Patrick exterminating snakes."

Ogilvie tried the dogfish spearing with

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more or less success; but it was the means of procuring for him a bitter disappointment. As they went quietly over the seaweed — the keel of the boat hissing through it and occasionally grating on the sand — they perceived that the water was getting a bit deeper, and it was almost impossible to strike the boat-hook straight. At this moment, Ogilvie, happening to cast a glance along the rocks close by them, started and seized Macleod's arm. What the frightened eyes of the younger man seemed to see was a great white and gray object lying on the rocks and staring at him with huge black eyes. At first it almost appeared to him to be a man with a grizzled and hairy face; then he tried to think of some white beast with big black eyes; then he knew. For the next second there was an unwieldy roll down the rocks, and then a heavy splash in the water; and the huge gray seal had disappeared. And there he stood helpless, with the boat-hook in his hand.

"It is my usual luck," said he, in despair. "If I had had my rifle in my hand, we should never have got within a hundred yards of the beast. But I got an awful fright. I never before saw a live seal just in front of one's nose like that."

"You would have missed him," said Macleod coolly.

"At a dozen yards?"

"Yes. When you come on one so near as that, you are too startled to take aim. You would have blazed away and missed."

"I don't think so," said Ogilvie, with some modest persistence. "When I shot that stag, I was steady enough, though I felt my heart thumping away like fun."

"There you had plenty of time to take your aim — and a rock to rest your rifle on." And then he added: "You would have broken Hamish's heart, Ogilvie, if if you had missed that stag. He was quite determined you should have one on your first day out; and I never saw him take such elaborate precautions before. I suppose it was terribly tedious to you; but you may depend on it it was necessary. There isn't one of the younger men can match Hamish, though he was bred a sailor."

"Well," Mr. Ogilvie admitted, "I began to think we were having a great deal of trouble for nothing; especially when it seemed as though the wind was blowing half a dozen ways in the one valley."

"Why, man," Macleod said, "Hamish knows every one of those eddies just as if they were all down on a chart. And he is very determined, too, you shall have another stag before you go, Ogilvie; for it is not much amusement we have been giving you since you came to us."

"That is why I feel so particularly jolly at the notion of having to go back," said Mr. Ogilvie, with very much the air of a schoolboy at the end of his holiday. "The day after to-morrow, too."

"To-morrow, then, we will try to get a stag for you; and the day after you can spend what time you can at the pools in Glen Muick."

These two last days were right royal days for the guest at Castle Dare. On the deer-stalking expedition Macleod simply refused to take his rifle with him, and spent all his time in whispered consultations with Hamish, and with eager watching of every bird whose solitary flight along the mountain-side might startle the wary hinds. After a long day of patient and stealthy creeping, and walking through bogs and streams, and slow toiling up rocky slopes, the party returned home in the evening; and when it was found that a splendid stag — with brow, bay, and tray, and crockets complete — was strapped on to the pony, and when the word was passed that Sandy the red-haired and John from the yacht were to take back the pony to a certain well-known cairn where another monarch of the hills lay slain, there was a great rejoicing through Castle Dare, and Lady Macleod herself must needs come out to shake hands with her guest and to congratulate him on his good fortune.

"It is little we have been able to do to entertain you," said the old silver-haired lady, "but I am glad you have got a stag or two."

"I knew what Highland hospitality was before I came to Castle Dare," said the boy modestly. "But you have been kinder to me even than anything I knew before."

"And you will leave the heads with Hamish," said she, "and we will send them to Glasgow to be mounted for you, and then we will send them south to you."

"Indeed, no," said he (though he was thinking to himself that it was no wonder the Macleods of Dare were poor); "I will not put you to any such trouble. I will make my own arrangements with Hamish."

"Then you will tell him not to forget Aldershot."

"I think, Lady Macleod," said the young lieutenant, "that my mess-companions will be sorry to hear that I have left Dare. I should think they ought to have drunk your health many times ere now."

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Next day, moreover, he was equally successful by the side of the deep brown pools in Glen Muick. He was a pretty fair fisherman, though he had had but small experience with such a mighty engine of a rod as Hamish put into his hands. When, however, he showed Hamish the fine assortment of salmon flies he had brought with him, the old man only shook his head. Thereafter, whenever Hamish went with him, nothing was said about flies until they neared the side of the brawling stream that came pouring down between the gray rocks and the patches of moist brown moor. Hamish would sit down on a stone, and take out a tin box and open it. Then he would take a quick look round — at the aspect of the clouds, the direction of the wind, and so forth; and then, with a nimbleness that any one looking at his rough hands and broad thumbs would have considered impossible, would busk up a weapon of capture that soon showed itself to be deadly enough. And on this last day of Ogilvie's stay at Castle Dare he was unusually lucky — though of course there were one or two heart-rending mishaps. As they walked home in the evening — the lowering day had cleared away into a warm sunset, and they could see Colonsay, and Fladda, and the Dutchman's Cap, lying dark and purple on a golden sea — Ogilvie said, —

"Look here, Macleod, if you would like me to take one of these salmon for Miss White, I could take it as part of my luggage, and have it delivered at once."

"That would be no use," said he, rather gloomily. "She is not in London. She is at Liverpool or Manchester by this time. I have already sent her a present."

Ogilvie did not think fit to ask what; though he had guessed.

"It was a parcel of otter-skins," Macleod said. "You see, you might present that to any lady — it is merely a curiosity of the district — it is no more than if an acquaintance were to give me a chip of quartz he had brought from the Rocky Mountains with a few grains of copper or silver in it."

"It is a present any lady would be glad to have," observed Mr. Ogilvie, with a smile. "Has she got them yet?"

"I do not know," Macleod answered. "Perhaps there is not time for an answer. Perhaps she has forgotten who I am, and is affronted at a stranger sending her a present."

"Forgotten who you are!" Ogilvie exclaimed; and then he looked round to see that Hamish and Sandy the red-haired were at a convenient distance. "Do you know this, Macleod? A man never yet was in love with a woman without the woman being instantly aware of it."

Macleod glanced at him quickly; then turned away his head again, apparently watching the gulls wheeling high over the sea — black spots against the glow of the sunset.

"That is foolishness," said he. "I had a great care to be quite a stranger to her all the time I was in London. I myself scarcely knew — how could she know? Sometimes I thought I was rude to her, so that I should deceive myself into believing she was only a stranger."

Then he remembered one fact, and his downright honesty made him speak again.

"One night, it is true," said he — "it was the last night of my being in London — I asked a flower from her. She gave it to me. She was laughing at the time. That was all."

The sunset had gone away, and the clear northern twilight was fading too, when young Ogilvie, having bade good-by to Lady Macleod and her niece Janet, got into the broad-beamed boat of the fishermen, accompanied by his friend. There was something of a breeze, and they hoisted a lug-sail so that they should run out to meet the steamer. Donald the piper lad was not with them: Macleod wanted to speak to his friend Ogilvie as he was leaving.

And yet he did not say anything of importance. He seemed to be chiefly interested in finding out whether Ogilvie could not get a few days' leave about Christmas, that he might come up, and try the winter shooting. He was giving minute particulars about the use of arsenic paste when the box of skins to be despatched by Hamish reached London. And he was discussing what sort of mounting should be put on a strange old bottle that Janet Macleod had presented to the departing guest. There was no word of that which lay nearest his heart.

And so the black waves rolled by them; and the light at the horizon began to fade; and the stars were coming out one by one; while the two sailors forward (for Macleod was steering) were singing to themselves, —

Fhir a bhata (na horo eile)
Fhir a bhata (na horo eile)
Fhir a bhata (na horo eile)
Chead soire slann leid ge thobh a theid u;

that is to say, —

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O boatman,
And boatman,
And boatman,
A hundred farewells to you wherever you may go!

And then the lug-sail was hauled down; and they lay on the lapping water; and they could hear all around them the soft callings of the guillemots and razor-bills, and other divers whose home is the heaving wave. And then the great steamer came up and slowed; and the boat was hauled alongside, and young Ogilvie sprang up the slippery steps.

"Good-by, Macleod!"

"Good-by, Ogilvie! Come up at Christmas!"

The great bulk of the steamer soon floated away, and the lug-sail was run up again, and the boat made slowly back for Castle Dare. "*Fhir a bhata!*" the men sung; but Macleod scarcely heard them. His last tie with the south had been broken.

But not quite. It was about ten o'clock that night that word came to Castle Dare that Dugald the post had met with an accident that morning while starting from Bunessan; and that his place had been taken by a young lad who had but now arrived with the bag. Macleod hastily looked over the bundle of newspapers, etc., they brought him, and his eager eye fell on an envelope, the writing on which made his heart jump.

"Give the lad a half-crown," said he.

And then he went to his own room. He had the letter in his hand; and he knew the handwriting; but there was no wind of the night that could bring him the mystic message she had sent with it,—

"*Oh here is, Glenogie, a letter for thee!*"

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D.*

FEW men have left behind them a fairer or more enviable reputation than Dr. Arnold. He died at the age of forty-seven, and was head master at Rugby for only fourteen years; yet that brief life exercised a powerful influence, not only upon the generation to which he belonged, but still more upon that which has succeeded him; and in those fourteen years he achieved a work of almost immeasurable usefulness and importance. The sermons preached during this crowning epoch of his life have now been collected in six volumes by the loving care of his eldest daughter, Mrs. W. E. Forster. They are admirably arranged and edited. Those of the previously published sermons which had least of permanent value and interest have been excluded from the collection, and there can be little doubt that in their present form they will take their final and permanent place in English literature. The publication of this edition is the greatest service which has been rendered to the memory of a great and good man since the Dean of Westminster wrote that admirable "Life of Dr. Arnold" which has served to perpetuate his work, and has been deservedly welcomed as perhaps the best biography of recent times.

Some books may almost be said, without a paradox, to die of their own immortality. They do their work so effectually as to render themselves needless, and they are effaced because the thoughts to which they gave original expression have become the common heritage of even the least original minds. The unfamiliar views of one decade often pass into the commonplaces of the next, and the reputed heresies of our youth are sometimes the accepted orthodoxies of our manhood. The remark is illustrated both by these sermons of Dr. Arnold and by those of the eminent contemporary with whom he often found himself in respectful antagonism. When we read the sermons of Dr. Newman, we admire the subtlety of their insight, the loftiness of their spirituality, the *curiosa felicitas* of a style which, while it often seems to aim at an almost bald simplicity, keeps us spell-bound with an unaccountable fascination. Yet so completely have the religious thoughts, and even the phraseology, of "Mr. Newman of Oriel," passed into our current homiletic literature, so familiar has even his peculiar pronunciation and method of delivery become, that we can hardly account for the fact that his sermons were once regarded with intense suspicion, and were believed by large sections of the Church to teem with the subtlest insinuations of dangerous heresy. Different in all respects as were the sermons of Dr. Arnold, a similar remark applies to them. He says: "It would be affectation were I to dissemble my knowledge that these volumes will be received in many quarters with a strong prejudice against them;"* and he evidently antici-

* *Arnold's Sermons.* In Six Volumes. New Edition, Revised by his Daughter, Mrs. W. E. Forster. Longmans.

* Vol. iii., p. v.

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pates that they will have so far diverged from the accurate intonation of the then prevailing shibboleths, that they will be charged with being "latitudinarian." Few who now read them without traditional bias would think of reviving so obsolete a charge. When we read in the introductions to the various volumes, a plea that Christians should get over their extreme reluctance to admit the principles of Christianity into the concerns of common life, and not "ridicule as visionary and impracticable" an application of its spirit to their every-day practice,* we feel what a change has come over the popular views on such subjects. In these days we could hardly think it needful to argue that "a sermon addressed to Englishmen in the nineteenth century, should be very different from one addressed to Englishmen in the sixteenth, or even in the eighteenth;" or that it is most undesirable to reserve, for the use of religious exhortation, a stereotyped and conventional phraseology. The sermon on "The Unity of the Spirit" † might be preached in these days without its occurring to any critic that it would needlessly encourage an excessive indifference as to variety of religious opinions, and too low an estimate of the advantages of agreement even in the outward forms of Christianity. The famous sermons on "Moral Thoughtfulness," and those on "The Temptations of School Life," have had so many successors which are even stronger and plainer in their language, that, had they been preached in these days, they would have produced no further impression than such as was created by the noble and commanding personality of him who uttered them. Under these circumstances it might have been considered needless to collect and edit the sermons in any other form than those in which they have been hitherto accessible. Yet we cannot but rejoice on many grounds that this edition has been published. The sermons deserve preservation in the best possible form, not only because they belong to the history of English social life, in that phase of it which is most characteristic, and of which we have most reason to be proud; not only as having inaugurated a new form of literature, which, however humble, may tend to results of priceless value; not only because they throw light on the mind and character of a brave, enlightened, and noble-hearted teacher; but even from their own intrinsic merits. The truths which Arnold was the first to bring into prominence, in such aspects of them as bore most directly upon the life of public schools, have, since his time, found frequent expression, but have never been expressed in directer or manlier language. Even in style his sermons were fresh, forcible, and in the highest sense, eloquent. More than once, indeed, Arnold speaks of his style in a tone of apology. "In point of style," he says, "these sermons are wholly devoid of pretension; for my main object was to write intelligibly, and, if I have succeeded in this, I must be contented to be censured for much homeliness, and perhaps awkwardness of expression, which I had not the skill to avoid." * But if a man's style be but perfectly sincere, and perfectly natural, he can never alter it to advantage, nor is he likely to express in any better way the truths which he has to deliver. The very "defects" of his style may thus be "effective," and few men had less need than Arnold to apologize for any deficiencies in expression. His style is a very model of strength and straightforwardness, of lucid reasoning and manly good sense. As he was original in desiring to apply "the language of common life to the cases of common life, but ennobled and strengthened by those principles and feelings which are found only in the gospel," so there are no better specimens of this method of preaching than those which he has furnished. Arnold wrote his Rugby sermons for the most part between morning and afternoon service, and preached them before the ink was well dry on the last page. It is to this very fact that much of their charm and force is due. A man whose mind was less fresh, and pure, and strong, could not do this; but Arnold's thoughts were well-matured, and were held with a grasp unusually firm, and the rapidity with which they were thrown into form gave them all the eloquence which springs from the emotion of the moment, so that they have something of the fire and rapidity of the extempore orator. Arnold was too sure of the truth and value of what he had to say to need any ornament in its expression. He never seeks an illustration; he never consciously elaborates a closing paragraph. But when he does use an illustration, it is often an exceedingly happy one; and when his style rises to a more impassioned strain, it reaches a high level of natural eloquence. What can be more forcible than the com-

* Vol. i., p. viii.
† Vol. i., p. 50.

* Vol. i., p. viii.

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parison — perhaps the longest in these six volumes, and one so applicable to thousands at this period — of the condition of fallen man to that of "men who are bewildered in those endless forests of reed which line some of the great American rivers," * in danger from the venomous snakes and the deadly malaria, ignorant of the path, and "in doubt whether the tangled thicket in which they are placed has any end at all; whether the whole world is not such a region of death as the spot in which they are actually prisoned; whether their fond notions of a clear and open space, a pure air, and a fruitful and habitable country, are not altogether imaginary; whether there remains anything for them but to curse their fate, and lie down and die." † What again can be better than this? "As the vessels in a harbor, and in the open sea without it, may be seen swinging with the tide at the same moment in opposite directions; the ebb has begun in the roadstead, while it is not yet high water in the harbor; so one or more nations may be in advance of or behind the general tendency of their age, and from either cause may be moving in the opposite direction." And to take passages in which there is no illustration, what boy with a heart in him could have listened unmoved to such sermons as the two on "Christian Schools," ‡ or to the noble and stirring appeal, a rare example of glowing emotion expressed in the language of perfect self-control, which concludes the stern, yet touching, sermon on "Death and Salvation"? § Sermons like these will never become obsolete. There is not one master of any public school in England who might not profit from the study of them. There is not one, I suppose, who would not admit that as these are among the earliest specimens in our literature of school sermons, so even in a generation which possesses Bishop Cotton's Marlborough sermons, and Dr. Vaughan's "Memorials of Harrow Sundays," they still remain the best models of what school sermons ought to be. One, at any rate, who once had the honor of being a headmaster, may be allowed the humble testimony that he would have hailed these volumes, had they appeared a year or two ago, with the deepest gratitude, and might have reaped from them advantages which he regrets never to have possessed.

It must not, however, be supposed that the majority of these sermons would only be valuable to schoolmasters. It is one distinct element of their merit that very many of them do not bear directly upon school life at all; and that even when they were addressed to youthful audiences, they aimed at awakening interests which extended far beyond the narrow horizon of boyish vision. Three especially of these volumes — the third, fourth, and sixth — have a permanent theological value, and the notes and introductions to them might be read with great profit by many of our clergy as the best possible antidote to prevalent errors. The merits and influence of Arnold as a theologian have, I think, been underrated. At any rate I can recall but few modern clergymen whose opinions would furnish a more wholesome study. The note of disestablishment has been clearly heard, and nothing can avert that national disaster so surely and so satisfactorily as a timely wisdom and liberality on the part of Churchmen. Already the increase of diligence and faithfulness and devotion among the clergy have won for their entire order a respect which, but for other circumstances, would have gone very far to disarm all semblance of national, and almost of political, hostility. But side by side with this wide, self-denying energy has grown up a spirit of clericalism and sacerdotalism, which, unless checked, will be socially and religiously fatal to the existence of the Established Church. By clericalism I mean that elaborate separation from the laity which is but too plainly symbolized by peculiarities of dress, pronunciation, and bearing; and which, in its occasional developments, is made the excuse for that charge of effeminacy so unjustly brought against the clergy. But this effeminacy, if it can fairly be charged at all against any of the clergy in social matters, is less common, and far less injurious, than the timidity of thought, the cowardice in the expression of opinion, the dread of diverging a hairsbreadth from the current "orthodoxy," the want of fearless independence and honest forthrightness, the tendency to run in well-oiled grooves, the conventionality of language which serves to cloak real divergences of opinion, the adoption of a phraseology purely professional — in one word, the want of perfect reality, naturalness, and manly independence — which may at times be noted as a grave fault in some of our ordinary theological literature. To read Arnold's sermons, after reading too many of those which are now in vogue, is like passing out of the conservatory into

* Vol. iv., p. ii.
† Vol. iv., p. x.
‡ Vol. v., pp. 40-62.
§ Vol. v., p. 155.

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the free air and eager breeze of heaven. And if the faults to which I have alluded be what is commonly meant by "clericalism," then "sacerdotalism" is its still more dangerous kinsman. By sacerdotalism I mean the assumption of supernatural privileges of such a kind as to glorify and elevate the individual and his order, to identify the Church more and more with the clergy, and to substitute the word "priest" in all its sacrificial, heathen, and mediæval connotations for the word in its sense of "presbyter," in which sense alone it is recognized by the New Testament, and by the English Church. To this social tendency, and this religious corruption, Arnold was a brave and uncompromising though a perfectly courteous and considerate foe. The manner of his controversial essays is as commendable as the matter is forcible. He never descends for one moment to that coarse and bitter railing by which fanatical ignorance strives to conceal the utter absence of ability and knowledge.

While directing many a powerful blow against the principles of the Oxford school, Arnold always spoke of the individual writers of that school not only with perfect kindness but even with sympathy and respect. Yet all his principles made him the severe opponent of every practice and theory which tended to draw ineradicable lines of distinction between the clergy and the laity. Want of intellectual manliness is the very last charge which any one could ever have brought against Thomas Arnold. There was nothing exotic about his sentiments, nothing conventional about his language. He was a model for all clergymen in this respect more than all others, that — like Canon Kingsley — he was every inch a man. And he had the faith of a man in all its vigor — the faith which would have scorned any mere respectful complaisance at the hands of an opponent — the faith which desired the pure air of heaven and the clear light of day. If there was one thing which he detested more than another it was an insincere argument. He saw no sanctity in pretentious incompetence. Ignorance never appeared to him any the more venerable because it uttered its dicta as from an oracle. He earnestly labored to destroy that un-christian superstition which, as a necessary consequence of straining at the gnat, forever swallows the camel. Clearly perceiving that the business of a theologian consists in the twofold work of interpreting the Scriptures and of applying them, — of which the first requires a study of criticism and philology, and the second a knowledge of our own and former times, together with the general constitution of the human mind and character, — he had but little respect for a large proportion of what is called divinity, and openly stated his opinion that the writings of unqualified divines were in theology particularly worthless. Arnold here hit upon a temptation to which some religious teachers are particularly liable. Accustomed to teach authoritatively, and to have their utterances accepted as authoritative by the majority of those immediately around them, they have been too apt in all ages to assume for themselves a monopoly of orthodoxy, and to attach a most extravagant importance to the assertion of their individual opinions, and that too on subjects with which they do not even possess an elementary acquaintance. We who are clergymen should not resent the warning that the intensity of our prejudices is no true measure of the value of our convictions, and that no spectacle is more saddening than that of

> Blind Authority beating with his staff
> The child that might have led him;

or that of ignorance taking itself for infallibility, and anathematizing what it does not understand. Against such dangers — increased a thousandfold in those who breathe that intoxicating incense of support and flattery which is weekly burned for their adherents by our party religious newspapers — the writings of Arnold will form an admirable preservative. It is impossible, in the brief space at my disposal, to analyze his remarks on the value of historical study to all who are called upon to preach; but how different would have been the tone and the writings of some of our clergy if they had followed the advice given in the introduction to the "Sermons on Christian Life and Doctrine!" How unspeakably might many of them have profited by turning away from the perilous employment of perpetually contemplating narrow-mindedness and weakness in conjunction with much of piety and goodness, by turning to the great springs of truth, human and divine — to the Scriptures to remind us that Christianity is in itself wholly free from the foolishness thrown round it by some of its professors; to the great writers of human genius, to save us from viewing the Scriptures themselves through the medium of ignorance and prejudice, and lowering them by our perverse interpretations in order to make them countenance our errors.*

* Vol. iii., p. xiii. seq.

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All of us might learn a lesson of lifelong value if we would merely accept the advice which Arnold gave forty years ago — never to lay aside the greatest works of human genius of whatever age or country; to read the lives of the saints, and good Christian biography of all ages; not to misquote and misinterpret Scriptures by harping on isolated texts without sufficiently exercising our minds to master the meaning of profound and difficult writers; and to acquire comprehensive views of large portions of the sacred volume taken together.

It would carry me too far were I to speak of Arnold's views — liberal and enlightened as they were — on the true relations of Church and State, and his condemnation of that fatal tendency to which he does not hesitate to apply the term "the antichrist of priesthood." He held that the main truth of the Christian religion barred for all time the very notion of a mediatorial or sacrificial priesthood. He held that there was and could be but one priesthood — that of Christ; and one mediator — the Man Christ Jesus; and that there was no point of the priestly office *properly so called* in which the claim of the earthly priest was not absolutely precluded. There is no place at all for such a priest for *sacrifice*, since there is but one atoning sacrifice which has once been offered; nor yet for *intercession*, since there is One who ever liveth to make intercession for us. A priesthood in the sense in which that term is used by some modern Ritualists, Arnold regards as a high dishonor to our true priest — the Lord Jesus Christ.

But, leaving this subject, we must at least allude to the influence which Arnold exercised as a theologian. There may be some who will grudge him any such title, and if by a theologian is merely to be meant one who has busied himself with scholastic technicalities and transcendental metaphysics, then he would have been the first to repudiate the name. But it will be a disastrous day for theology when it comes to be identified with a range of inquiry so narrow, so dubious, and so unpractical; and if *he* is a theologian who wisely guides the religious views of churches, then Arnold has far more claim to be so regarded than "a hundred would-be's of the modern day." The clamor with which his opinions were received reminds us of Milton's lines —

> Men whose faith, learning, life and pure intent,
> Would have been held in high esteem by Paul,
> Must now be called and printed heretics
> By shallow Edwards and Scotch What-d'ye-call.

Arnold's main contributions to theology in these volumes are the essays on the "Interpretation of Prophecy," and on the "Interpretation of Scripture." On both subjects his views are now maintained by most thinking men. As regards prophecy, he saw that prediction is wholly subordinate to moral teaching, and that the mere announcement of events yet future is the lowest part of the prophet's office, being indeed rather its sign than its substance. The prophets dealt with eternal principles, not with chronological combinations. To startle the deathlike slumbers of selfishness, to fan the dying embers of patriotism, to curb the base oppression of power, to startle the sensual apathy of unbelief, were the prophets' noblest functions; nor is it possible to gather from these inspired poets a single prediction in which some deep moral purpose, some profound spiritual lesson is not involved. The school of interpretation which lays stress on material details met with no sympathy from Arnold, because he saw that such a method of illustration was often "accidental, generally disputable, and theoretically false." "It is a very misleading notion of prophecy if we regard it as an anticipation of history. . . . It is anticipated history, not in our common sense of the word, but in another and far higher sense. . . . It fixes the attention on principles, on good and evil, on truth and falsehood, on God and his enemy. . . . The earliest prophecy of Scripture is the sum and substance of the whole language of prophecy, how diversified soever in its particular forms." On these points, and on the ever-widening horizons of prophetic fulfilment, the reader will find many wise remarks in illustration of Arnold's fundamental principle that the prophets did not in the first instance cast themselves into the ocean of futurity; that the forms of their prophecies belong to their own times, the spirit of them to times that were to come; that their words have not only an historical sense originating in contemporary circumstances, but also a spiritual sense, "worthily answering to the magnificence of their language, but in its details of time, place, and circumstance indistinct to them; nay — as we still see through a glass darkly — indistinct, when it rises highest, even to us." *

Arnold's views of the interpretation of Scripture were marked by the same rev-

* Vol. iii., p. 335.

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erent sincerity and masculine wisdom. The dishonoring literalism which will defend even the most pernicious custom if some text can be quoted in its apparent favor; the ignorant unwisdom which strews the paths of social and moral progress with stumbling-blocks wrenched out of the sacred page; the irreligious religion which depraves God's best gift in support of man's worst inventions — these bad traditions still survive, and if they no longer flourish, they yet continue to be powerful for evil even in their decay. But to Arnold is due in no small degree the merit of having dealt to them their death-blow in the minds of reasonable men. His essay on this subject is stamped with the same high characteristics as his other writings, — calmness, courage, clearness, perfect consideration for the feelings of others. He points out the *impossibility* of rightly comprehending Scripture if we read it as we read the Koran, as though it were in all its parts of equal authority, all composed at one time, and all addressed to persons similarly situated.* He fearlessly exposes the incompetence of the majority of commentators, who are too often greatly insufficient in knowledge and still more so in judgment, "often misapprehending the whole difficulty of a question, often answering it by repeating the mere assertions of others, and confounding the proper provinces of the intellect and the moral sense, so as to make questions of criticism questions of religion, and to brand as profane inquiries to which the character of profaneness or devotion is altogether inapplicable." He laid down the broad principles that commands given in the Bible to one man or to one generation are, and can be, binding upon other men and other generations, only so far forth as the circumstances in which both are placed are similar; and that the revelations of God to man were gradual, and adapted to his state at the several periods when they were successively made. This principle of "accommodation" is liable indeed to grave abuse, but it is a principle distinctly recognized by Christ himself, and it will be always safely applied by strong and honest natures. Whether the reader be always inclined or not to accept the solutions which throughout this volume on Scriptural interpretation are offered for various moral and other difficulties of Scripture, he will not fail to profit by the fearless honesty with which they were met, and he will see them treated as though they were neither to be spoken of with bated breath, nor regarded as in any way dangerous to religion. In point of fact Arnold was a wise interpreter of Scripture, and a wise defender of Christian verity, because he clearly apprehended the truth on which his son, Mr. Matthew Arnold, has dwelt — less persuasively indeed, because from an immensely different standpoint, and with a large admixture of other elements, but with consummate literary skill. Even the rabbis and Talmudists could see, and could state, in direct opposition to their own methods of exegesis, that *the law speaks in the tongue of the sons of men*. The meaning of that maxim is that, in all interpretation of Scripture, allowances must be made for the human element; for that factor of the divine message which is tinged with the writer's individuality; for the necessary and inherent imperfections of all earthly expression; for the use of metaphor and hypallage and hyperbole, and that impassioned style of utterance which rejects the possibility of a wooden and soulless letter-worship; for the absurdities which arise when we turn the swift syllogisms of natural rhetoric with all their impetuous force into the hard syllogisms of unemotional logic; for the fact, in short, that human language, at its very best and greatest, is, and can be, but an asymptote to thought, and that this must more than ever be borne in mind when we deal in finite speech with conceptions which are infinite. Mr. Matthew Arnold calls the rabbinic maxim which I have quoted "the very foundation of sane Biblical criticism," though, as he truly adds, "it was for centuries a dead letter to the whole body of our western exegesis, and is a dead letter to the whole body of our popular exegesis still." No man can mistake the elements of a saving faith; even a wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot possibly err in deducing from the Scriptures all that is necessary for salvation. But when we pass from questions of practical religion to questions of Biblical interpretation it is not too much to say that every commentator, however learned, must go egregiously astray if he be devoid of literary culture. Exegesis is a domain from which mere ignorant convictions, even when they claim to speak *ex cathedrâ*, must be remorselesly expelled. Mr. Arnold has rendered a memorable service by the incontrovertible clearness with which he has proved this proposition, and in dwelling upon its importance he is, in one particular direction, continuing the theological influence of his illustrious father.

* Vol. ii., p. 280 seq.

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I have dwelt on the position of Dr. Arnold as a Churchman and as a theologian because in these spheres his merits are but partially recognized, whereas none deny, and all are grateful for, the reformation which he effected in English schools. To dwell on that reformation — its nature, its extent, its beneficence, the methods by which it was accomplished — is not possible in this paper, but those who are familiar with school life will be able with the aid of these volumes to trace it for themselves. Certain it is that English schools have undergone a very marked change for the better during the fifty years which have elapsed since he was elected head master of Rugby. Those changes have carried with them a change also of our whole social life. They began to work from the very day when — to recall the scene so beautifully described in the grateful pages of Arnold's two eminent pupils, Dean Stanley and Mr. T. Hughes — in the then mean and unsightly chapel of Rugby School, dimly lighted by the two candles of the pulpit, were seen above the long lines of youthful faces the strong form and noble face of the greatest of English schoolmasters, and the voice was heard, "now soft as the low notes of a flute, now clear and stirring as the call of the light infantry bugle, of him who stood there Sunday after Sunday, witnessing and pleading for his Lord." To trace the course and the issues of this social reformation might be an interesting task; but at present, as one of the least worthy of those who in a similar office to Arnold's own would fain have caught something of his spirit, I can but lay upon the base of his statue a wreath of respectful gratitude. Few teachers have arisen since his death who could reach high enough to place that wreath around his brow.

Ut caput in magnis ubi non est tangere signis
Ponitur hic imos ante corona pedes.

F. W. Farrar.

From The Popular Science Review.

THE CHINA-CLAY INDUSTRY OF CORNWALL AND DEVON.

BY J. H. COLLINS, F.G.S., SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTION OF CORNWALL.

Travellers by the Great Western Railway in the west of England, after crossing the great Albert Bridge at Saltash, passing over the tree-tops in the deep valleys about Liskeard, and leaving the deserted copper mines of St. Blazey and Par on their right hand, usually observe truckloads of peculiar white substances occupying the sidings, and are especially struck with the whiteness of the streams crossed by the railway — which closely resemble rivers of milk.*

Naturally they begin to ask what it means, and the writer has often been amused by the gravity with which some fellow-traveller, who seems to think it disgraceful to confess ignorance on any subject whatever, vaguely talks of lime, or more boldly of chalk. Perhaps some native happens to be present, who politely assures him that he is in error — that neither chalk nor lime are present in any form — and that the peculiar whiteness is caused by a refuse product from the china-clay works in the vicinity. This of course settles the question usually; but if the original querist happens to be inquisitive or persistent, he soon finds that the native in most cases is entirely ignorant of the methods of working, the extent of the works, and the uses of the product, and if this is true of the intelligent native, still more is it true of the general public. Out of Cornwall it is a rare chance to find either commercial men, or even scientific geologists, who have any knowledge whatever of the peculiar industry which characterizes many parts of Cornwall and Devon, and especially the centre of Cornwall. Yet this industry is interesting in itself, employs a large number of men, and supplies every year more than two hundred thousand tons of the dazzling white clay, which never fails to attract the attention of tourists.

The object of the present paper is to describe the salient features of this industry. Most people know that "china" was first brought by the Portuguese from China — hence the name. It was called by them *porzellano*, because it was supposed to be fabricated from sea shells; hence the term "porcelain;" but no real knowledge was obtained of the materials used until the publication of the reports of the Jesuit father D'Entrecolles, in 1712, and of Count Réaumur, in 1729. These reports led to the establishment of the manufactories at Dresden, Sevres, and Plymouth — the last-named having been established in 1733. Up to 1745, the fine porcelain materials used in the Plymouth works were imported; but soon after that time, Mr. Cookworthy, the founder of the works,

* Notwithstanding the apparent opacity of the water from suspended particles of clay and mica, I have seen trout eight or nine inches long taken from these streams.

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discovered "kaolin" (which he calls growan clay, now called china clay), and the "petuntze" (called by him growan or moorstone, and now known as china stone), similar to or identical with that used by the Chinese, in several parts of Cornwall in great abundance. In conjunction with Lord Camelford, he took out a patent for the use of these materials in 1768. How these materials are used in the manufacture of porcelain, earthenware, and more recently in many other British manufactures, forms no part of the subject of the present paper — this is limited to a description of the modes of occurrence and of preparation of the china clay and china stone.

China clay is prepared by washing a peculiarly white decomposed granite, which occurs very largely in the granite district, north of St. Austell, as well as in many other parts of Cornwall — and also in Devon. This natural china clay rock, which has been elsewhere called "carclazyte," is simply a granite composed of white or pale smoky quartz, white mica (lepidolite), sometimes a little greenish-yellow gilbertite, and white felspar, *in which the latter is partly or completely metamorphosed into kaolin.* This modification of granite occurs in areas of irregular form, generally much elongated in one direction, and extending to an unknown depth. It is in the west of England universally associated with quartzose and schorlaceous veins — evidently of later origin than the rock itself — which sometimes also contain oxide of tin. The greatest extension of the decomposed granite coincides with the "run" or "bearing" of the veins, and is more complete as the vein is followed downwards in depth.*

Many of the so-called "deposits" of clay extend for a distance of a quarter of a mile, half a mile, or even more, in the direction of the veins, while their breadth may be only a few inches, and seldom exceeds a few fathoms. It is true that very wide masses of china clay are wrought in many places, but these are invariably associated with a group of parallel veins.

The granite rock is usually covered by a layer, from four to thirty feet thick, of brown or yellow sandy earth, often full of angular pieces of hard granite, schorl rock, tourmaline schist, with sometimes a little tin ore, etc. This layer is called by the workmen "overburden," and it must be removed before the clay can be got at.* The process of working is usually as follows: let us suppose that a patch or band of suitable decomposed granite, called by the workmen a "bed of clay," has been discovered in a hillside. The first thing to be done is to drive an "adit-level" horizontally right into the hill beneath the bed of clay, the position and extent of which has been more or less accurately determined by systematic "pitting" through the overburden. This adit-level is a sort of tunnel — from six to nine feet high, and from three to six feet wide. While this level is being driven, a large piece of the overburden is removed so as to expose a considerable area of the bed of clay.† A vertical opening or shaft is then made from the inner end of the adit, to the surface of the uncovered clay bed — partly by digging downwards from above ("sinking"), partly by digging upwards from below ("putting up a rise"). A square wooden pipe, having holes at regular distances of a few feet in one of its sides, is then placed in the vertical opening, so as to keep open a communication with the level below; ‡ the remainder of the shaft is then either filled in or kept open for the removal of the coarse sand or stones produced in working; and the regular washing of clay may be proceeded with. Of course the arrangements for obtaining the clay vary very much in different works. These different arrangements were described by the author in the "Journal of the Society of Arts," 1875.

Granite, as is generally known, consists mainly of three distinct minerals, quartz, felspar, and mica. In the decomposed granite it is the felspar only which is decomposed, or converted into kaolin; but this renders the whole mass so soft that a pick or shovel may be readily driven into it to a considerable depth. The mode of working is to break up a portion with a pick to a depth of several feet, in a kind of slope, around the mouth of the pipe or launder which passes down into the adit

* In a paper read before the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall in 1876, I have given my reasons for believing that the decomposition has been produced *in situ* by fluids circulating within the fissures, joints, and shrinkage cracks of the granite — now occupied by the solid matter of the veins referred to above — and not as commonly stated in geological works by carbonic acid acting from above.

* This covering closely resembles some glacial deposits; but neither organic remains, nor scratched stones, nor stones of foreign origin have been found in it, to my knowledge, although many acres have been removed in the various clay works.

† The term "clay" is applied indiscriminately in Cornwall to the decomposed granite rock, and to the true clay washed out of it.

‡ The holes are — except the top one — temporarily covered with pieces of board nailed over them. The whole contrivance is called a "button-hole launder."

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below. This is called a "stope." A stream of water is then made to flow over the broken lumps, which are kept well stirred up by a workman, called a "washer," whose duty it is to keep breaking and stirring them up. The water, clear at first, speedily becomes white and milky by washing out the soft decomposed felspar, and runs down to the bottom of the stope, carrying with it the quartz grains and flakes of mica. The quartz and the coarser mica flakes, called "sand" by the workmen, settle in a shallow pit, called the sandpit, from whence they are constantly shovelled out by a man placed there for that purpose — while the stream of clay water, carrying with it many minute flakes of white mica, passes on down the vertical launder and through the adit-level to be further treated.

The stream of clay water, if thick, contains usually about two per cent. of clay, and perhaps one-half per cent. of mica in suspension. This is made to flow slowly through a succession of narrow channels, called "drags" and "micas," in which the fine mica and a little clay are gradually deposited, while the bulk of the clay passes on with the water, and falls into a circular pit from twenty to thirty feet in diameter, and eight or ten feet deep, lined usually with granite blocks. Here it gradually settles to the bottom, while the clear water passes off at a little depression in the rim of the pit, and may either be pumped up to be used over again, or allowed to flow into the nearest river. This effluent water is often clear enough to drink.*

Once or twice a day it becomes necessary to clean out the long channels, called "drags" and "micas," in which case the fine mica and clay, which has settled at the bottom, is washed out into the nearest watercourse by a stream of water, and this it is which fouls the streams.

In some works, as at the celebrated Carclaze mine, worked as an open quarry for tin for four centuries, not only is the mica washed away in this manner, but the large quantity of sand produced is also washed away at night, and thus very large accumulations of sand have collected in the valleys below St. Austell, St. Blazey, and elsewhere.

The clay having settled in the pits to a consistency somewhat thicker than cream, is in old-fashioned works run out into shallow excavations called "pans." These are about two feet deep — the clay is put into them during the winter months, and is allowed to remain until nearly dry, when it is cut out in square blocks and piled up under sheds, or in the open air, till completely dry. By this mode of working a good deal of loss is experienced, as every block of clay is more or less injured at the surface by exposure for months to the vicissitudes of the weather, the invasions of sheep, cattle, and geese — which latter abound on the moors — and the mischief of stone-throwing boys. When thoroughly dry, therefore, every block has to be separately scraped before it is in a fit state to be sold.

The scraping operation is a peculiar and somewhat ghastly sight to those who see it for the first time. Gangs of tall women, white-aproned — every vestige of complexion hidden with white clay — stand at tables scraping the blocks all day long, with a little three-cornered scraper like a miniature Dutch hoe, and often dismally singing hymns which sound like dirges.

The advantage of air-drying is that no expense is incurred for fuel — the disadvantage is the loss incurred by scraping, the expense of scraping, and the large area required for the drying-pans.

In more modern works the air-drying is mostly replaced by kiln-drying. Long kilns are built of fire-clay tiles covering brickwork flues from sixty to one hundred or even one hundred and fifty feet long. The clay from the circular pits is first run into large tanks, where it remains for a month or two, till pretty stiff. It is then taken into the kiln or "dry" on tramwaggons, and dried by throwing it upon the hot tiles. When dry it is cut up into convenient-sized blocks and piled up ready for market. On the whole, the smaller amount of waste in kiln-dried clay, and the saving of expense for scraping, more than makes up for the expense of fuel, and few modern works are without kilns for drying.

The preparation of the china stone for the market is a much more simple operation. China stone is also a kind of granite, which is, however, only partially decomposed, but it is only valuable when it happens to be free from mica and all other minerals except the quartz and partially decomposed felspar. It occurs chiefly in the parishes of St. Stephens, St. Dennis, and Breage, and is often associated with china clay. The rock is simply quarried down, and the joints dressed over where discolored with oxide of iron, when it is

* Occasionally these pits are left filled with clay water, and undisturbed for several weeks, when the intense blueness of the water equals that of some Alpine lakes, and is due to the same cause — the suspension of minute particles of solid matter.

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at once ready for shipment, chiefly to Runcorn. From Runcorn it is sent to the potteries, where it is used with china clay in the manufacture of porcelain and earthenware.

It is not only in the potteries, however, that china clay is used. As stated above, more than two hundred thousand tons per annum are now exported from the two western counties, the value of which at the present exceptionally low prices may average, perhaps, 1*l.* per ton at the shipping port. Of this large quantity probably little more than one-third is used in the English potteries. Fully as much is used by the paper-makers of the United Kingdom, and probably twenty thousand tons are used by makers of alum and sulphate of alumina, and at least as much by "bleachers" of calico and yarn. Many thousands of tons are shipped to the Continent for all the above purposes, and also for the manufacture of ultramarine. So cheap and convenient an article is also no doubt used to a considerable extent by adulterators and sophisticators of various kinds, but it probably only needs to be more widely known to be used legitimately for many purposes to which hitherto it has not been applied.

We have spoken above of the "sand" of the "mica." Nowadays much of the fine mica is re-washed and sold as an inferior "mica clay" for making inferior kinds of paper and pasteboard, but the bulk of it must still be regarded as a waste product. The sand is also largely a waste product, and as there are from three to eight tons of sand yielded for each ton of clay, large accumulations exist at most of the principal works. Of late years some of this — mixed with refuse clay — has been made into excellent fire bricks, for which there is a considerable demand, especially for the copper-smelting furnaces of Chili and Mexico; but there are still millions of tons available when a proper use can be discovered.

Very good building-bricks have also been made from the discolored clay and mica, but the heavy cost of carriage usually prevents the use of building-bricks at great distances from the place of manufacture, so that, although there is a fair local demand, millions of tons of material are still available for any suitable purpose which may be hereafter discovered.

Some of the sand is very coarse, some very fine — but in all cases it consists mainly of angular fragments of quartz, admirably adapted from their extreme sharpness for mixing with cement or lime for making concrete blocks, or with asphalt for pavements.

The coarser varieties also make excellent gravel walks, as the small quantities of clay and mica usually present serve to bind the grains together under foot to form a firm roadway.

The following analyses, selected from the writer's paper read to the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall in 1876, fairly represent the composition of average specimens of the materials described above.

	China Clay	China Stone	Mica Clay	Coarse Mica	Sand
Silica . . .	45·40	71·66	46·70	56·41	81·50
Alumina . . .	40·30	18·79	35·20	29·60	13·40
Lime . . .	trace	1·70	trace	—	—
Magnesia . . .	trace	0.35	—	—	—
Peroxide of iron .	0·20	trace	1·90	2·72	2·50
Alkalies, insoluble and loss . .	0·60	6·60*	4·66	4·37	0·10
Fluorine . . .	trace	0·14	trace	trace	trace
Oxide of manganese	—	trace	—	trace	—
Water . . .	13·50	0·91	11·54	6·90	2·50
	100·00	100·15	100·00	100·00	100·00

* Chiefly potash.

All the older writers speak of "talc," "talcose granite," "protogine," etc., as being abundant in Cornwall and elsewhere. Even Mr. J. A. Phillips, writing in 1875, says: "In some districts mica is replaced by a talc-like mineral, and the granite rock itself passes into protogine." What there may be elsewhere I am unable to say, but there is certainly nothing of the kind known at present in Cornwall. From the whole of the granite districts of Cornwall and Devon talc seems to be entirely absent, and magnesia generally is an extremely scarce substance.

The number of china-clay works at present in operation in Cornwall and West Devon is little short of two hundred, and of course the conditions of working vary considerably in different localities and under different conditions. In some, a little washing only is done during the winter months by means of a small natural stream of water, the total annual produce being only a few hundred tons; in others, valuable machinery and extensive buildings enable the proprietors to turn out nine or ten thousand tons in the same time; but in the main the description given above as fairly describes the occurrence and preparation of china clay and china stone as is possible within the limits of such an article as the present.

The trade at present is much depressed — mainly, I believe, owing to the slackness on the part of those (potters, paper-makers, bleachers, and others) who use clay; but

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partly, perhaps, owing to the over-production of a few years since. In consequence of this the prices have fallen more than thirty per cent. during the last five years, and the quantities produced have also shown a considerable falling off. With the general revival of English trade — whenever that may take place — no doubt this branch will also revive.

From The St. James's Magazine.

FLOWERS OF ANGLO-INDIAN LITERATURE.

THREE months is, I understand, the longest ascertained time of residence in India of the author of any book on the manners and customs of the people. If a man prolongs his stay, though he may have a desire to write, this desire seldom becomes effective. Perhaps our potential author succumbs to the enticement of too frequent pegs, or he finds the attractions of the Gymkhana and the gardens too powerful for his resolution, or some other of the varied forms of social duty conspire to silence his prophetic soul and to cause the labor of the mountain to bring forth not even the proverbial mouse. The longer a man stays the less chance there seems to be of the world deriving any profit from his observations. If, therefore, I wait till experience has mellowed and matured my judgment, there is every danger that this article will find its way to the limbo of unrealized ideas, and the invaluable extracts with which I mean to adorn it will be lost forever to posterity. Here, then, on the smooth waters of the Tirawaddy, gliding between well-wooded banks, marred now and then by an ugly village, with an English briar between my lips, and a gigantic topee on my head, I proceed, on the strength of three weeks passed principally in Indian trains and steamers, to deliver a verdict on Anglo-Indian literature.

It is not my intention to attempt any original criticism on the effects of English education on the native mind, but after briefly noting the opinions of qualified observers to illustrate their judgment from writings, almost, if not altogether, unknown in England. The course of reading by which a native student who aspires to honors, or even to an ordinary degree in arts at the Calcutta University, must prepare himself is perfectly appalling. The examiners seem to require, in addition to other qualifications, a close and accurate knowledge of English literature from Cædmon to Wordsworth, and an acquaintance with the details of English history which might fit the successful candidate to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Froude, Mr. Freeman, or Professor Stubbs. This high education and classical reading apparently excludes all chance of any familiarity with ordinary English as at present written and spoken; and the result is seen in the wonderful and awful productions which fall from time to time from native pens, couched in a jargon possible of utterance by no imaginable race either in heaven above or in the earth beneath or in the waters under the earth. Again, the educated native's conception of life and manners in English society is apparently acquired from a careful perusal of "Pamela" and "Tom Jones," tempered by some familiarity with second-rate romances of a later date, and an inappreciative reading of modern novels of a better class. I have in my hand a specimen of the Indian *littérateur's* picture of high life in England which may challenge comparison, though on different grounds, with the society sketches of the flunkeys of certain London weeklies. It is called "Lord Likely, a Drama," written by P. V. Ramdswami — this is the Madrasei equivalent for Jones — Raju, B. A., and published as lately as 1876. The scene is laid in England. The plot, which is of the simplest description, may be epitomized as follows: —

Some years before the opening of the story, Lady Homely, on a voyage home from India, suffers shipwreck and loses her infant son, whom she supposes to be drowned. At the beginning of the play she is living with her brother, Sir Strictly Sternface, and his daughter, the heroine, Miss Lovely; the confusion of names here is of minor importance. Miss Lovely's hand is sought by two wooers, Lord Likely, a dashing young fellow, and Sir Dreadful Dash, an Algerian colonel; the former wins the lady's affections, but the latter secures the support of Sir Strictly and Lady Homely. In order to drive this dangerous rival from the field, the hero, by means of his satellites, Gog and Wire, two city men, persuades the dreadful colonel to have two strings to his bow, and to make love to the aunt as well as to the niece. The plot is successful, and Sir Dreadful receives a shocking rebuff from Lady Likely, after which he is, somewhat unnecessarily as it seems to us, carried off bodily by Gog and Wire, and immured in a dungeon in the city kept by one Simon Twaddle, who is a compound of Fagin and

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the governor of Newgate. On his release from this imprisonment he takes himself off to Algiers and gives no further trouble. Lord Likely then turns out, as we had expected, to be the long-lost marquis, who had been rescued from the wreck, and adopted by Sir Stingy Lucre, a Kentish baronet; the cousins are married, and live happily ever afterwards.

Here is a specimen of the conversation indulged in by Miss Lovely and her aunt. It is the opening speech of the play: —

"MISS LOVELY. — Madam, many a day have I besought you, and you are yet to tell me what that picture means. Ah, 'tis a sickening sight — there the dread breakers, like steeds to combat spurred, toss their foam, and, as they approach, the poor ship uplifts itself and bends its head so low that it would seem to say, 'Dear masters, engulf me not.' And the crew — I find them not; sure, the storms had blown all hope away from them, and sent them to the hold to quaff their nectar; but, madam, yonder goes a life-boat, freighted with many a troubled soul, that, like Tantalus, looks at the shore and grows desperate. Then there is a lady, fair and dignified, that, with her kerchief, holds her face, and, as flashes the light of heaven amid the dreadful gloom, looks up with such pious agony as the very angels would have wept at the sight thereof."

Of course, no English girl could be imagined by the Hindoo as referring to sailors staving the casks to drown their fears in rum, in less refined terms than those used in the text; and equally of course the classical allusion is of a kind familiar in the mouths of our sisters as household words. The somewhat recondite nature of the illustration, and the care with which it is introduced, is especially characteristic of the prevailing azure. Lady Homely, at last softened, gives the story of the picture in the same strain, mentioning a phenomenal steward who was known apparently to his fellows or the ship's crew as a "brawny, stalwart wight," and who, perhaps on account of this characteristic, is is said to have "writhed and gasped for breath like a furnace." After this pathetic scene we note for the first time the eminently Shakespearian character of the drama in the next incident, which consists of some comic business by Gog and Wire, the city men, who are the clowns of the piece. We cannot refrain from quoting this in full, to illustrate this phase of our author's genius, and to let our readers behind the scenes of London commercial life.

"GOG. — Hallo, Wire!

"WIRE. — Come now, Gog, tell us how goes Lord Likely's love.

"GOG. — Oh, Lord Likely and his love, they are all right; but ——

"WIRE. — I know what you mean; has Sir Strictly made up his mind?

"GOG. — And Lady Homely, too.

"WIRE. — And Miss Lovely, too, I suppose.

"GOG. — Oh, yes, they've all made up their minds.

"WIRE — And I daresay, then, Lord Likely has the best hopes of them all — and the colonel, too.

"GOG. — Many he has; and like boys that are after a cab a-begging for pence and turn back empty, you'll find the chap soon undeceived.

"WIRE. — But Lord Likely.

"GOG. — Ah, he is a perfect gentleman: in the classics that retreat, and the physics that advance, he'll lick any professor; in his old Puritan gab, any parson; in his brag and bickering, the colonel; in his gravity, Sir Strictly; and in gay mischief, that ladies love, and gemmen hate, the devil!

"WIRE.— The classics that retreat and the physics that advance, what be these?

"GOG.— I'll tell you what — I daresay you were at school when you were a boy.

"WIRE.— Ay.

"GOG. — And so you read about the Romans that conquered the Britons.

"WIRE.— Oh, demmet, so my master told me; but I told him — 'Look ye, sir, I'll never read of a people that conquered the Britons!' But is this all you can tell us of Lord Likely?

"GOG. — Egad! tell me if any wight will show me his equal in a duel or a boat-race; and he is the best of the barons that ever trod the turf at Derby.

"WIRE.— And yet Sir Strictly would not have him.

"GOG.— But he'll have Sir Strictly and his daughter, and their money, too.

"WIRE. — I see — where the fish has caught the bait, the fins need follow. Miss Lovely likes him, and so Sir Strictly must."

It would be unfair to such readers as may be ignorant of the proper style in which these things are done in high life not to extract a specimen of the ardent speeches of Lord Likely and his love.

Here is a brilliant flower: —

"LORD LIKELY. — Like the robin that longs for the spring and the lark that waits for the morn, here am I, and yet she is to come! There! what do I see? Ah, no!

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'tis but a rose that hasn't half the bloom of my Amelia's cheeks. Now, what do I hear? Ah, 'tis but the linnet or the thrush, meek denizens of the brakes, whose melody were but the plainest jargon to the voice of my love. Oh, that I were a wind from the west! — how I'd rob the best blooms of their sweet and play round her cheeks, and whisper into her ears! There! comes she not like a beam through the greenwood? Why so late? Sure love lingers not when holy thoughts await it, and now, even thus would I forget my being in thee, my Amelia! (*Embraces her.*)"

And, as a pendant to this, here is a speech of the lady a little later on.

"Nay, Harry, pelf and pedigree are but accidents; the soul is the soul (? soil) for all such freaks of fortune. True love, where'er 'tis found, has its odors even as the rose amid the brambles, so do I love my Harry, not for aught that bears him up, but for what he bears — for his noble virtues — for his greatness, goodness, faith, and should aught that mars the mind and cuts in twain the knot that lovers weave, come between, this heart shall find its solace but in —— "

Sir Dreadful Dash bears out his name, in words at least, and, like Meg March, Lady Homely seems to like it. To her he says of his rival, "I'll see him dammed," and the conversation proceeds without interruption or expostulation from the lady. Not that she is at all afraid of the blood-drinking colonel, for a couple of pages farther on, in the same scene, the following occurs: —

"SIR DREADFUL (*kneeling*). — Madam, thy sworn slave — that has so long eaten into himself for love of — oh, demmet! — what shall I say? — Love, lend me thy pistols, or, rather, thy shafts, that I may shoot myself! I feel so shy and stupid!

"LADY HOMELY. — O faith! O honesty! (*Rises to go.*)

"SIR DREADFUL. — Nay, madam, this is not charity. (*Stands up and grasps her hands together with his.*)

"LADY HOMELY. — Alas! Sir Dreadful, to what would you drive me! (*Hits a severe blow at his mouth; his ivories fall down.*)"

Facta non verba was evidently this lady's motto; and this home-thrust effectually routs the double-dealing Sir Dreadful. Another scene of a highly comical nature is the court of Sir Strictly Sternface. He is represented in all the pomp of an Eastern sahib, smoking in a sort of "museum in his mansion," while two gentlemen converse before him, passing to each other the ball of the knight's prowess and renown in India as skilfully as two players at lawn-tennis. The retired governor sits in silence, drinking in their adulation as an idol might snuff up incense. This picture of the greatness of the retired Indian civilian is, we are sorry to believe, scarcely warranted by facts, even the majesty of an English justice of the peace being far less we fear than this roseate sketch would cause us to imagine. Finally, we have Sir Stingy's description of the finding of Lord Likely, who gets his name from "a flash of something great" in his features, and from the humor of his original saviour who, thinking it *likely* that he is a *lord*, puts two and two together and bestows a peerage on his waif. It is notorious, as our readers well know, that nothing more than this is requisite to ensure recognition of the nobility of the bearer of the name in society, Burke and Debrett notwithstanding. The Shakespearian character of the play is vindicated to the close by the following sweet thing in puns: —

"GOG. — And this, madam, is the *sun* you hadn't seen so long.

"LADY HOMELY. — Ay, indeed, that's my son."

So much for our Indian bachelor.

The second book is of a different kind. It is a pious biography of a somewhat remarkable man, who, had he been gifted with any degree of prophetic vision, might have prayed with intense earnestness — "Save me from my friends." The full title of it is: "The Memoir of the late Honorable Justice Onoocool Chundee Moorkerjee, by Mohindro Nouth Mookerjee, aged twenty-four, author of 'The Effects of English Education on the Native Mind,'" and, we may add, himself a shocking example of the said effects. This is the prelude of this miraculous production: —

"Let me hold my penna after a few months to write the memoir of the individual above-named; but *quid agis?* if any one put me such a query, I will be utterly thrown into a great jeopardy and hurley-burley, and say, 'A fool of myself!' As a spider spins a web for its own destruction, or as when the clown, who was busy in digging a grave for Ophelia, was asked by Hamlet: 'Whose grave's this, sirrah?' said, 'Mine, sir,' so in writing one's memoir I am as if to dig my own grave in it."

After a description of the birth and parentage of the hero, we are introduced to his school life, during which he was noted

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for an "unplayfulness of disposition," according to his biographer "an unsightly defect in boyhood." However, the reader may find some compensation in the following anecdote, the style and matter of which are alike remarkable: —

"Once, when the Hindoo college was about to be closed for the winter vacation, little Mookerjee, with some of his brothers and cousins, went to see the monument. When he had ascended a few steps, he received a severe blow on his head, which rendered him unpercipient for a few moments. He was then brought out with some difficulty by his companions. A few seconds after this a Cyclopean English sailor came out of the monument, and little Mookerjee asked him in a gentle voice why he had treated him thus. He answered that he took him to be a dog and not a man, but now when he saw that he was a man, but *niggar* at the same time, he might as well retain his first impression, as a *niggar* was no better than a dog. The reply stung little Mookerjee to the quick, and he addressed his rude assailant for more than an hour, dwelling chiefly on the principles of Christianity, and enlarging on the duty of regarding all men as fellow-brethren without distinction of creed or color. The words of Onoocool Chundee had a marvellous effect. The savage heart of the sailor was moved, and he went away making an apology for what he had done."

Later on the author moralizes on the relations of mother and child in these striking sentences: —

"Nothing in the world can make her facetious when her child is not so, and nothing in the world can make her lugubrious when her child is not so. Distressed in distress and pleased in pleasure, there can be no human being so sympathizing as the mother! *Ergo*, on the contrary, a mother is loved and respected in every age, in every realm, by every nation, and by everybody who can understand what transcendent and peerless wealth she is."

We must give the writer credit for having here conceived the greatest misery to which any human being could be subjected. A facetious child we had always considered the most detestable of all created things; but a facetious child and a facetious mother! A child saying smart things and his mother capping them! The idea is too awful. We refuse to attempt to realize it. We shudder and pass on, leaving our author to describe the struggles of his hero against adverse fortune, until, after achieving great success as a pleader, he became an "*au fait*" and "a transcendental lucre" to the Bengal council. Finally, he is appointed a judge of high court. The result of this can be adequately described only in the author's words.

"This was a desideratum to him. The hope which he so long hatched at last yielded him what he hankered after, and in seven-league boots. The law study, to which he had devoted so long his midnight hours, with indefatigable ardor and the zeal of a martyr, yielded him fruits most sacchariferous and wished-for, — position, respect, and wealth."

The unhappy judge's personal appearance is thus described: —

"When a boy he was filamentous, but gradually in the course of time he became plump as a partridge. . . . He was neither a Brobdignagian nor a Lilliputian, but a man of mediocre size, fair complexion, well-shaped nose, hazel eyes, and ears well-proportioned to the face, which was of a little round cut with a wide front and uniform lips. . . . His head was large; it had very thin hairs on it; and he had a moustache not close set, and a little brownish on the top of his upper lip."

The manner of his death is related with the fullest, and, in one instance, quite unreportable details, from the commencement of the evil symptoms, when a headache made him "feel like a toad under a harrow," to the fatal moment when, after remaining "*sotto voce* for a few hours, he then went to God at about six P.M."

The above extracts give a fair idea of the nature of this book, which is written with the most perfect *bona fides* and with the fullest intention of maintaining the dignity of a severe and chaste biographical style. The whole work is a gem of the purest water; my only difficulty has been to abstain from presenting it in its integrity.

One more flower, and, for the present, I have done with the educated native. This is a scrap found in an examination room in place of the answer to a paper which the luckless examinee found too much for his knowledge of the subject. There was a rough draft appended, in which the leading points of the prayer were jotted down, ending with the somewhat burlesque subscription — "Your obedient servant." This is the prayer as finally polished: —

God God God
be kind
to me

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Pardon my sins
at least
for the sake of my
poor father and mother,
My long-suffering wife,
My innocent artless daughter,
My adored Bissessury
(If I may be permitted to name her)
Make me pass this Higher Grade Pleadership
Examination, in the Higher grade
surely successfully and creditably
God look kindly on me this last time
God, God help me in
things that I may be successful
in my examination
God God help me, help me, help me.

The result of this ingenious attempt to substitute faith for works is not known.

H. T. W.

From The Spectator.

THE LUXURY OF READING OLD NOVELS.

We wonder some novelist with a reputation, and money enough to risk a moderate loss, does not publish a novel with an "argument" at the beginning, a short sketch revealing his plot, giving an account of his principal characters, and stating frankly his own idea of his own work, when he had read it in three volumes, an account in which he shall be permitted to be a little vain. We suppose his publisher would object and he himself might feel a qualm at betraying a secret he had striven to keep through two volumes and a half, but we suspect he would lose very little. He would only, at the worst, anticipate the reviewers, and he would attract a public which exists, and which may be numerous, — the public which greatly enjoys reading old novels, or rather, novels it has read some time before. There must be such a public, or there would not be such a sale for cheap reprints, or such a willingness in houses where the inmates read, to endure the abominable litter they create, or such a demand at watering-places for novels that have reposed for years upon the shelves. The librarians by the sea have of late invented a new system, under which old novels go back to Mudie's, or are sent to the colonies, or are disposed of in some other way; but there are a few who adhere to the old paths, and they seem to have as many customers as the new men. Elderly people, and leisurely people, and literary people go to them, and potter over their shelves, and in spite of the dust carry away whole cargoes of books, which they afterwards seem to read. They are rather ashamed of their occupation, and do not praise their books, but they read very steadily, and do not throw them aside with half the weariness manifested by those who have just finished the "last new thing." They have, to all appearance, enjoyed themselves, and though their sons and their daughters despise them, they are able to push away contemptuous comments with a serene sense of ease and quiet not altogether unenviable. They do not seem eager for relief from their books, but rather hang over them with loving pleasure, and keep their pages as they talk, and are jealous of volumes when the children take them up, and generally beseem themselves like bibliomaniacs with rich little Elzevirs, just bought.

They are not silly at all, and they shall have an advocate, for once. The present writer belongs to that division of the public, and he maintains, without shame, that for those who can read novels at all, there is no enjoyment which transcends that of an afternoon spent over novels which have been read before. Of course, there are antecedent conditions. The reader must be mentally a little fatigued. He must not be in search of excitement. He must not be anxious to be taken absolutely out of himself and his surroundings, but be tolerably content with both, and only longing for that condition of complacent, but not exactly somnolent *kef* in which the practised smoker most delights. And he must have a lot of the novels. It is of no use to have one. It may not suit his mood, or he may remember it too well, or he may have learned to despise its author's later works — nothing spoils literary enjoyment like that; it is as bad as the taste of water when you have drunk enough, or — in short, he wants a boxful, to dip among and select the novel which seems most pleasant in its momentary promise. But the conditions granted, we maintain that reading that picked old novel is the most enjoyable form of intelligent indolence conceivable. The bore of unravelling the plot, or even attending to it, is wholly absent, for after a chapter or two its salient features come back to the memory. There is no difficulty about understanding the characters, for they are old friends, not new acquaintance, and the mental interest they create is not watchfulness, but a subdued amusement in seeing them do what you knew they would do, though you did not quite know how they would do it. There is none of the fatigue of attention, for if you do not attend, you still remem-

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ber; and none of the ennui of disappointment, for the reader knows beforehand that the combination on which he had set his heart either will or will not be there. Above all, there is no burdensome sense of duty. You are not bound to read the story at all, still less to read it without skipping, — and you know precisely to a page or a paragraph what to skip. If anybody is impertinent enough or malicious enough to cross-examine you — and the people who *will* cross-examine about novels are a separate class, and in the next world will have to read first volumes only, for a cycle or two — the answers are all ready and all right; and as for duty to oneself, that has all been already performed. It is like visiting the Exhibition alone, without a catalogue, and with a certainty that, as no one knows you have been there, no one will ask you about the pictures, or think you tasteless for passing over acres of canvas you care nothing about. There is nothing to do but to enjoy, and to enjoy as one enjoys when enjoyment is softened by reminiscence. They are old friends, not new, who are coming up in troops, and how the old friends are changed! You thought that plot so adroit, and how obvious it is! You thought that style so simple, and what a contempt the authoress has for grammar! You deemed that heroine so charming, and what a little fool she is, with her blundering flirtations! The whole pleasure that a boy feels in measuring himself after the holidays comes unsought to the man who slowly and lingeringly gets through an oft-read but pleasant novel. Not that we would suggest that the involuntary criticism on a twice-read novel is always bitter. On the contrary it is frequently appreciative. The reader skips sometimes at new places, and discovers new beauties, or he sees art where he formerly saw carelessness, or he picks up a thread he had formerly lost, and obtains a new interest altogether. If he does none of these things, the book still arouses memories which, being fictitious, are pleasant, and puts him in a mood in which there is nothing acrid or even bitter, — in which, if truth is to be said, indolence prohibits the exertion involved in any use or menace of the rod. How is one to flog even mentally, when one is quite contented and half-asleep?

It is a fact — we appeal to all who indulge the taste — that the enjoyment derivable from old novels does not vary in the ratio of their excellence, even if that excellence be of the kind which the reader most appreciates. It may be that the recollection of a first-rate novel is too vivid, that there are too many unforgotten passages, and that the people are too seldom absent from the reader's imagination. Nobody fairly forgets Nancy Cass, or Mr. Trumbull, the auctioneer. Or it may be that there is too little of indolence in the re-reading for true enjoyment, the writing being too interesting, and the intellectual excitement produced too vivid. One does not really lounge over the "Shabby-Genteel Story." It is, however, certain that the very best books, and those which will most repay reading, are not those to which the reminiscent dilettante most readily turns, or those which he picks out most eagerly from the heap. He thinks he will read them, but he leaves them to the last, and if his stock is large, they very often pass unread. He prefers something like Marryat, who detains him in chapters only; or James, of whose stories he skips half, to wonder why critics are so blind to the merit in the remainder; or Fenimore Cooper, with his marvellous verbosity, verbosity which, especially in his later novels, is unequalled in literature; and Mrs. Wood's stories of *that* school, far the best books of Mrs. Wood; or about a dozen of Mrs. Oliphant's thirty, forty, or fifty tales. He can read all these, or the like, including, say, about a fourth of the novels of late years, with a sense of restful liking which novels like George Eliot's, nearly as superior to them all as "Hamlet" is to the "Colleen Bawn," do not produce.

We suppose the secret is that the sense of rest, which is the key to seaside enjoyment, is not perfect unless the reader can be indolent, and that the great writers forbid indolence. If they do not hurry you, they button-hole your mind, and that is nearly as bad, when you want not indeed to be attending to something else, but to be free from the sense of attending to anything at all; to be lazy *ad unguem*, and yet be free of that sense of guilt which, in the true-born Britisher — and in no other of mankind — laziness always leaves. There is, that we know of, but one exception to this rule. Miss Austen belongs to the two or three novelists whose superiors are not, and Miss Austen read, say, for the twelfth time — nobody quite enjoys her writing who is content with less than that — is of all writers the one that most promotes serenity. But then there are breezes which are breezes, and yet promote tranquillity and sleep. But Miss Austen excepted, the second-class novels are the novels to study in a holiday for the

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second time, amid ample leisure and without compulsion; and so studied, they yield a delight denied to higher efforts of the mind. This generation has forgotten what "leisure" means, and cannot regain its knowledge; but just take four hours under a cedar on a sunshiny day over Mrs. Oliphant's "White Ladies," read for the second time, and some faint notion of the past-away bliss which two centuries ago our ancestors enjoyed will return, or seem to return, to the wearied mind. You will feel almost as content as if "the steamship, and the railway, and the thoughts that shake the mind," and Lord Beaconsfield, and Mr. Morris's furniture, and all the other evils of the day, had never been born.

From The Saturday Review.

COURTESY AT HOME.

THERE is an element about most exotics which is more or less displeasing. They are surrounded by an atmosphere which impresses the observer with associations of restraint and artifice. This is certainly true of exotic courtesy, which is the direct opposite of the virtue of which we have now to speak. Courtesy which is not home-bred may seem, like a hothouse plant from the tropics, to be very fully developed, very luxuriant, and almost overpoweringly pungent; but take away its artificial adjuncts, expose it to the rough weather of every-day life, and it withers away, just as a gorgeous and expensive stove plant, when banished from the conservatory and exposed to the frosty air, becomes ugly and repulsive in comparison with the commonest field flower. By courtesy at home we do not mean the courtesy which is shown at home to guests, but that which is exhibited to the inmates of home in every-day life. On the other hand, in speaking of exotic courtesy we mean that form of civility which is rather an occasional effort than an habitual custom. It is not a pleasant trait in people's characters that they should treat their acquaintances with less and less deference as they become more and more familiar with them, decreasing their courtesy in proportion to the increase of their intimacy; but unfortunately this is too commonly the case. It is usually assumed that a true gentleman is always courteous at home, but this assumption can only be accepted with certain reservations. We have known men perfectly unimpeachable in the matters of education, culture, and refinement, whose manners, though most charming on first acquaintance, relapsed on intimacy into absolute unpleasantness. We admit that nobody whose apparent courteousness to strangers is only on the surface, and who thus seems to be that which he is not, can be a perfect gentleman in the highest sense of the word; but, taking the expression in its ordinary social acceptation, we fear it must be granted that, in the matter of courtesy, a great many gentlemen do occasionally seem to be that which they are not. These refined beings do not perhaps relapse into absolute rudeness among their relatives and intimates; but they replace their attractive manners by icy sarcasms, taciturnity, and irritability, which exceed the border line of courtesy. They seem to take a pleasure in demonstrating the unhappy fact that the refinement of the agreeable has its counterpart in the refinement of the disagreeable. We sometimes hear people comparing the manners of the present generation very unfavorably with those of its predecessors, and they do this with considerable justice; but we have known gentlemen of the old school, as it is termed, who, though very courteous in female society, were accustomed to use some very ugly words in the company of their own sex. Perhaps they could quote poetry far more readily than some of their descendants, and they were always prepared with a line from Homer or Virgil to suit the occasion; but, for all that, their mental daily bread, especially after dinner, consisted of a very coarse kind of food, and their anecdotes would scarcely be tolerated in the club smoking-rooms of the present day. There are a few specimens of this school still left, and they are generally ostentatiously polite in society. Their drawing-room manners towards ladies are almost too fine, but the elderly spinster daughters who have to attend upon them at home, especially in their gouty moments, could testify that they are not always so affable. We have in our minds old military men, but there is a more solemn class of ancients who enjoy an equal reputation for courtesy. We refer to the race of old-fashioned college dons. These worthies could be the best hosts in the world, and nothing could exceed the charms of their chastened *bonhomie;* but we recollect the time when we used to compare the suavity which they annually exhibited to their visitors at Commemoration with their conduct towards ourselves during the rest of the year. The breakfasts and luncheons in "gaudy week"

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were all very well, but the private interviews at other times in the dean's study were by no means feasts of courtesy.

Although we cherish a conservative respect for the old-fashioned polished gentleman, we have a lurking suspicion that he was sometimes a rather artificial creature. Polished he certainly was, but with a polish that wore off with very little rough usage, and which but thinly glossed over an inner man almost guiltless of refinement. He could be very polite, but he could also be very blasphemous; and, if he was occasionally poetical, he was often indecent. We are far from maintaining that some past periods of English history have not been more distinguished for courtesy than our own; but when we hear people talk of the times of George IV. and Beau Brummel as the millennium of British *politesse*, we feel that either their memory or their judgment must be greatly at fault. There are other epochs which might claim, at the very least, an equal distinction. In these days it is unfortunately true that, even in the highest society, there is too little courtesy either at home or away from it; but that does not prove the early part of the present century to have been the golden age of English manners. Our own is an age of moderation. We are expected to be moderate in religion, in politics, and in everything else; and we have a noble example of moderation set us by the youth of the present day in the indulgence of courtesy. A very courteous man is now considered a bore in gay, and a humbug in grave society. What a miserable thing is civility in comparison with the charms of chaff, and how insincere is he who treats ladies with deferential politeness! Such appears to be the current creed, though there may be a certain number of nonconformists. In our opinion the best test of the difference between courtesy and humbug will be found in the observation of home life. Humbug may assume the form of courtesy, but it cannot stand the strain of continual use; whereas true courtesy becomes more developed by constant habit, and thrives best in its native soil. People often confuse courtesy with humbug because they imagine that it necessarily implies personal esteem and respect. Where, therefore, they observe a deferential manner in the absence of personal esteem and respect, they immediately suspect humbug. In this they are mistaken. A judge may be perfectly courteous to the murderer whom he is sentencing to be hanged, and the head master of a public school may show formal politeness to his pupils in the disciplinary interviews which he has with them "after school;" but neither functionary would thereby lay himself open to the charge of being a humbug. Then there are persons who are so utterly devoid of any innate courtesy that they are incredulous of its existence in others; and, when they meet with it, they mistake it for humbug. It must be admitted, however, that there are occasions when scepticism is quite legitimate. For instance, when we see ostentatious displays of affection and respect on the part of husbands towards their wives, or parents towards their children, in public, we are apt to form our own opinion of their private life, shrewdly suspecting that this profusion of good things is not an every-day affair. We recommend to the clergy "rude papas" as a subject for a course of sermons. "Nagging mammas" might form a second series. To treat your children like servants or retrievers, whose highest duty is to fetch and carry, is not the surest means of indoctrinating them with the virtue of courtesy. It may be considered a superannuated idea that husbands and wives ought to treat each other with any semblance of ceremony; but we are old-fashioned enough to fancy that the opposite tendency is carried rather to an excess just at present. It may be a prejudice to think that there can possibly be anything objectionable in smoking cigarettes in ladies' drawing-rooms and boudoirs; but there always will be some people who lag behind their times. There is surely a sufficiently wide margin between treating a husband as an utter stranger and calling him a beast; but it seems too narrow for some ladies to discover. Among brothers and sisters a little harmless banter is perfectly admissible, and even perhaps desirable; but a family whose members are always snapping at each other in the style at present approved as clever, both in fiction and in reality, can scarcely be upheld as a model of courtesy at home. Both among brothers and sisters and husbands and wives, a great deal of talk which begins with chaff ends in rudeness. In society conventional politeness sets certain limits to repartee, but at home there are no such barriers. In private life, when the more refined weapons of conversational dispute fail, the combatants are apt to resort to vulgar personal abuse. Servants could sometimes tell curious stories about the courtesy of their employers at home, or rather their want of it. There

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are ladies renowned for their charming manners in society who use their maids as safety-valves for the innate rudeness which they contrive to repress and conceal in public. Doubtless they are hurt when, in dressing their heads, their maids drag the hair with the brush; but that is no excuse for pretty mouths permitting ugly words to escape from them. The master may be very fond of his horse, but, after speaking to the animal in tones of the gentlest affection, it is scarcely the sign of a courteous gentleman to swear at the groom because his stirrup leathers are too short.

Courtesy at home, like other virtues, cannot be practised too constantly, or be too well fortified by undeviating habit. Even when a man is alone, it is not well to throw aside too freely the restraints and observances of social usage. We do not hesitate to say that no one can, when alone, discard all customary forms and ceremonies in dress, meals, or the like, without incurring danger of self-degradation. A man who neglects his toilet when he is going to spend the evening in his own society is decidedly wanting in self-respect, and the bachelor who only makes his rooms comfortable and attractive when he expects visitors must be pronounced unworthy of promotion to the more dignified state of life to which all bachelors presumably aspire.

From The Spectator.

THE CHINESE RECONQUEST OF EASTERN TURKESTAN.

THE campaign which commenced with the sieges of Urumtsi and Manas in the autumn of 1876, and which was brought to a close with the fall of Kashgar in December last, is beyond doubt the most remarkable military enterprise which has been attempted by any Asiatic nation within the present century. If we simply consider the enormous distances over which large bodies of men have been transported, the feat must be admitted to have been no ordinary one, but when we have added thereto such difficulties as those caused by the barrenness of the region in which the war was to be carried on, the reputed strength of Kashgar, the hostility of the Mahommedan population, and the scarcely concealed distrust of Russia, we find that the task which a Chinese general and a Chinese army have accomplished is one that deserves to rank with many of the most celebrated of European campaigns. But during its progress we have remained in the most profound ignorance of its exact details. No adventurous correspondent accompanied the army either of the conqueror or of the conquered, and the public, which received no thrilling description of the sack of Manas or the fight at Turfan, refused to believe that Chinese valor in central Asia was more real than the myth-land in which it was being demonstrated. At last, however, we have an authentic official account of one portion of this little-understood campaign, in the "memorial" report of the governor-general of Kansuh, and by supplementing that document with the more recent information received through Tashkent and Semiretchinsk, we are able to arrive at a tolerably clear idea of the whole campaign. We propose, therefore, to describe as a connected whole that war of which the *Pekin Gazette* published in detail on January 4th the narrative of one portion.

In the year 1875, the Chinese government resolved to chastise the rebel powers which had broken away from its control in the country lying beyond the province of Kansuh. The chief of these were the Tungan rulers of Urumtsi and Manas, and Yakoob Beg, the ameer of Kashgar. At Lanchefu, the capital of Kansuh, troops were accordingly collected in large numbers, and the necessary stores and supplies of cannon and ammunition were forwarded with as little delay as possible to the same place. Chinese movements are proverbially slow, and it was not until the year 1875 had closed that the army, under the nominal command of General Kin Shun — now Liu Kin Tang — but really controlled by Tso Tsung Tang, the governor-general of Kansuh, advanced westwards. Its headquarters were, some months later, established at Guchen, and from this place the sieges both of Urumtsi and of Manas were conducted. Of these, Urumtsi was the first to fall, and in November, 1876, after having held out for more than two months, Manas shared the same fate. Several of the leading men of the Tungan movement perished in the course of the latter siege, or in the massacre that ensued upon the surrender of Manas. Before the close of the year 1876, therefore, the first of the rebel powers had been overthrown, and Chinese influence and prestige restored in what, for want of a better term, may be called the region of Ultra-Kansuh. It now only remained for the Chinese army to deal with the second and more formidable

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power. At this period of the campaign, we may easily imagine that among the Chinese themselves there prevailed considerable doubt as to the prudence of risking their success by more arduous and far more complicated operations in the country south of the Tian Shan. The hesitation, if any such there was, of the more cautious was overruled by the military confidence and zeal of the commanders, and the winter was spent in bringing up every available man and every serviceable gun to the camp round Manas. In the mean while the ruler of Kashgar was straining every nerve in organizing a sufficient defence for his realm, and with his characteristic impetuosity had advanced to the town of Turfan, nine hundred miles east of his capital, for the purpose of defending his extreme frontier against the Chinese assault. The imprudence of this wrong-headed determination cannot be overstated, and his little army, outflanked by the more numerous invader, was driven in confusion from its positions in the defiles of the Tian Shan during the month of March, 1877. A general engagement ensued at Turfan, to be fought out again at Toksoun, and in both the Chinese were completely victorious. The fall of Manas had given the Chinese complete control of the country north of the Tian Shan, as far west as the Russian frontier in Kuldja; the capture of Turfan now gave them a base whence war could be carried on with great advantage south of that mountain range.

When these reverses became known, disorders broke out in all directions in Kashgaria. Yakoob Beg was assassinated at Korla, and his eldest son, Beg Kuli Beg, murdered his own brother, Hacc Kuli Beg, soon afterwards. Aali, or Hakim, Khan broke off from his allegiance to the new ameer, and set up an independent authority in Kucha. Other pretenders appeared in the southern portion of the state, and the Badakshis began to encroach in the district of Sirikul. All thought of opposing the Chinese seems to have died out in the breasts of a people who were distracted by civil war and disturbance in their very midst. The invading army was left to do exactly as it pleased in that portion of the country which it had occupied, and the Kashgari abandoned everything east of Kucha. This very important town is situated at the junction of a northern and of a southern road leading into western Kashgar, and between it and Turfan four hundred miles of country, desolated by the retreating army, intervened. Many weeks elapsed before the Chinese generals had made the necessary arrangements for an advance through this region, and it is of this portion of the campaign that Tso Tsung Tang gives a description in the *Pekin Gazette* of January 4th last.

The advance force of some fifteen hundred men set out from Toksoun early in September, along the high-road towards Korla and Kucha. Their chief object was to make that road practicable for the main body, and also the necessary excavations for water at fixed halting-places. The mass of the army did not follow this advanced guard until the end of the month, but its advance was extremely rapid. On October 7th, Karasher was occupied, and in the few skirmishes that ensued the Chinese were uniformly successful. Two days afterwards the Chinese entered Korla, which they found a desolate solitude. Here, for the first time, the Chinese intendance gave signs of being deficient. The advance of the army had indeed been so rapid that the troops had left their supplies far in the rear, and for some time it appeared that they would be compelled to abandon Korla through sheer want of food. At this crisis fortune intervened, and "the soldiers being set to work to dig in search of buried stores, several tens of thousand catties' weight were discovered." No long delay after this retarded the forward movement of the Chinese, and on the 18th October a decisive battle was fought underneath the walls of Kucha. Kin Tang was again victorious, and Kucha, the chief bulwark of eastern Kashgar, fell into the hands of the invader. In the short space of twenty-one days the Chinese had, therefore, marched close on four hundred miles, captured three cities, and won one pitched encounter. The very next day after this striking achievement Kin Tang set out on the northern road towards Aksu, and from Hoser, his first stage in this later advance, is dated the very graphic account of which we have made mention. He was then preparing to attack Bai, or more correctly, Kutchabai, a small town on the Aksu road. We have to derive our information on this latest phase in the campaign from a different source, but with the fall of Kucha, of which, strange to say, we heard nothing at all at the time, it was evident that the whole Kashgarian defence had collapsed. The advance of the Chinese army was now slackened, for the purpose of allowing the reinforcements under General Chang Yao to come up from Karashar, and also to permit Tso Tsung Tang to execute that

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flanking movement across the Tian Shan which sealed the fate of Aksu. The division with which Kin Tang had executed his brilliant feat of arms was not, it should be remembered, the only Chinese army operating in the field. There was another and a larger force north of the Tian Shan, with its base at Manas, which was under the immediate command of Tso Tsung Tang, and it was the sudden appearance of this army north of Aksu which paralyzed all the preparations Kuli Beg had for three months been making. Early in November, Aksu surrendered, through the treachery of its governor, — that is to say, he thought a timely discretion the better part of valor; and later on in the same month, Ush Turfan (New Turfan), eighty miles nearer to the capital, fell also into the hands of the Chinese. The joint armies of Tso Tsung and Kin Tang pressed on against Kashgar itself, and after winning a battle underneath its walls, in which Kuli Beg was wounded, the capital of the dominions of the late Athalik Ghazi once more was entered by a conquering army from far distant China. Since then Yarkand and Khoten — in the telegrams misspelt "Khokand" — have either been occupied by, or have voluntaily acknowledged, the Chinese, and may by such timely allegiance have diverted from themselves some of that wrath which has been so manifested towards the other cities.

Such, briefly narrated, is the story of the Chinese reconquest of eastern Turkestan, and we think that no one will dispute the fact that, both in strategy among their generals and in endurance and courage among their men, this Chinese army has done much to revindicate the old and long lost prestige which attached to the soldiers of Kanghi and Keen Lung. We will say nothing here of the future, although there is the prospect of a war in this region between Russia and China for the possession of Kuldja, or of an arrangement between those powers of the difficulty, by a further advance of the Russian dominions in Manchooria, in exchange for the retrocession of Kuldja. Whichever be the solution of what at present appears to be no slight danger, the result must be interesting to us; but in order to comprehend the future ramifications of this intricate business, it is very necessary that the campaign just ended should be first mastered. With that object in view, we have placed the preceding description of it before our readers.

CURIOUS HABITS OF THE JAPANESE. — The Japanese habit of reversing everything, if we may regard our own way of doing as the proper way, is very curious, and in some of its details very interesting. Mr. Griffiths, in his work on Japan, discusses it thus: "Another man is planing. He pulls the plane towards him. I notice a blacksmith at work. He pulls the bellows with his feet, while he is holding and hammering with both hands. He has several irons in the fire, and keeps his dinner pot boiling with the waste flame. His whole family, like the generations before them, seem to get their living in the hardware line. The cooper holds his tubs with his toes. All of them sit down while they work. Perhaps that is an important difference between a European and an Asiatic. One sits down to his work, the other stands up to it. Why is it that we do things contrariwise to the Japanese? Are we upside down, or they? The Japanese say that we are reversed. They call our penmanship "crab writing," because, say they, "it goes backward." The lines in our books cross the page like a crawfish, instead of going downward properly. In a Japanese stable we find the horse's flank where we look for his head. Japanese screws screw the other way. Their locks thrust to the left, ours to the right. The baby toys of the Aryan race squeak when they are squeezed; the Turanian gimcracks emit noise when pulled apart. A Caucasian, to injure his enemy, kills him; a Japanese kills himself to spite his foe. Which race is left-handed? Which has the negative, which the positive of truth? What is truth? What is down? What is up?"

Scientific American.

THE THEORY OF SLEEP. — A. Strumpell (Pflüger's *Archiv*) reports the case of a patient, aged sixteen, the whole of whose cutaneous surface was completely insensible, so that the strongest stimuli applied to the skin did not excite any expression of pain. A similar anæsthesia was shown in nearly all the accessible mucous membranes of the body, and muscular sensibility was completely wanting. In addition to this, there was a complete loss of smell and taste. Finally, the right eye was amaurotic, and the left ear deaf; so that, when the left eye was bound up and the right ear stopped, there was no further avenue of stimulus to the patient's brain. When the latter experiment was actually carried out, the patient in about five minutes sank into a deep sleep, from which he could only be roused by the stimulus of light; he could not by shaking only. When he was left to himself, he awoke in the course of the day, after many hours' sleep, either through internal stimuli or from the excitation of the brain through slight and unavoidable stimuli from without.

British Medical Journal.

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SORROW ON THE SEA.

"There is sorrow on the sea — it cannot be quiet."
Jer. xlix. 23.

The following fine poem, written by the late Captain M. A. S. Hare, of the "Eurydice," in a friend's album some years since, will be read with mournful interest.

I STOOD on the shore of the beautiful sea,
As the billows were roaming wild and free;
Onward they came with unfailing force,
Then backward turned in their restless course;
Ever and ever sounded their roar,
Foaming and dashing against the shore;
Ever and ever they rose and fell,
With heaving and sighing and mighty swell;
And deep seemed calling aloud to deep,
Lest the murmuring waves should drop to sleep.
In summer and winter, by night and by day,
Thro' cloud and sunshine holding their way;
Oh! when shall the ocean's troubled breast
Calmly and quietly sink into rest?
Oh! when shall the waves' wild murmuring cease,
And the mighty waters be hushed to peace?

It cannot be quiet — it cannot rest;
There must be heaving on ocean's breast;
The tide must ebb, and the tide must flow,
Whilst the changing seasons come and go.
Still from the depths of that hidden store
There are treasures tossed up along the shore;
Tossed by the billows — then seized again —
Carried away by the rushing main.
Oh, strangely glorious and beautiful sea!
Sounding forever mysteriously,
Why are thy billows still rolling on,
With their wild and sad and musical tone?
Why is there never repose for thee?
Why slumberest thou not, O mighty sea?

Then the ocean's voice I seemed to hear,
Mournfully, solemnly — sounding near,
Like a wail sent up from the caves below,
Fraught with dark memories of human woe,
Telling of loved ones buried there,
Of the dying shriek and the dying prayer;
Telling of hearts still watching in vain
For those who shall never come again;
Of the widow's groan, the orphan's cry,
And the mother's speechless agony.
Oh, no, the ocean can never rest
With such secrets hidden within its breast.
There is sorrow written upon the sea,
And dark and stormy its waves must be;
It *cannot* be quiet, it *cannot* sleep,
That dark, relentless, and stormy deep.

But a day will come, a blessed day,
When earthly sorrow shall pass away,
When the hour of anguish shall turn to peace,
And even the roar of the waves shall cease.
Then out from its deepest and darkest bed
Old Ocean shall render up her dead,
And, freed from the weight of human woes,
Shall quietly sink in her last repose.
No sorrow shall ever be written then
On the depths of the sea or the hearts of men,
But heaven and earth renewed shall shine,
Still clothed in glory and light divine.
Then where shall the billows of ocean be?
Gone! for in heaven shall be "no more sea."
'Tis a bright and beautiful thing of earth,
That cannot share in the soul's "new birth;"
'Tis a life of murmur and tossing and spray
And at resting-time it must pass away.

But, oh! thou glorious and beautiful sea,
There is health and joy and blessing in thee:
Solemnly, sweetly, I hear thy voice,
Bidding me weep and yet rejoice —
Weep for the loved ones buried beneath,
Rejoice in Him who has conquered death;
Weep for the sorrowing and tempest-tossed,
Rejoice in Him who has saved the lost;
Weep for the sin, the sorrow, and strife
And rejoice in the hope of eternal life.

Naval and Military Gazette.

SUNSET.

MELODY to ancient air
Has touched my soul. O nand so fair
That hymned it forth,
In the golden sunset there,
Of noble worth!

Feeble, poor, and old am I.
What is this life? Alas, how nigh
Seemed it to fate;
When the song I used to try
Came whispering late.

Tears are gauge of purest mind,
Drop e'en a few the maimed and blind:
I loved that song —
Mother sang it, and the wind
Swept soft along.

As I think of saintly face,
The touch of tender, loving grace,
I silent turn
Where the sunbeams leapt — no trace
To find, no bourne.

So leave I the sunset song,
And hie me home to where I long
To bow my head;
Blessèd the hand that struck among
Chords long since dead,

Bringing back the golden time
Of love and hope in its familiar rhyme;
The corn in ear —
Breath of the bee-swarmed, murmuring lime,
To cottage dear.

Chambers' Journal.

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From The Quarterly Review.

LECKY'S "HISTORY OF ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

THE history of England in the eighteenth century comprises momentous events and brilliant episodes,— the age of Queen Anne with its galaxy of statesmen and wits, the victories of Marlborough, the legislative union with Scotland, the secure establishment of the Hanoverian dynasty on the throne, the final collapse of the Jacobite cause at Culloden, the splendid administration of Chatham, the loss of our American colonies, the more than compensating rise of our Indian empire, and the culminating period of Parliamentary eloquence as represented by the two Pitts and their contemporaries. But the eighteenth century is not marked out or placed in broad relief by any of those startling subversive movements or occurrences which give sometimes an elevating and sometimes a lurid grandeur to its predecessors. It presents nothing like the desolating Wars of the Roses, or the Reformation, or the religious struggles under Elizabeth, or the great Rebellion, or the Revolution of 1688. Its chief value and interest consist in its containing and (to the discriminating inquirer) unfolding the germs from which the England of 1700 has gradually, quietly, almost imperceptibly grown into the England of to-day. To Mr. Lecky must be assigned the high and distinctive merit of having been amongst the first to see this, and the first to undertake the task of explaining or indicating the causes and processes by which the most remarkable changes in our system of government, or the constitution of our society, during the entire period in question, have been brought about. His plan is stated in his preface.

I have not attempted to write the history of the period I have chosen year by year, or to give a detailed account of military events or of the minor personal and party incidents which form so large a part of political annals. It has been my object to disengage from the great mass of facts those which relate to the permanent forces of the nation, or which indicate some of the more enduring features of national life. The growth or decline of the monarchy, the aristocracy, and the democracy, of the Church and of Dissent, of the agricultural, the manufacturing, and the commercial interests; the increasing power of Parliament and of the press; *the history of political ideas, of art, of manners, and of belief; the changes that have taken place in the social and economical condition of the people; the influences that have modified national character;* the relations of the mother country to its dependencies, and the causes that have accelerated or retarded the advancement of the latter, form the main subjects of this book.

The subjects to which the greater part of the ensuing remarks will be devoted, are those mentioned in the passages we have italicized; but, before coming to them, we propose to take a cursory view of some political questions which Mr. Lecky has done his best to elucidate.

His opening paragraph is a condensed recapitulation of the political vicissitudes undergone from the Revolution of 1688 to the Reform Bill of 1832 by the two great parties, Whig and Tory, between which the whole country was once divided, much as it is divided between Liberal and Conservative now. "There is one theory," he proceeds, "on the subject of those vicissitudes to which it is necessary briefly to advert, for it has been advocated by an historian of great eminence, has been frequently repeated, and has, in some respects, considerable plausibility." The historian of great eminence is the late Earl Stanhope, who unfolds and lays marked stress on the theory in an introductory passage of his history.

It is very remarkable that, in Queen Anne's reign, the relative meaning of these terms (Whig and Tory) was not only different, but opposite to that which they bore at the accession of William IV. In theory indeed the main principle of each continues the same. The leading principle of the Tories is the dread of popular licentiousness. The leading principle of the Whigs is the dread of royal encroachment. It may thence, perhaps, be deduced that good and wise men would attach themselves either to the Whig or to the Tory party, according as there seemed to be the greatest danger at that particular period from despotism or from democracy. The same person who would have been a Whig in 1712

* *A History of England in the Eighteenth Century.* By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. Vols. 1 and 2. London, 1878.

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would have been a Tory in 1830. For, on examination, it will be found that in nearly all particulars a modern Tory resembles a Whig of Queen Anne's reign, and a Tory of Queen Anne's reign a modern Whig.

The facts on which Lord Stanhope principally relies are, that the Tories of Queen Anne's time assailed Marlborough during the French war, as the Whigs during the Peninsular war assailed Wellington; that the Tories upheld, whilst the Whigs opposed, free-trade principles at the peace of Utrecht; that the Whigs were the principal authors of the penal laws against the Catholics, the repeal of which subsequently became a standard article of their creed; that the Tories were for short Parliaments and an extension of the suffrage when the Whigs were carrying the Septennial Act and resisting all approach to what was afterwards their rallying cry under the name of Parliamentary reform; that, in financial reform again, the Whigs, for more than half a century, were untrue to their principles by refusing to concur in place bills or pension bills proposed or promoted by their antagonists.

Admitting the plausibility of the case as stated by Lord Stanhope, Mr. Lecky replies: —

I think, however, that a more careful examination will sufficiently show that, in spite of these appearances, the ground for assuming this inversion of principles is very small. The main object of the Whig party in the early part of the eighteenth century was to establish in England a system of government in which the will of the people as expressed by Parliament should be supreme, and the power of the monarch should be subject to the limitations it imposed. The substitution of a Parliamentary title for divine right as the basis of the throne, and the assertion of the right of the nation to depose a dynasty which had transcended the limits of the constitution, were the great principles for which the Whigs were contending. They involved or governed the whole system of Whig policy, and they were assuredly in perfect accordance with its later developments. The Tory party, on the other hand, under Queen Anne was to a great extent, and under George I. was almost exclusively, Jacobite. The overwhelming majority of its members held fervently the doctrines of the divine rights of kings and of the sinfulness of all resistance, and they accordingly regarded the power of Parliament as altogether subordinate to that of a legitimate king. The difference of dynasties was thus not merely a question of persons, but a question of principles. Each dynasty represented a whole scheme of policy or theory of government, the one being essentially Tory and the other essentially Whig. The maintenance of the Hanoverian dynasty on the throne was, therefore, very naturally the supreme aim of the Whig party. They adopted whatever means they thought conducive to its attainment, and in this simple fact we have the key to what may appear the aberrations of their policy.

Prominent amongst these means was the Septennial Act, carried by the Whigs, because they believed that a dissolution immediately after the accession of George I. and the Rebellion of 1715, would imperil the dynasty, would wreck the State vessel in which their political fortunes and principles were embarked. In like manner they passed penal laws against the Catholics so long as Catholic was another name for Jacobite, and labored unremittingly for the repeal of those laws when all fear of a divided allegiance was at end. Except when they were warped aside by paramount considerations of expediency, both parties were tolerably faithful to their creeds. The Whigs were always with the Dissenters, the Tories with the Church. The strength of the one always lay in the landed gentry and the country: that of the other in the commercial classes and the towns.

A striking specimen of Mr. Lecky's peculiarity of view and mode of treatment is presented by his inquiry into the immediate causes of the Revolution of 1688; from which it would appear that he inclines towards the historical school of Voltaire, who was fond of tracing up great events to accidents, like the delay (by the casting of a horseshoe) of the courier from Rome, whose timely arrival might have prevented Henry VIII.'s breach with the papacy and have indefinitely postponed the Reformation. The opposite theory was shadowed out by Lord Macaulay in one of the most splendid of his rhetorical amplifications: "The sun illuminates the hills whilst it is yet below the horizon;

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and truth is discovered by the highest minds a little before it becomes manifest to the multitude. This is the extent of their superiority. They are the first to catch and reflect a light, which without their assistance must, in a short time, be visible to those who lie far beneath them. The same remark will apply equally to the fine arts." The same remark, so far as it is well founded, will apply to political and social progress.

Whoever [says Mr. Lecky] will study the history of the downfall of the Roman republic; of the triumph of Christianity in the Roman Empire; of the dissolution of that empire; of the mediæval transition from slavery to serfdom; of the Reformation, or of the French Revolution, may easily convince himself that each of these great changes was the result of a long series of religious, social, political, economical, and intellectual causes, extending over many generations. So eminently is this the case, that some distinguished writers have maintained that the action of special circumstances and of individual genius, efforts, and peculiarities, counts for nothing in the great march of human affairs, and that every successful revolution must be attributed solely to the long train of intellectual influences that prepared and necessitated its triumph.

It is not difficult, however, to show that this, like most very absolute historical generalizations, is an exaggeration, and several instances might be cited in which a slight change in the disposition of circumstances, or in the action of individuals, would have altered the whole course of history. There are, indeed, few streams of tendency, however powerful, that might not, at some early period of their career, have been arrested or deflected.

The stream of tendency, he thinks, was entirely in favor of James, and against William, when it was deflected by consummate statesmanship on the part of William and folly amounting to fatuity on the part of James. "By a very rare concurrence of circumstances a form of government was established and maintained in England, for which the mass of the people were intellectually wholly unprepared." So far was this form of government from being easily consolidated or gaining ready adaptation from being tried, that a quarter of a century later the restoration of the Stuarts hung upon a thread. Like the refusal of the Comte de Chambord to give up the white flag, the refusal of the Pretender to give up his religion was the chief, almost the sole, bar to the fullest realization of his hopes.

Accumulated proofs are adduced by Mr. Lecky to show that Jacobites and Hanoverians were agreed upon this point. Robethon, a secretary of the embassy at Hanover, wrote in January, 1712–13: "The Pretender, on the slightest appearance of pretended conversion, might ruin all — the religion, the liberties, the privileges of the nation." "The best part of the gentry and half the nobility," wrote a Jacobite in 1712, "are resolved to have the king, and Parliament would do it in a year if it could be believed he had changed his religion." "I am convinced," wrote the Duke of Buckingham in July 1712, "that if Harry [the king] would return to the Church of England all would be easy. Nay, from what I know, if he would but barely give hopes he would do so, my brother [Queen Anne] would do all he can to leave him his estate."

The Pretender, highly to his honor, stood firm. He would not palter with his conscience, or make a show of paltering with it, for a throne. In March, 1714, when Queen Anne was dying, and a crisis was at hand which he could have swayed by a word, he answered with his own hand a reiterated entreaty by saying: "I neither want counsel nor advice to remain unalterable in my fixed resolution of never dissembling my religion; but rather to abandon all than act against my conscience and honor, cost what it will . . . How could ever my subjects depend upon me or be happy under me if I should make use of such a notorious hypocrisy to get myself amongst them?"

Even this did not discourage his partisans, and Mr. Lecky thinks that when Bolingbroke, after the dismissal of Oxford on July 27, 1714, proceeded to sketch the outlines of a ministry almost exclusively Jacobite, "there is every reason to believe that such a ministry, supported by the queen, presided over by a statesman eminently skilful, daring, and unscrupulous, and disposing of all the civil and military

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administration of the country, could, in the existing condition of England, have effected the restoration of the Stuarts." Bolingbroke subsequently declared that, so well taken were his measures, only six weeks were required to place matters in a condition which would have left him nothing to fear. The commanding position which justified this language had been obtained by artfully playing one female favorite against another; and that position, with all the startling consequences involved in it — the change of a dynasty, the overthrow of a constitution that has since become the envy of the world — depended on a contingency which no human foresight or prudence could anticipate or control. The chances fell out against him. The first meeting of the council after Bolingbroke's accession to the premiership, held in the presence of the queen, was too much for her. She left it, saying to those about her that she should never survive the scene: she fell into a state of stupor, in which she remained till she died on August 1st. On the 3rd, Bolingbroke wrote to Swift: "The Earl of Oxford was removed on Tuesday: the queen died on Sunday! What a world is this, and how does fortune banter us!"

A recent article on the "Age of Queen Anne"* relieves us from the necessity of dwelling further on the leading events and prominent features of her reign as sketched or summarized by Mr. Lecky. He pauses at the accession of George I. for an analysis of the Whig party, including the aristocracy, the commercial classes, and the Nonconformists.

Fully recognizing, perhaps rather exaggerating, the disadvantages of a titled and landed aristocracy, especially the false estimate of men and things, the servile and sycophantic dispositions, the tuft-hunting, the vulgarity of thought and feeling it tends to foster in the community, Mr. Lecky thinks that these are more than counterbalanced by its advantages, and declares it to be indispensable to our mixed form of government, in which

> orders and degrees
> Jar not with liberty, but well consist.

The Whig aristocracy was clearly the mainstay of the new dynasty; but Lord Beaconsfield's favorite notion, that they aimed at and to a great extent succeeded in reducing the two first Hanoverian kings of England to the condition of a Venetian doge, is in flat contradiction to the facts.

* *Quarterly Review* for July, 1870.

The most influential men of these reigns were Walpole and the first Pitt, who neither of them relied on the great families. When Pitt's voice was swaying the House of Commons and resounding through the country, it was virtually the voice of the people; what gave him resistless sway was the public at his back; whilst Walpole's long tenure of office was owing to the adroitness with which he managed the court, and the organized system of corruption which he kept up. The manner in which Sir Spencer Compton was appointed to supersede him on the accession of George II., from a mere personal predilection of the king, and then set aside partly through the queen's interference and partly from the exposure of Compton's incapacity, shows how little force was put upon the royal inclination by any cabal or party. The precarious and qualified nature of Walpole's power may also be inferred from its perceptible decline after the death of Queen Caroline. In point of fact, no sovereigns, except at brief and rare intervals, were ever less in the condition of a doge than the English sovereigns from the Revolution downwards. Lord Beaconsfield admits that William III. was his own minister, and never came under the yoke of the oligarchy. Queen Anne, again, was enabled, by the division of parties, to indulge a mischievous extent of individual volition and caprice. Bullied by the Duchess of Marlborough, or cajoled by Mrs. Masham, it was by her female favorites, not by the great nobles, that she was controlled. But her successor, we are told, was comparatively defenceless against the alleged conspiracy.

"Unsupported by the mass of the people, ignorant of our language, phlegmatic in temperament, George I. entirely depended upon the Whig peers, and the Whig peers resolved to compensate themselves for the disappointment they had experienced under William III. They at once established the cabinet *on its present basis*."* They did nothing of the sort; yet, strange to say, Mr. Lecky seems to incline towards the same grave error. After dwelling upon the weakening of the monarchical principle by the denial of divine right and other causes, he says: —

> Another very important cause of the decline of the power of royalty was the increased development of party government. The formation of a ministry, or homogeneous body of

* Vindication of the English Constitution in a Letter to a Noble and Learned Lord (Lyndhurst). By Disraeli the Younger. London, 1835, p. 170.

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ruling statesmen of the same politics, deliberating in common, and in which each member is responsible to the others, has been justly described by Lord Macaulay as one of the most momentous and least noticed consequences of the Revolution. It was essential to the working of Parliamentary government, and it was scarcely less important as abridging the influence of the crown. As long as the ministers were selected by the sovereign from the most opposite parties, as long as each was responsible only for his own department, and was perfectly free to vote, speak, or intrigue against his colleagues, it is obvious that the chief efficient power must have resided with the sovereign.

But this state of things continued substantially unaltered till far into the reign of George III. On close inquiry it will be found that the first cabinet on the present basis, homogeneous and subject to the prime minister, was the cabinet of Pitt, after the expulsion of Thurlow, in 1792. A very different notion must have prevailed in 1754, when Henry Fox (already a privy-councillor) was made a member of the cabinet by the king, as a mark of private favor, on condition that he was "not to interfere with or derogate from the priority of the secretary of state in the House of Commons." The career of the great commoner abounds with illustrations of the anomalous and uncertain character of the institution in his time. He was the master spirit of an administration of which another (the Duke of Newcastle) was the chief. He took a subordinate place in one formed (1766) by himself with unlimited powers, and gradually sank into a nonentity in it without leaving it. He is censured by Horace Walpole for undue presumption in assuming to guide the councils of a third, for the policy of which he was responsible. As we recently observed, it was a surprise to Charles Fox when he was dismissed for an act of ministerial subordination by Lord North; and Thurlow evidently thought that he was following no uncommon course when he competed for royal favor, and consequent supremacy in the cabinet, with his chief. "Stick to Pitt," was his advice to Scott (Lord Eldon). "He has tripped up my heels, and I would have tripped up *his* if I could. I confess I did not think the king would have parted with me so easily."

Dating from the Revolution, party government took rather more than a century to arrive at maturity, and, from not bearing this in mind, Mr. Lecky has, almost as completely as Lord Beaconsfield, mistaken the position of the first kings of the Hanoverian line: —

On the death of the queen, they (the Tories) had all, at least passively, accepted the change of dynasty, and there is no reason to question the substantial truth of the assertion of Bolingbroke, that the proscription of the Tories by George I. for the first time made the party entirely Jacobite. But whatever may have been its effect on the stability of the dynasty, there can be no doubt of the effect of the Whig monopoly of office on the authority of the sovereign. He was no longer the moderating power, holding the balance in a heterogeneous and divided cabinet, able to dismiss a statesman of one policy and to employ a statesman of another, and thus in a great measure to determine the tendency of the government. He could govern only through a political body which, *in its complete union* and in its command of the majority in Parliament, was usually able, by the threat of joint resignation, which would make government impossible, to dictate its own terms. . . .

In this manner, by the force of events, much more than by any express restrictive legislation, a profound change had passed over the position of the monarchy in England. The chief power fell into the hands of the Whig statesmen.

On turning to a subsequent portion of the volume, we find ample evidence that the king was still the moderating power, holding the balance not indeed between Whigs and Tories, but between adverse sections of Whigs, who, far from presenting anything like complete union, were more divided than at any period of their annals. Thus we are told of "the great schism which broke out in 1717, when Lord Townshend was dismissed from office; when Walpole, with several less noted Whigs, resigned, and went into violent opposition, and when the chief powers passed into the hands of Sunderland and Stanhope:" the explanation being that Sunderland had conciliated the king by humoring his Hanoverian tendencies, whilst Walpole and Townshend had made themselves peculiarly obnoxious and distasteful by opposing them. When Walpole, after many alternations of fortune, obtained the supremacy, he did not gain it or hold it, we are distinctly told, haughtily and independently, by dint of a firmly-knit league or commanding majority, which enabled him to dictate his terms or impose himself as a necessity, but by means which imply the entire absence of the higher elements of strength.

Other ministers may have bribed on a larger scale to gain some special object, or in moments of transition, crisis, or difficulty. It was left to Walpole to organize corruption as a system, and to make it the normal process of Parliamentary government. It was his

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settled policy to maintain his Parliamentary majority, not by attracting to his ministry great orators, great writers, great financiers, or great statesmen, *not by effecting any combination or coalition of parties*, by identifying himself with any great object of popular desire, or by winning to his side young men in whose character and ability he could trace the promise of future eminence, but simply by engrossing borough influence and extending the patronage of the crown.

Again and again does Mr. Lecky supply ample evidence against the theory which he professedly adopts:—

The general level of political life was, however, deplorably low. Politics under Queen Anne centred chiefly round the favorites of the sovereign, *and in the first Hanoverian reigns the most important influences were court intrigues or Parliamentary corruption.* Bolingbroke secured his return from exile by the assistance of the Duchess of Kendal, one of the mistresses of George I., whom he is said to have bribed with 10,000*l*. Carteret at first based his hopes upon the same support, but, imagining that he had met with coldness or infidelity on the part of the duchess, he transferred his allegiance to her rival, the Countess of Platen.

Chesterfield, towards the end of his career, intrigued against Newcastle with the Duchess of Yarmouth; and Pitt himself is stated, on very good authority, to have secured his position in the cabinet in a great degree by his attentions to the same lady.

Surely this sustained and paramount influence of mistresses is wholly irreconcilable with the supposed dictation of the Whig oligarchy or the subjection of the monarch to party combination.

In a recent article* on Lord E. Fitzmaurice's life of his ancestor, the first Marquis of Lansdowne, we had occasion to comment on the extremely low state of political morality in England during the greater part of the eighteenth century. There was a period of thirty or forty years during which public spirit had completely died out and disappeared amongst our public men; although occasional sparks of it may have flashed from the nation at large, as when popular indignation was roused by the tale of Jenkins's ears or the arbitrary proceedings against Wilkes. Mr. Lecky does more than confirm this estimate. In his opinion the corruption extended far beyond the political arena: its effects might be traced in almost every class of life: the very heart of the nation was tainted to the core.

In very few periods was there so little religious zeal, or active loyalty, or public spirit. A kindred tone pervaded the higher branches of intellect. The philosophy of Locke, deriving our ideas mainly if not exclusively from external sources, was supreme among the stronger minds. In literature, in art, in speculation, the imagination was repressed; strong passions, elevated motives, and sublime aspirations were replaced by critical accuracy of thought and observation, by a measured and fastidious beauty of form, by clearness, symmetry, sobriety, and good sense. We find this alike in the prose of Addison, in the poetry of Pope, and in the philosophy of Hume. The greatest wit and the most original genius of the age was also the most intensely and the most coarsely realistic. The greatest English painter of the time devoted himself mainly to caricature. The architects could see nothing but barbarous deformity in the Gothic cathedral, and their own works had touched the very nadir of taste.

This is an exaggeration. There is nothing in the prose of Addison, the poetry of Pope, or the philosophy of Hume akin to the coarse cynicism of Walpole, the polished selfishness of Chesterfield, or the profligate sycophancy of Doddington; and it is hardly with caricature that we habitually associate the name of Hogarth, who was one of the finest moralists as well as (what Mr. Lecky afterwards terms him) the greatest English painter of his time. But the utter want of public spirit exhibited during the Rebellion of 1745, certainly indicates something more than what lies upon the surface for those who run to read. What must have been the condition of a people who, after more than half a century's experience of a free constitution, had not made up their minds whether it was worth keeping, or whether they might not just as well revert to the dynasty which they had expelled for systematic encroachments on their most cherished liberties and rights? "When the late rebellion broke out," says Lord Hardwicke in 1749, "I believe most men were convinced that, if the rebels had succeeded, Popery as well as slavery would have been the certain consequence, and yet what a faint resistance did the people make in any part of the kingdom!" What Mr. Lecky believes to be the true causes of this indifference are stated in a letter from Alderman Heathcote to the Earl of Marchmont in September 1745:—

Your lordship may observe the little influence an actual insurrection has had on the public funds; and unless some speedy stop be put to this universal coldness by satisfying the demands of the nation and suppressing by proper laws that Parliamentary prostitution

* *Quarterly Review* for April, 1876.

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which has destroyed our armies, our fleets, and our constitution, I greatly fear the event.

It is an undoubted fact, to which comparatively little attention has been paid, that the House of Commons had gradually brought upon itself much of the hatred and distrust which in arbitrary times had been concentrated on the crown. We are reminded of Speaker Onslow's recorded opinion, that the Septennial Act formed the era of the emancipation of the Commons from its former dependence on the crown and on the House of Lords. He might have added, from much of its wholesome and constitutional dependence upon the people. The consequences were seen and felt in the assumption of legislative and judicial functions, under the guise of privilege or the pretence of wounded dignity. "Almost every injury in word or act done to a member of Parliament was, during the reign of George II., voted a breach of privilege, and thus brought under the immediate and often vindictive jurisdiction of the House. Among the offences thus characterized were shooting the rabbits of one member, poaching on the fishponds of another, injuring the trees of a third, and stealing the coal of a fourth." Every general election gave rise to an explosion of popular disgust at the manner in which the contested seats were appropriated by the majority. "I believe," says Lord Hervey, "the manifest injustice in glaring violation of all truth in the decisions of this Parliament surpass even the most flagrant and infamous instances of any of their predecessors."

It is not easy to understand, remarks Mr. Lecky (speculating in his manner on the highly colored picture he has drawn), how a Parliament so thoroughly vicious in its constitution should have proved itself, in any degree, a faithful guardian of English liberty, or "should have produced so large an amount of wise, temperate, and tolerant legislation as it unquestionably did." Yet no one, he thinks, who candidly considers the general tenor of English administration during the long period of Whig ascendancy in the eighteenth century, can question that Voltaire and Montesquieu were correct in describing it as greatly superior to the chief governments of the Continent.

Considering what the chief governments of the Continent — of France, Spain, Germany, and Italy — were, when Voltaire and Montesquieu referred to them, this is saying very little for that of England; and it is to be regretted that Mr. Lecky has not cited specimens of the wise, temperate, and tolerant legislation of which he speaks. The most striking chapters of his book bear evidence to the intemperate and intolerant character of the legislation extended to that very portion of the empire (Ireland) where temper and toleration were most imperatively required. In England, too, the penal laws were rigidly maintained: the criminal law in all its branches, procedure included, was little better than the patched-up relic of a barbarous age. The bankruptcy laws, the law of debtor and creditor, the poor-laws, the game-laws, the laws of marriage, indeed all the laws regulating the social and commercial relations of the community, were in a most unsatisfactory state. The prisons, the press-gang, the want of sanitary regulations, the metropolitan magistracy and police, the insecurity of life and property in the most populous districts, were a disgrace to a people pretending to civilization. The slave-trade was rapidly rising into that monstrous blot upon humanity upon which we now look back with a mixture of surprise and shame that it was permitted to assume such appalling dimensions without a check. None of these things have been passed unnoticed by Mr. Lecky, but what he has failed to mark is, that the most crying evils remained for succeeding generations to grapple with, and that the eighteenth century left the worst of them untouched. The remedial measures he specifies fell lamentably short of their professed aim: with one marked exception, the Marriage Act (commonly called Lord Hardwicke's Act) of 1754.

Prior to this act a marriage valid for all purposes could be celebrated by a priest in orders at any time or place, without notice, consent of parents, or record of any kind. The celebration of such marriages naturally fell into the hands of needy and disreputable clergymen, who were always to be found in or about the Fleet Prison, where they were or had been confined for debt. Hence the term Fleet marriages: although the Fleet parsons by no means enjoyed a monopoly. Indeed, the most thriving business in this walk was carried on by the Reverend Alexander Keith, at a chapel in Curzon Street, who was computed to have married on an average six thousand couples *per annum*. The Fleet parsons, however, had no reason to complain: it was proved before Parliament that there had been 2,954 Fleet marriages in four months; and it appeared from the

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memorandum-book of one of them, that he had made 57*l.* by marriage-fees in a month: of another, that he had married one hundred and seventy-three couples in a single day.

The scandal reached its acme in the seaports when a fleet arrived, and the sailors were married — as Lord Beaconsfield said converts to free-trade were made by Sir Robert Peel — in platoons. There was a story that once when from fifty to a hundred couples were arranged for the ceremony at a chapel at Portsmouth, some confusion took place, and several of them got hold of the wrong hands. When the resulting difficulty was mentioned to the parson, he exclaimed: "Never mind, you are all of you married to some one, and you must sort yourselves afterwards." Sham marriages by sham priests, devices such as that by which Squire Thornhill fancied he had got possession of the person of Olivia Primrose without making her his wife, were of constant occurrence. Examples are hardly required to show the amount of misery that must inevitably result when a solemn engagement may be contracted without a pause for reflection, on the spur of a passing inclination or caprice. But palpable as was the abuse, the mending act met with the most strenuous opposition, in which Henry Fox took the lead; and Horace Walpole deliberately denounced the bill, declaring that "from beginning to end one only view had predominated, that of pride and aristocracy." It must have been some satisfaction to him that a loophole or mode of evasion was left by which the object of the act could be partially defeated. Until the virtual abolition of Gretna Green marriages in 1856, it was still possible to elope with an heiress or peer's daughter, and most exciting races were occasionally run between the truant couple and the father or guardian. One of the most remarkable occurred in 1782, when a far-descended earl eloped with the daughter of the wealthiest of the London bankers, and was hotly pursued by the father, whose chaise-and-four, after they had actually crossed the Border, was in the act of heading them, when the bridegroom's best-man (the eldest son of an earl), seated in the rumble, drew a pistol and shot one of the leaders dead.

A series of legislative measures to which Mr. Lecky attaches great importance, were those directed against gin-drinking, the passion for which, dating from 1724, he describes as spreading with the rapidity and violence of an epidemic.

Small as is the place which this fact occupies in English history, it was probably, if we consider all the consequences that have flowed from it, the most momentous in that of the eighteenth century — incomparably more so than any event in the purely political or military annals of the country.

The consumption of British spirits in 1735 was ten times what it had been in 1689, and more than double what it had been in 1714. Physicians saw in gin a new and terrible source of disease and mortality. The grand jury of Middlesex formally presented it as the cause of much the greater part of the poverty and crime of the metropolis. On the signboards of noted gin-shops it was announced that a customer might get drunk for a penny, and dead-drunk for twopence, and have straw for nothing. Faith was kept by providing cellars strewn with straw, on which the customer who had got his twopennyworth was deposited till he was ready to re-commence. The ill success of the first repeated attempts to grapple with the evil may be judged from the fact that in 1749 the number of private gin-shops, within the bills of mortality, was estimated at more than seventeen thousand. Disease, vice, crime, disorder, lawlessness, profanity, immoralities of all sorts, had proportionally increased. In a pamphlet published in 1751, Fielding describes the increase of robbers as in a great degree owing to a new kind of drunkenness unknown to our ancestors; he states that gin was the principal sustenance of more than one hundred thousand people in the metropolis, and predicts that, should the drinking of this poison be continued at the same rate during the next twenty years, there will be very few of the common people left to drink it.

The same complaints were made of the prevalence of crimes of violence, and the resulting sense of insecurity, at a much later period, when it could be no longer ascribed to gin-drinking, which gradually abated, like other epidemics, moral and physical, from causes lying, we suspect, beyond the reach of the legislature; although Mr. Lecky mentions the remedial measures of the Pelham ministry, in 1751, as forming a striking instance of the manner in which legislation, if not overstrained or ill-timed, can improve the morals of a people. He specifies amongst the consequences of these measures that dropsy immediately diminished, and that the diminution was ascribed by physicians to the marked decrease of drunkenness in the community.

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Still these measures formed a palliation and not a cure, and from the early years of the eighteenth century gin-drinking has never ceased to be the main counteracting influence to the moral, intellectual, and physical benefits that might be expected from increased commercial prosperity. Of all the pictures of Hogarth none are more impressive than those in which he represents the different conditions of a people whose national beverage is beer and of a people who are addicted to gin, and the contrast exhibits in its most unfavorable aspect the difference between the Hanoverian period and that which preceded it.

It is to be feared that the habit of dram or gin drinking, when it has once taken root in a northern climate and an over-populated community, can never be eradicated. It is too tempting a resource in poverty and cold. There is a moral, deeper than the humor, in a once popular caricature representing a workman pulling his wife out of a ditch with the remark, "Why, Nanny, you are drunk." — "And what do that argify, if I am happy?"

The streets of London were rife with violence and crime prior to the increased consumption of gin. Readers of "The Spectator" will hardly require to be reminded of the Mohocks, including the "sweaters," who formed a circle round their victim and pricked him with their swords; the "dancing-masters," who made him dance by a similar application of cold steel; and the "tumblers," whose amusement it was to set women on their heads or roll them down-hill in barrels.

Now is the time that rakes their revels keep,
Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.
His scatter'd pence the flying nicker* flings,
And with the copper shower the casement rings.
Who has not heard the scowerer's midnight fame?
Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?
Was there a watchman took his nightly rounds
Safe from their blows or new-invented wounds?
I pass their desperate deeds and mischief done,
Where from Snow Hill black steepy torrents run.
How matrons, hoop'd within the hogshead's womb,
Were tumbled furious thence; the rolling tomb
O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side;
So Regulus to save his country died.†

Any defenceless person, male or female, who happened to be out after nightfall, was exposed to ill-treatment. Sir Roger de Coverley having expressed a wish to see the new tragedy, asked if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks were abroad. "However," he said, "if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call on me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you." "The Captain" (continues "The Spectator"), "who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the Captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we conveyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the Captain and I went with him, and seated him between us in the pit."

In Johnson's "London," published in 1738, we read: —

Prepare for death if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.
Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man,
Some foolish drunkard reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil and stabs you for a jest.

The opening chapter of Fielding's "Amelia," published in 1751, exemplifies the still unprotected state of the streets, the inefficiency of the police, the worse than inefficiency of the magistrates, and the frightful scenes of disorder, suffering, and vice presented by the prisons. We are first requested to figure to ourselves a family, the master of which should put his butler on the coach-box, his steward behind his coach, his coachman in the buttery, his footman in the stewardship, and in the same manner should misemploy the talents of every other servant.

As ridiculous as this may seem, I have often considered some of the lower officers in our civil government to be disposed in this very manner. To begin, I think, as low as I well can with the watchmen in our metropolis, who being to guard our streets by night from thieves and robbers, an office which at least requires strength of body, are chosen out of those poor old decrepit people who are, from their want of bodily strength, rendered incapable of getting a livelihood by work. These men, armed only with a pole, which some of them are scarce able to lift, are to secure the persons

* Persons who broke windows with halfpence.
† Gay's "Trivia," published in 1728.

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and houses of his Majesty's subjects from the attacks of gangs of young, bold, stout, desperate, and well-armed villains. If the poor old fellows should run away from such enemies, no one I think can wonder, unless it be that they were able to make their escape.

Admitting that matters improve a little as we ascend amongst our public officers, the author suggests that Mr. Thrasher, the justice before whom Booth and others are brought, had some few imperfections in his magisterial capacity, one being that he was equally ignorant of statute and common law.

This perhaps was a defect; but this was not all; for where mere ignorance is to decide a point between two litigants, it will always be an even chance whether it decides right or wrong; but sorry am I to say, right was often in a much worse situation than this, and wrong hath often had five hundred to one on his side before that magistrate, who, if he was ignorant of the laws of England, was yet well versed in the laws of nature. He perfectly well understood that fundamental principle so strongly laid down in the institutes of the learned Rochefoucault, by which the duty of self-love is so strongly enforced, and every man is taught to consider himself as the centre of gravity, and to attract all things thither. To speak the truth plainly, the justice was never indifferent in a cause but when he could get nothing on either side.

Fielding never misses an opportunity of exposing and satirizing the venality and subserviency of the justices. In the course of the altercation between Squire Western and his sister, on his refusal to commit Honour for impertinence, Mrs. Western said "she knew the law much better: that she had known servants very severely punished for affronting their masters," and then named a certain justice of the peace in London, "who," she said, "would commit a servant to Bridewell at any time when a master or mistress desired it." "Like enough," cries the squire, "it may be so in London, but the law is different in the country." The practice, according to the same authority, was much the same in the country, for Joseph Andrews and Fanny were on the point of being committed to Bridewell for a month by a complaisant justice to please Lady Booby, when they were saved by the arrival of Squire Booby, the husband of Pamela. Fiction is confirmed by fact. "What the devil," writes Gilly Williams to George Selwyn, "could tempt you to act as justice of the peace? This is Trapolin with a vengeance. What! evidence, party, and judge too? If you do not make it up with the man soon, some rogue of an attorney will plague your heart out in the King's Bench." The gardener had been guilty of some peculation, for which Selwyn committed him at once.

In an "Idler" for 1759, Dr. Johnson computed that the prisoners for debt averaged twenty thousand, of whom twenty-five per cent. perished annually from the corruption of confined air, the want of exercise, and sometimes of food, the contagion of diseases, and the "severity of tyrants." We can well believe it when we bear in mind that in most prisons no separate accommodation was provided for them. Dr. Primrose, taken in execution at the suit of Squire Thornhill, relates that he attended the sheriff's officers to the prison which had formerly been built for the purposes of war, and consisted of one large apartment, strongly grated, and paved with stone, common to both felons and debtors at certain hours in the four and twenty. He says that he expected upon his entrance to find nothing but lamentations and various sounds of misery, but it was very different. The prisoners seemed all employed in one common design, that of forgetting thought in merriment and liquor. He readily complied with the demand for garnish, which was immediately sent for liquor, and the whole prison was soon filled with riot, laughter, and profaneness. Curiously enough it was by the sale of the book, "The Vicar of Wakefield," in which this scene is described, that the author escaped being placed in the same situation as Dr. Primrose.*

What makes it more extraordinary that efficacious measures were not taken for the improvement of the gaols, especially as regards their sanitary state, is the prevalence of the gaol fever, which Bacon described as the most pernicious infection next to plague. He was referring to its ravages in the sixteenth century,—to the Black Assize at Oxford in 1577, for example, when the chief baron, the sheriff, and some three hundred others died of it within forty hours. Yet it was little less fatal in the eighteenth; as in 1730, when a chief baron, a serjeant, a high sheriff, and others of lesser note, fell victims to it on the Western Circuit; and in 1750, when at the Old Bailey sittings, it destroyed two judges, the lord mayor, and an alderman. But that the root of the evil, the sanitary state of the prisons and the crowding together of prisoners of

* Boswell's "Life of Johnson," royal 8vo. edition, p. 114.

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all classes, was left untouched, may be inferred from the fact that Howard's labors for their amelioration commenced five years later, in 1755, and did not bear fruit till long afterwards.

What strikes us more than it seems to have struck Mr. Lecky, in reverting to these and other abuses affecting the moral and material well-being of the community, is the insensibility of the eighteenth century to their true character or its hopeless incapacity of grappling with them. A fitful feeble effort, or succession of efforts, is made, and the evil or abuse is found cropping up again with unabated vigor and vitality. Take, for example, the open defiance or easy evasion of justice by robbers. "How long," exclaims Fielding in 1751, "have we known highwaymen reign in this kingdom after they have been publicly known as such? Officers of justice have owned to me, that they have passed by such with warrants in their pockets against them without daring to apprehend them; and, indeed, they could not be blamed for not exposing themselves to sure destruction; for it is a melancholy truth, that, at this very day, a rogue no sooner gives the alarm, within certain purlieus, than twenty or thirty armed villains are found ready to come to his assistance."

In the introduction to the "Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon," he states that, in August 1753, when he was preparing for a journey to Bath, and was almost fatigued to death with several long examinations, relating to five different murders, all committed within the space of a week by different gangs of street-robbers, he received a summons to attend the Duke of Newcastle, who, not being able to see him when he attended, "sent a gentleman to discourse with him on the best plan that could be invented for putting an immediate end to those murders and robberies which were every day committed in the streets." He promised to transmit his answer in writing, which he did within four days, and soon received a message from the duke acquainting him that his plan was highly approved of, and that all his terms would be complied with."

The principal and most material of those terms, was the immediately depositing six hundred pounds in my hands; at which small charge I undertook to demolish the then reigning gangs, and to put the civil policy into such order, that no such gangs should ever be able, for the future, to form themselves into bodies, or at least to remain any time formidable to the public.

I had delayed my Bath journey for some time, contrary to the repeated advice of my physical acquaintance, and to the ardent desire of my warmest friends, though my distemper was now turned to a deep jaundice; in which case the Bath waters are generally reputed to be almost infallible. But I had the most eager desire of demolishing this gang of villains and cut-throats, which I was sure of accomplishing the moment I was enabled to pay a fellow who had undertaken, for a small sum, to betray them into the hands of a set of thief-takers whom I had enlisted into the service, all men of known and approved fidelity and intrepidity.

After some weeks, the money was paid at the treasury, and within a few days after two hundred pounds of it had come to my hands, the whole gang of cut-throats was entirely dispersed, seven of them were in actual custody, and the rest driven, some out of town, and others out of the kingdom.

This is confirmed by contemporary authority, as by Browne, who, writing in 1757, states that the reigning evil of street robberies in London has been almost wholly suppressed. But the suppression was local and temporary: the surviving members of the gang were simply driven to vary the scene of their operations, and no attempt was made to protect the suburbs and environs of the metropolis or the high roads. Walpole — who was twice robbed by highwaymen, once in Hyde Park and once near his own house at Twickenham — complains, in 1782, that no one can stir out after sunset without a body-guard of servants armed with blunderbusses.

The English highwaymen of former days were remarkably well-bred personages. Thomas Grenville, whilst travelling with Lord Derby, and Lord Tankerville, whilst travelling with his father, were attacked by highwaymen: on both occasions six or seven shots were exchanged between them and the highwaymen; and when the parties assailed had expended all their ammunition the highwaymen came up to them and took their purses in the politest manner possible!*

The two adventures are confused, as it can hardly be supposed that the circumstances of each were identical. As Mr. Thomas Grenville used to tell *his* the highwaymen were anything but polite, for they told the travellers, after taking their purses: "What scoundrels you must be to interfere with gentlemen about their business on the road!" Yet highwaymen of the higher order studied politeness sometimes, and found their account in it. "McLean," writes Walpole, "is still the

* Recollections of the Table Talk of Samuel Rogers (1856), p. 198.

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fashion: have I no reason to call him my friend? He says that if the pistol had shot me, he had another for himself. Can I do less than say I will be hanged if he is?"

As Mr. Thomas Grenville was born in 1755, his adventure must have occurred in the last quarter of the century. He used to relate in connection with it, that one night when he was walking down Hay Hill, he heard cries of "stop thief," and saw a man on horseback, a highwayman, dash down the steps of Lansdowne Passage and escape; adding that the iron bar was put up to prevent the recurrence of such an incident.

"In a letter written by Mrs. Harris, the mother of the first Lord Malmesbury, to her son, dated Feb. 16, 1773, she says: 'A most audacious fellow robbed Sir Francis Holburne and his sisters in their coach in St. James's Square, coming from the opera. He was on horseback, and held a pistol close to the breast of one of the Miss Holburnes for a considerable time. She had left her purse at home, which he would not believe. He has since robbed a coach in Park Lane.'"*

Amongst the causes of the increase of robbers, Fielding enumerates and lays much stress on the frequency of executions, their publicity, and their habitual association in the popular mind with notions of pride and vanity, instead of guilt, degradation, or shame. "The day appointed by law for the thief's shame is the day of glory in his own opinion. His procession to Tyburn, and his last moments there, are all triumphant; attended with the compassion of the meek and tender-hearted, and with the applause, admiration, and envy of all the bold and hardened." We have seen how Walpole speaks of McLean, whose father, he adds, "was an Irish dean; his brother is a Calvinist minister in great esteem at the Hague." This man was made a lion by the aristocracy, who flocked in crowds to visit him in prison. The turnkeys of Newgate were said to have made 200*l.* by showing Sheppard; and Dr. Dodd was exhibited for two hours in the press-room at a shilling a head before he was led to the gallows. The criminal sentenced to death was encouraged and aided to put a brave face on the matter, and act on the maxim, *carpe diem* — "Live and be merry, for the morrow we die." He was allowed to order what he liked for his last dinner or supper, which the ordinary was expected to share with him, with the view of keeping up his spirits, and giving him the benefit of jovial companionship to the last. "I will tell you a Newgate anecdote," writes Gilly Williams to Selwyn, "which I had from a gentleman who called on P. Lewis the night before the execution, and heard one runner call to another and order a chicken boiled for Rice's supper, 'but,' says he, 'you need not be curious about the sauce, for he's to be hanged to-morrow!' 'That is true,' says the other; 'but the ordinary sups with him, and you know he is a devil of a fellow for butter!'"

The inimitable scene in "Jonathan Wild," in which the ordinary justifies his preference of punch to wine, and Jonathan complains of being disagreeably reminded of a world to come, is doubtless a caricature; but a caricature by a humorist of Fielding's quality is pretty sure to embody a popular impression if not a truth. There is also an exquisite touch of satire in the "circumstance, showing the most admirable conservation of character in our hero to his last moments, which was, that whilst the ordinary was busy in his ejaculations, Wild, in the midst of the shower of stones, etc., which played upon him, applied his hands to the parson's pocket, and emptied it of his corkscrew, which he carried out of the world in his hand."

The brutalizing effects of public executions were studiously enhanced in cases of high treason, by the law enacting that, prior to the decapitation, the criminal should be half hung, and that his entrails should be taken out and burnt before his eyes. No attempt, certainly no sustained and successful one, was made to get rid of this butchery during the eighteenth century. The punishment was inflicted on Kennington Common in 1746, in all its revolting atrocity, on eight gentlemen who had held commissions in the rebel army; and a minute description of the course pursued with one of them, a member of the ancient family of Townley, is given in the "State Trials." Mr. Lecky states that gallows were erected in every important quarter of the city, and on many of them corpses were left rotting in chains. The practice of hanging in chains, although discontinued before its formal abolition, lasted far into the present century. Within living memory a batch of pirates was hung in chains in the marshes below Wool-

* "The Letters of the First Earl of Malmesbury," vol. i., p. 258. For this reference, and several others materially lessening the labor of research, we are indebted to "The Novels and Novelists of the Eighteenth Century, in Illustration of the Manners and Morals of the Age." By William Forsyth, M.A., Q.C., etc., etc. 1871. A book of real value and interest, displaying a wide range of curious reading judiciously applied.

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wich. A farmer and his son who rented the ground happening to take a close inspection of the victims, saw symptoms of life in one, took him down, carried him home with them, and employed him as a farm servant; till one night, finding him at his old trade of thieving, they laid hold of him, twisted his neck, and replaced him on the gallows; not at all imagining that they had been guilty of any description of irregularity.

Till 1790 women guilty of high or petit treason might be, and occasionally were, publicly burnt alive. Boys under twelve were sentenced to death and (we believe) hanged for participation in the Gordon riots of 1780. Mentioning the circumstance to Rogers, Mr. Grenville rather naively added: "I never in my life saw boys cry so."

When Blackstone wrote, says Mr. Lecky, "there were no less than one hundred and sixty offences in England punishable with death, and it was a very ordinary occurrence for ten or twelve culprits to be hung on a single occasion, for forty or fifty to be condemned at a single assize." Did the reformers of the eighteenth century diminish the list of capital offences or show any symptoms of being shocked by the demoralizing exhibitions so constantly set before their eyes? We are not aware that they did anything of the sort, although Mr. Lecky, referring to the period subsequent to the ministry of Walpole, lays down that "on the whole the institutions and manners of the country were steadily assuming their modern aspect." We shall presently see how far this is true of manners. It was certainly not true of laws and institutions. With the exception of the body of commercial law evolved and moulded by Lord Mansfield, the whole fabric of our juridical system, the entire administration of justice, civil and criminal, including the forms of procedure and the courts, were in as bad a condition at the end of the eighteenth century as at the commencement.

The state of opinion touching executions in 1783 may be inferred from Dr. Johnson's protest against the discontinuance of the procession to Tyburn. It having been argued, says Boswell, that this was an improvement, "No, sir," said he eagerly, "it is *not* an improvement; they object that the old method drew together a number of spectators. Sir, executions are intended to draw spectators. If they do not draw spectators, they don't answer their purpose. The old method was most satisfactory to all parties: the public was gratified by a procession; *the criminal was supported by it.* Why is all this to be swept away?" Boswell expresses his perfect agreement with the sage, adding: "Magistrates, both in London and elsewhere, have, I am afraid, in this land too much regard to their own ease." The true sound objection is not so much as hinted at. In 1783, when this conversation took place, the number of malefactors executed in London alone was fifty-one: in 1785 it has risen to ninety-seven. The increase was attributed in part to Madan's "Thoughts on Executive Justice," in which it was argued that every penal code, to be efficacious, should be rigidly enforced; and this without first taking care to adjust the scale of punishment to the degree of guilt or the feelings of society. This tract, although answered by Romilly, exercised a mischievous influence for many years, while Beccaria's famous treatise,* which had made numerous converts amongst Continental jurists, was little known in this country. It was just beginning to make way when a startling reaction took place.

> If any person [says Romilly in his "Diary"] be desirous of having an adequate idea of the mischievous effects which have been produced in this country by the French Revolution and all its attendant horrors, he should attempt some legislative reform on humane and liberal principles. He will then find, not only what a stupid dread of innovation, but what a savage spirit it has infused into the minds of many of his countrymen. I have had several opportunities of observing this. It is but a few nights ago, that, while I was standing at the bar of the House of Commons, a young man, the brother of a peer, whose name is not worth setting down, came up to me, and breathing in my face the nauseous fumes of his undigested debauch, stammered out, "I am against your bill, I am for hanging all." I was confounded; and endeavoring to find out some excuse for him, I observed that I supposed he meant that the certainty of punishment affording the only prospect of suppressing crimes, the laws, whatever they were, ought to be executed. "No, no," he said, "it is not that. There is no good done by mercy. They only get worse; I would hang them all up at once."

In 1813, a bill brought in by Romilly,

* "*Dei Delitti e delle Pene.*" Monaco, 1764. There was a story current from which it would appear that Beccaria's practice did not accord with his theory. It is thus told by Lord Byron, in a letter from Milan in 1816: "I have just heard an anecdote of Beccaria, who published such admirable things on the punishment of death. As soon as his book was out, his servant (having read it, I presume) stole his watch; and his master, while correcting the press of a second edition, did all he could to have him hanged by way of advertisement."

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for omitting the embowelling and quartering in the punishment for high treason, was thrown out on its first introduction, "so that the ministers," he remarks, "have the glory of having preserved the British law, by which it is ordained that the heart and the bowels of a man convicted of treason shall be torn out of his body whilst yet alive." He carried his main point in the following year, although only as a compromise, for he was obliged to give up the quartering, which a majority of both houses insisted on retaining as one of the bulwarks of monarchy.

Romilly, and after him Mackintosh, did good service by keeping public attention alive to the subject, but the effective amelioration of the penal code dates from 1823, when the late Sir Robert Peel became secretary of state for the home department, as the effective reform of the law of real property, the law of procedure in civil cases, and the general administration of justice, dates from Lord Brougham's great speech in 1828. The lawyers of the eighteenth century had no more sense of the genuine worthlessness and trumpery character of the arbitrary rules and tangled technicalities by which they habitually eluded reason and obscured right, than the contemporaries of Coke. Turn where we will, we are met by signs of indifference to crying abuses; owing, no doubt, in a great measure to the want of a bold and vigilant press. But what to people living in our time seems almost unaccountable, is how easily our predecessors of the last century dropped back into the old grooves after a more or less successful effort to get out of them.

Speaking of the condition of the army, Mr. Lecky states on the authority of a memorial drawn up in 1707, that the garrison of Portsmouth was reduced by death or desertion to half its former number in less than a year and a half, through sickness, want of firing, and bad barracks, and that the few new barracks that were erected were notwithstanding built with the most scandalous parsimony and crowded to the most frightful excess. The popular objection to barracks, based on the old jealousy of a standing army, was urged by Blackstone, who maintained that the soldiers should live intermixed with the people, and that no separate camp or inland fortress should be allowed. This objection retained sufficient strength in 1786, to cause the rejection of the scheme of fortification proposed by Pitt. Commissions in the army were indiscriminately employed for political or private ends, to buy support or to reward subserviency. After trying in vain to muzzle that "terrible cornet of horse" (the first Pitt), Walpole summarily deprived him of his cornetcy. Mr. Lecky states that an officer, named Anstruther, got a regiment for voting in favor of the Porteous Act. Promotion without interest was so entirely out of the question, that it was hardly deemed matter of complaint. Lieutenant Lismahago, in "Humphrey Clinker," had been thirty years in the service, "wounded, maimed, and mutilated," without ever attaining a higher rank than that of lieutenant. "But in such a length of time," resumed the squire, "you must have seen a great many young officers put over your head." "Nevertheless," said he, "I have no cause to murmur. They bought their preferment with their money. I had no money to carry to market: that was my misfortune, but nobody was to blame."

It was by no means uncommon to find ensigns in the cradle, who grew to be colonels in their teens. "Carry the major his pap," was a byword. It was not even deemed necessary to proceed by gradation. Edward Waverley joined his regiment in command of a troop, "the intermediate steps being overleapt with great facility." Charles Phillips states that one of Provost Hutchinson's daughters was gazetted to a majority of horse;* and a recent authority adds, that she drew the pay, and appeared at a fancy ball in the uniform, a short jacket and tight pantaloons, which set off her figure to advantage. There is a scene in Lady Morgan's novel, "The O'Briens and O'Flahertys," where the Irish cabinet, having nothing else vacant, agree to give the fair friend of a colleague a cornetcy *en attendant*.

It was left to one royal commander-in-chief in the present century to put the first effective check on these abuses, and to another H. R. H. to bring the system of promotion to a state as satisfactory as it can well be brought when the conflicting claims of merit and seniority are to be weighed. It was during the Duke of York's administration of the Horse Guards that a reasonable limit was placed on the age at which a commission could be held. But, dating from the abolition of the purchase system, a far more difficult and delicate duty has devolved on the royal commander-in-chief than that of framing a

* "Curran and his Contemporaries," 3rd ed., p. 45. This was the gentleman of whom Lord Townshend, when lord lieutenant, said: "If I gave Hutchinson England and Ireland for an estate, he would beg to have the Isle of Wight for a potato garden."

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limit or prescribing a rule. The soundest discretion, the severest impartiality, have been called into action; and it is a memorable fact that, under the new order of things (now of nearly seven years' standing), not a single case of favor or affection, not one approximating to a wrong, has been established to the satisfaction of unprejudiced observers and competent critics, whether in or out of the profession.

It was similarly left to a long-subsequent generation to reform the abuses of the navy, which were at their height during the greater part of the eighteenth century. Smollett served as surgeon's mate on board a ship of the line in the expedition to Carthagena in 1741, and in the character of Roderic Random described what fell under his own observation in that capacity. "When I followed him (the surgeon) with the medicines into the sick-berth or hospital, I was much less surprised that people should die on board than that any sick person should recover. Here I saw about fifty miserable distempered wretches, suspended in rows, so huddled one upon another that not more than fourteen inches space was allotted for each with his bed and bedding; and destitute of every convenience necessary for persons in that helpless condition." That no improvement had taken place in 1757 is shown by a trustworthy authority quoted by Mr. Lecky: "I have known one thousand men confined together in a guardship, some hundreds of whom had neither a bed nor so much as a change of linen. I have seen many of them brought into hospital in the same clothes and shirts they had on when pressed several months before."

The hardships to which the sailors were still exposed in 1797, led to the formidable mutinies at Portsmouth and the Nore, and virtually constituted the sole apology for the press-gang as an appeal to force when milder means had failed or (more correctly speaking) had never been tried. Legally, only seafaring men were liable to seizure, but the gangs were not particular when lawful game failed. In Gilray's "Liberty of the Subject" (October 1779), a gang, armed with swords and cudgels, are leading off a half-starved tailor, despite of the resistance of his wife, who clutches the leader by the hair. Lord Fellamar, at Lord Bellaston's instigation, engages a gang to carry off Tom Jones, and are only prevented by an accident. In 1805, the member of a highly-respectable mercantile firm at Liverpool, who happened to be shabbily dressed, was seized by a press-gang, hurried on board the tender, hastily transferred to a line-of-battle ship on the point of setting sail to join Nelson, made to do duty despite his protestations, and killed at Trafalgar. The late Lord Sefton, after relating the incident, was wont to add that the family, a very well-known one, caused to be inscribed upon his grave: "To the memory of —— ——, Esq., Landsman, killed fighting for his country, much against his will, in the glorious naval action off Trafalgar, A.D., Oct. 21, 1805."

That silent revolution in opinions and manners brought about by time, of which Mr. Lecky speaks in his "History of Rationalism," was doubtless in progress during the whole of the eighteenth century, but the outward and visible signs of improvement are non-existent or rare. To take drinking, gambling, and swearing — there is an unbroken continuity in two if not three, from Harley and St. John, through Walpole, Carteret and Pulteney, to Charles James Fox and Sheridan. Indeed, granting equality as regards drinking, it may be questioned whether statesmen and men of quality did not play higher and swear harder as the century advanced. It was past the middle when women of quality took to gambling in its most disreputable shape, and near the end (1796) when Lord Kenyon went out of his way to give them a memorable warning: "If any prosecutions of this nature are fairly brought before me, and the parties are justly convicted — whatever be their rank or station, though they should be the first ladies in the land — they shall certainly exhibit themselves in the pillory." The very ladies to whom he alluded — Lady Buckinghamshire, Lady Elizabeth Luttrell, Lady Archer, and Mrs. Concannon — were actually prosecuted for keeping a gaming-table (a faro bank) and convicted; but he shrank from executing his threat, and they escaped with fines.

Mr. Massey was the first to call attention to the fact that a club composed of both sexes in equal numbers, selected from the highest class of the aristocracy, was instituted in 1772, but was speedily discredited and broken up through the introduction of deep play. In Miss Edgeworth's novel of "Belinda" (1801) a Mr. and Mrs. Luttridge, a fashionable couple who are in the habit of receiving the best society at their house, are detected by one of their guests in keeping an E. O. table

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constructed for the purposes of fraud, and compelled to surrender a part of their plunder, amounting to many thousands of pounds. This novel illustrates other traits of manners. Lady Delacour is suffering from the effects of the recoil of a pistol which she fired in the air by way of honorable finale to a duel with another woman of rank. Again: "The first time Belinda ever saw Lord Delacour, he was dead drunk in the arms of two footmen, who were carrying him up-stairs to his bed-chamber; his lady, who was just returned from Ranelagh, passed by him on the landing-place with a look of sovereign contempt. 'What is the matter? who is there?' said Belinda. 'Only the *body* of my Lord Delacour,' said her ladyship; 'his bearers have brought it up the wrong staircase. Take it down again, my good friends; let his lordship go *his own way*. Don't look so shocked and amazed — don't look so *new*, my child: this funeral of my lord's intellects is to me a nightly, or,' added her ladyship, looking at her watch and yawning "I believe I should say a *daily* ceremony — six o'clock, I protest.'" Sir Philip Baddeley, one of Belinda's suitors, hardly utters a sentence without a "damme" or "curse it." The correct pages of Miss Austen are occasionally dotted with oaths. She, like Miss Edgeworth, drew from the life, and neither would have risked a coarse word or profane expletive that was not in keeping with and essential to the characters.

In the dedication of "Tom Jones" to Mr. (afterwards Lord) Lyttleton, Fielding expresses a hope that the reader will find in the whole course of the work "nothing inconsistent with the strictest rules of decency nor which can offend even the chastest in the perusal." We can only account for the boldness (we might almost say audacity) of this assurance, by supposing that expressions which have since been regarded as grossly indecent had then become inoffensive from familiarity. Few ladies would now be recommended to read "Tom Jones," or readily admit that they had read it. Indeed, women of refinement would be more repelled by the coarseness than attracted by the humor. But during half a century after its appearance it was read by the ingenuous youth of both sexes without reproach. Canning, then a boy at Eton, asks in a paper in "The Microcosm" in 1787 — "Is not the novel of 'Tom Jones,' however excellent a work of itself, generally put too early into our hands, and proposed too soon to the imitation of children?" Its early popularity with the fair sex is attested by Lady Bradshaigh, writing to Richardson in 1749: "The girls are certainly fond of 'Tom Jones,' as I told you before; and they do not scruple declaring it in the presence of your *incognita*."

The tone of Richardson's own novels, unimpeachable as they may be in intention, says little for the refinement of the age. The entire plot of "Pamela" is suggestive of indelicacy; and the fair correspondents who beg Richardson to save Clarissa from her impending fate, must have suffered their imaginations to wander into dangerous ground. "Do, dear sir," writes Lady Bradshaigh; "it is too shocking and barbarous a story for publication. I wish I could not think of it. Blot out but one night and the villainous laudanum, and all may be well again." Cibber writes: "What piteous d—d disgraceful pickle have you placed her [Clarissa] in! For God's sake, send me the sequel, or — I don't know what to say! *My girls are all on fire and fright to know what can possibly have become of her*. Take care."

In a paper contributed to "The Connoisseur" in 1754 by the Earl of Cork, the noble writer states "that he was present at an entertainment where a celebrated lady of pleasure was one of the party, and her shoe was pulled off by a young man, who filled it with champagne and drank it off to her health. In this delicious draught he was immediately pledged by the rest, and then, to carry the compliment still further, he ordered the shoe itself to be dressed and served up for supper. The cook set himself seriously to work upon it; he pulled the upper part of it (which was of damask) into fine shreds, and tossed it up in a ragout; minced the sole, cut the wooden heel into very thin slices, fried them in butter, and placed them round the dish for garnish. The company, you may be sure, testified their affection for the lady by eating very heartily of this exquisite impromptu."

At a still later period extravagance of conduct and open contempt for the decencies of life were pushed to extremity by the establishment of the Hell-fire Club, and the orgies of Medmenham Abbey. The coarseness of manners and laxity of morals that prevailed during the reigns of George I. and George II. are proved by the uniform tenor of Lord Hervey's "Memoirs" and Walpole's "Letters." It is a bad sign of national morals when public masquerades are a popular amusement with the pleasure-loving public, including the court and the aristocracy: —

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The midnight orgy, and the mazy dance,
The smile of beauty, and the flush of wine,
For fops, fools, gamesters, knaves, and lords combine;
Each to his humor — Comus all allows:
Champaign, dice, music, or your neighbor's spouse.

The masquerade in 1749 at which Miss Chudleigh, a maid of honor, afterwards Duchess of Kingston, made her memorable appearance as "Andromeda," was attended by the Princess of Wales and other members of the royal family.

The example of conjugal and domestic virtue set by George III. and Queen Charlotte appears to have had little effect even in the very precincts of the court. "It is not (writes Junius) that he (the Duke of Grafton) kept a mistress at home, but that he constantly attended her abroad. It is not the private indulgence, but the public insult of which I complain. The name of Miss Parsons would hardly have been known if the first lord of the treasury had not led her in triumph through the Opera House, even in the presence of the queen."

If the acting plays reflected the popular taste, it was far from unimpeachable till past the middle of the century. "I never heard of any plays," says Parson Adams, "fit for a Christian to read but "Cato" and "The Conscious Lovers;" and I must own in the latter are some things which are almost solemn enough for a sermon." According to Hallam "The Conscious Lovers" (by Steele) was the first comedy since the Restoration that could be called moral. Miss Burney's heroine, Evelina, was present at the representation of "Love for Love," and no one who has read it will accuse her of prudery when she expresses a hope that, fraught with wit and entertainment as it is, she shall never see it represented again; "for it is so extremely indelicate — to use the softest word I can — that Miss Mervin and I were perpetually out of countenance, and could neither make any observations ourselves nor venture to listen to those of others." But a perceptible improvement as regards propriety had taken place in dramatic composition prior to the appearance of "The School for Scandal;" and the eighteenth century may certainly boast of having placed Shakespeare's rank as a poet and dramatist beyond dispute.

Supposed cause and effect are placed in puzzling opposition by dramatic annals. National, at all events metropolitan, demoralization is supposed to have been at its worst in the reign of Charles II.; and yet this was the reign in which there were only two theatres open in London, and even these were found too much; the rival companies being obliged to unite in 1684. There were ten or eleven in the reign of Elizabeth, and a still greater number in the reign of James I. Sir John Bernard, who brought the condition of the stage before the House of Commons in 1735, complained that there were then six theatres in London; and one of his supporters (quoted by Mr. Lecky) vehemently urged "that it was no less surprising than shameful to see so great a change for the worse in the temper and inclination of the British nation, who were now so extravagantly addicted to lewd and idle diversions that the number of playhouses in London was double that of Paris, . . . that it was astonishing to all Europe that Italian eunuchs and signoras should have set salaries equal to those of the lords of the treasury and judges of England."

The opera was an exotic unknown in England prior to 1705. At its first introduction, it was wholly English; in its second stage, the principal parts were Italian and the subordinate English; and it was not till after four or five years of tentative progress that it became wholly and thoroughly Italian.

The great impulse given by Handel to sacred music, and the naturalization of the opera in England, are the two capital events in English musical history during the first half of the eighteenth century.

Speaking of painting prior to Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Wilson, Mr. Lecky remarks that England "possessed indeed an admirable school, but one represented almost exclusively by foreigners, by Holbein, Rubens, Vandyck, Lely, and Kneller." These, however, received no encouragement, except as portrait-painters. "Painters of history," said Kneller, "make the dead live, but do not begin to live themselves till they are dead. I paint the living and they make me live." Hogarth described portrait-painting as "the only flourishing branch of the high tree of British art;" yet it was his surpassing excellence in another line which established his claim to be "the first native painter of undoubted genius and originality that England could boast."

Gray, writing in 1763, says that "our skill in gardening, or laying out grounds, is the only taste we can call our own, the only proof of original taste in matters of pleasure." The artificial French taste in gardens and grounds, as in most other

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things, prevailed during the reign of Charles II., when (to borrow Lady Morgan's *mot*) nothing was natural except the children. The Dutch taste, equally distorted and more stiff, was introduced by William III.:—

> No pleasing intricacies intervene,
> No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
> The suffering eye inverted nature sees,
> Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees.

The taste to which Gray lays claim for his countrymen was mainly owing to Bridgeman and Kent, who insisted on freedom and variety, on following nature instead of discarding or defacing her.

The condition of architecture at the period under inquiry is glossed over by Mr. Lecky, who merely says that architectural taste during the ascendancy of Vanbrugh was extremely low, and that the badness of the bricks employed in building was already a matter of complaint. The badness of the bricks in the old buildings of London, prior to the fire, is mentioned in the "Travels of the Grand Duke Cosmo," quoted by Lord Macaulay. "The history of architecture in England during the eighteenth century (says Mr. Fergusson) if not characterized by anything so brilliant as the career of either Jones or Wren, is marked in the beginning by the daring originality of Vanbrugh, and closes with the correct classicality of Chambers." *

A comparison of Lord Macaulay's description of London at the Revolution with Mr. Lecky's England half a century later, shows that the progress was less than might have been anticipated; although Mr. Lecky is surely mistaken when he says that the population of London in 1700 was little more than a seventh of what it is now. Lord Macaulay puts it as rather more than half a million in 1685.

In his preface to "The Fool of Quality,"† the Rev. Charles Kingsley asks: "Who, in looking round a family portrait-gallery, has not remarked the difference between the heads of the seventeenth and those of the eighteenth century? The former are of the same type as our own, and with the same strong and varied personality; the latter painfully like both to each other, and to an oil flask; the jaw round, weak, and sensual, the forehead narrow and retreating. Had the race really degenerated for a while, or was the lower type adopted intentionally out of compliment to some great personage?"

We do not agree with Mr. Kingsley that the heads of the seventeenth century are the same type as our own; but they certainly contrast favorably with those of the first half of the eighteenth, and it would be strange if they did not, unless it be altogether vain and idle to look for character in countenance. It was not merely that the heroic type was wanting: that the age of Hampden and Cromwell, Milton and Andrew Marvel, was no more. Corruption had usurped the place of patriotism, public men had degenerated during the reigns of George I. and George II.; and a corresponding decline may be observed in the intellectual class, especially in the men of letters. Their social position was lowered, and their tone had sunk with it. They were no longer the favored companions of statesmen and nobles. They no longer looked forward to becoming members of Parliament, or secretaries of state, or secretaries of embassy, or well-paid commissioners, or high dignitaries of the Church, as the reward of services rendered or distinctions earned by the pen. Compare the relative position in these respects of Pope, Addison, Prior, Steel, Gay, and Swift, with that of Fielding, Smollett, Johnson, and Goldsmith, prior to the accession of George III. There is a startling contrast between Johnson signing himself "Impransus," and Swift sending the lord treasurer (Harley) into the House of Commons to call out the secretary of state (St. John), only to let him know that he (Swift) would not dine with him if he dined late.

> Yet think what ills the scholar's life assail,
> Toil, envy, want, the *garret*, and the jail.

The first edition of "The Vanity of Human Wishes" was published in 1749. The disappointment and mortification Johnson underwent from the fallacious patronage of Lord Chesterfield led to the change in the subsequent editions of *garret* for *patron*. "Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before." . . . "Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling

* History of the Modern Styles of Architecture. By James Fergusson, D.C.L., F.R.S., etc. Vol. iii., p. 314.

† By Henry Brooke, published in 1766, and republished by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, with a Preface and Life of the Author, in 1859. It was not worth republishing, being defaced throughout by glaring absurdities and bad taste. A lady's dress is thus described: "A scarf of cerulean tint flew between her right shoulder and her left hip, being buttoned at each end by a row of rubies. . . . A coronet of diamonds, through which there passed a white branch of the feathers of the ostrich, was inserted on the left decline of her lovely head, and a stomacher of inestimable brilliance rose beneath her dazzling bosom, and by a fluctuating blaze of unremitted light, checked and turned the eye away from too presumptuous a gaze!"

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for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help?"* When this was written, private patronage had ceased to be munificent or encouraging, and public patronage, that of the general readers and buyers, had not begun to be remunerative. For "The Vanity of Human Wishes" — which Byron called "a grand poem, and so true," which Scott pronounced the finest poem of the century after Pope — the author received fifteen guineas.

Mr. Lecky attributes this (obviously transition) state of things to the misemployment of the resources of the State by Walpole and Newcastle, for political ends, to the entire neglect of the intellectual interests of the country; and he digresses at some length to maintain that ample provision should be made for men of intellectual pursuits, so as to render them independent of popular support.

> The inevitable result of the law of supply and demand, if left without restriction, is either to degrade or destroy both literature and science, or else to throw them exclusively into the hands of those who possess private means of subsistence. This is not a matter of speculation or of controversy, but of fact, and any one who is even moderately acquainted with literary or scientific biography may abundantly verify it. It is certain that the higher forms of literature and science are as a rule unsupporting, that men of extraordinary abilities have spent the most useful and laborious lives in these pursuits without earning the barest competence, that many of the most splendid works of genius and many of the most fruitful and conscientious researches are due to men whose lives were passed between the garret and the spunging-house, and who were reduced to a penury sometimes verging upon starvation. Neither Bacon, nor Newton, nor Locke, nor Descartes, nor Gibbon, nor Hume, nor Adam Smith, nor Montesquieu, nor Berkeley, nor Butler, nor Coleridge, nor Bentham, nor Milton, nor Wordsworth, could have made a livelihood by their works, and the same may be said of all, or nearly all, writers on mathematics, metaphysics, political economy, archæology, and physical science in all its branches, as well as of the great majority of the greatest writers in other fields. Very few of those men whose genius has irradiated nations, and whose writings have become the eternal heritage of mankind, obtained from their works the income of a successful village doctor or provincial attorney.

The question being whether the existing state of things demands a given remedy, we have nothing to do with what may have occurred in a pre-existing state of things. Is it true that the higher forms of literature and science are as a rule unsupporting *now?* Was or is this the experience of Sir Walter Scott, Moore, Southey, Jeffrey, Lockhart, Macaulay, Froude, Lord Lytton, Tennyson, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Trollope, Owen, Tyndall, Huxley? Or, more correctly speaking, have they not received a fair return for their labors? for, be it observed, if a man only devotes a portion of his time to literature or science, he cannot expect it to be all-sufficing for his support. And this remark is especially applicable to the list of eminent persons which Mr. Lecky cites as quite decisive upon the point. Very few of them sought or expected to make a livelihood by their works. They were more or less independent of authorship. But surely Mr. Lecky will not contend that this was the mainspring of their productive energy, and that, unless they had been independent, their works would never have been produced at all; still less that we ought to select an indefinite number of men of promise and gave them an independence at starting, in the hope that some of them may turn out Bacons, Newtons, Miltons, or Lockes. Yet his argument is not that embryo authors should be stimulated into extraordinary efforts by specific honors and rewards, in addition to the hopes of fame and fortune common to all, but that "latent genius should be evoked, and directed to the spheres in which it is most fitted to excel," by liberal endowments in the nature of fellowships and ecclesiastical preferments. These, he says, "have as a matter of fact, produced many works of great and sterling value which would never have been written without them." The sole matter of fact is that Church dignitaries have produced theological works of value; a meagre set-off to the probable amount of power and energy that has vegetated or lain dormant in cathedral stalls and colleges.

Examples tell both ways or every way; for great works have been produced under every variety of circumstance and condition. We must look below the surface, to the ordinary motives that actuate mankind. Even assuming the entire absence of favor and affection, with an exceptional power of discrimination, in the selection of the nominees to the proposed endowments, it is running counter to all we know of human nature to assume that ease, comfort, competence, prosperity, are favorable to intellectual development, exertion, and

* Johnson's Letter to Lord Chesterfield, Feb. 7, 1755.

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activity. Would the privilege of undisturbed study from youth upwards suffice to produce a philosopher, an historian, or a poet? Would it have produced a Homer, a Milton, a Dante, or a Shakespeare? How, immured in a college, could they have collected their materials, or whence have derived their inspiration? Excitement, agitation, the storms and trials of life, varied experience, changes of fortune, alternating hopes and fears, were their congenial atmosphere, their school. If anything can be confidently predicated of the Homeric poems, it is that they were not the product of learned leisure. If Milton wrote in poverty for fame, and Dante poured forth his "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" under the irresistible impulse of patriotic indignation or personal sense of wrong, Shakespeare certainly dashed off his plays, like a modern playwright, with a distinct and well-understood view to the pecuniary results. So did Molière. Dryden notoriously wrote for money. So did Pope. So did Scott. So did Byron, after a short struggle with his pride. So did Wordsworth, although his earnings fell short of his expectations and his own estimate of his deserts. He did not write better by becoming a collector of excise. Johnson invariably avowed that he did not understand any one submitting to intellectual labor except from necessity; and it is quite as certain, as much of what Mr. Lecky calls "matter of fact," that if the lexicographer had been appointed to a fellowship or tutorship, instead of leaving the university without a degree from poverty, he would never have undertaken the "Dictionary."

"It is difficult," says Mr. Lecky, "to overestimate the amount of evil in the world which has sprung from vices in literature which may be distinctly traced to the circumstances of the author. Had Rousseau been a happy and a prosperous man, the whole history of modern Europe might have been changed." If Rousseau had been a happy and a prosperous man, he would not have been Rousseau. If Byron had been a moral and domestic man, he would not have written "Childe Harold" or "Don Juan," and it is open to Mr. Lecky to say, "So much the better for the world." But this is tantamount to saying that the proposed stimulant would act as a moral sedative, and that it would be well to bring all future poems within Piron's category: —

Il faut que la vertu plus que l'esprit y brille,
La mère en prescrira la lecture à sa fille.

We have paused upon this subject because Mr. Lecky's treatment of it is characteristic. It is one amongst many which he has discussed with candor, with knowledge, with copious illustration in excellent language; but without the requisite comprehensiveness and depth, and without landing us on any satisfactory conclusion at the end. He is more suggestive than convincing, and, in his eagerness to give prominence to particular views, he is apt to lose sight of their relative importance and the space to which they are entitled as bearing on the professed object of his work. What are meant and ought to be tributary streams, are sometimes greater than the main current and run parallel instead of flowing into it. He has undertaken not the history of the British empire, but the history of England during a given period; that is, its internal civil history, with especial reference to the degree and causes of its growth — social, moral, and intellectual — in laws, manners, customs, opinions, and institutions. His plan, although limited, is still vast. For example, it may be held to include most of the subjects treated by Mr. Leslie Stephen in his "History of English Thought during the Eighteenth Century;" for all revolutions in thought, all openings of new channels for mind, necessarily affect national growth. The influence of France, again, even prior to the volcanic eruption of 1789, was quite as perceptible in English modes of thinking and ways of life as that of Scotland, Ireland, or the colonies. We should say that the influence of Ireland was the weakest of the external influences: that it was hardly felt at all prior to the Union. Yet Mr. Lecky has devoted more than half a volume, three hundred and forty-five pages, to Irish history, taking it up in right earnest from the Irish wars of Elizabeth, and bringing it down to 1759. Considered apart, this is perhaps the most striking and valuable portion of his two volumes; but it sets all laws of proportion at defiance.

A similar objection lies against the chapter (one hundred and twenty pages) headed "The Religious Revival," in which, in our opinion, the abiding (if not the primary) influence of Methodism is greatly overestimated; as when it is stated that "the Evangelical movement anticipated, in many of its aspects, that great reaction which passed over Europe after the French Revolution, and it contributed powerfully to perpetuate and intensify it." Here, again, we follow Mr. Lecky with interest, even when he is widely deviating from the

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preappointed track. It is the same throughout. His neglect of unity detracts less from his genuine merits and attractiveness as an historian, than could have been anticipated. He always writes well — as only an earnest, high-minded man, of cultivation and accomplishment, can write; he is in all respects trustworthy; although not devoid of imagination and frequently rising into eloquence, he never sacrifices truth to effect; if we do not learn much absolutely new from him, he manages to throw an air of freshness around the most familiar topics; his book is pre-eminently calculated to excite inquiry and reflection; and (above all) we rise from it with the consciousness that the time spent in reading it has been both pleasantly and instructively spent.

[*Published by arrangement with* HARPER & BROTHERS.]

MACLEOD OF DARE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONFIDENCES.

FOR a second or two he held the letter in his hand, regarding the outside of it; and it was with more deliberation than haste that he opened it. Perhaps it was with some little tremor of fear — lest the first words that should meet his eye might be cruelly cold and distant. What right had he to expect anything else? Many a time, in thinking carefully over the past, he had recalled the words — the very tone — in which he had addressed her, and had been dismayed to think of their reserve, which had on one or two occasions almost amounted to austerity. He could expect little beyond a formal acknowledgment of the receiving of his letter, and the present that had accompanied it.

Imagine, then, his surprise when he took out from the envelope a number of sheets closely written over in her beautiful, small, neat hand. Hastily his eye ran over the first few lines; and then surprise gave way to a singular feeling of gratitude and joy. Was it indeed she who was writing to him thus? When he had been thinking of her as some one far away and unapproachable — who could have no thought of him or of the too brief time in which he had been near to her — had she indeed been treasuring up some recollection that she now seemed disposed to value?

"You will guess that I am woman enough," she wrote, "to be greatly pleased and flattered by your sending me such a beautiful present; but you must believe me when I say that its chief value to me was its showing me that I had another friend in the world who was not disposed to forget me the next day after bidding me good-bye. Perhaps you will say that I am cynical; but actresses are accustomed to find the friendships they make — outside the sphere of their own profession — of a singularly temporary character. We are praised and flattered to-day, and forgotten to-morrow. I don't complain. It is only natural. People go away to their own families and home occupations: why should they remember a person who has amused them for an hour?"

Miss Gertrude White could, when she chose, write a clever and interesting letter — interesting from its very simplicity and frankness; and as Macleod read on and on, he ceased to feel any wonder that this young lady should be placing before him such ample revelations of her experiences and opinions. Indeed, it was more than suggested in this confidential chat that Sir Keith Macleod himself had been the first cause of her having carefully studied her own position and the influence likely to be exerted on her by her present mode of life.

"One meets with the harsher realities of an actress's life," she said, "in the provinces. It is all very fine in London, when all the friends you happen to have are in town, and where there is constant amusement, and pleasant parties, and nice people to meet; and then you have the comforts of your own home around you, and quiet and happy Sundays. But a provincial tour! — the constant travelling, and rehearsals with strange people, and damp lodgings, and miserable hotels, and wet Sundays in smoky towns! Papa is very good and kind, you know; but he is interested in his books, and he goes about all day hunting after curiosities, and one has not a soul to speak to. Then the audiences: I have witnessed one or two scenes lately that would unnerve any one; and of course I have to stand helpless and silent on the stage until the tumult is stilled and the original offenders expelled. Some sailors the other evening amused themselves by clambering down from the top gallery to the pit, hanging on to the gas-brackets and the pillars; and one of them managed to reach the orchestra, jump from the drum

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on to the stage, and then offered me a glass of whiskey from a big black bottle he had in his hand. When I told papa he laughed, and said I should be proud of my triumph over the man's imagination. But when the people roared with laughter at my discomfiture I felt as though I would rather be earning my bread by selling watercresses in the street or by stitching in a garret."

Of course the cry of the poor injured soul found a ready echo in his heart. It was monstrous that she should be subjected to such indignities. And then that cruel old pagan of a father — was he not ashamed of himself to see the results of his own cold-blooded theories? Was this the glory of art? Was this the reward of the sacrifice of a life? That a sensitive girl should be publicly insulted by a tipsy maniac, and jeered at by a brutal crowd? Macleod laid down the letter for a minute or two, and the look on his face was not lovely to see.

"You may think it strange that I should write thus to you," she said; "but if I say that it was yourself who first set me thinking about such things? And since I have been thinking about them I have had no human being near me to whom I could speak. You know papa's opinions. Even if my dearest friend, Mrs. Ross, were here, what would she say? She has known me only in London. She thinks it a fine thing to be a popular actress. She sees people ready to pet me in a way — so long as society is pleased to have a little curiosity about me. But she does not see the other side of the picture. She does not even ask how long all this will last. She never thinks of the cares and troubles and downright hard work. If ever you heard me sing, you will know that I have very little of a voice, and that not worth much; but trifling as it is, you would scarcely believe the care and cultivation I have to spend on it, merely for business purposes. Mrs. Ross no doubt sees that it is pleasant enough for a young actress, who is fortunate enough to have won some public favor, to go sailing in a yacht on the Thames, on a summer day, with nice companions around her. She does not see her on a wet day in Newcastle, practising scales for an hour at a stretch, though her throat is half choked with the fog, in a dismal parlor with a piano out of tune, and with the prospect of having to go out through the wet to a rehearsal in a damp and draughty theatre with escaped gas added to the fog. That is very nice, isn't it?"

It almost seemed to him — so intense and eager was his involuntary sympathy — as though he himself were breathing fog and gas and the foul odors of an empty theatre. He went to the window and threw it open, and sat down there. The stars were no longer quivering white on the black surface of the water, for the moon had risen now in the south, and there was a soft glow all shining over the smooth Atlantic. Sharp and white was the light on the stone walls of Castle Dare, and on the gravelled path, and the rocks and the trees around; but far away it was a milder radiance that lay over the sea, and touched here and there the shores of Inch Kenneth and Ulva and Colonsay. It was a fair and peaceful night, with no sound of human unrest to break the sleep of the world. Sleep, solemn and profound, dwelt over the lonely islands — over Staffa, with her resounding caves, and Fladda, with her desolate rocks, and Iona, with her fairy-white sands, and the distant Dutchman, and Coll, and Tiree, all haunted by the wild sea-birds' cry; and a sleep as deep dwelt over the silent hills, far up under the cold light of the skies. Surely if any poor suffering heart was vexed by the contentions of crowded cities, here, if anywhere in the world, might rest and peace and loving solace be found. He sat dreaming there; he had half forgotten the letter.

He roused himself from his reverie, and returned to the light.

"And yet I would not complain of mere discomfort," she continued, "if that were all. People who have to work for their living must not be too particular. What pains me most of all is the effect that this sort of work is having on myself. You would not believe — and I am almost ashamed to confess — how I am worried by small and mean jealousies and anxieties, and how I am tortured by the expression of opinions which, all the same, I hold in contempt. I reason with myself to no purpose. It ought to be no concern of mine if some girl in a burlesque makes the house roar by the manner in which she walks up and down the stage, smoking a cigar; and yet I feel angry at the audience for applauding such stuff, and I wince when I see her praised in the papers. Oh, these papers! I have been making minute inquiries of late; and I find that the usual way in these towns is to let the young literary aspirant who has just joined the office, or the clever compositor who has been promoted to the subeditor's room, try his hand first of all at

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reviewing books, and then turn him on to dramatic and musical criticism! Occasionally a reporter, who has been round the police courts to get notes of the night charges, will drop into the theatre on his way to the office, and 'do a par.,' as they call it. Will you believe it possible that the things written of me by these persons — with their pretentious airs of criticism, and their gross ignorance cropping up at every point — have the power to vex and annoy me most terribly? I laugh at the time, but the phrase rankles in my memory all the same. One learned young man said of me the other day: 'It is really distressing to mark the want of unity in her artistic characterizations, when one regards the natural advantages that nature has heaped upon her with no sparing hand.' The natural advantages that nature has heaped upon me! 'And perhaps, also,' he went on to say, 'Miss White would do well to pay some little more attention before venturing on pronouncing the classic names of Greece. Iphigenia herself would not have answered to her name if she had heard it pronounced with the accent on the fourth syllable.'"

Macleod brought his fist down on the table with a bang.

"If I had that fellow," said he, aloud — "if I had that fellow, I should like to spin for a shark off Dubh Artach lighthouse." And here a most unholy vision rose before him of a new sort of sport — a sailing launch going about six knots an hour, a goodly rope at the stern with a huge hook through the gill of the luckless critic, a swivel to make him spin, and then a few smart trips up and down by the side of the lonely Dubh Artach rocks, where Mr. Ewing and his companions occasionally find a few sharks coming up to the surface to stare at them.

"Is it not too ridiculous that such things should vex me — that I should be so absolutely at the mercy of the opinion of people whose judgment I know to be absolutely valueless? I find the same thing all around me. I find a middle-aged man, who knows his work thoroughly, and has seen all the best actors of the past quarter of a century, will go about quite proudly with a scrap of approval from some newspaper, written by a young man who has never travelled beyond the suburbs of his native town, and has seen no acting beyond that of the local company. But there is another sort of critic — the veteran, the man who has worked hard on the paper and worn himself out, and who is turned off from politics, and pensioned by being allowed to display his imbecility in less important matters. Oh dear! what lessons he reads you! The solemnity of them! Don't you know that at the end of the second act the business of Mrs. So-and-So (some actress who died when George IV. was king) was this, that, or the other? — and how dare you, you impertinent minx, fly in the face of well-known stage traditions? I have been introduced lately to a specimen of both classes. I think the young man — he had beautiful long fair hair and a Byronic collar, and was a little nervous — fell in love with me, for he wrote a furious panegyric of me, and sent it next morning with a bouquet, and begged for my photograph. The elderly gentleman, on the other hand, gave me a great deal of good advice; but I subdued even him, for before he went away he spoke in a broken voice, and there were tears in his eyes, which papa said were owing to a variety of causes. It is ludicrous enough, no doubt, but it is also a little bit humiliating. I try to laugh the thing away, whether the opinion expressed about me is solemnly stupid or merely impertinent, but the vexation of it remains, and the chief vexation to me is that I should have so little command of myself, so little respect for myself, as to suffer myself to be vexed. But how can one help it? Public opinion is the very breath and life of a theatre and of every one connected with it; and you come to attach importance to the most foolish expression of opinion in the most obscure print.

"And so, my dear friend, I have had my grumble out — and made my confession too, for I should not like to let every one know how foolish I am about those petty vexations — and you will see that I have not forgotten what you said to me, and that further reflection and experience have only confirmed it. But I must warn you. Now that I have victimized you to this fearful extent, and liberated my mind, I feel much more comfortable. As I write there is a blue color coming into the windows that tells me the new day is coming. Would it surprise you if the new day brought a complete new set of feelings? I have begun to doubt whether I have got any opinions — whether, having to be so many different people in the course of a week, I have any clear notion as to what I myself am. One thing is certain, that I have been greatly vexed and worried of late by a succession of the merest trifles; and when I got your kind letter and present this evening, I suddenly thought, 'Now for a complete confession and protest.' I

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know you will forgive me for having victimized you, and that as soon as you have thrown this rambling epistle into the fire you will try to forget all the nonsense it contains, and will believe that I hope always to remain your friend,

"GERTRUDE WHITE."

His quick and warm sympathy refused to believe the half of this letter. It was only because she knew what was owing to the honor and self-respect of a true woman that she spoke in this tone of bitter and scornful depreciation of herself. It was clear that she was longing for the dignity and independence of a more natural way of life. And this revelation — that she was not, after all, banished forever into that cold region of art in which her father would fain keep her — somewhat bewildered him at first. The victim might be reclaimed from the altar and restored to the sphere of simple human affections, natural duties, and joy? And if he ——

Suddenly, and with a shock of delight that made his heart throb, he tried to picture this beautiful fair creature sitting over there in that very chair by the side of the fire, her head bent down over her sewing, the warm light of the lamp touching the tender curve of her cheek. And when she lifted her head to speak to him — and when her large and lambent eyes met his — surely Fionaghal, the fair poetess from strange lands, never spoke in softer tones than this other beautiful stranger, who was now his wife and his heart's companion. And now he would bid her lay aside her work, and he would get a white shawl for her, and like a ghost she would steal out with him into the moonlight air. And is there enough wind on this summer night to take them out from the sombre shore to the open plain of the sea? Look now, as the land recedes, at the high walls of Castle Dare, over the black cliffs, and against the stars. Far away they see the graveyard of Inch Kenneth, the stones pale in the moonlight. And what song will she sing now, that Ulva and Colonsay may awake and fancy that some mermaiden is singing to bewail her lost lover? The night is sad — and the song is sad — and then, somehow, he finds himself alone in this waste of water — and all the shores of the islands are silent and devoid of life — and there is only the echo of the sad singing in his ears ——

He jumps to his feet, for there is a knocking at the door. The gentle Cousin Janet enters, and hastily he thrusts that letter into his pocket, while his face blushes hotly.

"Where have you been, Keith?" she says, in her quiet, kindly way. "Auntie would like to say good-night to you now."

"I will come directly," said he.

"And now that Norman Ogilvie is away, Keith," said she, "you will take more rest about the shooting; for you have not been looking like yourself at all lately; and you know, Keith, when you are not well and happy, it is no one at all about Dare that is happy either. And that is why you will take care of yourself."

He glanced at her rather uneasily; but he said, in a light and careless way, —

"Oh, I have been well enough, Janet, except that I was not sleeping well one or two nights. And if you look after me like that, you will make me think I am a baby, and you will send me some warm flannels when I go up on the hills."

"It is too proud of your hardihood you are, Keith," said his cousin, with a smile. "But there never was a man of your family who would take any advice."

"I would take any advice from you, Janet," said he; and therewith he followed her to bid good-night to the silver-haired mother.

CHAPTER XIX.

A RESOLVE.

He slept but little that night, and early the next morning he was up and out and away by himself — paying but little heed to the rushing blue seas, and the white gulls, and the sunshine touching the far sands on the shores of Iona. He was in a fever of unrest. He knew not what to make of that letter; it might mean anything or nothing. Alternations of wild hopes and cold despair succeeded each other. Surely it was unusual for a girl so to reveal her innermost confidences to any one whom she considered a stranger? To him alone had she told this story of her private troubles. Was it not in effect asking for a sympathy which she could not hope for from any other? Was it not establishing a certain secret between them? Her own father did not know. Her sister was too young to be told. Friends like Mrs. Ross could not understand why this young and beautiful actress, the favorite of the public, could be dissatisfied with her lot. It was to him alone she had appealed.

And then again he read the letter. The very frankness of it made him fear. There was none of the shyness of a girl writing to one who might be her lover. She might have written thus to one of her

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school companions. He eagerly searched it for some phrase of tenderer meaning; but no — there was a careless abandonment about it, as if she had been talking without thinking of the person she addressed. She had even joked about a young man falling in love with her. It was a matter of perfect indifference to her. It was ludicrous, as the shape of the lad's collar was ludicrous, but of no more importance. And thus she receded from his imagination again, and became a thing apart — the white slave bound in those cruel chains that seemed to all but herself and him the badges of triumph.

Herself and him — the conjunction set his heart throbbing quickly. He eagerly bethought himself how this secret understanding could be strengthened if only he might see her and speak to her. He could tell by her eyes what she meant, whatever her words might be. *If only he could see her again:* all his wild hopes, and fears, and doubts — all his vague fancies and imaginings — began to narrow themselves down to this one point; and this immediate desire became all-consuming. He grew sick at heart when he looked round and considered how vain was the wish.

The gladness had gone from the face of Keith Macleod. Not many months before, any one would have imagined that the life of this handsome young fellow, whose strength and courage and high spirits seemed to render him insensible to any obstacle, had every thing in it that the mind of man could desire. He had a hundred interests and activities; he had youth and health and a comely presence; he was on good terms with everybody around him — for he had a smile and a cheerful word for each one he met, gentle or simple. All this gay, glad life seemed to have fled. The watchful Hamish was the first to notice that his master began to take less and less interest in the shooting and boating and fishing; and at times the old man was surprised and disturbed by an exhibition of querulous impatience that had certainly never before been one of Macleod's failings. Then his cousin Janet saw that he was silent and absorbed; and his mother inquired once or twice why he did not ask one or other of his neighbors to come over to Dare to have a day's shooting with him.

"I think you are finding the place lonely, Keith, now that Norman Ogilvie is gone," said she.

"Ah, mother," he said, with a laugh, "it is not Norman Ogilvie, it is London, that has poisoned my mind. I should never have gone to the south. I am hungering for the flesh-pots of Egypt already; and I am afraid some day I will have to come and ask you to let me go away again."

He spoke jestingly, and yet he was regarding his mother.

"I know it is not pleasant for a young man to be kept fretting at home," said she. "But it is not long now I will ask you to do that, Keith."

Of course this brief speech only drove him into more vigorous demonstration that he was not fretting at all; and for a time he seemed more engrossed than ever in all the occupations he had but recently abandoned. But whether he was on the hillside, or down in the glen, or out among the islands, or whether he was trying to satisfy the hunger of his heart with books long after every one in Castle Dare had gone to bed, he could not escape from this gnawing and torturing anxiety. It was no beautiful and gentle sentiment that possessed him — a pretty thing to dream about during a summer's morning — but, on the contrary, a burning fever of unrest, that left him peace nor day nor night. "Sudden love is followed by sudden hate," says the Gaelic proverb; but there had been no suddenness at all about this passion that had stealthily got hold of him; and he had ceased even to hope that it might abate or depart altogether. He had to "dree his weird." And when he read in books about the joy and delight that accompany the awakening of love — how the world suddenly becomes fair, and the very skies are bluer than their wont — he wondered whether he was different from other human beings. The joy and delight of love? He knew only a sick hunger of the heart and a continual and brooding despair.

One morning he was going along the cliffs, his only companion being the old black retriever, when suddenly he saw, far away below him, the figure of a lady. For a second his heart stood still at the sight of this stranger; for he knew it was neither the mother nor Janet; and she was coming along a bit of greensward from which, by dint of much climbing, she might have reached Castle Dare. But as he watched her he caught sight of some other figures, further below on the rocks. And then he perceived — as he saw her return with a handful of bell-heather — that this party had come from Iona, or Bunessan, or some such place, to explore one of the great caves on this coast, while this lady had wandered away from them in search of some wild flowers. By-and-by he saw the small boat, with its sprit-sail white in the

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sun, go away toward the south, and the lonely coast was left as lonely as before.

But ever after that he grew to wonder what Gertrude White, if ever she could be persuaded to visit his home, would think of this thing and of that thing — what flowers she would gather — whether she would listen to Hamish's stories of the fairies — whether she would be interested in her small countryman, Johnny Wickes, who was now in kilts, with his face and legs as brown as a berry — whether the favorable heavens would send her sunlight and blue skies, and the moonlight nights reveal to her the solemn glory of the sea and the lonely islands. Would she take his hand to steady herself in passing over the slippery rocks? What would she say if suddenly she saw above her — by the opening of a cloud — a stag standing high on a crag near the summit of Ben-an-Sloich? And what would the mother and Janet say to that singing of hers, if they were to hear her put all the tenderness of the low, sweet voice into "Wae's me for Prince Charlie?"

There was one secret nook that more than any other he associated with her presence; and thither he would go when this heart-sickness seemed too grievous to be borne. It was down in a glen beyond the fir wood; and here the ordinary desolation of this bleak coast ceased, for there were plenty of young larches on the sides of the glen, with a tall silver birch or two; while down in the hollow there were clumps of alders by the side of the brawling stream. And this dell that he sought was hidden away from sight, with the sun but partially breaking through the alders and rowans, and bespeckling the great gray bowlders by the side of the burn, many of which were covered by the softest of olive-green moss. Here, too, the brook, that had been broken just above by intercepting stones, swept clearly and limpidly over a bed of smooth rock; and in the golden-brown water the trout lay, and scarcely moved until some motion of his hand made them shoot up stream with a lightning speed. And then the wild flowers around — the purple ling and red bell-heather growing on the silver-gray rocks; a foxglove or two towering high above the golden-green breckans; the red star of a crane's-bill among the velvet moss. Even if she were overawed by the solitariness of the Atlantic and the gloom of the tall cliffs and their yawning caves, surely here would be a haven of peace and rest, with sunshine, and flowers, and the pleasant murmur of the stream. What did it say, then, as one sat and listened in the silence? When the fair poetess from strange lands came among the Macleods, did she seek out this still retreat, and listen, and listen, and listen, until she caught the music of this monotonous murmur, and sang it to her harp? And was it not all a song about the passing away of life, and how that summer days were for the young, and how the world was beautiful for lovers? "Oh, children!" it seemed to say, "why should you waste your lives in vain endeavor, while the winter is coming quick, and the black snowstorms, and a roaring of wind from the sea? Here I have flowers for you, and beautiful sunlight, and the peace of summer days. Time passes — time passes — time passes — and you are growing old. While as yet the heart is warm and the eye is bright, here are summer flowers for you, and a silence fit for the mingling of lovers' speech. If you listen not, I laugh at you and go my way. But the winter is coming fast."

Far away in these grimy towns, fighting with mean cares and petty jealousies, dissatisfied, despondent, careless as to the future, how could this message reach her to fill her heart with the singing of a bird? He dared not send it, at all events. But he wrote to her. And the bitter travail of the writing of that letter he long remembered. He was bound to give her his sympathy, and to make light as well as he could of those very evils which he had been the first to reveal to her. He tried to write in as frank and friendly a spirit as she had done; the letter was quite cheerful.

"Did you know," said he, "that once upon a time the chief of the Macleods married a fairy? And whether Macleod did not treat her well, or whether the fairy folk reclaimed her, or whether she grew tired of the place, I do not know quite; but, at all events, they were separated, and she went away to her own people. But before she went away she gave to Macleod a fairy banner — the *bratach sith* it is known as — and she told him that if ever he was in great peril, or had any great desire, he was to wave that flag, and whatever he desired would come to pass. But the virtue of the *bratach sith* would depart after it had been waved three times. Now the small green banner has been waved only twice; and now I believe it is still preserved in the Castle of Dunvegan, with power to work one more miracle on behalf of the Macleods. And if I had the fairy flag, do you know what I

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would do with it? I would take it in my hand, and say: '*I desire the fairy people to remove my friend Gertrude White from all the evil influences that disturb and distress her. I desire them to heal her wounded spirit, and secure for her everything that may tend to her lifelong happiness. And I desire that all the theatres in the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland — with all their musical instruments, lime-light, and painted scenes — may be taken and dropped into the ocean, midway between the islands of Ulva and Coll, so that the fairy folk may amuse themselves in them if they will so please.*' Would not that be a very nice form of incantation? We are very strong believers here in the power of one person to damage another in absence; and when you can kill a man by sticking pins into a waxen image of him — which everybody knows to be true — surely you ought to be able to help a friend, especially with the aid of the *bratach sith.* Imagine Covent Garden Theatre a hundred fathoms down in the deep sea, with mermaidens playing the brass instruments in the orchestra, and the fairy folk on the stage, and seals disporting themselves in the stalls, and guillemots shooting about the upper galleries in pursuit of fish. But we should get no peace from Iona. The fairies there are very pious people. They used to carry St. Columba about when he got tired. They would be sure to demand the shutting up of all the theatres, and the destruction of the brass instruments. And I don't see how we could reasonably object."

It was a cruel sort of jesting; but how otherwise than as a jest could he convey to her, an actress, his wish that all theatres were at the bottom of the sea? For a brief time that letter seemed to establish some link of communication between him and her. He followed it on its travels by sea and land. He thought of its reaching the house in which she dwelt — perhaps some plain and grimy building in a great manufacturing city, or perhaps a small quiet cottage up by Regent's Park, half hidden among the golden leaves of October. Might she not, moreover, after she had opened it and read it, be moved by some passing whim to answer it, though it demanded no answer? He waited for a week, and there was no word or message from the south. She was far away, and silent. And the hills grew lonelier than before, and the sickness of his heart increased.

This state of mind could not last. His longing and impatience and unrest became more than he could bear. It was in vain that he tried to satisfy his imaginative craving with these idle visions of her: it was she herself he must see; and he set about devising all manner of wild excuses for one last visit to the south. But the more he considered these various projects, the more ashamed he grew in thinking of his taking any one of them and placing it before the beautiful old dame who reigned in Castle Dare. He had barely been three months at home: how could he explain to her this sudden desire to go away again?

One morning his cousin Janet came to him.

"Oh, Keith!" said she, "the whole house is in commotion; and Hamish is for murdering some of the lads; and there is no one would dare to bring the news to you. The two young buzzards have escaped."

"I know it," he said. "I let them out myself."

"You!" she exclaimed, in surprise; for she knew the great interest he had shown in watching the habits of the young hawks, that had been captured by a shepherd lad.

"Yes. I let them out last night. It was a pity to have them caged up."

"So long as it was yourself, it is all right," she said; and then she was going away. But she paused, and turned, and said to him, with a smile, "And I think you should let yourself escape too, Keith, for it is you too that are caged up; and perhaps you feel it now more since you have been to London. And if you are thinking of your friends in London, why should you not go for another visit to the south before you settle down to the long winter?"

For an instant he regarded her with some fear. Had she guessed his secret? Had she been watching the outward signs of this constant torture he had been suffering? Had she surmised that the otter-skins about which he had asked her advice were not consigned to any one of the married ladies whose acquaintance he had made in the south, and of whom he had chatted freely enough in Castle Dare? Or was this merely a passing suggestion thrown out by one who was always on the lookout to do a kindness?

"Well, I would like to go, Janet," he said, but with no gladness in his voice; "and it is not more than a week or two I should like to be away; but I do not think the mother would like it; and it is enough money I have spent this year already —"

"There is no concern about the money, Keith," said she simply, "since you have

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not touched what I gave you. And if you are set upon it, you know auntie will agree to whatever you wish."

"But how can I explain to her? It is unreasonable to be going away."

How, indeed, could he explain? He was almost assuming that those gentle eyes now fixed on him could read his heart, and that she would come to aid him in his suffering without any further speech from him. And that was precisely what Janet Macleod did — whether or not she had guessed the cause of his desire to get away.

"If you were a schoolboy, Keith, you would be cleverer at making an excuse for playing truant," she said, laughing. "And I could make one for you now."

"You?"

"I will not call it an excuse, Keith," she said, "because I think you would be doing a good work; and I will bear the expense of it, if you please."

He looked more puzzled than ever.

"When we were at Salem yesterday I saw Major Stuart, and he has just come back from Dunrobin. And he was saying very great things about the machine for the drying of crops in wet weather, and he said he would like to go to England to see the newer ones and all the later improvements, if there was a chance of any one about here going shares with him. And it would not be very much, Keith, if you were to share with him; and the machine it can be moved about very well; and in the bad weather you could give the cotters some help, to say nothing about our own hay and corn. And that is what Major Stuart was saying yesterday, that if there was any place that you wanted a drying-machine for the crops it was in Mull."

"I have been thinking of it myself," he said absently, "but our farm is too small to make it pay —— "

"But if Major Stuart will take half the expense? And even if you lost a little, Keith, you would save a great deal to the poorer people, who are continually losing their little patches of crops. And will you go and be my agent, Keith, to go and see whether it is practicable?"

"They will not thank you, Janet, for letting them have this help for nothing."

"They shall not have it for nothing," said she — for she had plenty of experience in dealing with the poorer folk around — "they must pay for the fuel that is used. And now, Keith, if it is a holiday you want, will not that be a very good holiday, and one to be used for a very good purpose, too?"

She left him. Where was the eager joy with which he ought to have accepted this offer? Here was the very means placed within his reach of satisfying the craving desire of his heart; and yet, all the same, he seemed to shrink back with a vague and undefined dread. A thousand impalpable fears and doubts beset his mind. He had grown timid as a woman. The old happy audacity had been destroyed by sleepless nights and a torturing anxiety. It was a new thing for Keith Macleod to have become a prey to strange unintelligible forebodings.

But he went and saw Major Stuart — a round, red, jolly little man, with white hair and a cheerful smile, who had a sombre and melancholy wife. Major Stuart received Macleod's offer with great gravity. It was a matter of business that demanded serious consideration. He had worked out the whole system of drying crops with hot air as it was shown him in pamphlets, reports, and agricultural journals, and he had come to the conclusion that — on paper at least — it could be made to pay. What was wanted was to give the thing a practical trial. If the system was sound, surely any one who helped to introduce it into the western Highlands was doing a very good work indeed. And there was nothing but personal inspection could decide on the various merits of the latest improvements.

This was what he said before his wife one night at dinner. But when the ladies had left the room, the little stout major suddenly put up both his hands, snapped his thumb and middle finger, and very cleverly executed one or two reel steps.

"By George! my boy," said he, with a ferocious grin on his face, "I think we will have a little frolic — a little frolic — a little frolic! You were never shut up in a house for six months with a woman like my wife, were you, Macleod? You were never reminded of your coffin every morning, were you? Macleod, my boy, I am just mad to get after those drying-machines!"

And indeed Macleod could not have had a merrier companion to go South with him than this rubicund major just escaped from the thraldom of his wife. But it was with no such high spirits that Macleod set out. Perhaps it was only the want of sleep that had rendered him nerveless and morbid; but he felt as he left Castle Dare that there was a lie in his actions, if not in his words. And as for the future that lay before him, it was a region only of doubt, and vague regrets, and unknown fears; and he was entering upon it without any glimpse of light, and without the guidance of any friendly hand.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

FROM THE QUIRINAL TO THE VATICAN.

FROM the Quirinal to the Vatican, from the death-bed of the *Rè Galantuomo*, the first king of United Italy, to the death-bed of Pius IX., the last *Papa Rè* of Rome, the transition has been most startling and most sudden. In all the circumstances associated with these close coincidences of royal and papal deaths, Italy may well feel justified if she once more gratefully recognizes the influence of the benignant star which was believed to have so often shed its light on the fortunes of the nation. The *Rè Galantuomo*, so singularly fortunate in all the events of his life, was not less fortunate in the place and time of his unlooked-for death. An interest of a very different character would have attended the close of his life had it occurred at his Piedmontese villa of La Mandria. There would not, there could not, have been found there, the assemblage of domestic, political, and religious associations which imparted so varied and, in some respects, so important an interest to the last sad farewell taken, to the last solemn blessings given, in the little chamber on the ground-floor of the Quirinal; nor was the *Rè Galantuomo* less fortunate in the time of his departure. Had he died only two months earlier, the prospect of a possible embarrassment in Italian affairs arising from his decease might have lent fresh vigor to the Ultramontane conspirators who were then holding Marshal Macmahon in their toils. But his death, so closely preceding that of Pius IX., furnished the occasion for rekindling in the mind of the aged pontiff all the more generous feelings towards the house of Savoy and the Italian people, by which the commencement of his pontificate had been marked, and paved the way for a better understanding, if not for a complete reconciliation, between the new pope and the new king.

A German commentator on Machiavelli, when expanding and illustrating that passage of "The Prince" in which the Florentine secretary has set forth how completely all the calculations of Cæsar Borgia were overturned by the sudden death of his father, Pope Alexander VI., has observed that, strange as it may seem, the one element in all human combinations which is most certain and unavoidable — the element of mortality — is the one most generally overlooked. The remark, however, did not hold good in the case of Pius IX., for it would be difficult to discover amongst the illustrious and august personages of the nineteenth century another individual whose decease, whether proximate or remote, has been made the theme of so much speculation, and who, before closing his eyes, has been in an equal degree a party to the discounting of all the political and religious contingencies which his end might bring about. Given up again and agaih by his physicians, it was his lot to belie all their predictions, until they at last ceased to foretell his approaching death; and then, when they had all agreed that he might live yet two or three years, he put their science and their art once more to scorn, and died when every man in the Vatican believed in the further prolongation of his life. The strange medley of inconsistencies and contradictions by which his character and career were marked revealed itself even in this last phase of his existence; and just as the most fitful and capricious, the most spasmodic and impulsive of human beings had favored the world with the proclamation of his personal infallibility, the frail mortal whose uncertain health was in youth the chief cause of his exchanging the profession of arms for that of the Church, lived on with all his physical infirmities to the age of eighty-five, in his constant illnesses and constant recoveries almost suggesting the idea of the milk-white and immortal hind, "still doomed to death, yet fated not to die." Shortly after the Italian occupation of Rome at the close of 1870, when the animosity between the representatives of the Italian government and the occupants of the Vatican was at its height, there appeared in the windows of all the Roman print-sellers a photograph representing Pope Pius IX. and King Victor Emanuel arm-in-arm, both smiling most pleasantly, and apparently on the very best possible terms. During the seven years that elapsed from its first appearance until the death of both pope and king, the photograph steadily maintained its place as one of the most popular and profitable articles of the photographic trade, nor did its sale appear to be in the least degree affected by the violent language of the papal briefs and speeches denouncing the Savoyard usurper, or the equally violent declamations in the Italian Parliament and press against the clerical foes of liberty. It seemed as if a certain shrewd and sound instinct had taught the people that in the midst of all this war of words much latent good feeling existed towards each other in the hearts of the sovereign and the pontiff, or at any rate that if no such good feeling existed it ought to exist,

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and that its existence would promote the best interests of the Italian State and the Catholic Church. The much-talked-of but never-realized conciliation held its place in the minds of the people far more surely than it entered into the calculations of the statesmen or the churchmen; and the popular instinct in this case, as it is in so many others, was a better political guide than the hesitating and distrustful counsels of the cabinet or the curia. The conciliation came at last, and came in a manner so unexpected and amidst circumstances so touching that men could not but regard it as brought about by the interposition of a higher power, and designed to illustrate far higher truths than those bound up with the alternate successes of liberal and clerical opponents, or even with the triumphs of a national and Ultramontane warfare. Pius IX. had never ceased during the whole course of his life to be an Italian patriot; during the earlier period of his life he had been a sincere reformer, and at one epoch it is no exaggeration to say an Italian revolutionist. If his revolutionary period was not of long duration it was at any rate so strongly marked that the early friends who then shared his hopes and aspirations would never consent to look upon him in after life in any other character, and some of them even set up a theory as to his relation to the Church much akin to that once in favor as to Sunderland's relations with our James II. That was simply absurd, and it would be throwing away time to exhibit the evident proofs of its absurdity, and to show that however mistaken in his means Pius IX. had ever during his pontificate the same end in view — the welfare of the Roman Catholic Church.

As a reformer his tendencies were not disclosed for the first time on his elevation to the papal throne. There exists, and in all probability will soon be published, an extensive correspondence which Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti, when Bishop of Imola, held with the chief political authorities in Rome, and in which the future pope seeks to impress on the leading persons of the government the necessity of adopting a number of most important reforms, of which some are as much wanted at the present day as when Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti penned the letters alluded to. To give an example, he implores the papal government to make such arrangements with some foreign state as may place at its command a remote island for the sole objects of a penal colony, declaring that all the attempts to deal with brigandage and with the like crimes in the papal state will prove fruitless, unless the criminals shall for a term of years, or if required, during the whole of their lives, be completely separated by a distant ocean from the rest of the population. There is every reason to believe,— it is but justice to the present Italian government to make the statement — that the actual rulers of the Italian kingdom have an equal conviction of the same truth, and that if full effect has not been given to it the fault lies much more in the jealousy of foreign powers than in the diplomatic action of Italy itself. Pius IX. was a reformer, both from the principles which made him desire a better state of things, and from the kindly feeling which made him desire an increased amount of happiness amongst all around him. But it happened with him as with the emperor Napoleon III., that he often felt most keenly, and in consequence of this feeling promoted most readily, the happiness of the individuals with whom he was brought into immediate contact; and their personal gratification was but too often in direct antagonism with the happiness of the great masses of subjects intrusted to their rule. The more honest advisers of Napoleon III. were so well acquainted with this dangerous weakness in the character of their sovereign, that when they proposed to him any great administrative reform, they not unfrequently made it a regular stipulation that he should not consent to grant personal interviews to the parties whose interests would be wounded. That official adviser of Pius IX. whom it would be unsafe to rank amongst the more honest of his class, his cardinal secretary of state, Antonelli, was so well acquainted with the same peculiarities in the character of the pontiff, that his constant and, as it proved, perfectly successful aim was to shut out Pius IX. as much as possible from all intercourse with all persons excepting those who were subservient to the cardinal's own aims, whose interests were identified with his own, and whose happiness was not likely to be much affected by any sympathy felt or efforts made by them for objects of general and public welfare. Much has been said during the last seven years of the imprisonment in the Vatican of Pius IX. The matchless effrontery with which, in Belgium, France, and the Rhine provinces, circulation was given, with the full knowledge and sanction of the Catholic hierarchy, to the legend respecting Pius IX.'s alleged captivity, and the constant and public sale in those countries of straws taken from the august prisoner's

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pallet, and of photographs representing him behind prison bars, throw a striking light on the reckless character of Ultramontane ethics. The Ultramontane prelates, who during their annual visits to the Vatican had the constant opportunity of seeing Pius IX. surrounded by all the old Byzantine splendor of his court, who knew that all his movements were as free as those of their own sovereigns, must have performed a very curious mental process when they succeeded in reasoning themselves into the belief that the constant and daily representation in their presence of that enormous lie was a matter calling for no protest or no rebuke. It must be presumed that they had accepted and acted on the principle set forth with such clearness by Loyola in his "Rules," that if any object seem to the devout believer white, and the Church tells him it is black, his unhesitating duty is to regard and pronounce it black, in accordance with the decision of his spiritual guides. When the story of his reign shall be faithfully and fully written, more prominence will be given to the involuntary imprisonment which, during twenty-eight years, he endured at the hands of his cardinal secretary of state; or, what amounts nearly to the same thing, to the strong, though subtle, network of precautions by which the Richelieu of the papacy made his Louis XIII. his helpless and unresisting tool. And when the same story shall be narrated in all its details, prominence will likewise be given to the fact that at one period of his reign — in the summer months of 1860, immediately preceding the severance of Umbria and the Marches from the papal dominions — a constant watch was kept over all the movements of Pope Pius IX. by the agents of the French police then employed in Rome, for the purpose of impeding any attempt which it was then believed he wished to make to escape to Austria or Spain, — an event which, had it occurred, would have robbed France of the right to exhibit herself to the whole Catholic world as the guardian of papal independence. When that history shall be faithfully and fitly told, justice will be done to Cardinal Antonelli, and if it should prove difficult highly to extol his merits, the amount of his demerits will certainly be lessened. He did many mischievous things. But he held with Fielding's predatory hero that mischief was a thing much too precious to be wasted, and that it should only be employed in exact proportion to the special end which it is intended to secure. Cardinal Antonelli's especial end was to heap up wealth in the coffers, to concentrate power in the hands, and to place fair women at the disposal, of Cardinal Antonelli, and he scrupulously and conscientiously abstained from the commission of any evil-doing which was not directly and immediately subservient to the main purposes of his life.

The real difficulties of Cardinal Antonelli's task can only be understood when they are viewed in connection with the personal character of the pope-king whom he served. Some idea may be formed of the trouble involved, and the care required in the management of Pius IX. from the details, not generally known, of his demeanor on the night when, after the assassination of Rossi, he quitted the Quirinal in disguise for Gaeta. The chroniclers of that event have mentioned that his immediate determination was prompted by the sudden advice of a French ecclesiastic which he regarded in the light of a providential warning. But these chroniclers have passed over in silence the following facts. When all was ready for the departure, the trusted persons who had made the necessary arrangements brought, as the chief part in these arrangements, the disguise — the layman's dress, the wig, the beard, and the green spectacles which the pope was to put on. He at once declared that he could not with a due regard to his present dignity be a party to such mumming. Point by point was then contested, and at a time when every moment was precious he was brought only by degrees to accept first the dress, then the wig, next the green spectacles, and last, after a hard struggle, the beard. Then he was conducted through the several rooms of the Quirinal, which were opened by a master key. At one of the last doors the key refused to do its work, and Pius IX. at once declared that this was an intimation from Heaven which decreed that he ought to remain in the Quirinal and be a martyr. The vacillation or oscillation of his character was however even less embarrassing than his personal piques. A good deal has been said of late on the attitude of the Jesuit father Curci towards the Vatican, and of the harsh treatment which he experienced at the hands of Pius IX. The true relation between the late pope and the Jesuit fathers will be better understood when it is known that Father Curci had been strongly urged by Pius IX. to write the history of his life and reign, that the Jesuit refused, and allowed it but too clearly to be understood that the reason of his refusal was the dislike to undertake a

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biographical whitewashing of Giovanni Mastai-Ferretti. The pope never forgave him. Such were some of the most prominent and familiar features in the character of the pope-king whom Cardinal Antonelli so long served — it would be more correct to say over whom he so long ruled — as secretary of state.

The best tribute to the memory of Cardinal Antonelli is the frightful state of anarchy into which the Vatican was thrown immediately after his death, and which it continued to present until the moment of Pius IX's decease. The mind of the poor old pope was eternally tossed to and fro in a perfect tempest of accusations, recriminations, calumnies, inuendoes, raised up around him by the fury of rival factions, so that it is scarcely too much to say that whatever may be the degree of papal command over the purgatory of another world, it did not during the last fifteen months of Pius IX.'s sojourn in this world exempt him from the experience of something greatly resembling a purgatory here. The meeting of the Swiss Guards, so soon after the present pope's succession, deserves to be regarded, not so much in the light of a regular Ultramontane conspiracy organized against Leo XIII., as in that of the natural crown and climax of the general confusion in which the new pope found the whole Vatican plunged when he formally took possession of its halls. It is probable that this state of matters had not a little to do with hastening the decision of the conclave, for the Sacred College had to take into account not merely the importance of exhibiting to the Catholic world the spectacle of early and united counsel, it had also to face the present and pressing necessity of bringing something like order into the precincts of the Vatican.

The election of Cardinal Joachim Pecci to the highest dignity in the Roman Catholic Church was chiefly, if not wholly, due to the reaction provoked amongst the Italian cardinals against the violent Ultramontane agitation by which the Catholic world has been long convulsed. That reaction assumed two widely distinct forms — one on the part of nearly a half of the Sacred College to let the relations between the Vatican and the Italian government remain for the moment on pretty much the same footing as they have exhibited since 1870, in other words, to continue protesting against the Italian aggression, but not to push the antagonism much further than a mere protest; whilst with another section of the cardinals this modified hostility would have been exchanged for an open and direct conciliation. Cardinal Pecci himself belonged to the former group, and may indeed be regarded as the most faithful representative of its views. During his civil and ecclesiastical career as governor of the papal provinces of Benevento and Perugia, as nuncio at the court of Brussels from 1843 to 1846, and finally as Archbishop of Perugia, and from the last-named date until his elevation to the tiara, he furnished ample opportunities to the infinite variety of persons with whom he came in contact for correctly estimating his character, and the general estimate thus formed is beyond all question highly favorable. The anecdotes which have been lately published respecting his singular vigor in the administration of Benevento are declared by persons then living in that province to possess a somewhat apocryphal character. But it is certain that he brought from the court of Leopold I. — or perhaps it would be more correct to say that he developed and strengthened at that court — a more than common degree of diplomatic *finesse*, the habit of tolerating political and religious differences, the talent and tact by which statesmen or churchmen placed by their office amongst hostile and contending parties contrive to keep on good terms with foes as well as friends, and even inspire the antagonists whom they must combat or curb with the belief that as regards the enemy with whom they have to deal they might go further and fare much worse. The position in 1846 either of a civil governor or an archbishop in the third city of the papal dominions gave to its holder the means, if he possessed the tastes, of not only exhibiting aptness in the discharge of his official duties, but also of indulging in many social courtesies and hospitalities; and Perugia abounds in pleasant and grateful memories of the social gatherings and genial hospitality during the early part of Cardinal Pecci's official and episcopal rule. Of his alleged vein for poetry it might perhaps be safe to believe that his verses were probably much admired by his vicar-general, chaplains, and secretary; but there is no evidence of his ever having, like old Pope Urban VIII., inflicted his own sonnets without mercy on the persons who sought an audience on matters of public business. His interest in the fine arts is much more positively attested by his care for the preservation of the glorious artistic monuments in which Perugia abounds, and even by the expense, considerable for his means, which he personally incurred in the work of restoring the

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cathedral, whatever the taste may be with which those restorations were carried out. But the opening years of the archbishop's sway were marked by events of a far more exciting character than these.

The creative genius of Italy was all concentrated in a task far nobler than any efforts of plastic or pictorial art — it labored to build up a structure more imposing than the cathedral of Milan, and towering aloft more proudly than St. Peter's dome itself. One of the chief masters in this national undertaking, Vincenzo Gioberti, was the personal friend of Monsignor Pecci, and the patriots of Perugia felt pleasure and pride at the arrival in their city of the author of the "*Primato;*" and the fact that during his stay amongst them he was the honored guest of their bishop, naturally served to increase the esteem in which they held their ecclesiastical ruler. At length the war of 1848 broke out, and the band of patriotic Perugians which left the city of the Apennines for the plains of Lombardy included in its ranks some even of the clerical teachers in the episcopal seminary. Then all Italian patriots learned with dismay that the same pontiff who had blessed the first movements of the Italian revolution had just as openly denounced that revolution when it assumed the natural and quite inevitable character of a national war. Straightway archbishops and bishops, taking their cue from the Vatican, discovered that Italian nationality had its heterodox aspect, and that Gioberti's "*Primato*" contained certain propositions fit only to be put in the Index. The Archbishop of Perugia was not less susceptible of enlightenment from on high than his episcopal colleagues; but it is only common justice to add that he did not, like so many of their number, treat with contempt and rigor the Liberals of his diocese, on whose patriotic efforts he had so lately smiled. The learned professors of his episcopal seminary, Adamo Rossi and Marchesi, were exposed, on their return from the Lombard campaign, to no annoyance for the part which they had taken in the same, and the archbishop, who not long afterwards was raised to the rank of cardinal, often did acts of kindness — very cautiously and almost secretly, it is true, but still he did them — to the more enthusiastic and uncompromising members of the Liberal party, who from the known character of their political opinions were the especial objects of suspicion and vigilance to the papal police. The social life of the Umbrian capital soon reflected but too faithfully the elements of political discord; and from the force of circumstances, much more than from any change in his personal tastes, the archbishop no longer did the honors of the city as in the days when he first assumed its civil and episcopal government, until his mode of life became at length one, if not altogether of seclusion, certainly of extreme retirement and comparative privacy. Of his occasional visits to Rome, and his personal relations with the Vatican, people only heard from time to time that whenever his official duties summoned him to the papal capital, the cardinal secretary of state, Antonelli, exhibited a degree of uneasiness, which did not leave the mind of his Eminence until the moment that Archbishop Pecci again left Rome for Perugia.

In 1859 the character, firmness, and tact of Cardinal Pecci were subjected to a fresh ordeal. As one of the first consequences of the war waged by France and Italy against Austria, the subjects of the pope at Perugia rose in arms against the Vatican, as they had done in so many other cities of the papal territory, drove its representatives out of their walls, and established a provisional government. The inhabitants had fondly hoped that their rising would receive at the hands of the French emperor the same connivance if not open countenance, which he had given to the insurrectionary movement in the Legations; but they were cruelly undeceived when, unopposed by either French or Italian troops, the papal soldiers retook the city and signalized the recapture by acts of wanton cruelty and bloodshed. From that moment the position of the cardinal-archbishop became about as difficult and delicate as it is possible to conceive, placed as he was between a government reimposed, amidst most sanguinary scenes, on a hostile population, and a population thirsting for a fresh opportunity to throw off the yoke.

That opportunity was furnished in the autumn of the following year, when, by the rout of Lamoricière's motley host at Castel-Fidardo, the papal army was destroyed, and Umbria and the Marches, liberated by the presence of Fanti's and Cialdini's troops, became, after an almost unanimous vote of the people, incorporated with the other dominions of King Victor Emanuel. Cardinal-archbishop Pecci now reaped the fruits of the personal good-feeling which he had exhibited towards the oppressed members of the Liberal party during the period from 1849 to 1860. Men felt grateful for all the

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good he had done without too closely calculating its amount, for they could not refrain from bearing in mind all the evil which it was in his power to have performed. His pastoral letters spoke indeed like other pastoral letters of the heavy afflictions which had fallen on the Church through the assaults and impiety of the wicked; but "the wicked," as directly and personally represented by the prefects Commendatore Gadda and Marquis Tanari, or the mayors Evelyn Waddington and Count Reginald Asidei, always found that the views of the cardinal as to the expediency of removing a troublesome parish priest, or making some change in cathedral or other ecclesiastical buildings, did not, after all, differ widely from their own. And in the cabinet of the minister of the interior at Turin or Florence, when Signor Peruzzi or Count Cantelli had occasion to speak of the Italian bishops in their friendly or hostile relations to the State, the minister would frequently express the opinion that if all prelates acted after the fashion of Cardinal Pecci of Perugia, the collisions between government and clergy would neither be very frequent nor very alarming. It would be a great mistake, however, to infer from these or similar facts that the training of the young ecclesiastics in the diocese was marked by a much more liberal character than in other places; the priests who received their training in the seminary of Perugia came forth from the establishment not much more friendly to civil government, to lay independence, and to Italian unity than the great body of their colleagues, whilst it was equally a matter of observation that the young men who, after pursuing their studies there, renounced the idea of taking orders, and entered the ordinary walks of civil life, distinguished themselves by an unusual amount of red-hot radicalism, as if the natural reaction from the tone of their clerical teaching had driven them into the opposite extreme. But there was no lack of ecclesiastical law, lore, and controversial acuteness amongst the clergy more directly dependent on and associated with the bishop. The vicar-general Laurenzi is a Church lawyer of the highest order; and the conductors of the local organ specially devoted to the advocacy of Church interests, *Il Paese*, may be honorably contrasted with many other periodicals of the same color for the temper, talent, and tact of its controversial writing.

Such were the chief administrative and political antecedents of the churchman whose name had, for some years past, been often in men's mouths as that of a probable successor of Pius IX. He was believed to be an object of much dislike to the Jesuits. It was rumored that the knowledge possessed at Berlin of his conciliatory character and habits had made his possible election to the papacy a matter of deep interest in the chancellery of the German empire. It was well known that he had been constantly kept at a distance from Rome by the jealousy of Cardinal Antonelli; and when Pius IX., just six months before his death, conferred on him the rank of cardinal camerlengo, the appointment was regarded not so much in the light of a high dignity, spontaneously bestowed by the pontiff, as of an obstacle artfully placed by Ultramontane influence in the way of Cardinal Pecci's elevation to the tiara. But the duties devolving on the cardinal camerlengo, as interim pope, though imparting plausibility to a common belief that he was not likely to be elected, never led to the enactment of any possible legal disqualification, whilst the opportunities which they furnished to Cardinal Pecci of bringing out into greater relief the personal characteristics which would fit him for the office may have, it is surely not unreasonable to assume, contributed in a considerable degree to his success. It would be the height of rashness, at so early a stage of his pontifical career, to venture on any positive and sweeping prediction of what the course of that pontificate is likely to be. Leo XIII. has been chosen as the representative of that large majority of the members of the Sacred College which is desirous of maintaining an attitude, if not of direct amity and conciliation, at least of an extremely mild and modified antagonism, towards the kingdom of Italy and other civil governments. But he has to deal with a minority in the Sacred College, and that minority is of a restless, turbulent, daring, and not unfrequently unscrupulous character. The pope has a persuadable, pliable — one might even say, if the word could be fittingly applied to so august a personage, that he has a squeezable — side in his character. It is not more certain that the Tiber flows into the Mediterranean and that the Apennine forests will shed their leaves in the autumn, than that every form of Ultramontane and Jesuit pressure will be brought to bear on the will of Joachim Pecci to render him, if possible, the mere instrument of an Ultramontane policy.

The chances of success may in part be estimated by the foregoing account of the

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pontiff's past career. If I have succeeded in faithfully conveying to the reader my own impressions and convictions, he will be prepared to expect in the acts of Pope Leo XIII. an attitude not greatly dissimilar from that maintained during thirty-two years by the cardinal-bishop of Perugia. The attempt to stand well with rival and contending parties, the not unnatural ambition to make a great figure in the world, if the course of events shall permit him to do so; the habit of maintaining a dignified reserve, when such reserve clearly suggests itself as the most expedient line; in a word, a marked unwillingness to compromise the great interests of which he is the guardian by any inconsiderate step in one direction or another, — are characteristics which he has often showed, and which are likely to be still displayed. The resolution and energy revealed in his first acts, chiefly in the clearing away of abuses in the internal arrangements of the Vatican, must not be overrated, nor accepted as sure indications that an equal amount of firmness will be always displayed in the general government of the Catholic Church. The position of the new pope is not altogether enviable. He is surrounded on all sides by snares and pitfalls; and it required all his instinctive caution to avoid the Ultramontane trap set for him in the proposal to have the coronation ceremony performed publicly in St. Peter's, where, if the plans of the intriguers had proved successful, the accession of the new pope-king would have called forth a clamorous demonstration in favor of pope-kingship, certain, and intended to provoke, a counter-demonstration in favor of Italian unity, and thus to furnish an opportunity of representing to all foreign powers the untenable position of the new pope in Rome. The action of the pontiff in his relations with foreign powers must of course be much affected and modified by the personal qualities and political antecedents of his cardinal secretary of state; and not the least of the embarrassments encountering Leo XIII. has been the difficulty of finding in the Sacred College an individual who combines the political and religious attributes wanting for such a post. One Eminence is too much disliked, another much too popular in Rome; one is well-versed in the traditions of the curia, but has no experience of foreign policy; a very able and generally esteemed cardinal appears to unite in his person all requisites for the office, but alas! he is found to be deficient in one, — the power of communicating by speech his ideas with common clearness, not to say ease and fluency; whilst another member of the supreme council of the Church is shrewd, witty, almost as well versed in the combinations of European politics as Prince Gortchakoff, but suggests the doubt whether the dignity and decorum of the Holy See will be promoted by a statesmanship which, if it should recall the *finesse* of Mazarin, may not improbably suggest the morals of Dubois.

It would appear that the appointment of Cardinal Franchi to the post of cardinal-secretary presented itself to the mind of the pontiff as the best means of bringing to a close the many embarrassing questions connected with the choice. The persons who are believed to have the best opportunities of estimating Cardinal Franchi's character from his past career, and of anticipating from the same his probable action as secretary of state, feel no little difficulty in forming any definite conclusion. It was not expected that he would, under any circumstances, accept the post. That he should have been a candidate for the papacy was natural enough, and equally natural that he should look forward to the chances of better success in another conclave, for Pope Leo XIII. is on the verge of threescore and ten, and Cardinal Franchi a much younger man. The post of cardinal secretary of state has always been regarded as disqualifying its holder for the office of future pontiff in a degree far beyond that of cardinal camerlengo, so that Cardinal Franchi, in accepting the office, may be held to have virtually abandoned all hope of ever wearing the tiara. Then the post of prefect of the propaganda is held for life, whilst that of cardinal-secretary is dependent on the pope's pleasure. A large income, with immense patronage and influence, is attached to the first, whilst the second no longer possesses, as it did when the papacy was a temporal power, corresponding advantages; it seemed therefore most unlikely that Cardinal Franchi would exchange his high dignity of prefect of the propaganda for one in which he would be removable at pleasure. But Cardinal Franchi, defeated in the attempt to secure the tiara, has thrown himself heart and soul into the contest for the secretaryship of state, and has at last succeeded in ousting from the post Cardinal Simeoni, by whom it had been held since Cardinal Antonelli's death, and whom Leo XIII. appeared for some time not unwilling to retain. What objects may Cardinal Franchi be presumed to have in view in this eager desire to wield, if not all the influence belonging to a pope,

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at least all that of a cardinal-secretary? The objects are, beyond all question, much more of a political than of a religious character. They may indeed be assumed to possess a directly personal character, in this sense, that Cardinal Franchi has ever been desirous of playing a conspicuous part on the great stage of Roman Catholic politics. Cardinal Franchi, even though holding the office of prefect of the propaganda, is not commonly believed to trouble his head much about the conversion of the heathen. It may fairly be questioned whether the elevation of morality and religion in any of the states of the Old or the New World much engrosses his thoughts. But in all the annals of the Church it would perhaps be difficult to find a man who, by inclination, character, and habit, has been more completely at home in the region of political intrigue than Cardinal Franchi has constantly shown himself to be since his first entrance into public life. I have spoken of his "character," but the real character of Cardinal Franchi would be more difficult to define and to describe than that of Cardinal Antonelli. Jonathan Edwards has observed of a certain class of men that their character reminds you of nothing so much as of the successive skins of an onion. You may fancy, if you have never examined it, that there is some tough kernel in the centre, but you peel off one coat, and then a second, and then a third, and so on, until with the last coat the entire onion has been peeled away. In Cardinal Franchi you remove the upper skins of the *abbé galant* and *petit maître*, who, had he figured at the Versailles of the seventeenth century, would have exchanged witty scandal in the recess of the *œil-de-bœuf*, and might even have furnished matter for witty scandal at other courts; then you come to the skin of the keen-witted and astute diplomatist, ever ready to turn the weaknesses or wants of the court to which he is accredited to the advantage of his own sovereign or himself; the next coating reveals a politician apparently of enlarged and liberal views, professing to understand and act in harmony with the intellectual and social requirements of his time; but you must not trust too much to appearances, for you may find in the last skin that liberal appearances are but appearances after all, and serve only to mark the aims of an ambitious churchman, and the ends of an all-absorbing and despotic Church. With Cardinal Franchi as secretary of state, we may feel pretty confident that the influence of the papacy as a political power, and of Italy in so far as reflecting or strengthening the influence of the papacy, will be brought to bear not only on the Eastern question, but on all other questions of international interest, with a subtlety and an energy which Cardinal Antonelli's statesmanship, even in its most vigorous days, was unable to exhibit. A man so eminently a politician must beyond all doubt have had some political aim greatly at heart in his intense eagerness to secure the secretaryship of state. That eagerness reminds one of nothing so much as of Cardinal Antonelli's resolve that nothing — not even death itself — should be able to suggest to the diplomatists accredited to the Vatican the imminent danger of his power passing away. Almost the last act of Cardinal Antonelli's life was grimly characteristic. The very day before his death he was informed that Baron Baude, then newly accredited, desired an interview, after presenting his credentials to the pope. Cardinal Antonelli was almost at his last gasp; but he got himself dressed with the greatest care, and, propped up on cushions, called for, and drank off, about half a bottle of brandy before receiving the French diplomatist. By the help of this alcoholic auxiliary, he appeared as brilliant, witty, shrewd, and pleasantly sarcastic as he had ever been when in perfect good health. In short, he produced on Baron Baude the precise impression which he intended to convey; for the French minister, just after the interview, assured a friend that the stories about the dangerous state of Antonelli's health were all mere nonsense.

The problems with which the new pope has at once to deal are greatly different from those which engaged the attention of Pius IX. on his elevation to the papal throne thirty-two years ago. The actual change in the relations of the Vatican to all civil governments, and more especially to that of the kingdom of Italy, is much less important than the change in its relations to public opinion and to free inquiry. The facts that Italy now possesses a constitutional government, and that its various provinces have been united into a single state, have by no means so momentous a bearing on the present condition and future prospects of the entire papal hierarchy, as the fact that in every Italian town and village every imaginable question as to the respective duties and powers of Church and State is the theme of full and free discussion. The pope and the Sacred College must now, in a degree never

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before experienced by popes and cardinals, take into account the daily shifting shades of political and religious opinion, as visible not merely in Rome itself, but in the other great political and social centres of the Italian state. The same remark holds good, though not to the same extent, respecting the position in which the Catholic Church now finds itself throughout the Austro-Hungarian empire, and in those districts of Catholic Germany where, thirty-two years ago, the press was not yet unfettered. During the last six months, but more especially during the last two months, the Italian press has been teeming with articles on the question whether, as the first condition of real Italian progress, it is not desirable to promote a general awakening of religious opinion. What the writers of these articles mean by a general awakening of religious opinion in Italy is not always easy to understand, though one fact is clear — that the writers in question have very imperfectly realized in their own minds the vast magnitude of all the issues involved in such a movement. They have not attempted to weigh its difficulties in opposition to the Church, its still greater difficulties if originating within the Church itself, the almost total want of the human instruments fitly qualified for its direction, and the utter unpreparedness, through previous mental and moral training, of the millions whom it is proposed religiously to instruct and elevate. These considerations, however, do not render less suggestive the fact that the want of a higher tone of religious thought is becoming every day more frequently and more loudly expressed by the chief organs of Italian public opinion, and this more general expression undoubtedly reveals more general feelings and convictions. This, however, is a condition of the public mind extremely different from the political and patriotic aspirations universal in 1846. In that year, and in the two years immediately following, one heard on all sides the assurance that, if Italy could only succeed in attaining civil freedom and national unity, religious questions would at once be lost sight of; that Italians, in short, felt no interest in religious inquiry, and would be content with according, as their forefathers had done, an outward and conventional respect to the ceremonies of the Church, without troubling themselves as to the deeper phases of religious life. Without seeking to overrate the amount or importance of the change which on these questions has been effected in public opinion, it is not the less necessary to keep in mind that a change has taken place which has altered, and is every day altering still more, the relations between the Italian clergy and the Italian people. The question so recently mooted as to the expediency of a legislative change in the measure of the papal guarantees is even less important in itself than as a symptom of the degree in which such matters are assuming a more prominent place in the national thoughts.

Many amongst the public writers who now discuss the benefits likely to accrue from an awakening of religious opinion mean in reality nothing more than the return, under the altered conditions of united Italy, of that connection between the State and the Church which, in the system of the old despotic governments, made the clergy instruments of state police. The views of such persons when closely sifted amount simply to the belief that it is very convenient for governments to have in their pay and at their disposal a large body of men whose avocations bring them into contact with all ranks of society, who possess special influence over the female mind, and who can give or withhold certain articles — in this case religious ceremonies — of which the presence at critical moments is highly prized, and the absence keenly felt and bitterly lamented. No doubt the ministers of religion in every Catholic country, considered quite apart from the greater or less amount of truth in the doctrines which they are assumed to teach, possess such attributes, and are so far well fitted to be the instruments of State police. The remark would hold equally good of barbers or bakers, taken as a class. For every peasant or workman who goes to mass on a Sunday or saint's day five go to the barber's shop to get themselves shaved; for one woman who reveals the twinges of conscience to a confessor twenty women confer with the hairdresser on their *coiffure*, and if this is true of the first and second, it is even more the case with the third class; for saddening as must be the admission, there is no man indifferent to the bread that is baked in ovens, whilst comparatively few prize at its real worth the bread that cometh down from heaven. To what extent the priests under the old papal *régime* were employed as government detectives became known when, after the overthrow of the regular government at the close of 1848 and the withdrawal of Pius IX. to Gaeta, the police archives were examined by the provisional government then established, and were found to contain many thousand secret reports fur-

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nished to the police by the parish priests and confessors of the various churches. Such a revival of religious influence as should be in effect the mere commission of the oldest sins, and that not even in the newest ways, will assuredly bring no good to Church or State in Italy. But there is, I repeat, the unmistakable aspiration in many quarters for a religious awakening of another and much higher kind, and with the forms which this aspiration has already taken, and may be expected to take, the Roman curia will soon be called upon to deal. The character and habits of the pope may render him not unfit to assume and maintain a becoming position amidst these new phases of national life; for his secretary of state, Cardinal Franchi, religious opinions will probably be regarded as so many political counters, to be employed in the games of official, diplomatic, and international intrigue. The religious forces of Europe may be expected before long to figure once more on the stage of politics side by side with our old friends, "the Latin races," and with all the purity and piety which they have invariably exhibited in the diplomatic chancelleries of Madrid and Constantinople.

From The Argosy.

THE COMET.

THERE was a great commotion in the village. Some of the men had been in the neighboring town, and in the inn there had read the county paper, and had come home full of the astounding news that a comet was rushing headlong into space, precipitating itself straight upon our planet; so that, as the astronomers calculated, it must swallow us up on the twelfth of August, 1872.

The village of A—— lies in a remote corner of Austria, and our good people do not come into contact with the ever-progressing world beyond its limits. Consequently they are rather backward in the knowledge of natural science, though far from being dull or uninterested in things lying nearer to them than the stars in the heavens.

But now, this was a thing to stir up their interest in astronomy: a comet coming straight down upon the earth. A comet: a thing imagined so far away that until now no one had dreamt of troubling about it, except only to consider its appearance in the sky as a sign of war and various other kinds of woe.

The villagers quite understood there was no fun in the matter. The learned astronomer himself, from whose work an extract had been published in the paper, had his apprehensions as to what effect this violent meeting of comet and earth would have on the latter; and although the men of A—— did not understand the burden of his learned suppositions, still it set them thinking, and brought them to the conclusion that one might well tremble before the consequences of such an unheard-of collision.

Would it be the end of the world? — of the stars beginning to fall from heaven? But the comet was not falling, after all — it was madly rushing straight upon us. How dreadful! What was the purport of its singular behavior — was it coming to destroy the earth with fire?

There was a great deal of talk about the new and strange matter, but no one was the wiser for it. At last the bearers of the news, only half credulous themselves, accompanied by those who refused to believe one iota of the tale, repaired to the schoolmaster's house, a neat whitewashed building, standing in the middle of a well-cultivated orchard.

But if the orchard testified to good culture, the schoolmaster's books told a very different tale; they had been thrown into a corner of a lumber-closet, many years before, and had never seen daylight since. The alphabet, a small volume of Bible stories, and one or two others, were all that was requisite for his daily use. From these few books he had taught one generation of boys and girls after another to read, write, cipher, and sing; and for thirty-seven years he had never felt the need of increasing his literary store.

He had another book though — a manuscript one, in his own handwriting, out of which he sometimes read to young and old. It was a bulky volume, composed of a great number of copy-books, fastened together and neatly bound in cloth by the author himself. In it he had written his experience of practical gardening, of brewing, cultivating bees, nursing domestic animals, and the like; and the villagers were in the habit of consulting him in preference to any one else. There was no husbandman equal to him in the place, and he was held in greater respect by the people for this than if he had possessed the wisdom of a professor of the university. For thirty-seven years he had worked in the village without quitting it, except for an excursion into the mountains or a trip to the next town.

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Now the schoolmaster had read about the comet before any one else in the place; but as a wise man he kept silence on a matter he could not explain. Rack his brain as he would he could not revive any slumbering recollection of astronomy, nor find anything to aid his better understanding or enable him to expound the subject to others.

He was, however, not quite unprepared for the visit, and when the men came to him he thought it best to take a cheerful view of the case, and dilated to them on his experience that many things, looking strange in the distance, are quite natural and harmless when viewed close at hand.

"So let's expect the fellow with a calm mind," he said. "We will see what he is like when he comes; no use troubling about him before the time."

"But won't he set the world on fire?" they asked.

"We'll put it out if he does," he returned confidently.

"There would be more flames, I warrant, than all the water in our wells could quench," said one.

"It may not touch us after all," said the schoolmaster, always inclined to hope for the best. "Why shouldn't it fall far away on yonder hills, into the wood, or beyond it into the lake?"

There was a general laugh. If it would but tumble into the lake and drown itself, they would drag it out when cool and have a good look at it, and then exhibit it in the market-place. Yes, stick it up on a pole, with its tail turned upwards, and have a dance around it.

After this the good old man thought the occasion a fitting one to produce a few bottles of his own growth, and the cheering influence of a glass of wine dispelled in a great measure the rather gloomy impression the gravity of the matter had made upon their minds. They left the house but little comforted though, and very much inclined to believe that there really was a comet coming, this fact having been tacitly admitted by the schoolmaster.

The *Pfarrer's* (*Monsieur le curé*) house is not far distant from the school. A green slope, cut by an *allée* of poplar-trees, leads up from the latter to the church, and immediately opposite stands the *Pfarrei*, or *Pfarrhaus*.

Amongst those who were most eager to call upon the priest was — to every one's surprise — old Blasius.

Old Blasl never entered the church, and the minister of grace was to him only the person to whom he had to pay his tithe in grain, vegetables, etc. He would look away when he chanced to meet the old Pfarrer, that he might save himself the trouble of taking off his hat to him. Not to say that Blasl never prayed! — oh, he prayed. Most fervently did he pray every night that no fire, water, or thief might come near the treasure he had hidden deep in the earth under his bed, and in which his whole heart was bound up.

And now, would all these worshipped coins go to destruction, with the rest of the world? Perhaps something more might be learned about the matter at the Pfarrer's; therefore he entered the house whose threshold his foot had not crossed since the time of his marriage, thirty years before.

There was the scrupulous neatness and stillness reigning in the Pfarrei peculiar to a priest's habitation, showing that there was no wife or children to break the monastic order.

The Herr Pfarrer of A—— was a very aged man, past eighty at the time of our tale; and his sister, about eight or nine years younger than himself, kept house for him. A young priest, his "co-operator," who lived in a back room, was the third inmate of the spacious mansion, and an old servant the fourth. That was all.

The Pfarrer received the men with his usual kindliness; was very glad to see them, and happy to be able to give them his advice and consolation. For that purpose he administered to them a good dose of commonplace truths, all very good in themselves, and suitable for any tribulation whatever. After having warmly assured them that God would not forsake them if they did not turn from him, he dismissed them; and they departed, more, less, or not at all comforted, according to each man's nature.

Before they had all left the hall, Frau Barbara, the curé's sister, noiselessly emerged from a corridor, and, catching hold of Blasl's sleeve, she whispered to him: "Blasl, I am glad I have an opportunity of speaking to you. What is all this about your daughter? Surely you will think better of it before you make your poor child miserable for life?"

"Has she been and complained of me?" he enquired angrily.

"She *has* been here; you know she always comes to help me on busy days. The poor child cried bitterly — and no wonder, after being engaged to that nice young man, Lorenz, and now seeing her engagement broken off by her father,

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without any just cause or reason. Surely you will not do this?"

"That is my own affair," he gruffly interrupted. "I suffer no one to meddle with my concerns; you might have known that before now, Frau Barbara." And impatiently he turned to leave the hall.

"Nay, you must not leave me without listening to another word. You may have had your own reasons for breaking off with Lenz, but surely, Blasl, you cannot think of giving Maria to Steffl — Steffl, the scandal of the neighborhood? You must know that Steffl is an unprincipled man, a good-for-nothing, a spendthrift ——"

"Steffl is no spendthrift! he is — he has — no matter what! — you wouldn't understand my motives; and I really don't see that I need account for my actions to any one in this world, Frau Barbara."

"Not in this world, Blasl; no, not in *this!* but, mind you, this world is coming to grief, they say. Blasl, Blasl! think of this! If it *be* true, if really in a few days this world, with all our trumpery goods and treasures, is going to destruction, how shall we appear there, before the judgment-seat, divested of all our earthly riches?"

For a moment the old man stared at her with frightened, glazed eyes; he staggered, and turning away, tottered down the slope. Her words had startled him to the heart.

Old Blasl had not always been the hard, inflexible miser he was now. He used in his younger years to be of a jolly, easy disposition, and rather extravagant habits. When quite unexpectedly inheriting a considerable sum of money, he was suddenly seized with love for those shining, sparkling coins — the passionate, jealous love of a miser. He loved the coins for themselves, not for the comfort they might have brought into his house; therefore he would not put them out to interest. He could not make up his mind to loose his grasp upon them for one minute; would not trust any one with the sight of them. He dug a deep hole under the boards upon which his bed rested, and therein he hid his treasure, and there from henceforward lay his heart, buried with it. He saved and stinted and scraped together in order to hoard up one piece of gold or silver after another with the rest. But his life was a troubled one, and grew more and more so as his treasure increased. Night and day he could not rest from anxiety lest any one should discover its hiding-place, or lest any kind of danger should befall his cottage, which enclosed the cherished idol.

Besides his money, Blasl cherished a daughter, the last remaining one of a numerous family. He loved her in his way; as the future possessor of his wealth, who would, in her turn — so he hoped — worship it with her whole heart. He held her in high respect, but not without keen pangs of jealousy, raised by the thought that he *must* some day, whether he liked it or not, leave everything to her. These fits of jealousy grew more frequent as he advanced in age, and poor Maria felt surprised and shocked at the dislike to her he evinced at moments without any visible cause. She never guessed the truth; she did not know the secret of her father's room. He had not been a hard father to her — far from it, for he had not been a father at all; he never noticed her or cared for her, neither missed her when she was away, nor seemed glad to see her return to him.

Still, in spite of all that, in spite of the utter want of parental affection — poor Maria had lost her mother when she was an infant — she had not been an unhappy child. She had grown up amongst her kind neighbors. They loved the lonely litttle girl, who would come to them in search of all the comforts and joys she missed at home.

A lovely, bright-eyed child was Maria, with an active, helpful spirit; always eager to learn, and immediately turning to account what she had learned, either in her own home or for others. She was sure to be on the spot wherever there was anything going on; and helping her neighbors about the house and garden, in the field and woods, she learned to understand all kinds of work. At fifteen, when the old servant of the house — a stern, taciturn, uncongenial woman — died, she was able and willing to turn to, and managed to keep her father's house in the accustomed order, so that the old man scarcely noticed any change.

Amongst all those who loved Maria, she had two particular friends. Of one we will speak later; the other was Herr Schmitt, the schoolmaster, who certainly was her very best friend, because the most disinterested.

The child's brightness, her eagerness to learn, soon struck her master; he found in this little girl a mind far superior to that of the usual run of children. He gave her private lessons, walked with her about the woods and fields, and in talking to her found ways and means to impart a great deal of knowledge no one else in the village aspired to. He seldom failed to bring her something to read when coming from

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town, and every Christmas-eve there was sure to be a story-book for Maria under the Christmas-tree at the schoolmaster's. Thus the very loneliness of her life was brightened by joys that few other children knew, and which helped her to bear the dulness of her father's house.

A few weeks before our story begins we might have beheld Maria grown up into a handsome blue-eyed lass of eighteen, with a wealth of golden hair, a bright smile, and a merry song on her lips, gladdening one's sight with her appearance of youthful grace, strength, health, and freshness. But now smile and song have died away, and sighs and tears have taken their place.

Blasl, Blasl! how could you have the heart? — oh! but his heart lies in an old iron pot many feet under the ground.

When Maria was five years old she and a neighbor's son, a few years older than herself, pledged their troth to each other — just as children *will* do. But in this case the attachment, instead of being lessened or forgotten in the course of years, grew with them, and every year added to its strength. This contributed greatly to Maria's happiness, and accounts for the brightness of her disposition.

Lorenz was a boy of high and buoyant spirits, and the course of their true love seemed to run quite smoothly; for when he talked to Maria's father, the latter found no objection to the match, and the two were solemnly betrothed. They were both rather young to be married at once, and Blasl had a reason of his own for putting the marriage off. He was loth to give to his daughter her portion, the two thousand florins she had from her mother — which naturally had remained in his keeping — not to speak of any dowry on his part, which he never dreamt of being asked for in his lifetime.

So far all went well. But Blasl had given his consent on the ground of an inheritance Lenz expected from his great-uncle, who had promised to make him his heir. When the latter died, however, no will could be found. People said it had been done away with, which was very likely. So the money was divided between a number of relations, and Lenz's share became a small one. Blasl broke off the engagement at once: no tears, no supplications could prevail against his decision. Nay, not satisfied with this, he wanted to force another husband upon his daughter, which, to the dismay of the whole village, was no other than Steffl — the very last man people would have thought he would fix upon. It was shocking! They talked of witchcraft, and were not far from the point. Steffl had bewitched the old man by a magic power old Blasl could not withstand.

Stefan had been a soldier, and had only returned to the village about a year ago. He was soon considered the plague of the neighborhood — ruining the boys by inducing them to spend their nights in public-houses, running after every girl, working when he pleased, and scattering his small earnings — Steffl was a regular rake, there was no mistake about it.

Amongst the girls he made love to there was one, a quiet, rather weak-minded lassie, who lived with an old aunt of hers in a little hut in the woods. Consequently she did not hear much of the talk in the village. And even if she had heard about Steffl's loose life, would she have believed it? No, for love is equally deaf and blind, and Lisbeth loved the handsome, dashing visitor who condescended to seek her in her poor home.

Poor Lisbeth! she believed every word Stefan said, and thought herself solemnly engaged to him for life. It pleased Stefan to go on as if he intended to marry her in a very short time, and make her the mistress of the splendid house and all the riches he possessed in some very far-off country.

Now, when Steffl heard of Lenz's changed circumstances, he thought the moment had come to win rich Blasl's fair daughter for himself. It is not astonishing that he should have tried for such a prize, but that he should have succeeded was most extraordinary. The poorest man in the neighborhood would have refused his child to a man like Steffl. However, he *did* succeed — at least with the father: he had chosen a sure way to lead him straight to his aim.

After having for some time given the old man hints that he was keeping a secret from the villagers, he one day made him a startling confidence. He was concealing a treasure; yes, a sackful of gold. Neither more nor less than twenty thousand florins, all in gold! and he behaved like a beggar before the village from fear of being robbed. But how did he get possession of so much gold? Ah! he had been a soldier. Everybody knows what strange fortunes may befall a man in times of war. When his eight years of service were over he left his regiment instead of taking a re-engagement, as he had always intended to do, and straightway travelled home with his treasure.

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Old Blasius listened with every fibre of his gold-thirsty heart. His soul was so full of Steffl's strange luck that there was no room left for doubt. His considera-tion for Steffl was great from this moment. The two grew fast friends, to the wonder of the whole village and of poor Maria. They were constantly seen walking together, and Steffl sat for hours and hours at Blasl's, worrying Maria with his most unwelcome courtship.

Blasl, who had never treated his daughter harshly, now behaved with cruelty towards her: he forgot himself so far at times as to strike her, using every means to force Steffl upon her notice. Oh, the miserable life poor Maria now led! Her father had threatened to kill her if she attempted to see Lenz, who was at present working at some distant farm, and could only come to A—— on Sundays. Moreover, he locked her up in the house, and he and Steffl kept watch over her always on that day, so that she could not even go to church.

And poor Lisbeth, when she found herself forsaken for rich Blasl's daughter? In her despair she ran away, and was seen no more. Her aunt came down to the village to look for her in every house, to ask everybody after her: no one had seen her.

One day a little boy, who was crab-fishing on the shallow border of the river, found a silk kerchief entangled in the reeds; and people by this knew poor Lisbeth's fate. They openly reproached Steffl with her death; but he did not care what they said, and inwardly rejoiced that his good luck had removed the only stone in his way.

"It was very wise of her," thus his thoughts ran, "to do herself what I should have been obliged to do for her, had she meant to come forward and stand in my way."

II.

WHEN Blasl came home from the Pfarrer's he first scolded his daughter well for having complained of him to Frau Barbara; then, as a punishment, he locked her up in her room. He had a double reason for doing the latter, for when he had assured himself that all the doors and shutters of the house were well fastened, he lit a little lamp, removed his huge bedstead with a vigor one would not have expected in that shrivelled form, lifted the boards, and shovelled and scraped both with spade and hands until he brought his precious iron pot to light. He then tenderly lifted it out, uncovered it with one trembling hand, and approached the lamp with the other to let the contents sparkle in its rays, his tears streaming down upon the gold as he did so. When he had wept over it to his heart's content he covered it up, buried it again, and put everything over it in its accustomed place. Then he blew out the light, opened the shutters, and went about his day's work with a heavy heart.

The days ran on; people's most fervent wishes could not keep one of them back; and as the dreaded time approached their apprehensions grew boundless. Everybody now believed in the comet, and that it would bring the end of the world with it!

The peasants were not so much afraid for their own lives — they knew that death might take them by surprise at any time — they grieved for the impending destruction of all their earthly possessions, the fruit of not their own labor only, but of that of their fathers and grandfathers for many generations back, and which they had always hoped to leave behind them to their children and children's children. Whatever they now looked on seemed to preach to them of the vanity of all earthly pride; whatever each used to take the greatest delight in became now the source of the bitterest grief.

Thus one would look with tearful eyes on the ranges of well-cured hams and sausages in his larder, agonized by the thought that no one would enjoy those stored-up dainties in the future. Another would walk about his fields, shaking his head mournfully at the plentiful corn, doomed before it was ripe for the scythe. A third lamented over the fine old trees in his wood; there was not even time left for cutting them down and marketing the timber; and if it could be done, where would be the use? Men grew lax in their work, maidens gave up spinning for their marriage outfits, women neglected their households, children had dreams about the comet's arrival.

The good Pfarrer had prayers said to calm their minds; the schoolmaster visited from house to house with comforting words; all was of no avail; the panic grew with the flying hours, and reached its climax when the awful day arrived.

The 12th of August dawned upon them rather sultry and heavy; there was something oppressive in the air that added to their alarm. Every passing hour increased their anguish. A thick fog, which covered parts of the country at nightfall — a quite

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unheard-of phenomenon at this season — terrified them. Anxiously they watched the gradual dying out of daylight. Would it ever dawn upon them again?

As if by common accord, they all expected the comet in the night; it never struck them that it might in its career meet the earth in the daytime; and it seemed most natural in a comet to fix upon midnight for its extraordinary performance — as all unearthly appearances have ever come at that critical moment, when one day meets another to part in the same instant forever.

No one would go to bed on that night; that was the tacit agreement.

The inn was crowded that evening. Most of those who had no particular home to take care of assembled there, to work themselves up by drink and talk to that pitch of courage necessary to meet such an event as this. Some of the younger men tried with fun and jokes to raise the dismal tone of the conversation at first indulged in. They laughed, sang, drank, and played, and were the merrier as they believed it was for the last time they had met together in their favorite place of resort.

But fathers and sons kept at home with their own people. Now and then a friend or relation would look in, trying both to bring and carry away better cheer. Neighbors agreed to watch together; all the doors stood open, the windows were bright, the whole village presented a most unusual aspect.

After nightfall the fog cleared away, and the stars twinkled with uncommon brightness, as people thought, and many an anxiously inquiring glance was sent up towards them.

Blasl's house was one of the dullest on that night; the old miser could not, even on the brink of death, go to the expense of an extra candle. The lamp flickered dismally on the hearth. He kept his shutters closed, and only opened the door now and then, putting his head out to see whether Steffl was coming.

Steffl! his solace, his help, his comfort. He had kept up the old man's spirits by repeatedly assuring him that there was no comet coming. He had promised to keep watch with them through that anxious night. But he had only been with them for one minute in the morning, and had not returned.

At dusk Lenz had suddenly stood at Blasl's door. Maria gave a little shriek, and would have run to meet him, but Blasl stepped between the two lovers. "What dost thou want here?" he cried.

"I want to shake hands with you and Maria; it may be for the last time in this world, you know."

"Nonsense," cried Blasl angrily; "thou art not on any pretence to come in or to speak to my daughter. Let me shut the door."

"Nay, Blasl," said the young man, "I have done nothing to forego your esteem. Why refuse me the little favor I ask for?"

"Get thee hence, I say!"

"You ought not to behave like that: it is a solemn night. Think of what may come!"

"I do not need thee to teach me what to think. I am master here, and I forbid thee to look at my daughter any longer. Away!"

"Nay, father," said Maria, gently pushing past him, "there is no harm in shaking hands with an old friend. Here is my hand, Lenz. Oh! if the world *would* but come to an end this night!"

Lenz's eyes filled with burning tears as he grasped her hand and looked close into her haggard, tearworn face. But old Blasl, exasperated, tore them asunder and banged the door in Lenz's face.

As the young man hastened away, not minding whither his steps led him, he met the schoolmaster.

"Do not go far away," said he, after having listened to Lenz's account of his visit to Blasl. "Keep in the neighborhood. This is a strange night, and things may happen we are not looking for. Maria may have need of thee."

Blasl did not attempt to hide his disappointment on seeing the schoolmaster enter instead of the expected Steffl. But Herr Schmitt took no notice: he talked to the daughter, who sat weeping in the darkest corner of the room. Poor Maria began to rally by-and-by. After all everything was not lost; she was not Steffl's wife yet, and the comet might step between them for aught any one could say. Steffl could not trouble her in the other world; she felt as sure of that as of being united to Lenz there. How she hoped and wished for the end of the world — surely the only one who did so!

Meanwhile her father kept running up and down, mumbling to himself in a wild, incoherent way, opening and shutting the door a dozen times in succession. No Steffl came.

Other friends dropped in — not because they cared for Blasl, who had scorned their fear all the past anxious weeks, but on account of his daughter, whom they would not forsake in such an extremity.

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Everybody agreed there was something wonderful in the appearance of the sky, although they could not explain what it was, and their definitions were contradictory. Fear magnified what they saw, and their imagination worked upon the least incident.

"Did you see that?"

"See what — what?"

"The shooting stars — quite a shower of stars. That must be the beginning of ——"

They pressed to the door. The schoolmaster took Maria near the window, and opened the shutter to see whether there would be any more falling stars. Blasl alone would not look out; he stood in the middle of the room, tearing his hair and crying for Steffl.

"Steffl?" said the last comer, "has he not been here? He left us at the inn hours ago, saying he was going to you. Where in the world can he be?"

"He had had several glasses of wine," said another; "but that couldn't have hurt him. He is used to more."

"Do you mean to say Steffl has not been seen since dusk?" inquired one, looking in through the window. "I think then he has left the village."

"Left the village!" shrieked Blasl. "You are mad, man; what can you mean?"

"I mean that at dusk I saw Steffl running on the highroad to W——. I wanted to stop him, but he would not hear. He yelled out something about the end of the world, and rushed on frantically. He scared me out of my wits: I was never so frightened in my life. The comet's advent couldn't startle me more."

"Steffl gone!" moaned Blasl, wringing his hands. "Steffl gone; and his treasure! Has he taken his treasure?"

They thought he was raving; and he, fearing he had said too much, stopped abruptly. He threw himself upon his bed, crying and groaning. Then wildly starting up, he wailed out, "Is it coming then, friends? is the end of the world coming?"

But they could not attend to him: they were much too busy in observing "something fiery" sweeping all across the sky.

"There — there!" They all left the room in a hurry, and even the school master followed, after having whispered a word in Maria's ear that made her heart beat high.

"Steffl, Steffl, thou hast forsaken me! What! have they all gone? Oh, my poor child, we shall die alone, forsaken by all the world!"

For the first time something like parental affection broke through the hard crust that had so long closed over the heart of the father.

"No, you are not alone," said the schoolmaster, re-entering with Lenz; "your friends are staying with you. If we must die, we will die together."

Blasl caught hold of their hands: it is hard to say whether in his agony he recognized Lenz or not. "Stop with me," he entreated; "midnight is coming on. Oh, do not forsake us!"

Just then the old clock in the corner struck a quarter to twelve, and the schoolmaster said solemnly, "Yes, Blasl, the hour is at hand; let us prepare for it. Blasl, there is little time left for you to make up for all the grief you caused your poor child!"

Blasl stared at him in bewilderment. "What can I do?"

"You will — won't you — give your daughter to this young man: she was and still is his promised wife, you know. Nothing could break their betrothal. Now, Blasl, say you will," added he, shaking him by the arm to wake him out of his state of torpor.

"No, I won't," said Blasl, sitting down upon his bed and folding his arms in a determined manner.

For some time the schoolmaster spoke to no purpose. At last he pointed to the clock: "One minute wanting; now, let us prepare for the awful moment. Blasl, will you?" But Blasl shook his head.

"You won't? — it's going to strike!"

The clock began, and up started Blasl, groping as if in darkness for the lovers' hands eagerly stretched out towards him. Joining them, he kept them in his grasp, calling out, "I've done it — done it, schoolmaster; you see I have done it. God will be merciful to me for their sakes."

"Declare," urged Herr Schmitt, "that you give your daughter Maria to Lorenz Steiner to wife."

"I *do*, I *do!*" cried Blasl, shaking with the fever of anguish, and tightening his iron grip over their united hands.

"And these our friends and neighbors are witnesses," said Herr Schmitt solemnly, turning to those who had re-entered the room.

"We are witnesses," echoed they.

"It is done," exclaimed the schoolmaster, with a sigh of relief, whilst Blasl sank back on his bed, covering his face with his hands to shut out the coming crash.

There was a solemn pause ——

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Nothing was to be heard — not a sound outside or inside the house for a long while. At last the peasants began to wonder amongst each other whether the clock could be right — whether midnight was past; but when the quarter struck they breathed more freely, and they gave expression to their opinion that the danger might be over. The comet might have passed the earth without touching it — they had all felt its presence; it must have passed very close to them; the earth had had a narrow escape!

Blasl raised his head and listened attentively to their words, which became more and more cheerful as the hand of the clock neared the half-hour.

"Why are you two there together?" cried he suddenly, as his eye fell on the young people, who stood at the window hand in hand.

"Ho, ho!" said the schoolmaster, stepping between him and the pair; "these two belong to each other: you cannot part them any more; you have given your daughter to be the wife of Lenz Steiner."

"I have, have I?"

"You have," they all answered; "and we are witnesses thereto."

"Ah!" cried he, clapping his hands with a childish triumph, "I have not said a word about the money; she sha'n't have a penny!"

"Never mind," said Lenz, in happy tones, "Maria and I will work to live — won't we, Maria? — and never trouble you for money!"

"We will," replied Maria. "Be kind to us, father; give us your blessing instead of money!"

In the little hut in the wood two poor lonely women had also watched for the comet: Lisbeth and her aunt. For Lisbeth was not drowned. The wind had carried off her kerchief as she crossed the bridge, and must have blown it into the river. She had merely left the village, which had become hateful to her, and found service at some distant farm. But when the rumors of the comet and the end of the world reached her, she felt pangs of remorse for having left her kind old relative without any warning: she *must* go home to comfort her. And so it came to pass that Lisbeth walked towards A—— on the evening of the 12th of August, purposely choosing the time of dusk for her return.

She was shocked and frightened at the fog which stretched over the low-lying ground near the river, but rather glad of it still, for it would help her to escape notice. Having come half-way across the bridge, she heard another step coming towards her from the other end, and soon she saw a tall figure advancing which she at once recognized to be — the very last person she would have wished to meet — Steffl! Tremblingly she leant against the railing, giving him room to pass on the narrow planks, but he, suddenly perceiving her close before him, white and motionless, veiled by the fog, was seized with the terror of guilt. He fell back, and with the shrill cry, "The dead are rising! the end of the world is surely coming!" he ran away as if chased by fiends; and was never seen again.

Neither Steffl nor the comet was heard of any more. Who knows whether the comet, on meeting the earth, was not equally shocked, and jumping out of his route went straying into space? At any rate, comet and Steffl had gone together, and no one wished for the return of either the one or the other.

After Steffl had been away for some time his room was opened. Blasl, who had hovered about it, *would* be present, but to his great astonishment no treasure could be found.

Three weeks after the terrible night the good old Pfarrer cried for joy when he married Lenz and Maria, who were both his special favorites. Maria *did* not carry a penny out of her father's house. She followed her husband to the farm, his present home, where she found employment amongst the women; it was not the life of a servant she led there, though; they all respected her as rich Blasl's daughter, and considered her volunteering in service a great condescension.

Two years passed. Old Blasl's life had become more and more secluded, until no one ever saw him leave his house during the day, but in the night he had taken to carrying his treasure from place to place all over his garden, unburying and reburying it constantly. There was but one thing dawning on his clouded mind: the wish to hide the money so well that even after his death it should not be found by any one.

When one day he suddenly died, the schoolmaster, who for Maria's sake had watched him, was able to show her, her husband, and the magistrates he had sent for, the place where he had seen him digging last. They found a vast amount of money — much more than they could have ever expected.

They bought land, and Lorenz works on

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it after the schoolmaster's precept, and is getting on to have a model farm. Children's voices now ring through the new house which Lenz and Maria built on the height opposite the church and the old Pfarrhaus.

MARIE ORM.

From The New Quarterly Review.

THE APOLLO BELVEDERE.

OF the few ancient statues which can be called really popular, the most popular is certainly the Apollo Belvedere. Every one knows that famous figure, and every one can feel its power. Not long ago the Apollo Belvedere was regarded as the very perfection of sculpture. Three persons out of four, even now, if they were asked to describe it, would probably reply without hesitation that it represents Apollo shooting with his bow and is the finest statue in the world. The answer would be wrong in both particulars; the statue is far from being the finest in the world, and does not represent the god as shooting with his bow at all. Mistaken, however, as such a description is, it does but repeat the unanimous and enthusiastic tradition of the past. The error as to the pre-eminent merit of this particular antique was universal until about fifty years ago; the error as to its subject and significance was universal until less than twenty. So that it must of necessity be long before the truth of the matter, as it is now known and accepted by students, can pass into general currency.

With reference, indeed, to one part of the matter, to the beauty and impressiveness of the Apollo Belvedere as a work of art, it may be doubted whether the views of the majority will be ever quite surrendered. Among works of art of all kinds and ages, there is a class concerning which the popular estimate is apt to differ, and to persist in differing, from the critical or instructed estimate; I mean those works of which the point lies particularly in expression or dramatic effect. Let a statue or a picture but strike by its expression, and for the majority its point is gained. They are not sensitive enough to feel when it strikes, so to speak, too hard; their judgment is not trained enough to discriminate between such expressions as are noble and sufficient, and such as are false, theatrical, and beyond the mark; nay, those exaggerations which the student, having his perceptions quickened by instinct or training, knows to be most detestable, the ordinary spectator is most prone to regard as admirable. Especially this happens in the appreciation of that form of art which interests perhaps the largest number, of religious art. Take a painter of the Italian decadence like Carlo Dolci; with thousands he passes for one of the first of religious artists; at the aspect of his Christs and Virgins they feel themselves impressed and elevated; year after year the easels of the copyists are to be found crowding about the blue-veiled Mater Dolorosa of Turin, and year after year the copies are scattered abroad to move admiration, sympathy, devotion, in all parts of the world. And yet, if you ask the opinion of the critical, you will be told with one consent that of all skilful painters Carlo Dolci is among the least to be praised; that his devotion is mechanical and his pathos unreal; that all the qualities of his painting, with its artful machinery of pallid cheeks, bloodshot eyes, and expansive eyelids, are cold, shallow, and unwholesome.

That is an extreme case; and the phase of ancient art which is illustrated by a statue like the Apollo Belvedere is relatively much higher than the phase of modern art which is illustrated by painting like that of Carlo Dolci. That phase is, nevertheless, a falling off from the highest; the Apollo Belvedere is, among the works of ancient art, theatrical; it represents the Greek genius not in its prime but in its decadence. The difference, for those intimate with the Greek genius, is unspeakably great; but for persons at large that difference, so far as they feel it at all, is rather against the highest, and in favor of the not-highest. The Elgin marbles they find cold and strange; but the Apollo makes them glow; they see nothing exaggerated, nothing theatrical, they see only what is impressive, in that haughty and radiant presence, that uplifted arm, that victorious glance of scornful indignation and assured supremacy.

Since this is so, and the Apollo exercises so powerful a spell by its faults as well as its virtues, there seems the more reason for insisting on the second part of our argument, and endeavoring to propagate among its admirers a true account of what it represents. But here again the force of tradition threatens to be too strong for us. Every schoolboy is taught to recognize Apollo by his bow and arrows; and ever since this statue was discovered, all generations have assumed and repeated that it represents the god as handling those accustomed weapons. The assump-

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tion was quite natural, and before it had been proved to be mistaken, had passed into universal literature and poetry. We are all used to the "unerring bow" in the stanzas that celebrate the Apollo Belvedere in "Childe Harold;" and when Mr. Browning contrasts us with the gods, and says, —

> You're wroth, can you slay your snake like Apollo,

we all know of what particu'ar Apollo he is thinking. An association so inveterate is evidently hard to uproot. Nevertheless we shall see that the new associations suggested for this Apollo by modern research are in themselves so beautiful and striking, that we may be well content to cultivate them in exchange for others more familiar.

I.

THE Apollo Belvedere was discovered before the close of the fifteenth century, at Porto d'Anzio, the site of one of the pleasure-places of the Cæsars, the Roman Antium. The statue as it was taken from the soil was complete as you see it to-day, with the exception of the left, the raised, hand and wrist, the fingers of the idle right hand, and some portions of the tree-stem which serves for a support beside the right leg. Whether its extraordinary smoothness and brilliancy of surface are due in any measure to early operations of acid and scraping, is uncertain. So is it uncertain, according to experts, whether the marble of which it is wrought is Greek or Italian; but the balance of opinion is in favor of Carrara, which would of itself argue the work to have been wrought in imperial times, and probably for the adornment of a summer palace in Italy. The statue was bought immediately after its discovery by the cardinal Giuliano della Rovere, that magnificent amateur and fiery statesman who presently became pope under the title of Julius II. As Julius II. he had his Apollo set up under the care of Michelangelo in the Belvedere of the Vatican; and, as the fashion was in those days and down almost to our own, he also caused the missing portions to be supplied by new. The restorer called in was the most practised in his trade of all that time, Giovanni Montorsoli, a pupil of Michelangelo; he filled in the broken pieces of the olive or laurel stem, added fingers to the right hand, but added them, as we can now tell, too wide outspread in a gesture of display; and made a new left hand in what seemed the obvious action of holding out a bow, or rather such six-inch-long suggestion of a bow as was suitable to the marble substance.

So "restored," the Vatican or Belvedere Apollo reigned until but the other day as the master sculpture of antiquity. Let us pass over earlier testimonies, and listen to that of the great constructive critic of these things in the last century, Winckelmann. The work of Winckelmann, as the founder of the science of classical archæology, is imperishable; he had the threefold gift of learning, by which he perfectly possessed all that was then knowable on his subject; of spiritual fire, which made all the masses of his learning live and glow; and of natural instinct, which guided his learning and his fervor in sound directions, and gave, considering the materials at his command, the character almost of divination to many portions of his critical and historical construction. But all his qualities of divination failed him in presence of the Apollo Belvedere. The dramatic charm and traditional renown of the figure together held him fascinated and blind, and made him forget or misapply the wisest of his own canons. The most elaborate as well as the most impassioned passage of all his writings is in its praise; and when we, from whose eyes the scales have fallen, read his words, it is hard to resist their persuasion even now.

> The statue of Apollo [he avers] is the highest ideal of art among all the works of antiquity which have escaped destruction. The artist of this work has constructed it wholly in the ideal, and has only taken for his purpose just so much of matter as was necessary to embody and make visible his conception. This Apollo surpasses all other statues as much as the Apollo of Homer that of all poets after him. He has a figure loftier than human, and a station which bespeaks the majesty that informs him. An immortal spring, as of the happiest Elysium, invests with gracious youth the winning manhood of his full-blown years, and plays with blandest tenderness about the haughty fabric of his limbs. Go out in the spirit into the kingdom of beauties incorporeal, and strive to become the creator of a celestial being, in order to fill the spirit with beauties that rise above nature; for here is nothing mortal, nothing that bespeaks the frail conditions of humanity. No veins nor nerves give warmth and movement to this body, but rather some principle of heavenly life, which has been poured forth in a gentle stream and fills equably the whole circumscription of his frame. He has pursued the Python, the first victim of his bow; with his mighty stride he has overtaken and slain him. From the height of his content his look goes out, as into the infinite, far beyond his vic-

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tory; scorn sits upon his lips, and the indignation which he will not deign to vent inflates his nostril, and mounts as high as to his disdainful brow; nevertheless the peace which broods thereon in glad tranquillity remains unruffled, and his eye is full of sweetness, even as in the midst of the Muses when they are fain to lay their arms about him. The father of the gods himself does not, in any other of art's most honored images, approach so near to that majesty in which the divine poet conceived him, as in this his image in the countenance of his son; and the several beauties of the other gods meet together here as in the person of Pandora. A front of Jove, pregnant with his child the goddess of wisdom; eyebrows that by their movement affirm the will; eyes of mighty arch, the eyes of the queen goddess, and a mouth the image of that which inspired the beloved Branchus to delight. About the godlike head the soft hair plays like the tender and twining strings of some goodly vine moved equably by gentle airs; it seems anointed with balsams of the gods, and bound up in benignant richness by the hands of the Graces. In presence of this miracle of art I forget all else, and my spirit takes a lofty stand to gaze on it from befitting heights; I feel my breast dilated and uplifted with veneration, like those whom I behold inspired with the breath of prophecy; I am transported in spirit to Delos and the Lycian grove . . .

But we will not follow further the lyric prose of Winckelmann, since from this height of transport it wavers, and shortly finds its way somewhat flounderingly to earth.

Winckelmann's words of ecstasy were also words of authority, and served to confirm and deepen the impression already prevalent. The study which he had founded, others carried on and extended; but it was not until the year 1816 that there happened the event, perhaps the greatest of all events in the annals of classical archæology, which after a while had for its consequence the reversal of all established canons. That event was the purchase by the English nation, completed after long hesitation, of the Attic sculptures removed from the Parthenon by Lord Elgin. Among the evidence taken by experts as to their merits, one voice only was raised to declare them better than all other antiques together; Flaxman, one of the warmest advocates of the purchase, declaring that in his judgment the Theseus, excellent as it was, was still inferior to "the Apollo." Slowly, however, the concentration of study upon these new standards, and upon other works of art genuinely Greek and of the best time, revealed the enormous difference which divided them from the works that had hitherto been most admired, and thrust the dethroned Apollo, with many another of the treasures of Roman palaces, into their true place among the productions, comparatively shallow, showy, and pretentious, of late Greek or imperial art. All those points upon which Winckelmann had dwelt were found, in comparison with the really great work, to call for an interpretation the reverse of his. That absence of discernible vein and muscle, of the diversities of real flesh-surface, that polished evenness of the rounded marble, was found to be merely the sign of empty mechanical workmanship, and to have nothing to do with an incorporeal conception of the ideal; the Elgin marbles, being really Greek from the school of Pheidias, showed us ideals immeasurably more majestic, and a method of working them out which consisted in the very opposite handling — in an infinitely careful and tender imitation of realities, a translation into marble of every beautiful quality and accident of the corporeal fabric and its draperies. The very anatomy of the Apolline limbs, the design of the legs and setting of the thighs, was shown to be more pretentious than really right. The consciousness, the purpose to impress, the *pose*, in the attitude and expression, clever and striking beyond a doubt, were felt to be quite foreign to the great Greek style of invention in its simplicity. Matters like the sandals with their elegant patterns, and the hair with that luxuriant knotting and cunning adjustment which delighted Winckelmann, were perceived to be, tested by the same high standard, coxcombical.

In a word, the Apollo Belvedere stood confessed a monument of the decadence. But students did not therefore cease to study it; our materials from the early and the crowning times of ancient art are not so ample that we can afford to neglect so conspicuous and interesting a work of later times as this. Its relative place in general terms ascertained, attention was next directed towards its special subject. Winckelmann had suggested the first and most renowned exploit of the divine archer, his slaying of the Python at the Delphian shrine; and elsewhere, as an alternative, his slaying of the insulter of his mother Leto, the giant Tityos. These two alternatives have been much debated, a whole company of learned writers taking either side in the discussion. Next, other conjectures were added, and all the mythic victories and vengeances of the god were tried one after another. One said, he is

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neither the Pythian *Kallinikos*, light victorious over defilement, nor yet the slayer of the ravisher Tityos; he is the chastiser of pride, sending forth his shafts against the seven sons and seven daughters of presumptuous Niobe. And another, he is the *Hekatêbolos* of Homer, the far-darting god of pestilence, who at the prayer of his priest comes down from Olympus, and scatters death among the Grecian host. But in trying to work out one or another of these suppositions, there arose difficulties hard to solve. Try it how you will, the attitude of the statue is not the natural attitude of shooting with a bow. The advanced right leg, upon which the weight is wholly thrown, the left leg being left behind — the head thrown over the left shoulder, and the upper part of the body turned partly with it in a direction almost at right angles to the advance — the left arm raised high in the same direction in which the head is turned, and raised, it seems, with an action of suddenness, so that it has caught up a part of the loose chlamys or short cloak slung over the shoulders — the right hand suspended and a little extended from the side, with a movement also of sudden and brief expectancy — the scornful lifting and arching of the under lip, which throws the chin forward — the angry dilation of the nostril, with that wide and haughty outlook of the eyes, not intent like a marksman's — test and study them how you will, neither this combination of actions nor this expression can really be made appropriate to the act of archery. "The god has delivered his victorious shafts, and is striding away content," said the majority of critics; but there is none of the relaxation of content in this movement, and you have only to rehearse the action to feel it, under such circumstances, quite unnatural. Again, it was suggested by those who held for the Tityos motive, the god is pausing between two discharges of his bow, and turning in the pause to look towards the mother whom he champions. In vain; the result remained, for all candid and exact students, that either this Apollo was not here represented as plying his bow at all, or else that he was represented as so doing very falsely and affectedly.

A fortunate discovery came to prove the former case, and to save the credit of the artist. One of the most learned and ingenious of scholars, Dr. Stephani of St. Petersburg, published in 1860 an account and illustrations of a bronze statuette which he had found in the possession of a Count Stroganoff of that city. Hitherto one of the several open questions concerning the Apollo Belvedere was this, whether it was an original conception — and nothing is rarer than an original conception in the art of those late Greek or imperial times to which it was now admitted to belong — or whether, a much likelier supposition, it was a copy, made in those times, of some work previously existing. The Stroganoff bronze disposed of this doubt first of all. It showed just those correspondences with the famous marble, and just those divergences from it, which lead an archæologist, when he observes them, to conclude back with certainty from the several works where they occur to the existence of a common original. The bronze, eighteen inches high and not very highly finished, repeats in attitude, type, and gesture all the essentials which we find in the marble. In some particulars it is better and simpler, particularly in the pose and setting of the lingering left leg; the limbs generally are less slender; the action of the idle right hand, with its fingers half-closed and slack, is much better than the ostentatious spreading of the same fingers to which the restorer has accustomed us in the marble. The chlamys, instead of being caught so that its end hangs over the raised left arm, falls straight and simply behind the shoulder; but it is not clear that this particular is anything but a consequence of the breaking off of the thin bronze in this place. The elaborate sandals are almost the same, but the hair of the unshorn one, *Akersekomês*, is much simpler in flow and twist. Above all, the left arm, held not so high as in the marble, has its wrist and hand complete, and the hand carries, *not* a bow, but — something else, of which the nature was at first sight dubious. It looks like an imitation in bronze of a piece of fringed and crumpled leather. But on examination it is apparent that the fringed and crumpled substance is not complete; there was once more of it, and the rest has been broken away. What could it have been? The only thing made of such substance with which we are familiar in ancient art is the ægis, the symbol of the rushing storm, the weapon or amulet with which the gods of the sky, Zeus the cloud-compeller, and his child Athênê, the queen of the air, are wont to dismay and scatter their enemies. The ægis was indeed represented as a scarf or short cloak of fringed and crumpled goat-skin, embossed with the head of the Gorgon for a symbol of terror. But there is little enough left to make sure by, in the object

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which the extended arm of our bronze Apollo holds out, even though we cannot imagine anything else which that object could possibly be. Wait, however; there is further evidence in the matter. The bronze statuette can be traced back to the possession of a Dr. Frank, who lived as physician with Veli Pasha, first at Janina in Epirus, and afterwards, between 1807 and 1810, in the Peloponnese. He had received it as a present from his employer; it had formed part, as it appears, of a find of eighteen bronzes which had been made in the neighborhood of Janina. Sixteen out of these eighteen pieces had been followed, and what became of them ascertained with certainty; this Apollo made an almost equally certain seventeenth; what was the eighteenth? When we find the French consul and antiquarian Pouqueville mentioning, as in the possession of the same Dr. Frank, a *bronze head of Medusa*, are we not safe in concluding that this was at once the missing eighteenth piece of the Janina find, and the missing portion broken from the ægis, the *Gorgoneion*, of the Apollo?

At first, this idea of the ægis as the weapon of Apollo may seem strange in place of the familiar bow. We ask, did Apollo wear the ægis? We know it was the peculiar badge of his sire Zeus and his sister Athênê, and how should it pass from their possession into his? To answer this, we have only to remember our Homer. Once in Homer, and memorably though only once, Apollo does wield the ægis, not as his proper attribute, but as entrusted to him by his sire for a special purpose. It is in the fifteenth book of the Iliad, where Zeus takes, for the time being, the side of the Trojans, and bids the gods who help the Greeks hold off, and drives the Greeks themselves back to their ships. Or rather, he charges Apollo to drive them for him; and, as his purpose is not to slay but to scare, so Apollo has not to send among them those shafts which, whether for vengeance or release, are shafts of death; he has for this once to receive from his sire the thing of dread, the symbol of the concentrated terrors of the sky, and at its aspect to scatter them unhurt. "Take thou in thy hands the fringëd ægis," says to him Zeus his sire; "take it thou, and shake it mightily, and strike terror among the heroes of the Achaians." And by-and-by, heaping upon the symbolic weapon all the epithets of its power, Apollo, says the poet, marched in advance of the Trojan champion, his shoulders clad in cloud, and bearing "the swift and terrible ægis, conspicuous, shagged within and without, which the artificer Hephaistos gave to Zeus to wear for a terror to men: even this held he in his hands, and marched before the people. And the Argives held their ground as one man; shrill rose the battle-cry from this hand and from that; leaped many an arrow from its string, and from brave hands many a spear went forth, some to strike fast in the flesh of mighty warriors, and many, before they reached the white flesh, to strike in the ground midway, hungering for their fill of flesh. As long, at least, as Phœbus Apollo held the ægis quiet in his hands, so long the shafts flew striking either rank, and so long the hosts fought and fell; but when once he looked the fleet-horsed Danaans in the face, and shook the ægis, and cried, even he himself, with a mighty voice, then as by a spell he broke the courage within their hearts, and they forgot their fierce defence"— and huddled and fled, continues the poet, as a flock or herd may huddle and flee when the herdsman is absent, and a pair of beasts assail it in the night-time.

Here, then, we have epical authority for Apollo as the ægis-wielder. And the special points of the description answer precisely to special points in the statue, which the archer hypotheses fail to account for. If we imagine the god, not indeed marching to confront a hostile rank directly face to face, but hurrying up from one side to interpose between some threatened object and the enemy threatening it — if we imagine him so hurrying up, reaching the right point for interposition, then pausing in his advance, and turning upon the enemy on his left with a sudden action of indignant disdain, a sudden and haughty looking of them in the face, and shaking of the upheld ægis to dismay them (*κατενῶπα ἰδὼν . . . Σεῖσ'*) — then, and then only, shall we have an explanation of our statue that will really both explain and justify it, and hold good at all points.

It is, then, as such an Apollo, an Apollo *Aigiochos*, or invested with the ægis of his sire, and *Boëdromios*, or hastening to the succor of some who need it, that our statue is henceforth to be regarded. We have henceforth to think away Montorsoli's restoration of the bow altogether. The Stroganoff bronze of itself proves as much; the passage in Homer supports and authorizes the proof. Add that after the discovery of the bronze, another valuable discovery was made, in 1866, of a marble head slightly mutilated, belonging evidently to a third ancient ver-

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sion of the same original. This head, bought in Rome by the sculptor Steinhaüser, is now in the museum of Basle. In the brilliancy and mechanical finish of the marble, it is not to be compared to the head of the Vatican statue; but it, again, is less overdone than the other in the expression of mouth and chin; it is much simpler in the treatment of the hair, and therefore purer in contour; thus seeming to take us nearer to a Greek original, and to show that no small part of those theatrical elegancies and exaggerations to which we object in the Vatican figures is due to the taste of the imperial copyist. That such a Greek original was of bronze and not of marble, can also be inferred with certainty. That gleaming evenness of surface which imposes so much on unpractised eyes is due in part to the mechanical attempt at imitating in stone the qualities of bronze; there are technical points, as in the definition of the lips and eyelids, which are again the sure marks of such imitation; but the surest mark of all is the management of the cloak; this, as caught up over the left arm and hanging free from the same arm to the shoulder, forms a thin sheet or plate which no marble sculptor would ever have invented as suitable, either in substance or in fold, to his material, but which would be perfectly suitable to the material of bronze.

The question now remains, can we get nearer in any way to that Greek original statue of bronze, which, from the evidence, we judge to have existed? can we tell more precisely what and of what date was that Apollo which our several later copyists had before them?

II.

So far we have been on safe ground, and have arrived at results as certain as, in this imperfect and still progressing science of classical archæology, results ever are. What follows is not so well established, and should pass current not yet as positive knowledge, but only as attractive and probable conjecture. The question before us is, in what days and under what circumstances was this type of Apollo as ægis-bearer and succorer, such as we find him in the Vatican statue, the Basle head, and the St. Petersburg bronze, first wrought? It is a question which narrows itself on a little examination. From the outset we are quite sure that the invention does not belong to the majestic days of Greek art in the fifth century, the age of Pericles. It so happens that an Apollo *Boëdromios* or *Alexikakos*, an Apollo the succorer, has lately been discovered which does belong to that age; I mean the colossal figure which filled the central place in the western pediment of the great temple of Olympia, and represented the god as interposing to defend his Greeks, men and maidens assembled at the marriage feast of Peirithoos, from the assault of the Centaurs. The figures of that pediment were the work of Alkamenes, the scholar and almost the rival of Pheidias; and from the cast of the Apollo's head, which, as well as a sketch of his body, have reached home, we can see how completely the conception is governed by the old religious stateliness and high reserve. The type is, indeed, in some sense ancestor, a lofty ancestor, to the type of the Belvedere; the underlip is raised, but only just raised, in scorn; the head, with its close, trim locks treated in the archaic manner, and bound with a close bronze band, was inclined, but only slightly inclined, over the shoulder; one arm, to which a drapery hangs, was raised, but only moderately raised, in action. Enough, however, of the new-found Apollo of Alkamenes, until there shall have been time to study it more fully; we did not need its discovery to be sure that our other Apollo had nothing to do with the Greek art of those days. Making all allowance for the spirit of parade and false refinement in the copyist, we can still pronounce that this type is originally due neither to the first nor to the second great Attic school, neither to that of Pheidias in the fifth century, nor to that of Scopas and Praxiteles in the fourth; but that it is due, at earliest, to the third century, to days post-Alexandrian, when in the breaking up of the ancient politics of Greece, Greek art and intellect had ceased to be centralized at Athens, and there arose in all parts of the new as well as the old Greek world schools infinitely accomplished and inventive still, but of which the characteristics are to be elegant, to be dramatic, to be realistic, to be modern, to have all qualities except the old majesty and simplicity.

Granting, then, that the period of Greek art between, say, 300 and 100 B.C. must be the period to which our type belongs, by what occasion that we can tell is it likely to have been suggested? For nothing is less likely than that it should have been merely suggested by that passage in the fifteenth book of the Iliad. To supply mere illustrations of passages in the poets was at no time the task of monumental sculpture in Greece; its task was to supply images of religion and to commemorate great persons and events. And the

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religious and the commemorative parts of its task were almost inextricably connected; inasmuch as every human event was regarded as happening under superhuman influence, and with every political glory or disaster, every historical victory or defeat, were mixed up ideas of the action both of ancestral heroes and of Olympian gods. Nothing is so likely as that a figure like our Apollo should have been set up by way of celebration and thanksgiving for the supposed interposition of his deity in some actual event.

Now do we know of any event in the history of Greece after the fourth century for which thanks were likely to have been offered in this shape? Do we know of any peril of the Greeks in which the succor of Apollo was conspicuously interposed? We do know of such an event and such a peril; and with the circumstances which attended them the peculiar features of our statue very singularly agree. The case was this. In the year 279 B.C. Greece suffered a disastrous invasion of those tribes of Gaulish barbarians which had for many years been uneasily shifting about the head and eastern shores of the Adriatic. They descended into Illyria; they swarmed over Macedonia, defeated and put to death the Macedonian king Ptolemæus; and next, to the number of sixty-five thousand under their leader Brennus, penetrated into Greece itself. The prize upon which the Gaul had set his heart was the plunder of the famous shrine of Delphi. That story of the barbarian assault and of its overthrow is the most rousing in the later annals of Greece. It is only in the pages of indifferent writers of Roman or imperial days that we read it — a fragment of Diodorus Siculus, a chapter of the guide-book of Pausanias, another of the abridged compilation of Justin — but as we read, even those tame narratives seem to take fire, and we can enter into all the emotions of that supernatural victory, which stirred once more within the hearts of all Greeks the expiring sense of the glories of their race, and seemed for a moment to renew the days of Marathon and Salamis and Platææ. At the approach of the invading host, the guardians of Delphi sought counsel of the oracle. "Fear not," replied the god, "I shall take care for mine own, I and the white maidens." The Gauls, tempted, as one account has it, by the wines and produce of the Phokian plain, delayed their attack long enough for a body of some four thousand defenders to be collected. And when at last they did gather to the fight, and began the assault of the holy steep, suddenly the earth quaked, and a tempest gathered, and thunder and lightning raged with earthquake the whole day long, and confounded the barbarians, and put to naught their multitudes. And the shapes of the Delphian heroies of old were seen athwart the fight — Phylakos and Laodokos and Hyperochos and Pyrrhos; and at a certain moment the priests from all the temples rushed forth, their hair and fillets flying, the instruments of their ministry in their hands, and came among the front rank of the fighters, and cried that the gods were fighting for the Greeks, that they had seen the very god as he flitted in lineaments of radiant youth athwart the opening of his temple, and to his side there had come up from the neighbor temples of Artemis and Athênê two presences of virgins armed; nor had they seen these things with their eyes only, but had heard the weapons of the immortals clash and their bowstrings hiss. So the assailants were overthrown upon that day, and their commander wounded in the fight; and in the night there came signs and wonders greater yet, to wit, great snow and frost, and a falling of rocks from the precipices, which fell and crushed the barbarians; and the next day the Greeks assailed them in their turn, hurling arrows and javelins with the advantage of the ground; until, on the night of the second day, a panic terror descended on the Gauls, and they turned wildly upon one another, and slew one another all night long, after which the Greeks had small pains in scattering the remainder till they were pursued and put to the sword.

Such was the form which, in the imagination of the Greeks, was given to the story of their deliverance from the Gauls at Delphi. It is evident that their defence had, in fact, been greatly helped by alarm of earthquake and blinding weather. If ever, in the history of the Greek world, Apollo fought visibly in defence of his worshippers, it was here; and he fought, which is the especial point, with unusual weapons; not with his own Apolline shafts, which are of three kinds, the shafts of *light*, of *heat*, or of *pestilence*; but with weapons which belong to his father Zeus, with thunder and lightning and storm, with the *concentrated terrors of the sky*; and of these, as I have said, the ægis with its Gorgon face is in art and mythology the symbol.

We do not know, as a matter of fact, that this last supernatural triumph of the Greek race over outnumbering barbarians

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was commemorated with a statue, or statues, of Apollo wearing the ægis. But the appropriateness of that attribute to the event is obvious. Apollo as he dismayed the Gauls on the Delphian steep, is in every point the same Apollo who dismays the Greeks in the fifteenth book of the Iliad. And that the Delphian victory was, with statues of one kind and another, abundantly commemorated by the art of those days, is a fact which we do know. It was also commemorated by the establishment of a new festival, the festival of the Sôteria, or rejoicings for deliverance, in which Apollo the son was especially coupled with Zeus the sire. Of works of sculpture set up in honor of the victory, Pausanias mentions a statue of the Phokian warrior Aleximachos, killed in the fight, which was dedicated by his countrymen at Delphi; two statues of Apollo and one of Athênê also dedicated at Delphi by the Ætolians, besides, from the same source, a group of Ætolian captains in association with Artemis; and lastly, a figure of Apollo dedicated in their own market-place by the people of Patræ, the modern Patras, in Achaia. But before Pausanias was at Delphi, Nero had carried off from that sanctuary as many as six hundred of its dedicatory statues; and if the original of our Apollo had been set up at Delphi, we might well suppose it to have been among those six hundred, and that Roman sculptors copied it by the imperial order for the adornment of the imperial pleasure-house at Antium.

The hypothesis thus set forth is a hypothesis and no more; but it is supported by many circumstances of probability. The style and conception of the work correspond completely with the proposed date. And to all other considerations there are the following to be added. It is probable that a monument of sculpture set up to record the overthrow of the Gauls at Delphi would consist, not of the figure of Apollo alone, but would represent Apollo associated with Athênê and Artemis, the "white maidens" of the oracle, the sister goddesses who also had temples adjacent to his own on the heights of Delphi, and who came up each from her temple to help him in the fight. Our argument, say therefore some critics, would be not a little helped if we could point to a statue of either or both of these goddesses which seemed to fit naturally into one and the same group with the Apollo Belvedere. And to such a statue, they add, we can very distinctly point. The well-known Artemis with the stag, one of the most admired sculptures of the Louvre, and popularly known as the Diana of Versailles, furnishes the very thing of which we are in search. The extremely close correspondence between the Apollo Belvedere and the Artemis with the stag, their almost complete natural balance, had long ago been pointed out. Exactly as the Apollo advances hastily from the right, and pauses in his advance to throw his face and in a less degree his body to the left, and hold up the ægis with the left arm, so does the Artemis advance hastily from the left, and pause in her advance to throw her head and in some degree her body to the right, while she raises her right arm to draw an arrow from her quiver. Just as the olive-stem and serpent beside Apollo are the symbols of his deity, so is the attendant stag in the other statue the symbol of the pursuits of Artemis. The figures have the same slender proportions, still more exaggerated in the Artemis, the same highly finished sandals and mode of treatment in the hair, only that of Artemis is braided with less luxuriance. The eyes of both are raised in the same wide, distant, and haughty regard. The very features, with the design and expression of the mouth and chin, have a likeness which is more than that of divine brother and sister, which is identity on different scales. On the whole, the Artemis has a nobler and simpler aspect, with more of life and less of display, and so far speaks better for the copyist who has in this case translated the Greek original into marble. But when once you have taken casts of the two figures, and placed them side by side, with their faces fronting the same way and the direction of their bodies almost meeting, when you have done this and observed their balance and correspondence, it is difficult again to think of them apart. It need hardly be pointed out how accurately the very words of Justin about the virgin goddesses, how they *ran up, each from her neighboring temple, to join Apollo*, correspond to that action which I have described as the only one possible for the Belvedere figure, as it is also for the figure in the Louvre — the action, that is, of advancing from one side to interpose between some threatened object and its enemy, then, at the right point for interposition, turning against the enemy and confronting him.

With these figures of the Apollo Belvedere and the Diana of Versailles it has been attempted, I do not think success-

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fully, to unite, as part of the same group, the third champion of the Greeks on that day, in the shape of a statue of Athênê, preserved in the Museum of the Capitol at Rome. But of conjecture we have by this time had enough. Let the conjecture about the association of this Apollo and this Artemis, and the conjecture about the relation of both to the defeat of the Gauls at Delphi, be taken for what they are worth, which is certainly not a little. And let only the other part of our account, which identifies the Apollo Belvedere as a god, for the nonce, not of the sounding bow, but of the scathing and dismaying ægis, let that only be taken as a thing known and out of doubt.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

CANOSSA.

ITALY is less the land of what is venerable in antiquity, than of beauty, by divine right young eternally in spite of age. This is due partly to her history and art and literature, partly to the temper of the races who have made her what she is, and partly to her natural advantages. Her oldest architectural remains, the temples of Pæstum and Girgenti, or the gates of Perugia and Volterra, are so adapted to Italian landscape and so graceful in their massive strength, that we forget the centuries which have passed over them. We leap as by a single bound from the times of Roman greatness to the new birth of humanity in the fourteenth century, forgetting the many years during which Italy, like the rest of Europe, was buried in what our ancestors called Gothic barbarism. The illumination cast upon the classic period by the literature of Rome and by the memory of her great men is so vivid, that we feel the days of the republic and the empire to be near us; while the Italian Renaissance is so truly a revival of that former splendor, a resumption of the music interrupted for a season, that it is extremely difficult to form any conception of the five long centuries which elapsed between the Lombard invasion in 568 and the accession of Hildebrand to the pontificate in 1073. So true is it that nothing lives and has reality for us but what is spiritual, intellectual, self-possessed in personality and consciousness. When the Egyptian priest said to Solon, "You Greeks are always children," he intended a gentle sarcasm, but he implied a compliment; for the quality of imperishable youth belonged to the Hellenic spirit, and has become the heritage of every race which partook of it. And this spirit in no common degree has been shared by the Italians of the earlier and the later classic epoch. The land is full of monuments pertaining to those two brilliant periods; and whenever the voice of poet has spoken, or the hand of artist has been at work, that spirit, as distinguished from the spirit of mediævalism, has found expression.

Yet it must be remembered that during the five centuries above mentioned Italy was given over to Lombards, Franks, and Germans. Feudal institutions, alien to the social and political ideals of the classic world, took a firm hold on the country. The Latin element remained silent, passive, in abeyance, undergoing an important transformation. It was in the course of those five hundred years that the Italians as a modern people, separable from their Roman ancestors, were formed. At the close of this obscure passage in Italian history, their communes, the foundation of Italy's future independence, and the source of her peculiar national development, appeared in all the vigor and audacity of youth. At its close the Italian genius presented Europe with its greatest triumph of constructive ability, the papacy. At its close again the series of supreme artistic achievements, starting with the architecture of churches and public palaces, passing on to sculpture and painting, and culminating in music, which only ended with the temporary extinction of national vitality in the seventeenth century, was simultaneously begun in all the provinces of the peninsula.

So important were these five centuries of incubation for Italy, and so little is there left of them to arrest the attention of the student, dazzled as he is by the ever-living splendors of Greece, Rome, and the Renaissance, that a visit to the ruins of Canossa is almost a duty. There, in spite of himself, by the very isolation and forlorn abandonment of what was once so formidable a seat of feudal despotism and ecclesiastical tyranny, he is forced to confront the obscure but mighty spirit of the Middle Ages. There, if anywhere, the men of those iron-hearted times anterior to the Crusades will acquire distinctness for his imagination, when he recalls the three main actors in the drama enacted on the

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summit of Canossa's rock in the bitter winter of 1077.

Canossa lies almost due south of Reggio d'Emilia, upon the slopes of the Apennines. Starting from Reggio, the carriage-road keeps to the plain for some while in a westerly direction, and then bends away towards the mountains. As we approach their spurs, the ground begins to rise. The rich Lombard tilth of maize and vine gives place to English-looking hedgerows, lined with oaks, and studded with handsome dark tufts of green hellebore. The hills descend in melancholy earth-heaps on the plain, crowned here and there with ruined castles. Four of these mediæval strongholds, called Bianello, Montevetro, Monteluzzo, and Montezano, give the name of Quattro Castelli to the commune. The most important of them, Bianello, which, next to Canossa, was the strongest fortress possessed by the Countess Matilda and her ancestors, still presents a considerable mass of masonry, roofed, and habitable. The group formed a kind of advance-guard for Canossa against attack from Lombardy. After passing Quattro Castelli we enter the hills, climbing gently upwards between barren slopes of ashy grey earth — the *débris* of most ancient Apennines — crested at favorable points with lonely towers. In truth the whole country bristles with ruined forts, making it clear that during the Middle Ages Canossa was but the centre of a great military system, the core and kernel of a fortified position which covered an area to be measured by scores of square miles, reaching far into the mountains and buttressed on the plain. As yet, however, after nearly two hours' driving Canossa has not come in sight. At last a turn in the road discloses an opening in the valley of the Enza to the left: up this lateral gorge we see first the Castle of Rossena on its knoll of solid red rock, flaming in the sunlight; and then, further withdrawn, detached from all surrounding objects, and reared aloft as though to sweep the sea of waved and broken hills around it, a sharp horn of hard white stone. That is Canossa — the *alba Canossa*, the *candida petra* of its rhyming chronicler. There is no mistaking the commanding value of its situation. At the same time the brilliant whiteness of Canossa's rocky hill, contrasted with the red gleam of Rossena, and outlined against the prevailing dulness of these earthy Apennines, secures a picturesque individuality concordant with its unique history and unrivalled strength.

There is still a journey of two hours before the castle can be reached; and this may be performed on foot or horseback. The path winds upward over broken ground; following the *arête* of curiously jumbled and thwarted hill-slopes; passing beneath the battlements of Rossena, whence the unfortunate Everelina threw herself in order to escape the savage love of her lord and jailer; and then skirting those horrid earthen *balze* which are so common and so unattractive a feature of Apennine scenery. The most hideous *balze* to be found in the length and breadth of Italy are probably those of Volterra, from which the citizens themselves recoil with a kind of terror, and which lure melancholy men by intolerable fascination on to suicide. Forever crumbling, altering with frost and rain, discharging gloomy glaciers of slow-crawling mud, and scarring the hillside with tracts of barrenness, these earth-precipices are among the most ruinous and discomfortable failures of nature. They have not even so much of wildness or grandeur as forms the saving merit of nearly all wrathful things in the world, and can only be classed with the desolate *ghiare* of Italian river-beds.

Such as they are, these *balze* form an appropriate preface to the gloomy and repellant isolation of Canossa. The rock towers from a narrow platform to the height of rather more than one hundred and sixty feet from its base. The top is fairly level, forming an irregular triangle, of which the greatest length is about two hundred and sixty feet, and the width about one hundred feet. Scarcely a vestige of any building can be traced either upon the platform or the summit, with the exception of a broken wall and windows supposed to belong to the end of the sixteenth century. The ancient castle, with its triple circuit of walls, enclosing barracks for the garrison, lodgings for the lord and his retainers, a stately church, a sumptuous monastery, storehouses, stables, workshops, and all the various buildings of a fortified stronghold, have utterly disappeared. The very passage of approach cannot be ascertained; for it is doubtful whether the present irregular path that scales the western face of the rock, be really the remains of some old staircase corresponding to that by which Mont St. Michel in Normandy is ascended. One thing is tolerably certain — that the three walls of which we hear so much from the chroniclers, and which played so picturesque a part in the drama of Henry

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IV.'s penance, surrounded the cliff at its base, and embraced a large acreage of ground. The citadel itself must have been but the acropolis or keep of an extensive fortress.

There has been plenty of time since the year 1255, when the people of Reggio sacked and destroyed Canossa, for nature to resume her undisputed sway by obliterating the handiwork of men; and at present nature forms the chief charm of Canossa. Lying one afternoon of May on the crisp short grass at the edge of a precipice purple with iris in full blossom, I surveyed, from what were once the battlements of Matilda's castle, a prospect than which there is none more spirit-stirring by reason of its beauty and its manifold associations in Europe. The lower castle-crowded hills have sunk. Reggio lies at our feet, shut in between the crests of Monte Carboniano and Monte delle Celle. Beyond Reggio stretches Lombardy — the fairest and most memorable battle-field of nations, the richest and most highly cultivated garden of civilized industry. Nearly all the Lombard cities may be seen, some of them faint like bluish films of vapor, some clear with dome and spire. There is Modena and her Ghirlandina. Carpi, Parma, Mirandola, Verona, Mantua, lie well-defined and russet on the flat green map; and there flashes a bend of lordly Po; and there the Euganeans rise like islands, telling us where Padua and Ferrara nestle in the amethystine haze. Beyond and above all to the northward sweep the Alps, tossing their silvery crests up into a cloudless sky from the violet mist that girds their flanks and drowns their basements. Monte Adamello and the Ortler, the cleft of the Brenner and the sharp peaks of the Venetian Alps are all distinctly visible. An eagle flying straight from our eyrie might traverse Lombardy and light among the snow-fields of the Valteline between sunrise and sundown. Nor is the prospect tame to southward. Here the Apennines roll, billow above billow, in majestic desolation, soaring to snow summits in the Pellegrino region. As our eye attempts to thread that labyrinth of hill and vale, we tell ourselves that those roads wind to Tuscany, and yonder stretches Garfagnana, where Ariosto lived and mused in honorable exile from the world he loved.

It was by one of the mountain passes that lead from Lucca northward that the first founder of Canossa is said to have travelled early in the tenth century. Sigifredo, if the tradition may be trusted, was very wealthy; and with his money he bought lands and signorial rights at Reggio, bequeathing to his children, when he died about 945, a patrimony which they developed into a petty kingdom. Azzo, his second son, fortified Canossa, and made it his principal place of residence. When Lothair, king of Italy, died in 950, leaving his beautiful widow to the ill-treatment of his successor, Berenger, Adelaide found a protector in this Azzo. She had been imprisoned on the Lake of Garda; but managing to escape in man's clothes to Mantua, she thence sent news of her misfortunes to Canossa. Azzo lost no time in riding with his knights to her relief, and brought her back in safety to his mountain fastness. It is related that Azzo was afterwards instrumental in calling Otho into Italy and procuring his marriage with Adelaide, in consequence of which events Italy became a fief of the empire. Owing to the part he played at this time, the lord of Canossa was recognized as one of the most powerful vassals of the German emperor in Lombardy. Honors were heaped upon him; and he grew so rich and formidable, that Berenger, the titular king of Italy, laid siege to his fortress of Canossa. The memory of this siege, which lasted for three years and a half, is said still to linger in the popular traditions of the place. When Azzo died at the end of the tenth century, he left to his son Tedaldo the title of count of Reggio and Modena; and this title was soon after raised to that of marquis. The marches governed as vicar of the empire by Tedaldo included Reggio, Modena, Ferrara, Brescia, and probably Mantua. They stretched, in fact, across the north of Italy, forming a quadrilateral between the Alps and Apennines. Like his father, Tedaldo adhered consistently to the Imperial party; and when he died and was buried at Canossa, he in his turn bequeathed to his son Bonifazio a power and jurisdiction increased by his own abilities. Bonifazio held the state of a sovereign at Canossa, adding the duchy of Tuscany to his father's fiefs, and meeting the allied forces of the Lombard barons in the field of Coviolo like an independent potentate. His power and splendor were great enough to rouse the jealousy of the emperor; but Henry III. seems to have thought it more prudent to propitiate this proud vassal, and to secure his kindness, than to attempt his humiliation. Bonifazio married Beatrice, daughter of

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Frederick, duke of Lorraine — her whose marble sarcophagus in the Campo Santo at Pisa is said to have inspired Niccola Pisano with his new style of sculpture. Their only child, Matilda, was born probably at Lucca, in 1046; and six years after her birth Bonifazio, who had swayed his subjects like an iron-handed tyrant, was murdered. To the great house of Canossa, the rulers of one-third of Italy, there now remained only two women, Bonifazio's widow Beatrice, and his daughter Matilda. Beatrice married Godfrey, duke of Lorraine, who was recognized by Henry IV. as her husband and as feudatory of the empire in the full place of Boniface. He died about 1070; and in this year Matilda was married by proxy to his son, Godfrey the Hunchback, whom, however, she did not see till the year 1072. The marriage was not a happy one; and the question has even been disputed among Matilda's biographers whether it was ever consummated. At any rate it did not last long; for Godfrey was killed at Antwerp in 1076. In this year Matilda also lost her mother, Beatrice, who died at Pisa, and was buried in the cathedral.

By this rapid enumeration of events it will be seen how the power and honors of the house of Canossa, including Tuscany, Spoleto, and the fairest portions of Lombardy, had devolved upon a single woman of the age of thirty at the moment when the fierce quarrel between pope and emperor began in the year 1076. Matilda was destined to play a great, a striking, and a tragic part in the opening drama of Italian history. Her decided character and uncompromising course of action have won for her the name of *la gran donna d'Italia*, and have caused her memory to be blessed or execrated according as the temporal pretensions and spiritual tyranny of the papacy may have found supporters or opponents in posterity. She was reared from childhood in habits of austerity and unquestioning piety. Submission to the Church became for her not merely a rule of conduct, but a passionate enthusiasm. She identified herself with the cause of four successive popes; protected her idol, the terrible and iron-hearted Hildebrand, in the time of his adversity; remained faithful to his principles after his death; and having served the holy see with all her force and all that she possessed through all her lifetime, she bequeathed her vast dominions to it on her death-bed. Like some of the greatest mediæval characters — like Hildebrand himself — Matilda was so thoroughly of one piece, that she towers above the mists of ages with the massive grandeur of an incarnated idea. She is for us the living statue of a single thought, an undivided impulse, the more than woman born to represent her age. Nor was it without reason that Dante symbolized in her the love of holy Church; though students of the "Purgatory" will hardly recognize the lovely maiden, singing and plucking flowers beside the stream of Lethe, in the stern and warlike chatelaine of Canossa. Unfortunately we know but little of Matilda's personal appearance. Her health was not strong; and it is said to have been weakened, especially in her last illness, by ascetic observances. Yet she headed her own troops, armed with sword and cuirass, avoiding neither peril nor fatigue in the quarrels of her master Gregory. Up to the year 1622 two strong suits of mail were preserved at Quattro Castelli, which were said to have been worn by her in battle, and which were afterwards sold on the market-place at Reggio. This habit of donning armor does not, however, prove that Matilda was exceptionally vigorous; for in those savage times she could hardly have played the part of heroine without participating personally in the dangers of warfare.

No less monumental in the plastic unity of his character was the monk Hildebrand, who for twenty years before his elevation to the papacy had been the maker of popes and the creator of the policy of Rome. When he was himself elected in the year 1073, and had assumed the name of Gregory VII., he immediately began to put in practice the plans for Church aggrandizement he had slowly matured during the previous quarter of a century. To free the Church from its subservience to the empire, to assert the pope's right to ratify the election of the emperor and to exercise the right of jurisdiction over him, to place ecclesiastical appointments in the sole power of the Roman see, and to render the celibacy of the clergy obligatory, were the points he had resolved to carry. Taken singly and together, these chief aims of Hildebrand's policy had but one object — the magnification of the Church at the expense both of the people and of secular authorities, and the further separation of the Church from the ties and sympathies of common life that bound it to humanity. To accuse Hildebrand of personal ambition would be but shallow criticism, though it is clear that his inflexible

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and puissant nature found a savage selfish pleasure in trampling upon power and humbling pride at warfare with his own. Yet his was in no sense an egotistic purpose, like that which moved the popes of the Renaissance to dismember Italy for their bastards. Hildebrand, like Matilda, was himself the creature of a great idea. These two potent personalities completely understood each other, and worked towards a single end. The mythopœic fancy might conceive of them as the male and female manifestations of one dominant faculty, the spirit of ecclesiastical dominion incarnate in a man and woman of almost superhuman mould.

Opposed to them, as the third actor in the drama of Canossa, was a man of feebler mould. Henry IV., king of Italy, but not yet crowned emperor, had none of his opponents' unity of purpose or monumental dignity of character. At war with his German feudatories, browbeaten by rebellious sons, unfaithful and cruel to his wife, vacillating in the measures he adopted to meet his divers difficulties, at one time tormented by his conscience into cowardly submission, and at another treasonably neglectful of the most solemn obligations, Henry was no match for the stern wills against which he was destined to break in unavailing passion. Early disagreements with Gregory had culminated in his excommunication. The German nobles abandoned his cause; and Henry found it expedient to summon a council in Augsburg for the settlement of matters in dispute between the empire and the papacy. Gregory expressed his willingness to attend this council, and set forth from Rome accompanied by the countess Matilda in December, 1076. He did not, however, travel further than Vercelli, for news here reached him that Henry was about to enter Italy at the head of a powerful army. Matilda hereupon persuaded the holy father to place himself in safety among her strongholds of Canossa. Thither accordingly Gregory retired before the ending of that year; and bitter were the sarcasms uttered by the Imperial partisans in Italy upon this protection offered by a fair countess to the monk who had been made a pope. The foul calumnies of that bygone age would be unworthy of even so much as this notice, if we did not trace in them the ineradicable Italian tendency to cynical insinuation — a tendency which has involved the history of the Renaissance popes in an almost impenetrable mist of lies and exaggerations.

Henry was in truth upon his road to Italy, but with a very different attendance from that which Gregory expected. Accompanied by Bertha, his wife, and his boy son Conrad, the emperor elect left Spires in the condition of a fugitive, crossed Burgundy, spent Christmas at Besançon, and journeyed to the foot of Mont Cenis. It is said that he was followed by a single male servant of mean birth; and if the tale of his adventures during the passage of the Alps can be credited, history presents fewer spectacles more picturesque than the straits to which this representative of the Cæsars, this supreme chief of feudal civility, this ruler destined still to be the leader of mighty armies and the father of a line of monarchs, was exposed. Concealing his real name and state, he induced some shepherds to lead him and his escort through the thick snows to the summit of Mont Cenis; and by the help of these men the imperial party were afterwards let down the snow-slopes on the further side by means of ropes. Bertha and her women were sewn up in hides and dragged across the frozen surface of the winter drifts. It was a year memorable for its severity. Heavy snow had fallen in October, which continued icebound and unyielding till the following April.

No sooner had Henry reached Turin, than he set forward again in the direction of Canossa. The fame of his arrival had preceded him, and he found that his party was far stronger in Italy than he had ventured to expect. Proximity to the Church of Rome divests its fulminations of half their terrors. The Italian bishops and barons, less superstitious than the Germans, and with greater reason to resent the domineering graspingness of Gregory, were ready to espouse the emperor's cause. Henry gathered a formidable force as he marched onward across Lombardy; and some of the most illustrious prelates and nobles of the south were in his suite.

A more determined leader than Henry proved himself to be, might possibly have forced Gregory to some accommodation, in spite of the strength of Canossa and the pope's invincible obstinacy, by proper use of these supporters. Meanwhile the adherents of the Church were mustered in Matilda's fortress; among whom may be mentioned Azzo, the progenitor of Este and Brunswick; Hugh, abbot of Clugny; and the princely family of Piedmont. "I am become a second Rome," exclaims Canossa, in the language of Matilda's rhyming chronicler; "all honors are

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mine; I hold at once both pope and king, the princes of Italy and those of Gaul, those of Rome, and those from far beyond the Alps." The stage was ready; the audience had assembled; and now the three great actors were about to meet. Immediately upon his arrival at Canossa, Henry sent for his cousin, the countess Matilda, and besought her to intercede for him with Gregory. He was prepared to make any concessions or to undergo any humiliations, if only the ban of excommunication might be removed; nor, cowed as he was by his own superstitious conscience, and by the memory of the opposition he had met with from his German vassals, does he seem to have once thought of meeting force with force, and of returning to his northern kingdom triumphant in the overthrow of Gregory's pride. Matilda undertook to plead his cause before the pontiff. But Gregory was not to be moved so soon to mercy. "If Henry has in truth repented," he replied, "let him lay down crown and sceptre, and declare himself unworthy of the name of king." The only point conceded to the suppliant was that he should be admitted in the garb of a penitent within the precincts of the castle. Leaving his retinue outside the walls, Henry entered the first series of outworks, and was thence conducted to the second, so that between him and the citadel itself there still remained the third of the surrounding bastions. Here he was bidden to wait the pope's pleasure; and here, in the midst of that bitter winter weather, while the fierce winds of the Apennines were sweeping sleet upon him in their passage from Monte Pellegrino to the plain, he knelt barefoot, clothed in sackcloth, fasting from dawn till eve, for three whole days. On the morning of the fourth day, judging that Gregory was inexorable, and that his suit would not be granted, Henry retired to the Chapel of St. Nicholas, which stood within this second precinct. There he called to his aid the abbot of Clugny and the countess, both of whom were his relations, and who, much as they might sympathize with Gregory, could hardly be supposed to look with satisfaction on their royal kinsman's outrage. The abbot told Henry that nothing in the world could move the pope; but Matilda, when in turn he fell before her knees and wept, engaged to do for him the utmost. She probably knew that the moment for unbending had arrived, and that her imperious guest could not with either decency or prudence prolong the outrage offered to the civil chief of Christendom. It was January 25 when the emperor elect was brought, half dead with cold and misery, into the pope's presence. There he prostrated himself in the dust, crying aloud for pardon. It is said that Gregory first placed his foot upon Henry's neck, uttering these words of Scripture, "*Super aspidem et basiliscum ambulabis et conculcabis leonem et draconem*," and that then he raised him from the earth and formally pronounced his pardon. The prelates and nobles who took part in this scene were compelled to guarantee with their own oaths the vows of obedience pronounced by Henry; so that in the very act of reconciliation a new insult was offered to him. After this Gregory said mass, and permitted Henry to communicate; and at the close of the day a banquet was served, at which the king sat down to meat with the pope and the countess.

It is probable that, while Henry's penance was performed in the castle courts beneath the rock, his reception by the pope, and all that subsequently happened, took place in the citadel itself. But of this we have no positive information. Indeed the silence of the chronicles as to the topography of Canossa is peculiarly unfortunate for lovers of the picturesque in historic detail, now that there is no possibility of tracing the outlines of the ancient building. Had the author of the "*Vita Mathildis*" (Muratori, vol. v.) foreseen that his beloved Canossa would one day be nothing but a mass of native rock, he would undoubtedly have been more explicit on these points; and much that is vague about an event only paralleled by our Henry II.'s penance before Becket's shrine at Canterbury, might now be clear.

Very little remains to be told about Canossa. During the same year, 1077, Matilda made the celebrated donation of her fiefs to Holy Church. This was accepted by Gregory in the name of St. Peter, and it was confirmed by a second deed during the pontificate of Urban IV. in 1102. Though Matilda subsequently married Guelfo d'Este, son of the duke of Bavaria, she was speedily divorced from him; nor was there any heir to a marriage ridiculous by reason of disparity of age, the bridegroom being but eighteen, while the bride was forty-three in the year of her second nuptials. During one of Henry's descents into Italy he made an unsuccessful attack upon Canossa, assailing it at the head of a considerable force one October morning in 1092. Matilda's biographer

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informs us that the mists of autumn veiled his beloved fortress from the eyes of the beleaguerers. They had not even the satisfaction of beholding the unvanquished citadel; and, what was more, the banner of the emperor was seized and dedicated as a trophy in the church of S. Apollonio. In the following year the countess opened her gates of Canossa to an illustrious fugitive, Adelaide, the wife of her old foeman, Henry, who had escaped with difficulty from the insults and the cruelty of her husband. After Henry's death, his son, the emperor Henry V., paid Matilda a visit in her castle of Bianello, addressed her by the name of mother, and conferred upon her the vice-regency of Liguria. At the age of sixty-nine she died in 1115 at Bondeno de' Roncori, and was buried, not among her kinsmen at Canossa, but in an abbey of St. Benedict near Mantua. With her expired the main line of the noble house she represented; though Canossa, now made a fief of the empire in spite of Matilda's donation, was given to a family which claimed descent from Bonifazio's brother Conrad — a young man killed in the battle of Coviolo. This family, in its turn, was extinguished in the year 1570; but a junior branch still exists at Verona. It will be remembered that Michelangelo Buonarroti claimed kinship with the count of Canossa; and a letter from the count is extant acknowledging the validity of his pretension.

As far back as 1255 the people of Reggio destroyed the castle; nor did the nobles of Canossa distinguish themselves in subsequent history among those families who based their despotisms on the *débris* of the Imperial power in Lombardy. It seemed destined that Canossa and all belonging to it should remain as a mere name and memory of the outgrown Middle Ages. Estensi, Carraresi, Visconti, Bentivogli, and Gazaghi belong to a later period of Lombard history, and mark the dawn of the Renaissance.

As I lay and mused that afternoon of May upon the short grass, cropped by two grey goats, whom a little boy was tending, it occurred to me to ask the woman who had served me as guide, whether any legend remained in the country concerning the countess Matilda. She had often, probably, been asked this question by other travellers. Therefore she was more than usually ready with an answer, which, as far as I could understand her dialect, was this. Matilda was a great and potent witch, whose summons the devil was bound to obey. One day she aspired, alone of all her sex, to say mass; but when the moment came for sacring the elements, a thunderbolt fell from the clear sky, and reduced her to ashes.* That the most single-hearted handmaid of the holy Church, whose life was one long devotion to its ordinances, should survive in this grotesque myth, might serve to point a satire upon the vanity of earthly fame. The legend in its very extravagance is a fanciful distortion of the truth.

J. A. S.

* I find that this story is common in the country round Canossa. It is mentioned by Professor A. Ferretti in his monograph entitled "*Canossa, Studi e Ricerche*," Reggio, 1876, a work to which I am indebted, and which will repay careful study.

From The Saturday Review.

RETROSPECTIVE SYMPATHY.

Of all the delicate fruits which can be tasted in perfection only in the "ripe quarter of an hour," none has a more evanescent exquisiteness than sympathy. A touch of responsive feeling which at one moment will seem to lift a mountain's weight from the heart, coming an hour later may pass unperceived, or excite but a languid pleasure. Indeed a very slight degree of untimeliness may turn the pleasure to sheer annoyance. But, apart from such a change of circumstances as would turn the whole thing into a mockery, our moods are so fleeting, and they melt into each other by such slight and gradual changes, that sympathy, in order to exercise its full and most mysterious potency, must rise and fall with the airy modulations of an Eolian harp. The mind of a perfect sympathizer has a surface as liquid and transparent as that of a summer lake. No currents of intention or preoccupation must disturb the flow of its mobile passiveness. And yet how much that is precious falls short of perfection, and how great is our loss if we cannot enjoy what is imperfect!

To learn to enjoy, or at least gratefully to accept, imperfect sympathy is one of the most important parts of the art of friendship. And it may help us towards doing so to remember how often what seems misplaced now would but a little while ago have hit the mark — how fully our past may justify the feelings which we no longer care to excite. For instance, a long course of disappointment may have

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gradually lowered our expectations, till in middle life something is accepted as a boon which in earlier days we should have rejected as a mere hindrance. Our gladness on such an occasion will naturally be shared by those who have been near and intimate enough to have shared in our gradual resignation; but to others it may be the first indication, and a sad one enough, of the change wrought by years in our estimate of ourselves and of life. And to such friendly but comparatively distant spectators the occasion may seem to be one rather for condolence than congratulation. Is not this a kind of sympathy which it is hard to accept cordially, but which it would be unjust as well as ungrateful to reject?

Or, to take another instance, suppose that after long struggles against impending illness or calamity, a crisis comes which, by putting an end to the struggle, reveals to others, while it almost removes from our own consciousness, the weight of the burden which has so long been borne. Is not the sympathy then first excited apt to seem to us ill-timed and unwelcome in the fresh sense of relief — a relief in which we would perhaps gladly forget the weary load of the past? Or, on the other hand, a great happiness may come to us pierced by some secret pang of regret, too late perhaps to be shared by one for whose sake it was chiefly desired, or involving some new anxiety which in anticipation had been scarcely perceptible, but now may overshadow all the brightness. At such moments of complex feeling a warm and untempered congratulation may grate upon us as the most ignorant of blunders, and yet it may proceed from a real and deep sympathy in what is even now the principal, though not the most vivid, part of our experience. Indeed it very often happens that our own consciousness of joy or sorrow is not keenest at the most eventful moments. "Not in the crises of events . . . are life's delight and depth revealed —

> The day of days was not the day,
> That went before or was postponed;
> The night Death took our lamp away
> Was not the night on which we groaned.
> I drew my bride beneath the moon
> Across my threshold — happy hour;
> But ah, the walk that afternoon
> We saw the water-flags in flower!"

And if this is so in our own experience (and who but recognizes the truth of it?), how much more must it be the case with other people's perception of our feelings! If our own emotions arise, not when they are called for, but in gusts as fitful as the wind, it is but natural that sympathy should come not so much when we look for it as when by some inscrutable combination of conditions a way is prepared for the electric spark to flash into our friends' minds a sudden revelation of what has been taking place. So complicated are human beings, and so strangely mingled the events of our lives, that the reflection of them in the minds of others is of necessity broken and partial. We know but little about any event from its mere name. Till it actually befalls us, it may be dreaded or longed for, but we can but guess what will be its general result on our happiness. Probably very few people would say at the end of life that either their hopes or their fears had been always fully justified. Still less can our pity or our congratulation be expected to correspond with realities.

But it is the history or the prophecy, not the present feeling, revealed or suggested by words and looks, which appeals most powerfully to our imaginations. Seen from a slightly different point of view, how different would be the meaning of many of our real feelings, even to ourselves! We may easily prove this, if we have courage to do so, by reading over a few of our own old letters. And of course the difference is still greater in looking on at the lives of others. How much more touching are the pleasures of children and of old people than any of the struggles of the middle-aged wayfarers! — though it is from a dim sense of such struggles, as lying before or behind the present calm, that all its deep pathos is derived. Any present which touches us deeply is sure to be full of reflected lights from the past and the future. Seen under such lights, how sad are some gratifications, how much more pathetic some smiles than any tears!

Such a perfect reflection of every passing phase of feeling as would never jar upon any sensibility is scarcely possible except in the closest of all relations, and rare enough even in that. Nor is it perhaps on the whole to be desired. For one, perhaps the, great benefit of sympathy is not the mere pleasure it affords, nor even its strange power to relieve the pressure of intense feeling, but the equalization which it brings about in our feelings through this very retrospective quality which so often makes it a little hard to accept. A friend standing outside of our own life and of its minor changes and

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chances, but truly recognizing and sharing its deeper currents, becomes to us by that mere fact a sort of unconscious regulator. The most helpful sympathy is not necessarily the readiest, or even the most delicate; but that which is most truly proportioned, taking part with what is deep and permanent against transient surface agitations, and so helping to steady and elevate the general course of feeling. People do not generally see their own lives as a whole. The looker-on may know less, but he has the advantage of distance, which gives him a wider view. And to bring the feelings belonging to this more comprehensive view to bear upon the present vivid and perhaps exaggerated emotion is one of the best offices of friendship. It is, however, one of those offices which cannot be discharged by any mere immediate effort of will. It is rather the unconscious result and reward of a past course of faithful and patient attention to our friend's interests that, when some sudden gust of feeling threatens to drive him from his moorings, he may find in us a steady anchorage, binding him to his more lasting aims. Some sympathy lies so deep and is so unchanging that it looks at times like indifference; but we go back and back to it as to nature herself, and we scarcely know till after the experience of long years how much we owe to it, how we have been calmed and strengthened and unconsciously cheered by the never-failing hopefulness and trust which ignored our little weaknesses, and seemed deaf to many a passing complaint. Other friends may give a readier response to each movement of our minds; may seem, and may really be, quicker to comprehend the bearing on our feeling of each passing occurrence; but the very quickness of their sympathy may come to be a burden and a disturbance if it be applied indiscriminately to the temper we are trying to attain and the impulses we are struggling to resist. We know that the smiles and the tears which are so ready for us are just as much at the service of the next comer, and we ungratefully conclude that they cannot mean much, or even suspect them of being partly mechanical. Great readiness of response seems to imply a mobility of temper which is perhaps hardly compatible with the depth of feeling and of principle which go to make up what may be called organic sympathy. Where this is wanting the slighter reflection of our moods soon palls, and even becomes irritating at times. Sympathy, indeed, is one of the qualities which depend for their value upon something deeper than themselves. It is, at its best, the result of participation, not only in emotion, but in that deeper part of feeling which has become character.

What we want, or ought to want, in a perfect friend is, above all, an ally for our best self — an ally against our own faults and weaknesses as well as against the world. If to this alliance can be added a sympathy so minute and flexible as to reflect our lightest emotion and to quiver with every passing ripple of apprehension, of fun, or of regret, which crosses our minds, we are indeed singularly blessed. But life is not so rich that we can afford to reject or despise lower degrees of helpfulness. As we grow older we learn to welcome and to enjoy many a clumsy expression of good will, at which inexperienced youth would chafe or wince; and amongst other things we discover the value of yesterday's sympathy. If it has been a little slow in reaching us, still we know now that even light does not travel so fast as might have been expected, and the distance from star to star may not be greater than that which is placed by the mysterious encumbrances of life between soul and soul. We learn to accept the inevitable imperfections of human sympathy; but we may also learn to avoid some unnecessary aggravations of them. One great lesson in this direction is that whenever our sympathy is excited, not so much by a simple expression of present feeling as by what that feeling implies of past joy or sorrow, we shall do well to be cautious in giving utterance to it. A certain vagueness is not unbecoming to the most genuine feelings when they are perhaps a little out of date, and sympathy in arrear should not be too articulate.

Why, indeed, should we ever without necessity try to pack our sympathy into anything so narrow and imperfect as language? A silent responsiveness, a diffused and respectful tenderness of manner, is more gratifying, as well as safer, in nine cases out of ten, than any attempt to express sympathy in words. But words will come, and must be spoken. Only in cases of any delicacy the fewer, the simpler, and the less personal they are, the safer — we will not say the better.

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THE CURE'S PROGRESS.

MONSIEUR the Curé down the street
Comes with his kind old face, —
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,
And his green umbrella-case.

You may see him pass by the little "*Grande-Place*,"
And the tiny "*Hôtel-de-Ville;*"
He smiles as he goes, to the *fleuriste* Rose,
And the *pompier* Théophile.

He turns, as a rule, through the "*Marché*" cool,
Where the noisy fish-wives call;
And his compliment pays to the "*belle Thérèse*,"
As she knits in her dusky stall.

There's a letter to drop at the locksmith's shop,
And Toto. the locksmith's niece,
Has jubilant hopes, for the Curé gropes
In his tails for a *pain d'épice*.

There's a little dispute with a merchant of fruit,
Who is said to be heterodox,
That will ended be with a "*Ma foi, oui!*"
And a pinch from the Curé's box.

There is also a word that no one heard
To the furrier's daughter too;
And a pale cheek fed with a flickering red,
And a "*Bon Dieu garde M'sieu!*"

But a grander way for the *Sous-Préfet*,
And a bow for Ma'am'selle Anne;
And a mock "off-hat" to the Notary's cat,
And a nod to the Sacristan: —

For ever through life the Curé goes
With a smile on his kind old face, —
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,
And his green umbrella-case.

Cornhill Magazine. AUSTIN DOBSON.

BUTTERFLIES.

ONCE more I pass along the flowering meadow,
Hear cushats call, and mark the fairy rings;
Till where the lych-gate casts its cool dark shadow,
I pause awhile, musing on many things;
Then raise the latch, and passing through the gate,
Stand in the quiet, where men rest and wait.

Bees in the lime-trees do not break their sleeping;
Swallows beneath church eaves disturb them not;
They heed not bitter sobs or silent weeping;
Cares, turmoil, griefs, regrets, they have forgot.
I murmur sadly: "Here, then, all life ends.
We lay you here to rest, and lose you, friends."

By no rebuke is the sweet silence broken.
No voice reproves me; yet a sign is sent;
For from the grassy mounds there comes a token
Of life immortal — and I am content.
See! the soul's emblem meets my downcast eyes:
Over the graves are hovering butterflies!

Chambers' Journal. G. S.

THE GOOD GREAT MAN.

How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honor or wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the world of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.
For shame, dear friend! renounce this canting strain,
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
Place — titles — salary — a gilded chain —
Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain? —
Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends;
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? — three treasures, love and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night —
Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death.

1809. S. T. COLERIDGE.

SOME ANSWER.

NOT for himself — he lives to God alone —
Do we lament that he, the good great man,
Should live unguerdoned and should die unknown:
Not for his sake we mourn, but for our own.
"A little while 'tis with you; while ye can,
Walk in the light!" So spake the living Way:
But we have chosen darkness; day by day
The light was with us, yet we dared to scorn
The beams of his pure glory; now his ray
Faints in the westward, therefore do we mourn.
Oh worse than famine, worse than sword, or pest,
When prophets cry in vain to the dull ear
Of dying lands, that murmur "Peace," and jest,
And lightly mock the visions of the seer.

1858. H. M. B.

Macmillan's Magazine.

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From The Quarterly Review.

THE CROWN AND THE CONSTITUTION.*

ONE of the most curious legacies we have inherited from our ancestors is an extreme susceptibility to the influence of political forms and phrases. We are proud of our weakness, and not without reason, for it is a sign of far-descended freedom and of traditional greatness. It is accredited by famous examples in poetry and history. When the worthy Dicæopolis wished for his own purposes to prorogue the Athenian Ecclesia, he used his privilege as a citizen, and announced that he felt a drop of rain. The Prytanes, as they were bound to do, at once declared the day's proceedings to be at an end.† If any member of the Polish Diet wished to stop a debate, he had only to make use of the Liberum Veto, and the assembly had no alternative but to dissolve itself or to murder the obstructing individual. In the same way the English politician, who seeks to acquire popularity by turning the whole community upside down, may be tolerably sure of success, if he can but represent some public act to be "unconstitutional."

The word is a good word, and may be used to signify a variety of positive things. On the other hand, it has vast magic as a mere phrase, and, as such, it is used always in one sense and for one purpose, namely, to bring discredit on the crown. When it is so employed it is, of course, convenient to ignore the fact that the constitution consists of several parts, and that the encroachment of any one part on the liberties of the others is, in the eye of the law, an unconstitutional act. We never hear, for instance, from modern historians that it was an unconstitutional act of the subjects of King Charles I. to cut off his head; or that there was anything unprecedented in the conduct of William IV.'s ministers who carried off their sovereign at a moment's notice to pronounce, without deliberation, the dissolution of Parliament; or that Sir Robert Peel pushed hardly on the royal prerogative in limiting the queen's choice of her personal attendants. For each and all of these acts, springing as they did from the will of the majority or its representative ministers, grave and weighty reasons are found; but no epithets are too forcible to describe the wickedness of the Charleses, the Jameses, the Georges, and even the Williams, who have sought, by the exercise of their prerogative, to check the liberties or the opinions of the Commons. We are by no means concerned to defend the conduct of the monarchs we have mentioned; we believe that both their thoughts and actions were often of a thoroughly unconstitutional character; but, as applied to the crown in the reign of Queen Victoria, most people will be inclined to consider the phrase "unconstitutional," to speak mildly, — inappropriate. We have been long under the impression that the reign of the present sovereign has been distinguished by the smooth working of our constitutional machinery, by the superiority of the crown to anything like party favoritism, and by the hearty sympathy which the monarch has shown for the varied interests of all classes of her subjects. But for the last eighteen months we seem to have been living in a quite different world. There has been solemn whispering and head-shaking in certain circles whenever the name of the queen is mentioned. Respectable Liberal journals, daily and weekly, have been in a flutter at the aggressive attitude of the crown. At a meeting of Radicals in Willis's rooms to advocate the opening of the Dardanelles, one of the speakers complained of the undue influence that was being exercised by the court, and was doubtless somewhat surprised to find himself called to order by the chairman, and his audience giving three cheers for the queen. In spite, however, of such momentary weaknesses as this manifestation of loyalty, there has been a tolerable agreement among politicians of a particular complexion that certain recent acts of the sovereign have been alarmingly "unconstitutional."

What, then, has the queen been doing? Has she been collecting in the House of Commons a party of "queen's friends"?

* 1. *Life of the Prince Consort.* By Theodore Martin. 3 vols. London, 1875–76–77.
2. *The Crown and the Cabinet.* By "Verax." London, 1878.

† Aristophanes, "Acharn." 171.

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Has she been endeavoring to thwart the policy of her ministers, who are responsible to the country, by "an influence behind the throne"? Has she been dismissing lords-lieutenant, or striking off the names of privy councillors who have made themselves obnoxious to her by the expression of their opinions? She has done none of these things. Much less has she tried to revive the Star Chamber or the dispensing power. The "head and front of her offending" is that she has intrusted to an accomplished man of letters the materials necessary for the preparation and publication of the memoirs of her husband, the late prince consort.

Astonishing as such a statement sounds, it is the simple truth. We would remind our readers that the first volume of the "Life" was published in 1875, the second in 1876; and that when they first appeared both volumes were read with eager interest, not only as containing the history of one whose worth the people had learned to appreciate too late, but as throwing a vivid light on the interior working of our constitutional machinery. Not a syllable was breathed by the critics against the character of the prince consort, or the attitude of the crown, as depicted in this portion of the work. But when the third volume, composed evidently on the same principles as the first two, appeared, there arose a loud outcry. This volume dealt with the most interesting and critical period of her Majesty's reign — the Crimean War — and, as the relation of the crown to foreign affairs was more fully illustrated than in the earlier years which the biography covered, it was natural that the number of State papers in it should be proportionally large. But it was not of the predominance of politics that the critics complained. In their eyes the viciousness of the book lay in this, that, whereas a considerable section of the public were vehement advocates of Russia in her recent war with Turkey, the third volume of the "Life" placed in the clearest light and the most vivid colors the character of Russian diplomacy, the nature of Russian warfare, as well as the anti-Russian sympathies of English statesmen and the English people, throughout the events that led to the invasion of the Crimea by the allied armies in 1854. Hence, say these critics, it was evident that the queen had strong personal inclinations with which she wished her subjects to become acquainted, in order that by the exercise of her royal influence she might convert the misguided portion of the English people to better opinions. Which exercise of prerogative, without doubt, was highly "unconstitutional."

The frame of mind of persons haunted by these apprehensions is very characteristically illustrated by a pamphlet which has come into our hands, entitled "The Crown and the Cabinet," consisting of five letters, reprinted from the *Manchester Weekly Times*, with the signature of "Verax." The argument in this composition does not call for serious notice. The author, indeed, appears to pose as a kind of tame Junius; he writes of the queen and the prince consort as an "exacting master and mistress," and of their communications to their ministers as "pettish and insolent," together with many other epithets equally respectful and appropriate; but the matter of his discourse might be readily compressed into the phrase of the French doctrinaires, "*Le roi règne, mais ne gouverne pas;*" and it only deserves attention in so far as it is a representative expression of a certain middle-class opinion on the nature of the English constitution. "Verax" solemnly tells us that "this instalment of the 'Prince Consort's Life' is a message from the crown . . . a message sent straight to the nation over the heads of ministers, and only too well adapted to fire the resentments which those who are responsible for the policy of the country might wish to allay." Speaking of the queen's letter to Lord Aberdeen, to which we shall refer hereafter, he says, "I make no comment on these remarks; my loyalty forbids." As for the notion that the queen is to exercise any direct personal influence on the counsels of the cabinet, it fills him with despair. He is afraid that, if such principles prevail, "a day may come when the most momentous questions affecting the honor and destinies of the nation may be settled at a morning call between some future

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emperor and his grand vizier." The true constitutional position of the sovereign, according to "Verax," is this: —

It is commonly supposed that while the queen reigns and all the acts of the government are done in her name, the responsible business of government, as regards both foreign and domestic affairs, is done by the dozen or fifteen statesmen whom the queen selects as her ministers from out of the ranks of the party which commands a majority in the House of Commons. We are under the impression that these statesmen meet together in perfect freedom, with minds unmolested and undisturbed by any outside influence, and determine to the best of their ability what course shall be adopted in the management of national affairs. We call them the advisers of the queen. We take it for granted that the queen does not advise herself, that she has no advisers except those supplied to her by Parliament, and that she never hesitates to adopt the conclusions presented to her on their authority as if they were her own. We exult in this arrangement as embodying the perfection of popular government, and we boast of the advantage it gives us of having our national policy decided, not by *hereditary brains* (*sic*), which may be wise or foolish, as accident determines, but by the select men of the nation, while it raises the crown far above the strife of contending parties, exempts it from criticism, and enables us to render to it the homage of an ungrudging, unstinted, and unwavering loyalty. . . . The crown we only know as the ceremonial device on the Great Seal by which the nation's resolves are attested, and the moment we are forced to know it in any other capacity *danger commences for one party, though hardly for both.*

"It is commonly supposed!" There is truth in the last words of the above passage, but not the truth which "Verax" intended them to express. The danger to which we are exposed arises not from any unconstitutional encroachment on the part of the crown, but from the ignorance and cowardice manifested in these "common suppositions" of which "Verax" makes himself the mouthpiece. For ignorance of the grossest kind it is, to suppose that the occupant of the oldest throne in Europe, surrounded by a boundless prestige, possessed of a vast if undefined prerogative, and commanding countless sources of influence, could ever sink into the capacity of a mere mechanical register of the will of Parliament; or that, if she did, the people would be likely to "pay the homage of an ungrudging, unstinted, and unwavering loyalty" to what they would recognize to be nothing but a clockwork figure. And cowardice, unworthy of Englishmen, it is to deny to the chief personage of these realms that privilege of free speech, which she herself so liberally allows to the meanest of her subjects. It is not from men who seek to discredit as "a message from the throne" a book, published no doubt under the auspices of royalty, and written with all the delicacy and skilfulness to be expected from its author, but seeking its fortune in the open market, and exposing itself to public criticism,— that the crown of England has any "danger" to apprehend. Rather it is English freedom that is imperilled by that slavish temper which, seeking to stifle the expression of all opinion contrary to its own, has ever been the instrument of force and tyranny. The dangerous fallacies involved in the constitutional theories of "Verax," as well as the extent to which his unfounded opinions appear to be shared by certain of his countrymen, suggest to us that it may be useful to inquire first of reason, what is the nature of constitutional government in general, and then of history and our own experience, what is the character of the English constitution in particular.

All government is founded partly on force, partly on opinion; good government consists in the combination of the two elements in their proper proportions. As Aristotle shows, the beginning of government is co-existent with the beginning of society. The rule of the father over the family is justified by his superiority in power. But his government is cemented and established by ties growing out of moral opinion, nor could the family be held together if the father failed to discharge his natural obligations towards his wife and children. Extended to the State, the same principle manifests itself in every form of government. Force encroaching unduly on freedom is certain after a while to reach a point at which freedom recoils and finds the means to subvert force.

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This truth was constantly illustrated in the Greek despotisms by the frequency of tyrannicide, and by the ingenious arguments with which such acts were defended by the philosophers. It was exemplified again on a larger scale by the influence of philosophy in producing the French Revolution. On the other hand, unchecked opinion is apt by its impotence and distractions to play the game of force. There never was a government in which opinion had such absolute latitude as that of Athens. The people in assembly heard their affairs discussed by their orators; they voted on the spur of the moment; the vote of the majority became a decree, and, if need were, was carried into instant execution. Many of our readers will remember the story of a tremendous tragedy which came within a point of being acted in consequence of this system of government. The city of Mitylene had revolted from Athens. On the suppression of the revolt, the people assembled in the Pnyx to deliberate on the fate of the rebels. Under the influence of an harangue by Cleon, they voted by a large majority that the whole male population, to the number of six thousand, should be put to the sword, and that all the women and children should be sold into slavery. A galley was at once despatched to Mitylene to order the decree to be executed. The night passed, and in the morning the people were filled with horror and remorse at the orders they had given. A fresh assembly was called, and the decree of the previous day was rescinded. Twenty-four hours after the first galley had started, a second followed it; and the unflagging chase that ensued, the superhuman efforts of the rowers, and the arrival of the reprieve at the moment when the sentence was about to be carried into effect, form one of the most dramatic episodes in the history of Thucydides. Vast as was the popular energy of Athens, solid as was its power when wielded by a statesman like Pericles, such a glimpse of passion, vacillation, and distraction, in a people given over to the winds of opinion, makes it easy for us to understand the impotence of its democracy to withstand the solid concentration of the Macedonian phalanx.

The most sagacious tyrants, as well as the wisest champions of democracy, have understood the necessity of tempering the extreme principles on which their respective forms of governments rest. Thus, Macchiavelli shows how Ferdinand of Aragon achieved his dark and selfish aims by acquiring "reputation" as the defender of the Church, and, like another power in later days, contrived that all his acts should be so connected with apparently generous motives, that men should be unable to gainsay him. On the other hand, the framers of the American Constitution conceived it was politic to render the executive secure from the storms of opinion by preventing the legislature from touching the power of the president during his term of office by any method except direct impeachment.

In spite, however, of all the wisdom of human contrivance, human nature is perpetually driving monarchy towards despotism, and democracy towards anarchy. The philosophers, who saw every variety of government illustrated in the small states of Greece, found in the perpetual revolutions of which they were witnesses plenty of materials for political speculation, but few for political construction. Yet the foresight of Aristotle anticipated the possibility of a government at once free and powerful in the form of "constitutional monarchy." No such constitution had been as yet actually witnessed. "A king," says the philosopher, "governing under the direction of law does not of himself constitute any particular species of government." Yet the idea was both rational and practicable. "A king ought to have a proper power, such a one, that is, as will be sufficient to make him superior to any one person, or even to a large part of the community, but inferior to the whole." And enumerating the arguments against absolute monarchy, Aristotle says: * "He who bids the law to be supreme, makes God supreme; but he who intrusts man with supreme power gives it to a wild beast, for such his appetites sometimes make him; passion, too, influences those who are in power, even the very best of men; whereas law is intellect free from appetite."

After the fall of the Roman Empire the principle of limited monarchy appears to have been generally recognized in the Gothic nations of Europe. But from one cause or another, in almost all these nations, the power of the crown prevailed over the liberties of the people, and, in the eighteenth century after Christ, England stood forth alone as an example to Europe of the privileges that might be enjoyed by subjects under a constitutional monarchy. How these privileges were acquired is matter of history; and though history may be read in different senses, we venture to

* Aristotle, "Politics," book iii., cap. x., xi.

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assert that no reading of it whatever can verify the theory of the cast-iron constitution which "Verax" seems to imagine was, at some time or another, imposed upon the nation. "To provide," says he, "against the chance that hereditary descent may occasionally give us a fool for a sovereign, our forefathers have devised the mechanism of responsible government." We can hardly give "Verax" credit for being so simple as he wishes to appear, and we believe that he knows very well that the principle of ministerial responsibility, so far from being invented to remedy any weakness inherent in the hereditary principle, was in effect a doctrine founded on the rational consideration — to use Aristotle's words — that "the power of the king must be inferior to the power of the whole community;" and that, like every other constitutional principle since the Restoration, it flowed from particular circumstances, and is sustained by special precedents. The constitution is older than ministerial responsibility; and the encroachments of the royal power before the Revolution of 1688, as well as the growth in the power of the Commons since, originated not in any prescribed source of law or custom, but in the ever-shifting conditions regulating the equilibrium which the constitution managed to maintain between force and opinion.

As all Englishmen are supposed to know, the constitutional checks on the power of the crown from the earliest days were five in number: 1, the sole right of Parliament to grant supplies; 2, the assent of Parliament for every new law; 3, security of the subject from arrest except by legal warrant, and the right of speedy trial; 4, trial by jury; 5, the liability of the servants of the crown to action for the violation of the liberty of the subject. These were the essential liberties for which our ancestors contended in Magna Charta, which were confirmed again and again by charters in subsequent reigns, and which were finally asserted and established in the Bill of Rights. It seems a miracle, as we look back, that rights so essentially civil should have been maintained against the overbearing force of the crown in the military ages of our history. But it is plain that several counteracting causes obliged the kings of England against their will to lean for support on their subjects, and enabled the latter on their side to insist on the royal recognition of their traditional liberties. Of these causes it will be sufficient to specify two; first, that uncertainty of title which weakened the power of so many of our kings, compelling, for instance, an usurper like Richard III. to seek popularity by the abolition of benevolences; and secondly, the foreign possessions of the crown, which required for their defence a loyal support from the king's subjects, that could be readily granted only in consideration of reciprocal concessions on the side of the sovereign. This principle of mutual bargaining, however, would scarcely have produced union and affection between the English monarchs and their people, if it had not been for a third cause, which united both parties by the common bond of self-defence, namely the attitude which the crown assumed in its foreign relations in consequence of the insular position of the kingdom.

The English people have always instinctively understood that the maintenance of their domestic liberties depends on the independence of their country, and they have naturally looked for the preservation of this independence to their sovereign, as the depositary of the concentrated force of the nation, the disposer of peace and war, and the natural representative of England's freedom in the eyes of foreign powers. In like manner the English kings have caught the flame of insular patriotism; and have seen, in the passion they have experienced to assert their own independence and dignity against foreign pretensions, the reflection of their subjects' love for their individual liberties. Hence every advance in the greatness of England as a nation has been effected by the joint action of the king and the people. The Constitutions of Clarendon, aimed though they were by the crown against a foreign ecclesiastical rival, secured the recognition of the ancient laws and customs of the realm. The framers of Magna Charta, while they forced from their monarch an acknowledgment of their liberties, were yet careful, in opposition to the wish of many of their own order, to keep the crown on an English head. They felt that national passion which Shakespeare centuries afterwards expressed in the person of the bastard Falconbridge, who, with all his contempt for John as a man, is loyal to him as the representative of England's majesty. The feeling we have been describing finds vivid utterance in the words with which Falconbridge concludes the play: —

This England never did, nor never shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,

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And we will shock them; nought shall make
us rue,
If England to itself do prove but true.

The great constitutional right of the English people to grant supplies through representatives in Parliament was really established by the most warlike of their monarchs. Hard pressed by his frequent wars, Edward I. issued writs to his sheriffs for summoning deputies from the boroughs, as well as knights from the shires, to grant such supplies as he and his council might judge necessary. The preamble to the writ affirms it to be "a most equitable rule that what concerns all should be approved by all, and common dangers should be repelled by united efforts." The immediate result of this happy arrangement between the crown and the Commons was the victory over the Scots at Dunbar. On the other hand, when the king sought to recover Guienne by means of arbitrary exactions, the nation withstood him, and he was obliged to relinquish his project of invasion, and to renew the national charters. So much do the wealth and security of the English people depend on the power of the crown; so essential to the honor of the crown is the love and confidence of the people!

There have been times when the intense passion for *national* independence has proved injurious to the cause of individual liberty. It can scarcely be doubted that the moral support which the tyrannical Henry VIII. derived from his subjects, in spite of his glaring contempt for justice, was due to the aversion of the latter to the jurisdiction of a foreign power. And in the same way, the raising of forced loans, the rejection of bills passed by both Houses of Parliament, and the institution of the Star Chamber, were all forgiven to the sovereign who appeared in arms at Tilbury to animate her troops against the invader, professing her readiness to die at their head in defence of the freedom of her people.

But no grace was granted to kings who were at once cowardly and despotic; who sought to make use of the undue force which their predecessors had left at their disposal, without possessing in themselves that greatness of patriotic character which alone had sustained those predecessors in public opinion. If the English people had, under the Tudors, surrendered some of their most cherished liberties, it was not because they had lost their spirit, but because they were willing to sacrifice some portion of individual freedom to the still more cherished object of national independence. And when James I. shrank from responding to the warlike ardor of his Parliament, he laid the axe to the root of that divinely-granted prerogative, the form of which he was so pedantically bent on preserving. We ask the Whigs of to-day, who refuse to grant supplies to their sovereign in the moment of their country's danger, to consider the example of their ancestors, swearing to spend and be spent in defence of their religion and of the Palatinate, "lifting up their hats in their hands so high as they could hold them, as a visible testimony of their unanimous consent, in such sort that the like had scarce ever been seen in Parliament."

Modern historians are apt to dwell solely on the benefits we have derived from the resistance of our ancestors to the encroachments of the crown, but it is also salutary to reflect how the discord between the crown and the people brought trouble and dishonor on the nation. Force, wielded by feeble hands, strove in vain against the irresistible rush of opinion; opinion breaking beyond all bounds, found itself promptly overmastered by armed force; this again was swept away by a tide of opinion running in favor of legitimacy, on which despotism was once more borne triumphantly along, till the sudden ebb of the royal force in 1688, manifested to the world how vast a revolution had been effected in the relative position of the Commons and the crown. During this period the country under one monarch had become obsequious to Spain, two other of its kings were the pensioners of France; one of them had agreed, in consideration of a price, to make a public profession of the Roman Catholic religion, while, as a crowning disgrace, the Dutch fleet rode up the Thames and insulted us on the Medway.

We think it will hardly be denied that during the one hundred and thirty years that elapsed between the accession of Anne and the first Reform Bill, the various elements of the English constitution were more evenly balanced than at any period before or after. No political system was ever more anomalous in principle, none ever worked better in practice, than that of popular representation by means of close boroughs. What constitution could apparently be more unpopular than one composed of an hereditary crown, an hereditary peerage, and a House of Commons, in which a large number of the members were direct representatives either of the House of Lords or of the sovereign, in which the great centres of popu-

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lation were entirely unrepresented, and in which perfect independence of opinion was only possible to those who were public-spirited enough to purchase the right of representing themselves! Nevertheless, this strangely compounded system was by no means unfavorable to individual liberty, and was certainly conducive to national independence. The reason is simple. All the essential parts of the nation were represented in it; each within its own proper sphere had full freedom of action; yet not one of them, however desirous of predominating, was sufficiently powerful to absorb the others, or to overthrow the well-distributed balance of the whole system.

To begin with, the excess of force inherent in royalty had been effectually restrained by the Revolution of 1688. The crown had emerged from its unavailing struggle against popular liberty shorn of much of its ancient influence and prestige. After the death of William III. the throne was filled by a monarch who was ruled by female favorites, themselves the mere instruments of rival parties. The first two monarchs of the house of Brunswick, ignorant, one even of the language, and both of the character of their people, aliens from English sympathies, and regarding England itself only as an instrument for advancing Hanoverian interests, were altogether unfitted to inspire their subjects with feelings of devotion. They were but too thankful to be relieved of responsibility, by leaving the management of home affairs in the hands of their ministers. Hence, as was inevitable, for the first sixty years of the eighteenth century there was a vast diminution in the *personal* influence of the crown. It may in fact be said that during the whole of this period the crown was in commission.

Out of this unnatural conduct of the sovereign arose the system of government by party. The royal sources of power and patronage remained unimpaired, and under the circumstances it was only natural that they should be administered by the aristocracy, as the political body immediately connected with royalty and deriving from that original its rank and possessions. A long struggle for power ensued between the two parties into which the nobility were divided; and, during the temporary eclipse of the crown, the Whigs and Tories took their stand severally on the monarchical or popular side of the constitution, and transferred the sentiment of loyalty, properly due to the monarch, to the party leaders who were able to command the distribution of places and honors. The Whigs being the principal authors of the Revolution, it was they who reaped the chief advantage from the system of party government which was now established; and, as it was with their elaborate scheme of Parliamentary connection that the resuscitated power of the crown was brought into collision after the accession of George III., it will be useful to recall the famous apology made for the principle of party by the greatest and most philosophical of Whig statesmen. The cabal, as Burke calls George III.'s illegal advisers, had endeavored to discredit party by calling it "faction," an accusation to which Burke replies: * —

> It is indeed in no way wonderful that such persons should make such declarations. That "connection" and "faction" are equivalent terms is an opinion which has been carefully inculcated at all times by unconstitutional statesmen. The reason is evident. Whilst men are linked together they easily and speedily communicate the alarm of an evil design. They are enabled to fathom it with common counsel, and oppose it with united strength. Whereas, when they lie dispersed, without concert, order, or discipline, communication is uncertain, counsel difficult, and resistance impracticable. Where men are not acquainted with each other's principles, nor experienced in each other's talents, nor at all practised in their mutual habitudes and disposition by joint efforts in business, no personal confidence, no friendship, no common interest subsisting among them, it is evidently impossible that they can act a public part with uniformity, perseverance, or efficacy. In a connection the most inconsiderable man, by adding to the weight and the whole, has his value and his use; out of it, the greatest talents are wholly unserviceable to the public. No man, who is not inflamed by vain glory into enthusiasm, can flatter himself that his single unsupported, desultory, unsystematic endeavors are of power to defeat the subtle designs and united cabals of ambitious citizens. When bad men combine, the good must associate, else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle.

This defence of party appears to us, within its own limits, perfectly reasonable. As a vindication of free Parliamentary government from the insidious attacks to which it was exposed, the argument is unanswerable. But its validity depends on the willingness of Parliament to confine itself to what Burke assumed to be its true limit, *control*. So long as the House of Commons was content to fill the place marked

* Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents.

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out for it in the constitution, as the guardian of the public liberties, the bonds of party connection were necessary to oppose a firm front to the power of the crown. But when the House of Commons itself began to usurp the functions of the executive, when it came to look on office as the great end of party organization, when it used its "connection" for the purpose of reducing the monarch (to quote Baron Stockmar's phrase) "to a mandarin figure, which has to nod its head in assent or shake it in denial as ministers please," — then it became evident that Burke's position was no longer tenable, and that party was in a fair way to degenerate into faction. Tories as we are, we are by no means insensible to the great benefits which the administration of Walpole, the first master of Parliamentary "connection," secured for the country. But it is plain that towards the close of his term of power, and still more in the times of his successors, the government of the aristocracy was rapidly declining into oligarchy. The Tories, as a party, were too weak, in the absence of their visible head, to make a good fight against their rivals in defence of the monarchical rights which their principles bound them to maintain. Hence throughout the reigns of George I. and II. the power of the Whigs was continually on the increase. Now, in spite of their advocacy of the popular liberties, the Whigs have never been a popular party. The true Whig is a born lawyer and a natural aristocrat. He has a passion for constitutional precedents, and is ready to sacrifice his life and fortune for *his* doctrines of civil and religious liberty. But, like Milton, he has little sympathy with, and a good deal of contempt for, the people itself. Therefore, when constitutional freedom was once assured by the Bill of Rights, and when the Whigs, as the reward of their exertions, assumed the government, and relinquished the defence, of the people, they soon betrayed the selfish instincts by which aristocracy, like every other form of government, is liable to be corrupted. The poet tells us that the sweets of office are as soothing to the fiery spirits of the Whigs as flowers are to bees; and once settled there, the administration of Newcastle shows that they may be indifferent to what the instinct of the people and the honor of the country demand of its rulers.

How far the Whig oligarchy might have prevailed against the influence of the crown, if it had been allowed to develop unchecked its principle of "connection," it is impossible to say. But meantime a strong force was growing up outside Parliament, which served to counteract the exclusive influences to which the representatives of the people were exposed. This was public opinion. Unable to bring the Commons under its immediate control, it yet exercised a very decided influence on their proceedings. This influence was chiefly brought to bear on the conduct of foreign affairs. The passion of the people for independence, and their desire that England should uphold her position as the natural champion of freedom, was as ardent in the eighteenth century as at any period of their history. So strongly were the national traditions rooted in their mind, that, in the reign of George II., they twice forced Whig ministers into war, against their judgment. And the apparent want of sympathy in these ministers for the national honor was no doubt one of the causes which led to the revival of crown influence under George III. The nation had found a minister after its own heart in Pitt, whose greatness rendered him independent of either party; and the credit which had been obtained by the firm rule of a single man, when contrasted with the feebleness and vacillations of the "connection," had reflected a lustre on the crown. When George III. came to the throne, he won the hearts of his people by inserting with his own hand in the royal speech the phrase that "he gloried in the name of Briton." Had he been as wise as he was spirited, he might have used his popularity in a legitimate way to break through the network with which the Whigs sought to surround him. Unfortunately, he discarded the one minister who could have served the monarchical cause, and by his obstinacy and arbitrary conduct brought the crown into difficulties, from which he was unable to extricate it before the rise of the younger Pitt. But when Pitt had once established himself in the good graces of the king, the loyalty of the people rallied unanimously round the sovereign, and the excesses of the French Revolution, which showed how inseparable was the security of the nation from that of the throne, helped to maintain the Tory party in power for nearly fifty years.

In all my observation of the English state-machine [writes Baron Stockmar to the prince consort] I have never been able to discover that balance of the elements of their constitution of which Englishmen boast so much. Previous to the Reform Bill the theory of this balance was perhaps much more defective than it has been since; but the system

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worked better in practice than it does now. *It admitted of a vigorous government.*

This remark appears to us perfectly well-founded; and indeed the principle of the constitutional equilibrium before the Reform Bill was, we think, more logical than the baron seems to allow. Each of the elements of the constitution sought to exercise its will unchecked; none of them for long together was strong enough to do so, though all, at one time or another, were strong enough to do a certain amount of mischief. The king sought to recover all the personal power of which the crown had been deprived by the Revolution, and the consequence was the loss of our American colonies. Parliament, under the Whig oligarchy, endeavored to usurp executive power, and to dispossess the monarch of his constitutional right of dissolution. The people, only indirectly represented in Parliament, made their voice heard outside in riots and tumults. All these irregularities produced violent shocks and oscillations in the balance of the State, but were impotent to overthrow it, because, whenever any single power showed itself dangerously predominant, there was strength and inclination in the other two powers to resist its encroachments, though not to annihilate its existence. Under such conditions, there was manifestly scope for "vigorous government." And vigorous government we had. Our commerce and enterprise laid the foundations of our empire in all parts of the globe. If we lost America, we gained Canada and India. We occupied the all-important military positions of Gibraltar and Malta. We put down rebellion in Ireland, and upheld freedom in Spain. And we endured, without flinching, a war of twenty years, in which we had more than once to stand alone against the associated power of Europe and, worse still, to confront at home the tyrannous anarchy with which we were contending abroad. There is no more glorious episode in our history than the suppression of the Mutiny of the Nore. It is well to recall to our statesmen, in these days of government by public opinion, the great examples of their predecessors, and the emotions which they excited in the minds of their illustrious contemporaries. "Let us figure to ourselves," says Prince Hardenberg, "Richard Parker, a common sailor, the leader of the revolt, taking at Sheerness the title of admiral of the fleet, and the fleet itself, consisting of eleven sail of the line and four frigates, assuming the title of the Floating Republic; and nevertheless recollect that the English, but recently recovered from a financial crisis, remained undaunted in the presence of such a revolt, and did not withdraw one vessel from the blockade of Brest, Cadiz, or the Texel! It was the firmness of ancient Rome."*

How it came to pass that this mighty system was abolished we need not stop to inquire. But we think it will be admitted that the Reform Bill of 1832 was passed, not because representation by close boroughs was opposed to the theory of the constitution, but because it had been used for selfish ends, and had proved itself inadequate to cope with those questions for which the force of opinion, now become overwhelming, imperatively demanded a solution. In any case, the passing of the bill produced a revolution in the political balance of power, the extent of which was not only unsuspected by those who framed the measure, but is even now imperfectly appreciated by the nation at large. The great intermediary power, which for nearly a century and a half had stood between the crown and the people, was, politically speaking, neutralized; and, after the long separation caused by the vain attempt to restrict popular rights by force, the sovereign was once more brought into direct personal contact with his subjects in a government resting almost entirely on opinion.

The first effect of this great revolution was to destroy the old basis of party government. It is impossible to disguise the fact that the Whig died and was buried in 1832. True, a claimant to his name and estates has appeared; but those who knew the old owner see that his personator is no more like him, than the martyr of Portsmouth is like Sir Roger Tichborne. The opposite view has been lately maintained by our distinguished contemporary the *Edinbnrgh Review*, who has endeavored to prove the identity of the Liberals with the old Whigs.† To begin with the "alias," this is the account the new claimant has to give of himself:—

> When the party to which we belong adopted the name of "Liberal," it did so not because it was ashamed of the old title, or meant to disown it, but because the new appellation stretched wider than the old, because it proclaimed the identity of our principles not only with a time-honored band of patriots in our own country, but with those who have toiled and bled for freedom in every age and all over the world.

* Alison's "History of Europe," chap. xxii.

† *Edinburgh Review*, January, 1877, "Principles and Prospects of the Liberal Party."

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After this heroic reason for dropping a good old English name, our would-be Whig thinks to prove his identity by some round abuse of the Tories, and if his vituperations were really a proof that our dear old friend, with whom we have before now had many a sharp tussle, were really in the flesh, all the bad names in the world should not provoke us to a retort. But when we ask our Liberal-Whig for a little direct evidence by which he may be recognized, he refers to the following credentials: "The removal of religious disabilities; the abolition of trade restrictions; the removal of burdensome and unjust taxes; the establishment of a system of primary education; the reform of the representative system." We can only say with Dominie Sampson, "Prodigious!" "The removal of civil disabilities"! Why, would it surprise the *Edinburgh Review* to learn that the Parliamentary Test Act was supported with eagerness by the Whigs or their immediate predecessors; that it remained in undisturbed operation till the time of George IV.; and that it was finally repealed by the Tories? "The abolition of trade restrictions"! But who framed the Navigation Laws, if not that excellent progenitor of the Whigs, Oliver Cromwell? "The establishment of a system of primary education"! Well, we do not know that either Whigs or Tories had much to say to education before the foundations of the present system were laid by a body of men for whom the Whigs have never displayed much affection, the clergy of the Established Church. "The reform of the representative system"! But was not the Tory Pitt the first to propose Parliamentary Reform, and were not the genuine Whigs as much opposed in their hearts as the bitterest Tories to the measure of 1832, which they understood very well to be an act of political suicide?

By principles such as those enumerated in the foregoing extract, the *Edinburgh Review* thinks to prove at once the essential difference between the Liberal and Conservative party — the latter of which, it says, cares nothing for principle, but only for institutions — and the identity of the Liberals with the old Whigs. "Principles," we are told, "never change; if true once they are true forever." How has it come to pass, then, that the Liberals have been false to the principle of the Test Act, adhered to by Lord Somers? Of the Navigation Laws, passed by Oliver Cromwell? Of protection to trade, advocated by Fox in opposition to Pitt? And what has the *Edinburgh Review* to say about the "principle" of Church establishment? Of the policy respecting disestablishment a great deal, but of the "principle" on which that policy is founded very little. "When the nation by its representatives demands a settlement of the question; when some definite and intelligible plan for dealing with the immense and varied interests involved shall have been produced, and shall have met with general acceptance, it will be time for a party or a government to take it up." Quite so. The *Edinburgh Review* has let its cat out of the bag. The "principle" on which the Liberal party acts is expediency, or obedience to the will of the majority. But the assertion, that the will of a majority of the moment represents a principle which is "true forever," is enough to make all the old Whigs turn in their graves. We tell the Liberals plainly, there is no use in beating about the bush. For one hundred and fifty years the Whigs were the guardians of popular liberty against the encroachments of the crown, and during that period their principles were very clear and well-defined. But at the close of that period the people declared that its minority was ended, and that it was capable of governing itself, and when this stage had been reached there was plainly no longer any reason why the Whigs should stand between the people and the crown.

The Tories, on the other hand, had still a reason of existence. It is quite true, as the *Edinburgh Review* says, that Toryism does not effect to stand on "principle" so much as on institutions; in other words, it eschews the shibboleths and legal abstractions in which the Whig mind once delighted, and contents itself with loyally upholding the constitutional prerogative of the crown against the invasion of democracy. So long as the right and honor of the crown remain intact, the Tories have not the least desire to restrict the liberties of the people. They have indeed always been, in the widest sense of the word, a more popular party than the Whigs, as, though they know less about the people in the abstract, they know more about them in the flesh. Nor have they the Whig proneness to oligarchy. In his recent discourse on "Equality," Mr. Matthew Arnold, lamenting the profound chasm which divides the different ranks in English society, confesses that the conversation of those in a station inferior to his own is utterly unpalatable to him. This is the true Whig spirit. If Mr. Arnold had known more of the country parts where the sur-

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vivals of feudalism are many and vigorous, he would have understood that there, at any rate, difference in class is no bar to the existence of the strongest sympathy and affection between individuals. Hence there is nothing to wonder at in the introduction of popular measures by the Tory party. Nevertheless, we allow that measures like Catholic Emancipation or the Reform Bill of 1867 are, in a sense, injurious to our cause; because, whether or not these were actually fraught with danger to the crown, to a large section of the Tories they appeared so, and therefore weakened the union of the party and its faith in its leaders.

Such being the change effected in the relations of parties by the first Reform Bill, what was the effect of this measure on the position of the crown? In the first place, the capacity of the people to govern itself being virtually acknowledged, it became impossible for the monarch to adopt anything like a party line in the conduct of affairs. Had the queen after her accession been inclined, like George III. when first he made Pitt minister, to use her influence against the majority elected by the nation, she would clearly have been guilty of unconstitutional conduct. But she has never done, she has never by her intimate counsellors been advised to do, anything of the sort: —

If things come to a change of ministry [writes Baron Stockmar, whom writers like "Verax" strive to represent as a kind of Lord Bute] then the great axiom, irrefragably one and the same for all ministers is this, viz.: The crown supports frankly, honorably, and with all its might, the ministry of the time, whatever it be, so long as it commands a majority, and governs with integrity for the welfare and advancement of the country. A king who, as a constitutional king, either cannot or will not carry this maxim into practice, deliberately descends from the lofty pedestal on which the constitution has placed him to the lower one of a mere party chief.

Government being now completely based on opinion, the only course open to the sovereign was to encourage all sound instinct and sentiment, and at the same time to stand completely above party prejudice, and this was what the queen did.

You always said [writes the prince consort to Baron Stockmar] that if monarchy was to rise in popularity it could only be by the sovereign leading an exemplary life and keeping quite aloof from and above party. Melbourne called this "nonsense." Now Victoria is praised by Lord Spencer, the Liberal, for giving her support to the Tories.

The perfect unity of feeling between the crown and the people was shown at the time of the abolition of the Corn Laws. Never during the present century had party feeling run to such a height. In consequence of the plainly-marked drift of public opinion, Sir Robert Peel tendered his resignation to the queen. Lord John Russell was summoned to form a Liberal ministry, but found the difficulties in his path innumerable. Between the perplexities of party and the jealousies of statesmen, it seemed as if the State machine would be brought to a dead-lock. In this emergency the queen again sent for Sir Robert Peel, and he loyally undertook to sacrifice himself for the good of his country. What the sacrifice cost we know, and it may be imagined that even a man so patriotic as Peel might have shrunk from a struggle which was certain to deprive him of friendship, connection, and power, if he had not been sustained in his resolve by the sympathy and approval of his sovereign. As to the conduct of the crown on this occasion we quote the evidence of an unimpeachable witness, the Radical *Examiner*: —

In the pranks and bunglings of the last three weeks there is one part which, according to all report, has been played most faultlessly, that of a constitutional sovereign. In the pages of history the directness, the sincerity, the scrupulous observance of constitutional rules which have marked her Majesty's conduct in circumstances the most trying will have their place of honor. Unused as we are to deal in homage to royalty, we must add that never, we believe, was the heart of a monarch so warmly devoted to the interests of a people and with so enlightened a sense of their interests.

Yet while thus withdrawing herself from the blinding influences of party, the sovereign has never ceased to influence by opinion and suggestion the conduct of affairs. And whatever "Verax" and his following may say, we believe most Englishmen will thoroughly approve of the views of the prince consort on the duties of an English monarch.

Nowhere [he states in a private memorandum written in 1852] would such indifference be more condemned and justly despised than in England. Why are princes alone to be denied the credit of having political opinions based upon an anxiety for the national interests, their country's honor, and the welfare of mankind? Are they not more independently placed than any other politician in the State?

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Are their interests not most intimately bound up with those of their country? Is the sovereign not the natural guardian of the honor of his country? Is he not necessarily a politician?

Necessarily he is. In home affairs the sovereign is a politician in the noblest sense, because he is the father of his people. Mr. Martin's narrative shows the eager personal interest which both the queen and the prince consort took in every undertaking designed to promote the happiness or to improve the taste of the nation. Nor were they content merely to preside over their people from an eminence: many a widow of a lost miner or a drowned sailor has been cheered by the expression of her Majesty's sympathy with her suffering; many a hero of humble station has exulted at the thought that his conduct has merited the notice and approval of his sovereign.

There is thus a perpetual gravitation of the crown and the people towards each other, tending to close up the breach that was made in the royal authority by the Revolution. Strong monarchs have always been popular in England. The reigns to which the imagination most fondly reverts are those of the first and third Edward, Henry V., and Elizabeth. Under all these the principle of authority predominated over that of freedom, but enough of freedom existed to make the nation proud of its sovereigns, and to rejoice that in them its own majesty was worthily represented. It was only when the royal power was turned against its subjects that opinion rose against monarchy, and usurped the functions that properly belong to the crown. And now that the people has become self-governing it turns instinctively to its monarch, because it perceives the confidence she reposes in it, and sees in the heartiness with which she enters into all its interests the best guarantee of its prosperity and freedom. The *personal* feeling which the queen inspires in all classes of her subjects has been proved wherever her Majesty has chosen to show herself in town or country, and was not more genuinely exhibited by the "numbers of farmers," who, as the queen records, rode with the royal party through Dunstable in 1841, "nearly smothering them with dust," than by the two hundred and eighty thousand artisans of Birmingham, who, in 1843, thronged the streets of the stronghold of Chartism to welcome the visit of the prince consort.

But the influence which the crown exercises over the course of domestic legislation is a far less important consideration than its relation to foreign affairs. In a nation that is self-governed opinion will be the ruling power, but in international dealings it must be evident to all reasonable beings that force is still supreme. If a nation, therefore, values its independence, it must be prepared to use its force, and for this purpose it must be ready to give generous and ungrudging support to its sovereign power. The monarch is at once the head and the arm of the constitution, in whose judgment rests the decision of peace and war, and on whose will depend the movements of the military and naval forces of the country. Moreover, the sovereign, and not his ministers, is the visible representative of the national majesty in the eyes of all foreign powers. Constitutional arrangements are nothing to absolute monarchs; it is the monarch of each nation who is in their view responsible for all the actions to which the nation collectively commits itself. Hence the English sovereign has a double interest in the conduct of foreign affairs; first, the security of his country, and next, the maintenance of his personal honor. Therefore, though, on the principle of self-government, the opinion of the queen may not in the decision of home affairs be of more value than that of her poorest subject who possesses a vote, yet in foreign questions it is obvious that her interest is beyond all comparison greater than that of any other single Englishman, and may even be compared to that of the nation itself. Hence it follows that, not only by virtue of her prerogative, but by the nature of things, she must be allowed a large personal share in the control of our foreign policy.

This is a conclusion which "Verax" cannot bear. So far from thinking that the monarch, as head of the executive power, should bear any part in the maintenance of his own honor, he holds that "the special functions claimed for the crown in relation to foreign politics are a survival from a former age when the monarch had a far larger share of direct power in most things than he has now." And again: "The supreme importance of foreign affairs is only another reason why the crown should stand aloof from them, and leave them in the hands of men who, whatever risks they may choose to adventure with the sovereign, *are delegated by the nation to do the work*, and are held responsible, even to the length of impeachment, for the manner in which they do it." It is therefore plain that, in the view of "Verax," the nation is not only competent

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to decide on the direction of its internal interests, but to originate and control the course of foreign policy.

Now for our part we think it can be very conclusively proved, both from reason and experience, that a House of Commons, elected on the principle of numerical representation, is utterly unqualified for the functions which its flatterers would thrust upon it. Admitting, for argument's sake, that the course of history since the Reform Bill has proved that the common sense of the nation has been sufficient to settle prudently questions of domestic interest, this does not at all prove that it will judge with equal wisdom of its interests abroad. Self-government is merely an application of the principle, that average common sense is capable of forming sound opinions on matters lying within its own experience. The principle which undoubtedly works well in the parish has been extended to the nation; and it may be plausibly argued that the average wisdom of the nation is fairly represented in such measures as the abolition of the Corn Laws and the Education Act of 1870. On such subjects almost everybody is capable of forming an opinion; but on what grounds is it to be believed that the ordinary Englishman, ignorant of elementary geography, still more ignorant of history, unacquainted with foreign languages, manners, and modes of thought, and peculiarly susceptible of insular prejudice, can judge with sagacity of imperial questions, requiring the deepest knowledge of human nature, and the most accurate acquaintance with principle and detail? The disqualifications of such a person to direct the foreign policy of his country will appear still more glaring if we consider the extremely complex system on which that policy has been based ever since the outbreak of the Revolutionary War.

Previous to the Reformation the wars of Europe were almost entirely dynastic. After the Reformation and before the Revolution they rose partly out of dynastic questions, partly out of questions of opinion. But since the French Revolution every European war (though some of them were *occasioned* by dynastic jealousies) has been one of opinion. Whether they have been waged between absolutism and anarchy, between foreign conquerors and national insurgents, or between race and race, opinion has been the source of them all. Now the main question which since 1789 has distracted Europe, between authority on the one side, and liberty and equality on the other, is one which England settled in her own fashion for herself in 1688. Her settlement was a compromise. Hence in almost every struggle that has occurred since the French Revolution, the interests of England collectively, and the sympathies of English parties and individuals, have been more or less divided between the rival causes. At the outset of the French Revolution the feelings of most Englishmen, and of Pitt among the rest, were on the side of the reformers. It was only after the murder of the king, the institution of the Jacobin propaganda, and the invasion of Belgium and Holland, that English opinion pronounced against the Revolution, and asserted the cause of constitutional liberty in the great war that terminated with the overthrow of Napoleon.

The objects for which England undertook that war, and which have continued to guide her foreign policy ever since, are lucidly stated in a despatch of Lord Grenville in 1799. After recommending the restoration of the Bourbons as the best means of securing peace and prosperity for France, Lord Grenville says: —

> But desirable as such an event must be both to France and the world, it is not to this mode exclusively that his Majesty limits the possibility of secure and solid pacification. His Majesty makes no claim to prescribe what shall be the form of her government, or in whose hands she shall vest the authority necessary for conducting the affairs of a great and powerful nation. He looks only to the security of his own dominions, and to those of his allies and to the general safety of Europe. Whenever he shall judge that such security can in any manner be attained, as resulting from the internal situation of the country or from such other circumstances of whatever nature as may produce the same end, his Majesty will eagerly embrace the opportunity to concert with his allies the general means of pacification.

The principles here laid down are those which must necessarily govern the foreign policy of England as long as she remains a constitutional monarchy. Admitting, as she did, the fundamental justice of the principles of the Revolution of 1688, it would have been inconsistent if England had made war on France for the purpose of restoring the Bourbon dynasty. In spite, therefore, of her own opinion that the acknowledgment of her legitimate monarchs would be for the best interests of France, England refrains from interfering with the liberty of the French to determine their own form of government.

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On the other hand, as the representative of a free and independent nation, the king asserts his right to resist the pretensions of France to impose her opinions on the rest of Europe, and declares that, if she does so, he will protect his own interests and those of his allies. It is impossible that the true limits of the doctrine of non-intervention could be more compendiously defined. Lord Grenville's policy maintains the balance between that state of absolute isolation, to which the Liberal interpreters of the doctrine are so anxious to reduce their country, and that perpetual interference in the affairs of other nations to which the absolutist and revolutionary parties on the Continent respectively resort, whenever either of them gains the upper hand.

We are aware that modern Liberals profess the doctrine that, after the treaty of Vienna, England entirely departed from the position which Lord Grenville had made her assume.

We are converts [said Sir W. Harcourt in the debate on the vote of supply] to a new political faith since 1815. The treaties of 1815 were negotiated by great statesmen, but they were gigantic blunders. There is nothing left of that treaty now. . . . The reason why that treaty has gone is that the negotiation was founded upon principles that were radically false. It was founded on dynastic arrangements; it was founded upon geographical puzzles; it was made to satisfy the ambition of rulers, and it neglected the interests and sympathies of the nationalities and populations. What was it that broke down the edifice that had been reared? What was the yeast which leavened the lump? It was the principle of nationalities. What makes Prince Bismarck so strong in Europe? It is because he has had the courage and wisdom to grasp the principle of nationality by which he has ground his foes to powder. What has made Austria so weak? It is because she has not recognized that principle. What has made Russia weak as the oppressor of Poland? What has made her so strong as the *vindicator of oppressed races, etc.?*

Astonishing words to be heard from the lips of one who is ambitious of being thought an English statesman! For they are neither more nor less than a repetition of the revolutionary principles which the speaker's ancestors combated with their blood and fortune for a whole generation, which the statesman whom he affects to admire resisted to the day of his death, and which even the leaders of his own party have strenuously repudiated. What was it but the principle of nationality, or the divine right of subjects to rise against their rulers, which originated the invasion of Belgium and Holland in 1793, which resulted in the flagitious treaty of Campo Formio in 1797, which led to the oppression of Spain in 1808? All this was done by France under the Jacobins or Napoleon, precisely on the same pretences as those by which the oppressor of Poland constitutes herself the protector of the Eastern Christians. And even Fox and his followers, ready as they showed themselves to sacrifice the honor and independence of England to the idol of liberty, never bowed down before Napoleon as "the vindicator of oppressed races." But if it be true that after 1815 England became the convert to a new faith, why did she not prove the sincerity of her conversion in 1823, by aiding the revolutionists in Spain against the armies of France? What said Canning, Sir W. Harcourt's own favorite, on that occasion? Replying to Sir James Mackintosh, who had instituted a parallel between England under Elizabeth and under George IV., he said: —

Elizabeth was herself amongst the revolters against the authority of the Church of Rome, but we are not amongst those who are engaged in a struggle against the spirit of unlimited monarchy. We have fought that fight. We have taken our station. We have long ago assumed a character different from those around us. It may have been the duty and interest of Queen Elizabeth to make common cause with, to put herself at the head of, those who supported the Reformation, *but can it be either our interest or our duty to ally ourselves with revolution?* . . . Our complex Constitution is established with so happy a mixture of its elements — its tempered monarchy and regulated freedom — that we have nothing to fear from foreign despotism, nothing at home but from capricious change. We have nothing to fear unless, distasteful of the blessings which we have earned and of the calm which we enjoy, we let loose again with rash hand the elements of our constitution, and set them once more to fight each other.

He concludes thus: —

Our station, then, is essentially neutral, neutral not only between contending nations but between contending principles. The object of the government has been to preserve that station, and for the purpose of preserving it to maintain peace.

When Donna Maria, the constitutional queen of Portugal, was forced from her throne by the usurper Dom Miguel, it was argued by the Liberals in England that we were bound by treaty to render her armed assistance. But Lord Aberdeen conclu-

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sively showed that our engagements only held us to protect Portugal from foreign aggression, not to interfere in her internal arrangements. And the government of that day stopped the expedition which had started from our shores to help Donna Maria on the ground that it involved a breach of England's neutrality.

Lastly, in the debate on Mr. Roebuck's motion of June 25th, 1850, on the principles of foreign policy applied by Lord Palmerston, Sir Robert Peel made his last speech, the peroration of which was as follows: —

> It is my firm belief that you will not advance the cause of constitutional government by attempting to dictate to other nations. If you do, your intentions will be mistaken, you will rouse feelings upon which you do not calculate, you will invite opposition to government; and beware that the time does not arrive when you withdraw your countenance from those whom you have excited, and leave upon their mind the bitter recollection that you have betrayed them. . . . You are departing from the established policy of England; you are involving yourselves in difficulties, the extent of which you can hardly conceive; you are bestowing no aid on the cause of constitutional freedom, but are encouraging its advocates to look to you for aid instead of those efforts which can alone establish it, and upon the successful exertion of which alone it can be useful.

Thus at three different dates, by three ministers of the most various temper and character, the policy of intervention on behalf of the cause of "nationality" was disavowed and deprecated. On the other hand, Sir W. Harcourt has no grounds at all for implying that England took up an anti-national position at the Congress of Vienna. By a separate declaration Lord Castlereagh modified the eighth article of the Treaty of Alliance between Great Britain, Austria, Russia, and Prussia. This article, he says, —

> is to be understood as binding the contracting parties, upon principles of mutual security, to a common effort against the power of Napoleon Bonaparte, in pursuance of the third article of the said treaty; *but is not to be understood as binding his Britannic Majesty to prosecute the war, with a view of imposing upon France any particular government.* However solicitous the prince regent must be to see his Most Christian Majesty restored to the throne, and however anxious he is to contribute, in conjunction with his allies, to so auspicious an event, he nevertheless deems himself called upon to make this declaration on the exchange of the ratifications, as well in consideration of what is due to his Most Christian Majesty's interests in France, *as in conformity to the principles upon which the British government has invariably regulated its conduct.*

These principles, the same that we have before seen advanced by Lord Grenville, are those by which England must still continue to shape her policy if she wishes to preserve her security and independence. But clear and consistent as the principles themselves are, the difficulties in applying them justly are innumerable, and we think that we shall be able to demonstrate from experience that the only way in which the nation can hope to steer safely between the Scylla of absolutism and the Charybdis of anarchy is by leaving the executive — we will go farther, and add the sovereign herself — just liberty in the conduct of foreign affairs.

The first difficulty that presents itself to the proper application of the principle of non-intervention is the unstable character of our alliances. Allies we must have if the equilibrium of Europe, so necessary to the peace and safety of England, is to be preserved; and yet from the mixed nature of our own constitution and the uncompromising nature of foreign politics, our friendships have seldom been of complete cordiality or long duration. During the present century the only governments which have remained unshaken by revolution are those of England and Russia; the others have oscillated between revolution and military force; and as our policy forbids us to cast in our lot with one or other of these causes, we are loved by the partisans of neither, and suspected by both. Nevertheless since 1815 we have contrived to maintain our position without loss of influence on the Continent. Through the reigns of Louis Philippe and the late emperor the relations of the English and French governments, in spite of antipathies and jealousies in each people, were intimate, and the western powers, from 1830 to 1870, were consequently a sufficient balance to the great military monarchies of northern and central Europe. Our policy has been to recognize, as far as possible, the *de facto* government in France, without regard to dynastic considerations; and the attitude we have had to assume in consequence is one requiring the greatest delicacy and reserve. How much of the desirable concord between France and England was due to the personal appreciation by Louis Philippe and his successor of the value of the English alliance, and to the tact and judgment with which their advances were met by the queen and the prince consort, may be seen in Mr. Mar-

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tin's interesting narrative of the various visits exchanged between the monarchs of the two nations.

At the present moment, however, it seems as if the question of foreign alliances were not one with which England has any immediate concern, and we turn to consider a danger more likely to prove fatal to us than any want of co-operation abroad, namely the perils arising out of popular opinion at home. The policy of non-intervention, to be successful, requires the exercise of strict impartiality between the two extreme principles of action that divide nations and governments abroad; but the opinion of the majority of Englishmen has almost always been on one side. Their opinion is controlled by two main sentiments, the love of freedom and national pride. Careless and generous, the average Englishman wishes all the world to enjoy the same well-being as himself, and as he is conscious that he derives much of this well-being from his constitutional government, and is vaguely aware that his ancestors obtained their freedom by fighting for it, he is always on the side of subjects who rise against their rulers. French revolutionists, Spanish juntas, Italian republicans, Hungarian rebels, Polish patriots, have at various times in the century roused the English people to break away from their policy of non-intervention, in the hope of transplanting their own sacred constitution on to foreign soil. Now it is plain that, though much of this desire is due to democratic sympathy, still more is due to national pride. It pleased the popular imagination to think of England as the leader of European freedom, and to hear of foreign nations adopting constitutional government, because the notion was English. And as the whole drift of the policy the people desired was guided by sentiment, as they were entirely ignorant of the circumstances to which the policy would have to be applied, they were frequently awakened to a sense of reality by the disastrous failure of their expectations, which, however, they were seldom just enough to ascribe to their own ignorance. The fallibility of that public opinion, which "Verax" desires to be our pilot in foreign affairs, might be illustrated by a hundred examples since 1832, but it will be quite sufficient for our purpose to recall some of its exhibitions during the Crimean War.

Remembering, then, that at that period we were about to take the field against the greatest aggressive power in Europe, which, ever since the days of Peter the Great, had pursued its object with rare steadiness and persistency, what, let us ask, was the temper in which the English constituencies, the masters of the English House of Commons, to which the English ministry was responsible, prepared for the conflict. The prince consort, with admirable humor, sketches the state of public opinion at the moment: —

Another mistake that people abroad make is to ascribe to England a policy based upon material interests and cold calculation. Her policy is one of pure feeling, and therefore often illogical. The government is a popular government, and the masses upon whom it rests only feel and do not think. In the present instance their feeling is something of this sort: "The emperor of Russia is a tyrant, the enemy of all liberty on the Continent, the oppressor of Poland. He wanted to coerce the poor Turk. The Turk is a fine fellow; he has braved the rascal; let us rush to his assistance. The emperor is no gentleman, as he has spoken a lie to our queen. Down with the emperor of Russia! Napoleon forever! He is the nephew of his uncle whom we defeated at Waterloo. We were afraid of his invading us? Quite the contrary! He has forgotten all that is past, and is ready to fight with us for the glorious cause against the oppressor of liberty. He may have played the French some tricks, but they are an unruly set, and don't deserve any better. D— all the German princes who won't go with us against the Russian, because they think they want him to keep down their own people. The worst of them is the king of Prussia, who ought to know better."

Such being the "policy" of the masses, how much wisdom was shown by their more educated representatives, who claim to give an intelligent reflection of public opinion? For instance, "The defeat of the Turks at Sinope on our own element had made the people furious;" and what was the opinion of the press? The sinking of the fleet was ascribed to the treachery of — the prince consort. In one journal he was pointed at as "the chief agent of the Austro-Belgian-Coburg-Orleans clique, the avowed enemies of England, and the subservient tools of Russian ambition." It was suggested that there was an influence "behind the throne." It was imputed to the prince as a crime that "he was occasionally present at interviews between the queen and her ministers, that the queen discussed political questions with him, and that these had weight in guiding and strengthening the opinions of her Majesty." Worked up by these tremendous revelations, the public reached such an exalted pitch of feel

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ing, that they positively believed the prince had been arrested for high treason, and assembled in thousands to see him committed to the Tower. It of course required nothing but the meeting of Parliament to expose all these absurdities, and to establish, on the authority of all the leading statesmen of the day, the perfectly constitutional character of the prince's relations with the queen. Opinion as usual veered completely round, and the very journals which had been most bitter in their attacks on Prince Albert were now most servile in their flattery of him.

If, again, we turn to the House of Commons of this period as the truest image of a self-governed nation, we shall be unable to conclude that the opinion of the majority is a safe basis of national security and independence. In its readiness to grant supplies, and its determination to uphold the honor of the country, Parliament showed indeed all its traditional energy and patriotism. But as a deliberative assembly, claiming control over the actions of the executive, it can scarcely be said to have added to its reputation. It would be no doubt unjust to reproach it with not having foreseen, what no man in England could foresee, the utter collapse of our military system in the Crimea, but it might have been expected that the announcement of our first disasters should have been borne with patience and dignity, and that Parliament would have had the sagacity to perceive the cause of failure, and to suggest a remedy. As a matter of fact, the House of Commons belied both these moderate expectations. It had voted supplies for the war with an intense and patriotic belief that the arms of England could accomplish whatever they were called upon to achieve, and in the reaction of disappointment it reflected the popular belief that treachery must have been at work to prevent its hopes from being realized. *Les malheureux ont toujours tort*, and instead of laying the blame where it was really due, on the system which had so long approved itself to our constitutional notions of government, Parliament was determined to visit its resentment on some human head connected with the executive. The victim it had selected was once again the prince consort. When Mr. Roebuck had obtained his committee of inquiry, he told the Duke of Newcastle that he expected to discover but little, since "in a high quarter there had been a determination that the expedition should not succeed, which had been suggested to headquarters." The duke said that he supposed Mr. Roebuck was alluding to himself. "Oh, no!" said the other, "I mean a much higher person than you; I mean Prince Albert." When the chief mover of an inquiry, which was clearly of an unconstitutional nature, was on such a hopelessly false scent, there is little cause for surprise that the committee should have labored without result.

But the most curious effects of popular opinion on the foreign policy of England are to be traced in its influence on those who wield the force of the nation, the responsible ministers of the crown. So long as affairs were directed by a ministry supported by the whole power of the crown, and answerable only to a House of Commons elected from the close boroughs, it was possible for men like Grenville and Castlereagh to hold a firm and consistent course. But, even before the reform of Parliament, opinion had become so overwhelmingly strong that it threatened to carry with it the rulers who sought to control it, and its power was the more felt in proportion as the foreign minister was a man of spirit and imagination. In such men the desire to utilize and direct the force which they were unable to resist became almost a passion. Canning was the first great English statesman who was exposed to the full strength of popular impulse. "Let us not deceive ourselves," writes M. Marcellus to Chateaubriand, "in regard to Mr. Canning. Still undecided, he is yet in suspense between the monarchical opinions, which have made his former renown, and the popular favor, which has recently borne him forwards to power; but as he attends above all to the echo of public opinion, and spreads his sails before the wind which blows it, it is easy to see to which side he will incline." This criticism, it is true, does not strike us as quite just. Canning was far too great a man ever to bow meekly before the popular will, but his imagination and his patriotism were equally strong, and he felt how vast a force was public opinion if directed towards a national end. We have seen him before holding to the principle of non-intervention when pressed to resist the French invasion of Spain in 1823; there can be no doubt that it was the fervor of his English feeling which prompted his misapplication of the principle in the case of the Spanish colonies, and inspired his famous declaration that "he had called a new world into existence *to redress the balance* of the old."

His mantle fell upon Lord Palmerston, a statesman in most respects un ike him

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in character, but resembling him in the energy and intensity of his English feeling. Lord Palmerston first became foreign secretary during the agitation preceding the Reform Bill, and served in almost every ministry from that date to the time of his death. Floated into power on the great wave of popular opinion, which was then overspreading Europe, he had to apply the policy of non-intervention at a time when almost every nation was seized with a passion for adopting constitutional government. Europe was in the midst of the long peace, and peace was not the condition of things best suited to Lord Palmerston's genius.

A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleas'd with the danger, when the waves went high
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.

Over and over again he brought the nation into danger, and the crown into difficulties by the ardor with which he pushed his constitutional propaganda. In 1848 his lectures to the Spanish government were rejected by those to whom they were addressed, as "offensive to the dignity of a free and independent nation." In the same year he sanctioned the withdrawal of guns from the government stores for the purpose of sending them to the Sicilian insurgents. The insurrection failed, and "the English government" (we quote Mr. Martin) "was charged, not without some show of justice, with having encouraged the Sicilians to resistance, and then deserting them in their extremity. Yet neither the prime minister, nor the cabinet, nor of course the crown, were aware of the proceedings by which the popular foreign secretary had jeopardized the honor of his country." In 1850 the queen addressed a memorandum to Lord John Russell, in which she explained what she required of the foreign secretary. Her conditions were two: —

1. That the secretary shall distinctly state what he proposes in a given case, in order that the queen may know as distinctly to what she has given her royal sanction.

2. Having once given her sanction to a measure, that it be not arbitrarily altered or modified by the minister.

The spirit of these rules was distinctly violated by Lord Palmerston in 1851, when in conversation with the French ambassador in London he expressed his approbation of the *coup d'état* in Paris, after Lord Normanby, our ambassador in that city, had been instructed to do and say "nothing which could wear the appearance of an interference of any kind in the internal affairs of France." As is well known, this matter led to Lord Palmerston's dismissal from office. There can be no doubt that his system of constant interference in the affairs of foreign countries was not only a departure from our traditional policy, but a source of weakness to the country. Its effects are summed up in a remark of the late emperor of the French on hearing of Lord Palmerston's removal: "*Autant qu'il était ministre l'Angleterre n'avait point d'alliés.*"

Unsuited as Lord Palmerston was to conduct the foreign affairs of England in time of peace, his energy, capacity, and popularity made him just the man to take the helm in the presence of danger and excitement. His predecessor, Lord Aberdeen, forms a singular contrast to him in this respect, and offers another striking example of the effects of public opinion on the position of the ministers of the crown in regard to foreign affairs. Without any of Lord Palmerston's vigor, Lord Aberdeen had more caution; he thoroughly understood the difficulties of our situation on the eve of the Crimean War, but he wanted clearness of understanding for making those warlike preparations beforehand which would have enabled him to preserve peace. The consequence was, that by his weakness he deceived the emperor Nicholas, and thus drifted into that war. He was altogether out of sympathy with the public; his feebleness and spirit of concession only aroused their indignation; they were utterly unable to appreciate the grounds of his caution, and he was equally incapable of understanding the source of their enthusiasm. On principle he allowed the necessity of the war, but he could never bring himself to share his countrymen's hostility to the nation which he regarded as an old friend and ally.

Lord Palmerston was able to bring the Crimean War to a triumphant conclusion because he had the confidence of the country, which was therefore disposed to leave him liberty of action. But before he assumed the lead, the winds and cross-currents of opinion had reduced the counsels of the nation to something like distraction. After the outburst of public indignation which followed the disclosure of the state of the army, just at the time when it was most necessary for the cabinet to hold loyally together, for the sake of the public interest and the honor of the sovereign,

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Lord John Russell chose to make himself the mouthpiece of popular discontent in the ministry, and to demand the resignation of the Duke of Newcastle. When his demand was refused, he acquiesced in the decision, but on Mr. Roebuck's motion for a select committee of inquiry he resigned, because, as he said, "he did not see how the motion was to be resisted." The motion was consequently carried by an enormous majority, and the spectacle was then presented to the world of the queen of England vainly endeavoring to find a body of gentlemen who would uphold the honor of their sovereign and the cause of their country in the hour of difficulty. Lord Derby failed to form a ministry because he could not obtain the promise of sufficient support; Lord John Russell, because after his recent conduct his old colleagues refused to serve with him; Lord Lansdowne declined office on account of his age and infirmities; and even Lord Palmerston had the greatest difficulty in securing the co-operation of the Peelites. Nor were his troubles at an end after his government had been formed, for the Peelites soon resigned, and he had presently to resist the attacks of one who, in his capacity of chancellor of the exchequer, had proposed a war budget, but who had now, in the moment of need and pressure, deserted into the ranks of the party for peace at any price. We quote Lord Palmerston's remarks on this occasion, not only because we consider them entirely just as directed against Mr. Gladstone, but also because they aptly illustrate the dangers to which constitutional governments are exposed from statesmen who leave the anchorage of principle to drift on the tides of opinion and circumstance.

Sir, there must indeed be grave reasons which could induce a man who had been a party with her Majesty's government to that line of policy, who had assisted in conducting the war; who had, after full and perhaps unexampled deliberation, agreed to enter upon the war; who, having concurred after that full and mature deliberation in the commencement of the war, had also joined in calling upon the country for great sacrifices in order to continue it, and who had, up to a very recent period, assented to all the measures proposed for its continuance; I say there must indeed be grave reasons which could induce a man who had been so far a party in the measures of the government utterly to change his opinions; to declare this war utterly unnecessary, unjust, and impolitic; to set before the country all the imaginary disasters with which his fancy could supply him, and to magnify and exaggerate the forces of the enemy and the difficulties of our position.

If with such dissensions in cabinets, jealousies between individual ministers, confusion in Parliament, and ignorance among the masses, the direction of England's affairs abroad had been left, as "Verax" wishes, altogether in the hands of men "delegated by the people to do the work," it is more than probable that we should have come out of the Crimean War defeated and dishonored. Fortunately there was one part of the constitution, raised alike above the passions of party and the fluctuations of opinion, which was able to impress on our foreign policy the image of its own firmness and unity of purpose. History will record that many of the advantages secured to Europe, and much of the glory accruing to England from the Treaty of Paris, are due to the exertions of the English crown. Though neither the queen nor her husband appeared prominently before the public, there was scarcely an idea connected with the design and general scope of the campaign which did not originate in some royal suggestion. How clearly the prince consort understood the traditional principle of English policy which was involved in the war, may be seen from his "Memorandum," dated October 21st, 1853:—

It will be said that England and Europe have a strong interest, setting aside all Turkish considerations, that Constantinople and the Turkish territory should not fall into the hands of Russia, and that they should in the last extremity even go to war to prevent such an overthrow of the balance of power. This must be admitted, and such a war may be right and wise. But this would be a war *not for the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire*, but merely for the interests of the European powers of civilization. It ought to be carried on unshackled by obligations to the Porte, and will probably lead in the peace, which must be the object of that war, to the obtaining of arrangements more consonant with the well-understood interests of Europe, of Christianity, liberty, and civilization, than the re-imposition of the ignorant barbarian and despotic yoke of the Mussulman over the most fertile and favored portion of Europe.

The double purpose implied in this memorandum, of restraining the ambition of Russia and securing the better government of the subject races of Turkey, did not commend itself to Lord Palmerston, whose nature always prompted him to a strong and one-sided policy. Nor was it effectually achieved by the Treaty of Paris, the course of events having made it almost necessary in pursuance of English policy to leave the sultan independence of action within his own dominions. But

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the wisdom and foresight of the views thus expressed have been sufficiently proved by the too plausible pretexts which Russian craft has been able to weave out of the persistency of Turkish misgovernment.

From war in the last resort it would have been impolitic and dishonorable of England to have shrunk. But before committing her country to so bloody an arbitrament, the queen used all her personal influence to prevail over the purpose of the czar, and to bring the pressure of a European concert to compel him to relinquish his designs. He had appealed to her by letter against the policy of her ministers, and she answered him firmly and courteously, upholding that policy. Austria and Prussia admitted the iniquity of the Russian aggression, but they were restrained by their mutual jealousies from opposing it. The king of Prussia wrote to the queen a letter excusing his inaction, and advancing much the same plea for his "industrious Rhinelanders" as has lately been employed on behalf of "the Pomeranian ploughman." The queen's reply was worthy of the country that had stood the chief brunt of war against Napoleon: —

When your Majesty tells me that "you are now determined to assume an attitude of complete neutrality," . . . I do not understand you. Had such language fallen from the king of Hanover or of Saxony I could have understood it. But up to the present time I have regarded Prussia as one of the five great powers which since the peace of 1815 have been the guarantors of treaties, the guardians of civilization, the champions of right and ultimate arbitrators of the nations; and I have for my part felt the holy duty to which they were thus divinely called, being at the same time perfectly alive to the obligations, various as these are and fraught with danger, which it imposes. Renounce these obligations, my dear brother, and in doing so you renounce for Prussia the status she has hitherto held. And if the example thus set should find imitators, European civilization is abandoned as a plaything for the winds; right will no longer find a champion, nor the oppressed an umpire to appeal to.

On the other hand, her Majesty displayed the most skilful tact in cementing our alliance with the *parvenu* emperor of the French, who was himself rejoiced at being able to strengthen his position by his intimacy with the occupant of so old and venerable a throne as that of England. And when once war became inevitable, she endeavored to compensate for the coldness of her first minister by the heartiness with which she identified herself with the national sentiment. Lord Aberdeen, in a reply to Lord Lyndhurst's memorable speech of June 19, 1854, had been betrayed into what appeared like a defence of Russia, and the queen, well understanding the unseasonableness of such an utterance, wrote to him in consequence as follows: —

The qualities in Lord Aberdeen's character which the queen values most highly, his candor and his courage in expressing opinions, even if opposed to general feelings at the moment, are in this instance dangerous to him, and the queen hopes that in the vindication of his own conduct to-day — which ought to be triumphant, as it wants in fact no vindication — he will not undertake the ungrateful and injurious task of vindicating the emperor of Russia from any of the exaggerated charges brought against him and his policy, at a time when there is enough in that policy to make us fight with all our might against it.

Yet in the midst of the difficulties to which Lord Aberdeen was afterwards exposed from the indignation of the people and the defections of his colleagues, the queen stood by him, and to testify her respect for his loyalty and sincerity, offered him the Order of the Garter, expressed to him at the same time "how deeply she was impressed by the admirable temper, forbearance, and firmness with which Lord Aberdeen had conducted the whole of a very difficult and annoying transaction."

To the prince consort's sagacity was due the plan of weekly reports from the Crimea by means of tabular returns, which did so much towards remedying the disasters caused by the first collapse of our military administration. The prince also furnished a memorandum on army organization, as to the merits of which it will be sufficient to quote the opinion of General Hamley, that "it has been the aim of military reformers since to embody all its suggestions, and that all have been put in practice with the exception of certain points of detail with which the memorandum either does not deal at all, or only imperfectly." Indeed, in every department connected with the army, the prince's anxiety for the success of the expedition was visible. "If," said the Duke of Newcastle, in reply to Mr. Roebuck's insinuations, "during the time of my official duties I have received any suggestions which were more valuable to me than others, they did not come from your friends the Napiers, but from Prince Albert."

Thus both in its capacity as sovereign

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of the nation, as chief of the great council of the kingdom, and as the commander of the army, the personal influence of the crown made itself beneficially felt. It was more touchingly manifested in the exercise of its functions as the fountain of honor. Let those who think that all feudal feeling is extinct in England read the following extract from a letter of the queen to the king of the Belgians: —

> Ernest will have told you what a beautiful and touching sight and ceremory (the first of the kind ever witnessed in England) the distribution of the medals was. From the highest prince of the blood to the lowest private, all received the same distinction for the bravest conduct in the severest actions, and the rough hand of the brave and honest private soldier came for the first time in contact with that of their sovereign and their queen. Noble fellows! I own I feel as if they were my own children — my heart beats for them as for my nearest and dearest! They were so touched, so pleased — many, I hear, cried; and they won't hear of giving up their medals to have their names engraved upon them for fear that they should not receive the identical ones put into their hands by me!

Mr. Martin's third volume brings his biography of the prince consort down to within a few years of his death. Looking back over the exciting period of European history which has passed since that event, and reflecting on their own present circumstances, the people of England, when they close his book, will be conscious of two prevailing sentiments. They will, in the first place, feel a deep and respectful sympathy with their sovereign who, for the last seventeen years, has had to meet the increasing perils and difficulties by which her empire is surrounded, unassisted by the calm judgment which encouraged and advised her in the earlier portion of her reign. And in the second place, when they recall the suspicions and imputations to which the prince was exposed from popular passion and prejudice, at the very moments when he was laboring most indefatigably for the good of his adopted country, they will be sensible of the irreparable loss they have incurred themselves.

> Virtutem incolumen odimus,
> Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.

Since the death of the prince consort, the whole aspect of affairs on the Continent has altered, and strange modifications have consequently been introduced into our foreign policy. Repressed for a moment in 1815, the great wave of democracy gathered fresh force during the long peace between that date and 1848, when it returned and dashed with irresistible force against every throne in Europe. That epoch may be said to have been the carnival of opinion. Doctrinaire statesmen, philosophical poets, scientific historians, and political economists, united their efforts against the powers of Catholicism and feudalism. The principles of liberty and equality were assumed as axiomatic by all who desired a reputation for wisdom and virtue. Opinion was everywhere hailed as the great nostrum which was to liberate and purify mankind; and each saw in his own particular opinion the image of the perfection towards which he asserted humanity to be travelling. All over Europe there was a passion for the establishment of equal rights and free institutions. But how was this ideal of liberty and equality, so passionately longed for, pursued? Not by means of opinion, but of force; not by legality, but by revolution and war. To destroy the strongholds of absolutism and to achieve national independence, all the local, traditional, and hereditary ties that gave variety and color to the smaller societies of Europe were remorselessly swept away. The end may have been worth the price, but the price was great, nor was the state of things actually realized in the least like what had been dreamed by the philosophers. The individual equality secured by the demolition of ranks and traditions formed a basis, not for constitutional liberty, but for European war.

Scarcely had the mutual congratulations between the nations, occasioned by the Great Exhibition of 1851, ceased, when war broke out between Russia and England and France. The Treaty of Paris had only been signed three years when the battles of Solferino and Magenta deprived Austria of a large portion of her Italian dominions. Within almost an equally short period, Austria and Prussia made their joint attack on Denmark; and the very next year Austria was excluded from the German Confederation and was forced to surrender Venice in consequence of her disastrous defeat at Sadowa. In 1870 occurred the still more terrible conflict between France and Germany, since which time every great nation in Europe, with the exception of England, has been a vast armed camp. And this state of things, so far from being temporary, appears to us to be the natural consequence of the application of the principle of equality. Individual aspirations liberated by the destruction of local rights gravitated to a single centre, and the unity of each

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nation was represented solely by its military force. Instead of wars between rival monarchs, whose ambition was checked by personal fear or prudence, wars now arose between nation and nation, and race and race, and were liable to be as general in their extension as they were capricious in their cause.

But while force was thus reaping the fruits of opinion on the Continent, the power of opinion in England continued to expand and increase. After the Crimean War, the repeal of the duty on paper enormously increased the number and circulation of the daily journals; the influence of the moneyed classes, always the most powerful in forming opinion, was continually growing; and though during the lifetime of Lord Palmerston reform was practically shelved, his death was a signal to both parties to bid for power by a wide extension of the franchise. The influences of this vast collective mass of moving opinion were seen in the domestic legislation of the Gladstone ministry in their term of power after 1868.

A passion for reform had seized upon the public mind. There was not an interest in the country that was not attacked, not an institution that was not put upon its trial, not an endowment that was not threatened by popular opinion. The love of analysis manifested itself in our art and letters. Poets and men of literary taste turned philosophers, and amused the imagination of the people with speculative and religious paradox. Meantime the wealth of the country was advancing, as Mr. Gladstone said, with "leaps and bounds," and this, being coincident with the great development of opinion and self-government, confirmed the nation in the belief that it was on the high road to the millennium. The genius of England had, in short, become completely introspective.

Such a state of things had of course a powerful influence on the course of our foreign policy. After the revolutionary era closed in 1848, the just application of the principle of non intervention became more difficult than ever. There was now no longer any temptation to interfere, as Lord Palmerston had so frequently done, on behalf of nations struggling for free institutions. The peoples had won the day against their rulers, in fact, if not in appearance: all government on the Continent had henceforth a basis more or less democratic, and all wars a more or less popular origin. The democratic motives of these wars took from them the appearance of aggression, and consequently prevented England, even where, as in the war of Denmark with the German powers, her sympathies were strongly enlisted, from interfering in behalf of European right. Her policy of non-intervention grew, therefore, into a confirmed habit of abstention from Continental quarrels. Absorbed in domestic legislation, the people of England began to regard all affairs outside their own island with a merely scenic interest. They read the foreign correspondence with which their daily press so ably supplied them, with the same kind of zest as they devoured the last new novel or rushed to look at the last new rope-dancer. Their attitude to the world was like that of the gods of Epicurus, so finely described by the poet: —

For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurled
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curled
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world;
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and fiery sands,
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and praying hands.

Wide as these lotus-bred notions had spread, there was something startling, even to those who indulged in them, in the uncompromising terms in which they were expressed, during the heat of the war between France and Germany, by the *Edinburgh Review* of October 1870: —

Happy England! [exclaimed the reviewer in a patriotic transport]. Happy, not because any Immaculate Conception exempted her from that original sin of nations, the desire to erect will into right, and the lust of territorial aggrandizement. Happy, not only because she is *felix proles virûm*, because this united kingdom is peopled by a race unsurpassed as a whole in its energies and endowments; but happy, with a special reference to the present subject, in this, that the wise dispensation of Providence has cut her off by that streak of silver sea which passengers so often and so justly execrate, though in no way from the duties and honors, yet partly from the dangers, absolutely from the temptations, which attend upon the local neighborhood of the Continental nations.

And the conclusion of the whole matter was: —

One accomplishment yet remains needful to enable us to hold without envy our free and eminent position. It is that we should do as we should be done by; that we should seek to found a moral empire upon the confidence of

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the nations, not upon their fears, their passions, or their antipathies. Certain it is that a new law of nations is gradually taking hold of the mind, and coming to sway the practice of the world; a law which recognizes independence, which frowns upon aggression, which favors the pacific, not the bloody settlement of disputes, which aims at permanent, not temporary adjustments; *above all, which recognizes as a tribunal of paramount authority the general judgment of civilized mankind.*

Such, with the recollection of four bloody wars within his experience, with the spectacle of two of the greatest nations in Europe engaged in a struggle for life and death almost before his eyes, such was, in 1870, the view of England's foreign policy as expressed — so it is universally believed — by her prime minister! The force of opinion "could no further go." Nor was it long before Mr. Gladstone had an opportunity for reducing these opinions to practice. Scarcely had the siege of Paris ended, when a stern voice was heard from the north demanding the excision from the Treaty of 1856 of all the clauses relating to the neutralization of the Black Sea. What followed is remembered by Englishmen too plainly to need repetition. But we had still another cheek to turn to the smiter. Our shrewd transatlantic kinsfolk saw their opportunity of driving a good bargain with the nation which had propounded the new political morality. The Geneva arbitration on the "Alabama" claims was arranged, and by "a tribunal of paramount authority representing the general judgment of the civilized world," we were fined to the amount of 3,000,000*l.* for observing the conditions of our own municipal law.

These experiences of real life acted like the healthy shock of a shower-bath on the over-excited condition of public opinion, and the elections of 1874 showed very clearly that "Philip had become sober." But another and still more severe experience was required before the nation could be completely cured of the ideology which had so inveterately infected it. Of all questions of foreign policy the one with which public opinion was least qualified to deal was the Eastern question, for this was essentially two-sided, and public opinion can never fix itself on more than one thing at a time. The prince consort had shown his sagacity by divining — as we have shown in our extract from his memorandum — that the object of the Crimean War was not primarily the indedendence and integrity of the Turkish empire, but the restriction of Russian ambition and the amelioration of the condition of the Christian subjects of Turkey. Neither of these objects was completely attained by the Treaty of Paris. The former was indeed apparently secured by the prince consort's ingenious device of the diplomatic guarantee, and the latter by the firman which the Porte granted to all its subjects, without distinction. And it may well be doubted, looking to the disposition of the German powers, and to England's essential principle of non-intervention in the internal affairs of other States, if greater results were possible. But the diplomatic guarantee only bound the powers to *collective* action in defence of Turkey; and the disclaimer of the right to interfere within the sultan's dominions made it impossible to urge the execution of the promised reforms by anything more effectual than diplomatic pressure.

In the summer of 1875 an insurrection, very obscure in its origin, broke out in the Herzegovina. It was followed at first with but languid interest by the English public; but the interest deepened when Servia joined the quarrel. Opinion became at once divided; the majority favoring the Turk for the sake of old associations, the Liberal minority siding, as usual, with the insurgent nationalities. But there was nothing like a stir of national sentiment till, in consequence of the request of Sir H. Elliott, the British fleet moved to Besika Bay. The object of the movement was suspected by both parties to be different from what it was asserted to be and what it really was. Even then, however, there was no passionate outburst of opinion from the Liberal party. This was reserved for the moment when the Bulgarian atrocities were first announced in the columns of a morning paper. Then was seen the enormous power which the telegraph and the press exert over all governments. Maddened by the horrors emulously portrayed to their imagination by the vivid word-painting of the newspaper correspondents, the feelings of the people broke beyond all bounds. Henceforth men could think, dream, and speak of nothing but atrocities; the Bulgarian massacre absorbed their minds and appeared to them the only basis on which to found a foreign policy. The electric current passed over the kingdom. Mayor after mayor called public meetings, which in their proceedings bore a strong resemblance to that famous assembly of which "the more part knew not wherefore they were come together," and which "cried out for the space of two hours, 'Great is

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Diana of the Ephesians!'" And, as if it was the business of statesmen to add fuel to the popular flame, the ex-premier, when the agitation had reached its height, wrote a pamphlet on "Bulgarian Horrors," in which the quondam apostle of complete "abstention" proposed to turn the Mussulman power "bag and baggage" out of Europe. Throughout the country, poets, historians, professors, High Churchmen and Dissenters, appeared on public platforms, denouncing with equal vigor the "unspeakable" Turk and the bloodthirsty premier.

Meantime the great autocratic power, representing force in Europe, showed that it understood perfectly well how to take advantage of this paroxysm of opinion. Russia had avoided the error she had committed in 1853 of showing her hand too soon, and during the early stages of the insurrection had kept herself well in the background. More than suspected of having fomented the rising in the Slav provinces, and of having suggested to the Porte the military arrangements which occasioned the Bulgarian massacre, she had observed a studious moderation till she perceived that she might safely appear in the character she had designed. Then, with the applause of a great section of the English public, and urged on, as she said, by the feeling of her own subjects, she stood forth, like another Ferdinand of Aragon, as the protector of the Christians against their Mussulman oppressors. Like a threatening cloud the vast armies she had mobilized hung over the conference at which the plenipotentiaries of the powers met to discuss the affairs of Turkey. When the conference broke up without result, in consequence of the refusal of the Turks to submit to what they considered a violation of their independence, Russia assumed the *rôle* of armed delegate of Europe, and declared war against Turkey. Beaten back at first in Armenia, and checked by the gallant defence of Plevna, the Russians held to their object with all their national tenacity; Kars was taken; Plevna capitulated; and, while English Liberals were still speaking of the "divine figure from the north," the English people were suddenly awakened to a real sense of their situation by the rapid march of the Muscovite army across the Balkans, and by the appearance of the vanguard before the walls of Constantinople.

Beati possidentes! The success of Russia has been due to the rare mixture of astuteness, dissimulation, and daring with which, as the possessor of autocratic force, she has been able to direct her policy. We altogether dissent from those omniscient guides of opinion, who have recently taken advantage of the strength they derive from having consistently opposed Russia, to pour the most rancorous abuse on their own government as the author of the difficulties in which we find ourselves. Let us at any rate be just even if we are angry. Our difficulties are due not to the ministry, but to ourselves. As a people taking pride in governing itself, the English nation has not thought fit to leave its rulers full liberty of choice in the direction of its foreign affairs. From the commencement of the insurrection down to the period of the Bulgarian massacres, the ministry had guided their policy by a strict observance of the Treaty of Paris and the traditional principle of non-intervention. They had acceded reluctantly, and only at the request of the Porte, to the Andrassy Note, and they refused to be parties to the Berlin Memorandum, because these measures appeared to them infringements of the ninth article of the treaty, which prohibits any interference on the part of the guaranteeing powers with the internal administration of Turkey. Up to this point their hands had been free, and had the Bulgarian episode not occurred, we do not doubt that any appearance of aggression on the part of Russia would have provoked the same kind of spirit in the country as has been lately manifested. In that case we should certainly not have gone to the conference at Constantinople till Russia had demobilized her army. But after the outburst of popular passion following the massacres, after the refusal of the Turks to accept the proposals of the conference, formed on the basis we had proposed ourselves, the only policy open to a ministry acting on the principle of non-intervention was conditional neutrality. Such a policy was obviously attended with the gravest dangers; some of the incidents in its execution have borne an appearance of weakness and indecision; but, on the whole, we ought to admit that under conditions of unexampled difficulty the ministry have done their duty steadily and manfully, and have deserved well of the country. The weaknesses of our policy are inseparable from our constitutional system, and if we are manly enough to understand the value of that system, instead of crying out against a ministry whose action we have hampered, we shall try to learn the lesson that our present circumstances teach us.

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This lesson will be by no means the one which "Verax" is anxious to inculcate. We have dwelt at length on the principles underlying constitutional government in general, and on the historical development of our own constitution in particular, because we think that the evidence shows very conclusively that the English constitution has nothing of the fixed character of, for instance, that of the United States. "Verax," it appears to us, is a political Rip van Winkle. His arguments are applicable to the state of things existing in the reign of George III., but not to the circumstances of the reign of Queen Victoria. When the nation in 1832 asserted its capacity to govern itself, it obviously occupied a very different position, relatively to the crown, from the state of pupilage in which it existed when the Whig aristocracy was defending its rights against the encroachments of the royal prerogative. What then does "Verax" mean by saying that, if the nation finds that the sovereign plays any part more active than that of a royal dummy, "danger commences for one party, though hardly for both"? If the danger is to the crown, does he find that his countrymen generally are murmuring at the revelations of "personal rule" made by the "Life of the Prince Consort"? But if he thinks it is the people whose security is imperilled, then "Verax" must choose between one of two alternatives; either the nation, by asserting its qualifications to govern itself, has proclaimed its ability to protect itself against the royal prerogative, or else it is so open to the influence at the disposal of the crown that it is not qualified for self-government. Now, we do not think that the latter of these conclusions is warranted. The course of our argument has gone to show that the centre of gravity in our constitution has at different periods oscillated perilously between the opposing poles of force and opinion. We have seen it under the Stuarts travelling too far in the direction of force; we have seen it of late recoiling equally overmuch to the side of opinion. Is it not possible that now, when the crown has been restored to its old unity with the people, we may be entering on a period when force and opinion will be able to resettle themselves in a just equilibrium?

To decide on this point, let us try to see distinctly how we stand; and first, with regard to the state of parties. "Party," says Burke, "is a body of men united for promoting by their joint endeavor the national interest upon some particular principle on which they are all agreed." How far is this condition fulfilled at the present moment by the party that calls itself Liberal? Let us assume, for the sake of argument, that the principle of numerical representation is developed to its logical extreme by the passing of a bill for the assimilation of the borough and county franchise. What would the party we are speaking of *agree* to do next. Mr. Chamberlain leads off glibly enough with a fine cry of "Free Church! Free Schools! Free Land!" But he is met by a soft murmur of deprecation from Mr. Bright, "Pray let us have no programme! The true Liberal frame of mind, manifested in speeches for peace at any price, and recollections of the Anti-Corn-Law League, is what we want." Mr. Goldwin Smith, however, dashes to the front, and, after administering some hearty cuffs to the "Whig oligarchy," suggests to them that they had better fall in with the earnest Radicals and pass the word for "Liberty and Nonconformity!" But he is immediately reminded by Mr. Matthew Arnold, with his usual urbanity, that he is a "political Puritan," and that "one of the great obstacles to our civilization is British Nonconformity and the other British aristocracy." Turning then to Lord Hartington, Mr. Arnold proposes to him to address his Scotch audience as follows: "The cause of your being ill at ease is not what you suppose. The cause of your being ill at ease is the profound imperfectness of your social civilization. Your social civilization is indeed such as I forbear to characterize. But the remedy is not disestablishment. The remedy is social equality. Let me turn your attention to a reform in the law of bequest and entail."* Such an address, he says, would doubtless be received with laughter; but he advises us to think over it. And for our part we should be exceedingly glad to know the character of Lord Hartington's reflections on the interesting suggestion which Mr. Arnold has put into his mouth.

We are disposed to make every allowance for the difficult position in which our Liberal friends are placed. They have to contrive some course of action which may preserve union among themselves, and please the imagination of the majority of their countrymen. And it is by no means easy to fascinate the fancy of Englishmen with any ideal which does not promise a practical increase in the amount of well-being of which they know themselves to

* LIVING AGE, No. 1765.

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be possessed; nor, even if promises attract them, are they inclined to take them on trust. They know and value the benefits which they have derived from their ancient liberty, but they doubt if they will increase these by entering on a course of destruction with Mr. Smith and Mr. Chamberlain. No doubt the prospect of an increase of religious life in the nation is a desirable end to be achieved, but will it be achieved by disestablishment? We suspect that the more serious-minded of the non-political Dissenters, who turn their eyes to the present condition of the Irish Church, will have some hesitation in affirming that all the spiritual results which were prophesied have followed the disestablishment and disendowment of that institution. We doubt, too, whether High Churchmen, when they look to the same quarter, however much they may complain of the oppression of courts of law, will be inclined to support Mr. Chamberlain in his demand for a *free* Church. Nor will there be many to agree with our English Quesnay in his refined distaste for inequality. We are all of us "ill at ease;" but most of us are shrewd enough to know that the cause of our being so is not "the profound imperfectness of our social civilization," but the radical imperfection of our own nature. While we agree with Mr. Arnold in thinking that this will not be cured by disestablishment, we are equally sure that the remedy is not to be found in "social equality;" and we believe that most Englishmen who desire relief will seek it not in the maxims of Menander, but in the consolations administered for more than eighteen hundred years by the religion which Mr. Arnold has lately taken under his special patronage and protection.

Now if new party lines cannot be constituted, it is certain that the old will be abused. Already we see attempts being made to disguise the absence of genuine party differences in the constituencies by the mechanical operations of the American "caucus." Inside the House of Commons the measures of government are exposed to the criticisms of half-a-dozen separate and irresponsible oppositions. By one of these, consisting of some five or six members, the venerable forms of the House, the heritage of times when the Commons had good reasons for protecting the liberties of the minority, are used for the complete stoppage of public business. On the other side the irresponsible supporters of the ministry, conscious of the strength which their leaders derive from their serried phalanx, seek to share in the enjoyment of power by bringing the executive more and more under their influence. The whole House groans under the weight of the duties with which it has charged itself since it abandoned its old functions of control to take the initiative in legislation. At one time transformed into a debating-society, at another into a vestry, it becomes every year more incapable of accomplishing the tasks which its ambition has undertaken. Meantime the imperial business which calls for despatch is vast and various. At home the nation has to encounter great and increasing difficulties, connected with the population crowded in its ever-growing cities; it has to purify and ennoble the public taste, by making the architecture of the State worthy of the State's imperial character; to purge the rivers of the acids by which they are poisoned; and as far as possible to preserve the features of its once beautiful country from the plague of smoke by which they are disfigured. Greater still are its responsibilities abroad. For the first time in the history of the world a free nation finds itself the master of a mighty empire. It extends its sway over a hundred *self-governed* colonies. It has assumed directly the government of two hundred millions of men originally subdued by the private enterprise of its own sons. How can these great matters, in which the whole *unity* of the nation is involved, be settled by the distractions of party government? What hope is there of Parliament dealing with them successfully, unless it falls into its proper place as part of the grand council of the realm?

When the Romans had acquired empire, and found that their old constitutional machinery was inadequate to the administration of their affairs, they deliberately chose to retain empire at the cost of liberty. Such would not be the choice of the English, even if the choice were forced upon them. But if they are the true children of their fathers, Englishmen will show that they know how to maintain both liberty and empire by placing full confidence in their sovereign. Our empire rests upon opinion, and the crown is the centre to which all sound opinion, independently of party, should gravitate. Her Majesty and all the members of the royal family have shown how clearly they understand that the interests of the crown and the nation are identical; and, in the opportunities of collecting, centralizing, and directing opinion, it is plain that no influence can compare with that of the monarch. We ought not to refuse to con-

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template possibilities because they seem to be remote. Let us suppose that parties disappeared, and Parliament, once more deliberately confining itself to its old office of control, left all initiative in the hands of the executive. What obstacle would be thereby opposed to rising energy and ambition? Honor and place would still be open to all who distinguished themselves in council. Ministers no doubt would be selected more at the discretion of the sovereign, and, though they would still be responsible to the people, they would cease to be what they now tend to become, its creatures. If it be said that such a constitutional balance would be dangerous to freedom, we answer that, even if it were, it is the natural consequence of self-government under the English constitution, and therefore a contingency that freedom must be prepared to face. But the supposed danger is a phantom, arising out of recollections of days when the crown wielded almost absolute power, whereas the crown has now no solid support but opinion; and if a monarch should ever be blind enough to mistake his interest, and bold enough to encroach on his subjects' liberties by force, it is incredible that in a people accustomed to centuries of freedom, there should not be sufficient means of self-defence. Our true defence against over-centralization lies in our habits of municipal independence. The policy of conservatism is plain. It is to localize whatever of our interests is domestic, and to centralize whatever is imperial.

And this policy of conservatism will be forced more and more on all who value the independence of their country, in consequence of the nature of our foreign relations. If England were the only country in the world, we might try experiments on our constitution, without fear of any consequences but such as would arise from internal revolution. Or again, if the nations of Europe were all living like ourselves under free constitutions, we might trust to the amiability and good nature of our neighbors rather to pity our distractions than to take advantage of our weakness. But it is very evident that if "that tribunal of paramount authority, the general judgment of civilized mankind," ever had any jurisdiction, it is not disposed to exercise it at the present moment. We are living among nations who have resorted to "the good old plan" of exacting territory from the conquered; among statesmen who have ratified the Bismarck-Benedetti compact; among autocrats who have scattered to the winds the fragments of the Treaty of Paris. If England is the "sick woman" that Prince Bismarck is said to consider her, she will scarcely be able to maintain, by moral opinion alone, her own vast empire, much less the liberties of her allies against her exceedingly unsentimental neighbors. All the clearness of head and all the force of arm that she can command will have to be employed in self-defence. "Gentlemen," as the prince consort said at a dinner at the Trinity House in 1856, "constitutional government is under a heavy trial, and can only pass triumphantly through it if the country will grant its confidence to her Majesty's government. Without this all their labors must be in vain."

But if her Majesty's government is to be trusted, it must show itself courageous and independent; it must show that it understands the English people too well to be afraid of them. About eighteen months ago Lord Derby, addressing one of the numerous deputations which beset him at the time of the great anti-Mussulman agitation, asked its leaders what policy they wished him to adopt, adding that he was most anxious to meet "*the wishes of his employers*." We thought at the time, and we still think, that his lordship considered that a body of Englishmen, coming to him in a state of mental exaltation, could be most appropriately received with a vein of pleasantry. But as we see that a great many people have taken his words seriously, we desire to record our hearty protest against the unconstitutional principle implied in the speech as reported. Lord Derby must be perfectly well aware that he is the servant, not of the people, but of the crown. He is responsible to the people for his conduct of affairs; whereas, if his words were to be taken seriously, his responsibility would obviously cease. If he were what "Verax" wishes him to be, the mere delegate of popular opinion, appointed to carry out the policy which the public desires, whatever ruin or disgrace might result from that policy, no single person could be made answerable for it. For our part we believe that had Lord Derby — knowing, as he did, the situation of affairs far more intimately than any one of his irresponsible advisers, and possessing, as he did, the alternative of resignation — consented to become the instrument of Mr. Gladstone's "bag and baggage" policy, he would have been guilty of a gross dereliction of duty.

If the Englishman, as reflected in his constitution, has a special weakness, it is,

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to speak metaphorically, this, that he has a little too much blood. From this fulness arise his vast animal spirits, and the vigor and vitality he shows in the pursuit of his objects; but to this also are due the suffusions of blood to his head, the vertigo and faintness which occasionally overpower him, and expose him to the attacks of his watchful enemies. At moments when it is of the most vital importance for him to keep his brain cool and his arm steady, he is apt to be carried away by a rush of opinion, which deprives him of all sense of justice and wisdom. The impatience of the people, the suspicions of Parliament, and the dissensions of ministries, bewildered our policy during the time of the Crimean War. A madness, that can only be paralleled by that of the Athenians after the revolt of Mitylene, paralyzed our action at the outset of our present difficulties; and now that our eyes are again open, the wild projects that were started on the eve of the Crimean War for the reconstruction of Poland or the conquest of Finland, find a counterpart in schemes ranging through all degrees of protection or partition of Turkey; while the government is as frantically abused for its caution by its supporters, as a short time ago it was assailed for its aggressiveness by its opponents. Words of true wisdom were addressed to the House of Commons during the debate on the vote of supply by the *Radical* member for Newcastle. Repudiating Mr. Gladstone's charge that he desired to let government have "exclusive and uncontrolled authority over foreign affairs," Mr. Cowen said:—

> My declaration was that we might discuss domestic affairs; yet, when national interests are at stake and national existence might be in peril, we ought to bridge our differences, forget that we were Whigs, Tories, and Radicals, and remember only that we were Englishmen. We may settle the general principles of our action, whether, for instance, this country is to have a monarchy in one State, whether we should overpower a republic in another, whether we were to be active partisans in the strife or be neutral—these were questions which must be settled by the people and the nation; but, the principle being conceded and the policy being agreed on, *its execution must be left to the executive.*

We have endeavored to indicate the main principles of the policy of "non-intervention," from the time of its enunciation by Lord Grenville down to the present day; we have shown the difficulty our statesmen have always found in applying those principles to our foreign relations generally, and we have illustrated the twofold difficulty they have experienced in applying them to the Eastern question in particular. These principles are as binding on us now as ever, but what private person is in a position to say how they ought to be applied, to understand the exact point at which the interests of England are touched, either by aggression on English rights, or on the rights of others no less essential than our own to the maintenance of European law? There is only one quarter in which the knowledge exists, in which the unity and continuity of England's policy is kept ever clearly in view apart from the illusions of party warfare. That quarter is the crown, represented by the ministry. There is only one member of the nation on whom the foreign relations of the country in respect of its honor and majesty bear with an immediate and personal effect. That member is the queen.

Those who read this article attentively will not accuse us of undervaluing constitutional government. We love the constitution because we believe that no form of government that has ever existed has given such scope to freedom, honor, and good manners. And we believe too in the people, so long as it fulfils its proper function of supplying the spirit and energy that support the head which thinks and the arm which strikes; we know the courage, the tenacity, and the patriotism rising out of that fulness of blood which we have spoken of before, and which are alluded to in the following observations of the prince consort:—

> In regard to the reproaches cast upon England from so many quarters for her narrowness of heart and short-sightedness—that it ought to have been foreseen that the Greeks would rise, that the Turkish supremacy cannot be upheld, and that the fanatic Osmanlis would rather come to terms with Russia than be forced to admit Christians to an equal footing with the Turks—that she should therefore have rather looked calmly on at the overthrow of the Turkish Empire by Russia with the view of thereupon taking so energetic a part in the European solution of the hereditary question that this overthrow could not have resulted to the advantage of Russia—I have merely to reply that we did foresee all this very distinctly, but that a popular government cannot carry on a policy which has apparent contradictions within itself, and one portion of which is to receive its complement from another at a distant stage. The overthrow of Turkey by Russia no English statesman could contemplate with equanimity; public opinion would have flung him to the winds like chaff, and no reliance could be placed on

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such far-seeing, long-calculated, two-sided policy, with changes of ministry and Parliamentary majorities at home, and more especially with combinations on the Continent in which no confidence could be placed. We must live from day to day, *but while we cleave as best we can to the self-consistent and impregnable principle of justice, I feel confident that, whatever phases may present themselves, we shall not on the whole fail to deal with them wisely.*

There is a royal spirit in these last words. They show the complete understanding that the queen and her husband possessed of the temper of the English people. The whole of the passage we have quoted might be applied to our present circumstances. It is true that by an outbreak of popular feeling, exactly opposite in character to that which prevailed during the Crimean War, we have been anomalously driven into the "far-seeing, long-calculated, two-sided policy," which cool observers said we ought to have adopted at that period. But now that the time has come for us to take "an energetic part in the solution of the hereditary question," the nation has shown that its spirit is precisely the same as it was in the Crimean War; unity of feeling prevails not only through the British Isles but through the British dominions; and the queen may be assured that, should she be unfortunately called upon to exercise her prerogative of declaring war, her subjects will spare no sacrifices to maintain the safety of her empire and the honor of her crown.

WITHIN THE PRECINCTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XIII.

CAPTAIN DESPARD.

MORNING service at the Abbey was more business-like than the severe ritual in the afternoon. The evening prayers were more pleasurable. Strangers came to them, new faces, all the visitors about, and there could be no doubt that the signor chose his anthems with a view to the new people who were always coming and going. Sometimes representatives from every quarter of England, from the Continent — members of "the other church" even which Anglicanism venerates and yearns after: and people from America, pilgrims to the shrine of the past, would gather within the Abbey, and carry away the fame of the music and the beautiful church to all the winds. The staff of the Abbey was pleasantly excited, the service was short, and the whole ritual was pleasurable. It was the dull hour in the afternoon when it is good for people to be occupied in such an elevating way, and when, coming in with the fresh air hanging about you in the summer, out of the sunshine, to feel the house so shady and cool — or in winter from the chill and cold out of doors to a blazing fire, and lamps, and candles, and tea — you had just time for a little lounge before dressing for dinner, and so cheated away the heaviest hour of the day. But in the morning it was business. The minor canons felt it, getting up from their breakfast to sing their way steadily through litany and versicles. And nobody felt it more than the old chevaliers as they gathered in their stalls, many of them white-headed, tottering, one foot in the grave. It was the chief occupation of their lives — all that they were now obliged to do. Their whole days were shaped for this. When the bells began the doors would open, the veterans come out, one by one, some of them battered enough, with medals on their coats. Captain Despard was the most jaunty of the brotherhood. Indeed he was about the youngest of all, and it had been thought a bad thing for the institution when a man not much over fifty was elected. He was generally the last to take his place, hurrying in fresh and *débonnaire*, with his flower in his coat, singing with the choir whenever the music pleased him, and even now and then accompanying the minor canon, with a cheerful sense that his adhesion to what was being said must always be appreciated. His responses were given with a grand air, as if he felt himself to be paying a compliment to the Divine Hearer. And indeed, though it was the great drawback of his existence to be compelled to be present there every morning of his life, still when he was there he enjoyed it. He was part of the show. The beautiful church, the fine music, and Captain Despard, had all, he thought, a share in the silent enthusiasm of the general congregation. And Captain Despard was so far right that many of the congregation, especially those who came on Sundays and holidays, the townsfolk, the tobacconists, and tradespeople, and the girls from the workroom, looked upon him with the greatest admiration, and pointed out to each other, sometimes awed and respectful, sometimes tittering behind their prayer-books, where "the captain" sat in state. The captain was "a fine man"

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everybody allowed — well-proportioned, well-preserved — a young man of his age; and his agè was mere boyhood in comparison with many of his peers and brethren. It was ridiculous to see him there among all those old fellows, the girls said; and as for Polly, as she slipped humbly into a free seat, the sight of him sitting there in his stall quite overpowered her. If all went well, she herself would have a place there by-and-by — not in the stalls indeed, but in the humble yet dignified places provided for the families of the chevaliers. It must not be supposed that even the chevaliers' stalls were equal to those provided for the hierarchy of the Abbey. They were a lower range, and on a different level altogether, but still they were places of dignity. Captain Despard put his arms upon the carved supports of his official seat, and looked around him like a benevolent monarch. When any one asked him a question as he went or came he was quite affable, and called to the verger with a condescending readiness to oblige.

"You must find a place for this gentleman, Wykeham," he would say; "this gentleman is a friend of mine." Wykeham only growled at these recommendations, but Captain Despard passed on to his stall with the air of having secured half-a-dozen places at least; and his *protégés* felt a vague belief in him, even when they did not find themselves much advanced by it. And there he sat, feeling that every change in his position was noted, and that he himself was an essential part of the show, that show which was so good for keeping up all the traditions of English society, making the Church respected, and enforcing attention to religion — indeed, a very handsome compliment to the Almighty himself.

Captain Despard, however, though he admired himself so much, was not proportionally admired by his brother chevaliers, and it was something like a surprise to him when he found himself sought by two of them at once, as they came out of the Abbey. One of these was Captain Temple, who had encountered Lottie on the evening before, going alone to the Deanery. None of all the chevaliers of St. Michael's was so much respected as this old gentleman. He was a little man, with white hair, not remarkable in personal appearance, poor and old; but he was all that a chevalier ought to be, *sans reproche*. The story of his early days was the ordinary one of a poor officer without friends or interest; but in his later life there had happened to him something which everybody knew. His only daughter had married a man greatly above her in station, a member of a noble family, to the great admiration and envy of all beholders. She was a beautiful girl, very delicate and sensitive; but no one thought of her qualities in comparison with the wonderful good fortune that had fallen her. A girl that had been changed at a stroke from poor little Louie Temple, the poor chevalier's daughter, into the honorable Mrs. Dropmore, with a chance of a viscountess's coronet! was ever such good luck heard of? Her father and mother were congratulated on all sides with malign exuberance. Mrs. Temple got credit for being the cleverest of mothers, that applause, which in England means insult, being largely showered upon her. Whether she deserved it, poor soul! is nothing to this history; but if so, she soon had her reward. The girl who had been so lucky was carried off summarily from the father and mother who had nothing else to care for in the world. They were not allowed to see her, or even to communicate with her but in the most limited way. They bore everything, these poor people, for their child's sake, encouraging each other not to complain, to wait until her sweetness had gained the victory, as sweetness and submission are always said to do, and encouraging her to think only of her husband, to wait and be patient until the prejudices of his family were dispelled. But this happy moment never came for poor Louie. She died after a year's marriage, wailing for her mother who was not allowed to come near her, and did not even know of her illness. This had almost killed the old people too, and it had pointed many a moral all the country round; and now this incident, which had nothing to do with her, came in to influence the career of Lottie Despard. It was Captain Temple who first came up to his brother chevalier as he strolled through the nave of St. Michael's, on his way out from the service. A great many people always lingered in the nave to get every note of the signor's voluntary, and it was Captain Despard's practice to take a turn up and down to exhibit himself in this last act of the show before it was over. The sun shone in from the high line of south windows, throwing a thousand varieties of color on the lofty clustered pillars, and the pavement all storied with engraved stones and brasses. The captain sauntered up and down, throwing out his chest, and conscious of admiration round him, while the

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music rolled forth through the splendid space, with a voice proportioned to it, and groups of the early worshippers stood about listening, specks in the vastness of the Abbey. Just as it ended, with an echoing thunder of sweet sound, the old captain, putting on his hat at the door, encountered the younger warrior for whom he had been lying in wait.

"May I speak a word to you, Captain Despard?" he said.

"Certainly, my dear sir; if I can be of use to you in any way, command me," said Captain Despard, with the most amiable flourish of his hat. But he was surprised; for Captain Temple was a man who "kept his distance," and had never shown any symptom of admiration for the other chevalier.

"You will forgive my speaking," said the old man. "But I know that your evenings are often engaged. You have many occupations; you are seldom at home in the evening?"

"My friends are very kind," said Captain Despard, with another flourish. "As a matter of fact, I — dine out a great deal. I am very often engaged."

"I thought so. And your son — very often dines out too. May I ask as a favor that you will allow me to constitute myself the escort of Miss Despard when she is going anywhere in the evening? I had that pleasure last night," said the old man. "I am a very safe person, I need not say — and fond of — young people. It would be a great pleasure to me."

Captain Despard listened with some surprise. Perhaps he saw the reproach intended, but was too gaily superior to take any notice of it. When the other had ended, he took off his hat again, and made him a still more beautiful bow. "How glad I am," he said, "to be able to give you a great pleasure so easily! Certainly, Captain Temple, if my little girl's society is agreeable to you."

"She is at an age when she wants — some one to watch over her," said the old captain. "She is very sweet — and very handsome, Captain Despard."

"Is she?" said the other indifferently. "A child, my dear sir; nothing more than a child — but good looks belong to her family — without thinking of my own side of the house."

"She is very handsome. A mother is a great loss to a girl at that age."

"You think it is a want that ought to be supplied," said Captain Despard, with a laugh, stroking his moustache. "Perhaps you are right — perhaps you are right. Such an idea, I allow, has several times crossed my own mind."

"Despard," said another voice, behind him, "I've got something to say to ye. When ye're at leisure, me dear fellow, step into my place."

"Don't let me detain you," said the other old man, hurrying away. His kind stratagem had not succeeded. He was half sorry — and yet, as he had already prophesied its failure to his wife, he was not so much displeased after all. Major O'Shaughnessy, who was slightly lame, hobbled round to the other side.

"Despard," he said, "me dear friend! I've got something to say to you. It's about Lottie, me boy."

"About Lottie? — more communications about Lottie. I've had about enough of her, O'Shaughnessy. There's that solemn old idiot asking if he may escort her when she goes anywhere. Is he going to give his wife poison, and offer himself to me as a son-in-law?" said the captain, with a laugh.

"I'll go bail he didn't tell you what I'm going to tell you. Listen, Despard. My pretty Lottie — she's but a child, and she's as pretty a one as you'd wish to see. Well, it's a lover she's gone and got for herself. What do you think of that? Bless my soul, a lover! What do you make of that, me fine fellow?" cried the major, rubbing his fat hands. He was large of bulk, like his wife, and round and shining, with a bald head, and large hands that looked bald too.

"Is this a joke?" said the captain, drawing himself up; "by George, I'll have no jokes about my child."

"Joke? it is my wife told me, that is as fond of the girl as if she were her own. 'Mark my words,' says Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, 'she'll be the Honorable Mrs. Ridsdale before we know where we are.' And Temple's been at ye, Despard; I know it. The man is off his head with his own bad luck, and can't abide the name of an Honorable. But, from all I hear, there's little to be said against this one except that he's poor."

"The Honorable ——" said Captain Despard, with a bewildered look. Then, as the good major talked, he recovered himself. "Well!" he said, when that speech came to an end, "you may think that it's very fine, O'Shaughnessy, and I'm sure I am much obliged to you for telling me, but you don't suppose an Honorable is anything out of the way to me? With her family and her beauty, I would grudge the child to a man without a title anyhow, even if he weren't poor."

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The major had his mouth open to speak, but he was so bewildered by this grandeur that he stopped and closed it again, and uttered only a murmur in his throat. "Well!" he said, when he came to himself, "you know your own affairs best; but now that your girl is taken out, and into society, and with her prospects, you'll be standing by her and giving her more of your company, Despard? Lottie's the best of girls, but it might make all the difference to her having her father at home, and always ready to stand up for her — not meaning any offence."

"Nor is any taken, O'Shaughnessy; make your mind quite easy," said the captain, looking extremely stately though his coat was shabby. Then he added, "I've got some business down town, and an appointment at twelve o'clock. I'm sorry to hurry off, but business goes before all. Good-morning to you, major!" he said, kissing the ends of his fingers; then turning back after he had gone a few steps, "My respects to your wife, and thanks for finding it all out; but I've known it these three weeks at least, though I'm obliged to her all the same." And so saying, Captain Despard resumed the humming of his favorite tune, and went swinging his arm down the Dean's Walk, the rosebud in his coat showing like a decoration, and the whole man jaunty and gay as nobody else was at St. Michael's. It was a sight to see him as he marched along, keeping time to the air he was humming; a fine figure of a man! The good major stood and looked after him dumbfoundered; he was almost too much taken by surprise to be offended. "Manage your own affairs as you please, my fine fellow!" he said to himself, and went home in a state of suppressed fury. But he relented when he saw Lottie, in her print frock at the window; and he did not give his wife that insolent message. "What is the use of making mischief?" the major said.

Captain Despard was not, however, so entirely unmoved as he looked. The news bewildered him first, and then elated him. Where had the girl picked up the Honorable Mr. ——, what was his name? He knew so little of Lottie and was so little aware of her proceedings, that he had only heard accidentally of her visits at the Deanery at all, and knew nothing whatever of Rollo. He must inquire, he said to himself; but in the mean time did not this free him from all the hesitations with which, to do him justice, he had been struggling? For if, instead of "presiding over his establishment" — which was how Captain Despard put it — Lottie was to be the mistress of a house of her own, and ascend into heaven, as it were, as the Honorable Mrs. Something-or-other, there would be no doubt that Captain Despard would be left free as the day to do what pleased himself. This wonderful piece of news seemed to get into his veins and send the blood coursing more quickly there, and into his head, and make that whirl with an elation which was perfectly vague and indefinite. With Lottie as the Honorable Mrs. So-and-so, all obstacles were removed out of his own way. Law did not count; the captain was afraid more or less of his daughter, but he was not at all afraid of his son. The Honorable Something-or-other! Captain Despard did not even know his name or anything about him, but already various privileges seemed to gleam upon him through this noble relation. No doubt such a son-in-law would be likely to lend a gentleman, who was not over rich, and connected with him by close family ties, a small sum now and then; or probably he might think it necessary for his new dignity to make an allowance to his wife's father to enable him to appear as a gentleman ought; and in the shooting season he would naturally, certainly, give so near a relation a standing invitation to the shooting-box which, by right of his rank, he must inevitably possess somewhere or other, either his own or belonging to his noble father. Probably he would have it in his power to point out to her Majesty or the commander-in-chief that to keep a man who was an honor to his profession, like Captain Lawrence Despard, in the position of a chevalier of St. Michael's, was equally a disgrace and a danger to the country. Captain Despard seemed to hear the very tone in which this best of friends would certify to his merits. "Speak of failures in arms! What can you expect when General So-and-so is gazetted to the command of an expedition, and Lawrence Despard is left in a chevalier's lodge?" he seemed to hear the unknown say indignantly. Nothing could be more generous than his behavior; he did nothing but go about the world sounding the captain's praises: "I have the honor to be his son-in-law," this right-thinking young man would say. Captain Despard went down the hill with his head buzzing full of this new personage who had suddenly stepped into his life. His engagement was no more important than to play a game at billiards with one of his town

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acquaintances, and even there he could not keep from throwing out mysterious hints about some great good fortune which was about to come to him. "What! are you going away, captain? Are you to have promotion? or is it you they have chosen for the new warden of the chevaliers?" his associates asked him, half in curiosity, half in sarcasm. "I am not in circumstances," said the captain solemnly, "to say what are the improved prospects that are dawning upon my house; but of this you may rest assured — that my friends in adversity will remain my friends in prosperity." "Bravo, captain!" cried all his friends. Some of them laughed, but some of them put their faith in Captain Despard. They said to themselves, "He's fond of talking a bit big, but he's got a good heart, has the captain!" and they, too, dreamed of little loans and treats. And, indeed, the captain got an immediate advantage out of it; for one of the billiard-players, who was a well-to-do tradesman with habits not altogether satisfactory to his friends, gave him a luncheon at the "Black Boar," not because he expected to profit by the supposed promotion, but to see how many lies the old humbug would tell in half an hour, as he himself said; for there are practical democrats to whom it is very sweet to see the pretended aristocrat cover himself with films of lying. The shopkeeper roared with laughter as the captain gave forth his oracular sayings. "Go it, old boy!" he said. They all believed, however, more or less, in some good luck that was coming, whatever it might be; and the sensation of faith around him strengthened Captain Despard in his conviction. He resolved to go home and question Lottie after this luncheon; but that was of itself a prolonged feast, and the immediate consequence of it was a disinclination to move, and a sense that it would be just as well for him not to show himself for some little time, "till it had gone off" — for the captain in some things was a wise man, and prudent as he was wise.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WORKROOM.

THERE were two factions in the workroom by the side of the river where Mrs. Wilting's daughters worked with Polly Featherstone for their forewoman. One of these, though very small, and consisting, indeed, only of Ellen Wilting, the eldest girl — who was "serious" — and a little apprentice who was in her class at the Sunday school — was greatly against the intrusion of "the gentlemen" into the workroom, and thought it highly improper and a thing likely to bring all the young ladies who worked there into trouble. Ellen was, contrary to the usual opinion which would have selected the plainest sister for this *rôle*, the prettiest of the girls. She was fair-haired, but not frizzy like the rest; and her face was pale, with a serious expression which made her very ladylike, many persons thought, and gave her, the others felt not without envy, a distinction which did not belong to their own pinkness and whiteness. There were four sisters, of whom Emma — who was the object of Law's admiration — was the youngest. Kate and 'Liza came between these two, and they were both of Polly's faction, though without any reason for being so. They thought Ellen was a great deal too particular. What was the harm if a gentleman came and sat a bit when they were not too busy, and talked and made them laugh? The object of life to these young women was to get as much laughing and talking as possible made consistent with the greatest amount of work done, of gowns and bonnets made; and any one who made the long evening appear a little shorter, and "passed the time" with a little merriment, was a real benefactor to them. Ellen, for her part, took more serious views of life. She would have liked to go to morning service every day had that been practicable, and called it matins as the ladies themselves did, which was very uncommon in the River Lane; and she was a member of the Choral Society, and had a pretty voice, and had sung in a chorus along with Miss Despard, and even with Miss Huntington before she married. All this made her feel that it was not "nice" to encourage the gentlemen who were of a different condition in life, and whose visits could not be for any good. And she would much rather have heard stories read out of the *Monthly Packet*, or something in which instruction was joined with amusement, than from the *Family Herald;* except, indeed, when she got interested in the trials, continued from number to number, of some virtuous young heroine like the Lady Araminta. Ellen wore a black gown like the young ladies in the shops, with her pretty fair hair quite simply dressed, without any of the padding and frizzing which were popular at the time; and fondly hoped some time or other to wear a little black bonnet like those of the sisters who had an establishment near. Her

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mother sternly forbade this indulgence now, but it was one of the things to which the young woman looked forward. And it must be allowed that Ellen rather prided herself on her total unlikeness in every way to Polly Featherstone, who considered herself the head of the workroom, and who was certainly the ringleader in all its follies. Kate and 'Liza and Emma and the other apprentice, though they by no means gave their entire adhesion to Polly, and had many remarks to make upon her in private, yet were generally led by her as a person who knew the world and was "much admired," and always had somebody after her. That this somebody should be for the moment "a gentleman," gave Polly an additional advantage. It must not be supposed that her reputation was anyhow in danger, though she was known to "keep company" with the captain; for Polly, though not "particular," and ready to talk and laugh with any one, was known to be very well able to take care of herself, and much too experienced to be taken in by any of the admirers whom she was supposed to be able to wind round her little finger. For this, and for her powers of attracting admiration, and for her fluent and ready speech, and the dauntless disposition which made her afraid of nobody and ready to "speak up," if need were, even to the very dean himself, the girls admired her; and they would not be persuaded by Ellen that Polly ought to be subdued out of her loud and cheerful talk, and the doors of the workroom closed on the gentlemen. Little Emma, indeed, the youngest of the girls, was vehement against this idea, as was easily understood by all the rest.

"What is the harm?" she cried, with tears in her eyes, tears of vexation and irritation and alarmed perception of the change it would make if Law should be shut out; a terrible change, reducing herself, who now enjoyed some visionary superiority as "keeping company" in her own small person with a gentleman, into something even lower than 'Liza and Kate, who had their butchers and bakers, at least, to walk out with on Sunday—a privilege which Emma seldom dared enjoy with Law. "What is the use," Emma said, "of making a fuss? What harm do they do? They make the time pass. It's long enough anyhow from eight o'clock in the morning till nine at night, or sometimes later, and so little time as mother allows for meals. I am sure I am that tired," Emma declared, and with reason, "I often can't see how to thread my needle; and to have somebody to talk to passes the time."

"We have always plenty of talk even when we are by ourselves," said Ellen; "and I am sure we might make better use of our time and have much more improving conversation if these men would not be always coming here."

"Oh! if you are so fond of improvement," cried Polly, "I daresay you would like to have Mr. Sterndale the Scripture-reader come and read to us; or we might ask down Mr. Langton up-stairs, who is better, who is a clergyman. I shouldn't mind having *him*, he is so shy and frightened, and he wouldn't know what to say."

"Lord!" cried Kate; "fancy being frightened for us!"

"Oh!" said the better-informed Polly, "there's heaps as are frightened for us, and the gooder they are the more frightened they would be; a curate is always frightened for us girls. He knows he daren't talk free in a friendly way, and that makes him as stiff as two sticks. As sure as fate, if he was pleasant, somebody would say he had a wrong meaning, and that's how it's always in their mind."

"A clergyman," said Ellen authoritatively, "would come to do us good. But it wouldn't be his place to come here visiting. It's our duty to go to him to relieve our consciences. As for Mr. Sterndale, the Scripture-reader, I don't call him a Churchman at all; he might just as well be a Dissenter. What good can he do anybody? The thing that really does you good is to go to church. In some places there are always prayers going on, and then there is half an hour for meditation, and then you go to work again till the bell rings. And in the afternoon there is even-song and self-examination, and that passes the time," cried Ellen, clasping her hands. "What with matins, and meditation, and something new for every hour, the days go. They're gone before you know where you are."

The young women were silenced by this enthusiastic statement. For after all, what could be more desirable than a system which made the days fly? Polly was the only one who could hold up her head against such an argument. She did her best to be scornful. "I daresay!" she cried, "but I should just like to know if the work went as fast! Praying and meditating are very fine, but if the work wasn't done, what would your mother say?"

"Mother would find it answer! Bless

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you," said Ellen, her pale face lighted with enthusiasm, "you do double the work when you can feel you're doing your duty, and could die cheerful any moment."

"Oh! and to think how few sees their duty, and how most folks turn their backs upon it!" replied the little apprentice who was on Ellen's side.

Polly saw that something must be done to turn the tide. The girls were awed. They could not hold up their commonplace little heads against this grand ideal. There were little flings of half-alarmed impatience indeed among them, as when Kate whispered to 'Liza that "one serious one was enough in a house," and little Emma ventured a faltering assertion "that going to church made a day feel like Sunday, and it didn't seem right to do any more work." Polly boldly burst in, and threw forth her standard to the wind.

"Week-days is week-days," she said oracularly. "We've got them to work in, and to have a bit of fun as long as we're young. Sundays I say nothing against church — as much as any one pleases; and it's a great thing to have the Abbey to go to, where you see everybody, if Wykeham the verger wasn't such a brute. But, if I'm not to have my bit of fun, I'd rather be out of the world altogether. Now I just wish Mr. Law were passing this way, for there's the end of Lady Araminta in the *Family 'Erald*, and it is very exciting, and she won't hear of marrying the earl, let alone the duke, but gives all her money and everything she has to the man of her heart."

"The baronet!" cried Kate and 'Liza in one breath. "I always knew that was how it was going to be." Even Ellen, wise as she was, changed color, and looked up eagerly.

It was Polly who took in that representative of all that the world calls letters and cultivation, to these girls. Ellen looked wistfully at the drawer in which the treasure was hidden. "I will read it out if you like," she said somewhat timidly. "I can't get on with this till the trimming is ready." Thus even the Church party was vanquished by the charms of art.

That evening the captain again paid them a visit. It was not often that he came two days in succession, and Emma, who was the least important of all, was very impatient of his appearance, notwithstanding the saucy speech she had made to Law. In her heart she thought there was no comparison between the father and son. The captain was an old man. He had no business to come at all, chatting and making his jokes; it was a shame to see him turning up night after night. She wondered how Miss Despard liked to have him always out. Emma regarded Miss Despard with great interest and awe. She wondered when she met her in the street, as happened sometimes, what she would say *if she knew*. And Emma wondered, with a less warm thrill of personal feeling, but yet with much heat and sympathetic indignation, what Miss Despard would think if she knew of Polly. She would hate her, and that would be quite natural. Fancy having Polly brought in over your head in the shape of a stepmother! and if Emma herself felt indignant at such an idea, what must Miss Despard do who was a lady, and used to be the mistress? It made the girl's heart ache to think that she would have to close the door upon Law again, for it would never do to have the father and son together. Polly, on the contrary, bore a look of triumph on her countenance. She pushed her chair aside a little as Emma had done for Law, thus making room for him beside her, and she said, with a delighted yet nervous toss of her mountain of hair, "Ah, captain, back again! Haven't you got anything better to do than to come after a lot of girls that don't want you? Do we want him, Kate?" to which playful question Kate replied in all good faith, no, she did not want him; but, with a friendly sense of what was expected of her, giggled, and added that the captain didn't mind much what *she* thought. The captain, nothing daunted, drew in a stool close to Polly, and whispered that, by George, the girl was right; it didn't matter much to him what *she* thought; that it was some one else he would consult on that subject; upon which Polly tossed her head higher than ever, and laughed and desired him to get along! The captain's coming was not nearly so good for the work as Law's, who was not half so funny, and whom they all received in a brotherly sort of indifferent, good-humored way. The captain, on the contrary, fixed their attention as at a play. It was as good as a play to watch him whispering to Polly, and she arching her neck, and tossing her head, and bidding him get along! Sometimes, indeed, he kept them all laughing with his jokes and his mimicries, himself enjoying the enthusiasm of his audience. But though on these occasions he was very entertaining, the girls perhaps were still more entertained when he sat and whispered to Polly, giving them the gratification of an actual romance, such as it was, enacted before their eyes. A

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gentleman, an officer, with such a command of fine language, and such an air! They gave each other significant glances and little nudges to call each other's attention, and wondered what Miss Despard would think, and what would happen if really, really, some fine day, Polly Featherstone were made into a lady, a chevalier's wife, and Mr. Law's stepmother — what *would* everybody say? and Miss Despard, would she put up with it? Even the idea of so exciting an event made the blood move more quickly in their veins.

The captain was not in his jocular mood to-night. He was magnificent, a thing which occurred now and then. In this state of mind he was in the habit of telling them splendid incidents of his early days — the things he said to the Duke of Blank, and what the Duke of Blank replied to him, and the money he gave for his horses, and how he thought nothing of presenting any young lady he might be paying attention to (for he was a sad flirt in those days, the captain allowed) with a diamond spray worth a thousand pounds, or a sapphire ring equally valuable, or some pretty trifle of that description. But he was altogether serious to-night. "I intended to have come earlier," he said, "for I have family business that calls me home soon; but I was detained. It is very tiresome to be continually called upon for advice and help as I am, especially when in one's own affairs something important has occurred."

"La, captain, what has happened?" said Polly. "You ought to tell us. We just want something to wake us up. You've had some money left you; or I shouldn't wonder a bit if the commander-in-chief — "

Here she stopped short with sudden excitement, and looked at him. Captain Despard was fond of intimating to his humbler friends that he knew the commander-in-chief would send for him some day, indignant with those whose machinations had made him shelve so valuable an officer for so long. It seemed possible to Polly that this moment had arrived, and the idea made her black eyes blaze. She seemed to see him at the head of an expedition, leading an army, and herself the general's lady. It did not occur to Polly that there was no war going on at the moment; that was a matter of detail; and how should she know anything about war or peace, a young woman whose knowledge of public matters was limited to murders and police cases? She let her work fall upon her knee, and there even ran through her mind a rapid calculation, if he was starting off directly, how long it would take to get the wedding things ready, or if she could trust the Wiltings to have them packed and sent after her in case there should not be time enough to wait.

"No," the captain said, with that curl of his lip which expressed his contempt of the authorities who had so foolishly passed him over. "It is nothing about the commander-in-chief — at least not yet. There will soon be a means of explaining matters to his Royal Highness which may lead to —— But we will say nothing on that point for the moment," he added grandly, with a wave of his hand. Then he leaned over Polly, and whispered something which the others tried vainly to hear.

"Oh!" cried Polly, listening intently. At first her interest failed a little; then she evidently rose to the occasion, put on a fictitious excitement, clasped her hands, and cried, "Oh, captain, *that* at last!"

"Yes — that is what has happened. You may not see all its importance at the first glance. But it is very important," said the captain with solemnity. "In a domestic point of view — and otherwise. People tell you interest does not matter nowadays. Ha! ha!" (Captain Despard laughed the kind of stage laugh which may be represented by these monosyllables.) "Trust one who has been behind the scenes. Interest is everything — always has been, and always will be. This will probably have the effect of setting me right at the Horse Guards, which is all that is necessary. And in the mean time," he added, with a thoughtful air, "it will make a great difference in a domestic point of view; it will change my position in many ways, indeed in every way."

Polly had been gazing at him during this speech, watching every movement of his face, and as she watched her own countenance altered. She did not even pretend to take up her work again, but leaned forward nervously fingering the thread and the scissors on the table, and beginning to realize the importance of the crisis. To Captain Despard it was a delightful opportunity of displaying his importance, and there was just enough of misty possibility in the castle of cards he was building up to endow him with a majestic consciousness of something about to happen. But to Polly it was a great deal more than this. It was the crisis of something that was at least melodrama, if not tragedy, in her life. All her hopes were suddenly quickened into almost reality, and the change in her fortunes, which had been a distant and doubtful, if exciting chance, seemed sud-

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denly in a moment to become real and near.

The spectacle that this afforded to the other young women in the workroom it is almost beyond the power of words to describe. Their bosoms throbbed. A play! plays were nothing to it. They pulled each other's gowns under the table. They gave each other little nods, and looks under their eyebrows. Their elbows met in emphatic commentary. He, absorbed in his own all-important thoughts, she looking up at him with that rapt and pale suspense — never was anything more exciting to the imagination of the beholders. "He won't look at her," one whispered; "She's all of a tremble," said another; and "Lord, what *are* they making such a fuss about?" breathed Kate.

"Yes, it will alter our position in every way," the captain said, stroking his moustache, and fixing his eyes on vacancy. Then Polly touched his arm softly, her cheek, which had been pale, glowing crimson. *Our* position! the word gave her inspiration. She touched him shyly at first to call his attention; then, with some vehemence, "Captain! that will make —— a deal easier," she said; but what words were between these broken bits of the sentence, or if any words came between, the excited listeners could not make out.

"Yes," he said with dignity. But he did not look at her. He maintained his abstracted look, which was so very impressive. They all hung upon, not only his lips, but every movement. As for Polly, the suspense was more than she could bear. She was not a patient young woman, nor had she been trained to deny herself like Ellen, or control her feelings as women in a different sphere are obliged to do. She resumed her work for a moment with hurried hands, trying to control her anxiety; then suddenly threw it in a heap on the table, without even taking the trouble to fold it tidily. She did not seem to know what she was doing, they all thought.

"I am going home," she said, with a hoarseness in her voice. "There is nothing very pressing, so it won't matter. I've got such a headache I don't know what to do with myself."

"Oh, Polly, a headache! that's not like you — yes, there's Mrs. Arrowsmith's dress that was promised."

"I don't care — and she's not a regular customer. And it's only a bit of an alpaca with no trimmings — you can finish it yourselves. Captain, if you're coming my way, you can come — if you like; unless," said Polly, with feverish bravado, "you've got something to say to the girls more than you seem to have to me — I'm going home."

The captain woke up from his abstraction, and looked round him, elevating his eyebrows. "Bless my heart, what is the matter?" he said. And then he made a grimace, which tempted the girls to laugh notwithstanding Polly's tragic seriousness. "I had hoped to have contributed a little to the entertainment of the evening, my dear young ladies. I had hoped to have helped you to 'pass the time,' as you say. But when a lady bids me go ——"

"Oh, you needn't unless you like," cried Polly; "don't mind me! I don't want nobody to go home with me. I can take care of myself — only leave me alone if you please. I won't be made fun of, or taken off. Let me out into the fresh air, or I think I shall faint." The captain took an unfair advantage of the excited creature. He turned round upon them all when Polly rushed out to get her jacket and hat, which hung in the hall, and "took her off" on the spot, making himself so like her, that it was all they could do to keep from betraying him by their laughter. When she had put on her "things," Polly put her head into the room she had just left. "Good-night, I'm going," she said, with a look of impassioned anxiety and trouble. She was too much absorbed in her own feelings to see through the mist in which their faces shone to her, the laughter that was in them. She only saw the captain standing up in the midst of them. Was he coming after her? or was he going to fall off from her at this crisis of his affairs? Perhaps it was foolish of her to rush off like this, and leave him with all these girls about him. But Polly had never been used to restrain her feelings, and she could not help it, she vowed to herself. Everything in the future seemed to depend upon whether he came after her or not. Oh, why could not she have had a little more patience! oh, why should not he come with her, say something to her after all that had passed! As great a conflict was in her mind as if she had been a heroine of romance. The captain and she had been "keeping company" for a long time. He had "kept off" others that would not have shilly-shallyed as he had done. A man's "intentions" are rarely inquired into in Polly's sphere. But if he cared for her the least bit, if he had any honor in him, she felt that he would follow her now. Polly knew that she might have been Mrs.

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Despard long ago if she had consented to be married privately as the captain wished. But she was for none of these clandestine proceedings. She would be married in her parish church, with white favors and a couple of flys, and something that might be supposed to be a wedding breakfast. She had held by her notions of decorum stoutly, and would hear of no hole-and-corner proceedings. And now when fortune was smiling upon them, when his daughter had got hold of some one (this was Polly's elegant way of putting it), and when the way would be clear, what if he failed her? The workroom with its blaze of light and its curious spectators had been intolerable to her, but a cold shudder crossed her when she got out of doors into the darkness of the lane. Perhaps she ought to have stayed at any cost, not to have left him in the midst of so many temptations. Her heart seemed to sink into her shoes. Oh, why had she been so silly! Her hopes seemed all dropping, disappearing from her. To sink into simple Polly Featherstone, with no dazzling prospect of future elevation, would be death to her, she felt, now.

Polly was half-way up the lane before the captain, coming along at his leisure, made up to her; and, what with passion and fright, she had scarcely any voice left. "Oh, you have come after all!" was all she could manage to say. And she hurried on, so rapidly that he protested. "If you want to talk, how can we talk if we race like this?" he said. "Who wants to talk?" cried Polly breathless, but nevertheless she paused in her headlong career. They went up the hill together, on the steep side next the Abbey, where there never was anybody, and there the captain discoursed to Polly about his new hopes. She would have liked it better had he decided how the old ones were to be realized. But still, as he was confidential and opened everything to her as to his natural confidant, her excitement gradually subsided, and her trust in him returned. She listened patiently while he recounted to her all the results that would be sure to follow, when an influential son-in-law, a member of a noble family, brought him to the recollection of the commander-in-chief.

"They think I'm shelved and superannuated," he said; "but let me but have an opening — all I want is an opening — and then you can go and select the handsomest phaeton and the prettiest pair of ponies, my lady."

Polly laughed and reddened with pleasure at this address, but she said prudently, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. I wouldn't give up being a chevalier. It's a nice little house and a nice little income too."

"Pooh! a nothing," cried the captain. This was very fine and gave a sense of superiority and exaltation. Polly could not but allow a vision to float before her eyes of the phaeton and the ponies, nay more of the march of a regiment with the flags and the music. She even seemed to see the sentry at her own door, and all the men presenting arms as she passed (what less could they do to the wife of their commander?). But, on the other hand, to live here at St. Michael's where she was born, and be seen in her high estate by all the people who had known her as a poor dressmaker, that was a happiness which she did not like to give up, even for the glories of a high command far away.

CHAPTER XV.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

LOTTIE was entirely unconscious of the intimation that had been made to her father, and of the excitement which had risen among her neighbors about Mr. Ridsdale. It did not occur to her that any one but herself knew anything about him. The delighted curiosity of the O'Shaughnessys and the anxious concern of Captain Temple were equally unknown to her. Her mind was still moved by an echo of the sentiment of their last meeting — a thrill of emotion half from the music, half from the awakening feelings, the curiosity, the commotion of her developing nature. Of all Law's communications which had excited himself so powerfully, and which had also to some extent excited her, she remembered little in comparison. The large dim room at the Deanery, the faint night air breathing about, blowing the flames of the candles, the moths that circled about the lights and did themselves to death against every flame, seemed to glimmer before her eyes continually — everything else, even the dream of her father's marriage, the danger of Law's imprudence, fell into the background and became distant; everything receded before the perpetual attraction of this shadowy scene.

Mr. Ridsdale made a second call upon her in the morning after service, just at the moment when Captain Temple and Major O'Shaughnessy were talking to her father. This time he brought no note, and had no pretence to explain his visit.

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"I came to say good-bye," he said, holding out his hand and looking rather wistfully into her face. Lottie offered him her hand demurely. She scarcely met his eyes. Her heart began to beat as soon as she heard his voice asking for her at the door. It brought back all the terrors of the previous night. She did not however ask him to sit down, but stood faltering opposite to him, embarrassed, not knowing what to do.

"You would not accept my escort last night," he said; "I was dreadfully disappointed when I came out and found you gone. I had been waiting, not wishing to hurry you. I hope you did not think I was a laggard."

"Oh no, it was my fault," said Lottie, not raising her eyes. "There was no need for any one to come with me. It is but two steps, and at that hour there is no one about. There was no need — for any escort."

"May I sit down for a few minutes, Miss Despard? My train is not till one o'clock."

Lottie blushed crimson at this implied reproach. It might be right to be shy of him, but not to be rude to him. "Oh, I beg your pardon," she said, pointing to a chair.

"You took us all by surprise last night," he said, carefully placing hers for her. "I think it was a revelation to everybody. We hear that music in the Abbey, and we suppose we understand it; till some one like you suddenly interprets it to us, and we wake up and feel that we never heard it before."

"I never knew what it was — to sing anything like that before," said Lottie. It disturbed her even to think about it; "And it had all been so different — so ——"

"Commonplace? from the ridiculous to the sublime; from poor dear Aunt Caroline on her sofa to Handel fluting among the angels. It *was* a step indeed."

"I did not mean that. It was myself I was thinking of — I had been so full of silly fancies of my own."

"But all at once the inspiration came? I should like to be capable of anything like that; but I am not. I can only listen, and worship," said Rollo. There was fervor in his voice — a real something which was not mere fanaticism about music. And the two young people sat for a few moments in silence, a most dangerous thing to do, looking at each other — nay, not looking at each other, for Lottie did not feel either able or disposed to raise her eyes. She was the first to speak, in order to break the silence, which alarmed her, though she did not know why.

"It is wonderful how the signor plays. I never understood it in the Abbey. He seems to place you up somewhere above yourself — and make your voice come independent of you."

"Never in his life, I am sure, did he have such a beautiful compliment paid to him," said Rollo; "but, Miss Despard, you do him too much credit. You permitted even me to accompany you, and sang just as divinely ——"

"Oh no," said Lottie. Then she blushed and recollected herself. "You play very well, Mr. Ridsdale, but we could not compare those trumpery songs with ——"

"Trumpery songs! only Mozart and Bellini, and a few more," he cried, with a gasp. "Ah, I know what you mean; you meant the "Marta" song, which made your good friend, that good woman, cry ——"

"I like 'The Last Rose of Summer' very much. I have always liked it. I used to hear an old fiddler play it in the street when I was a child, when I was lying in the dark, trying to go to sleep. It was like a friend keeping me company; but a friend that had a breaking heart, that cried and took all my thoughts off myself — I shall never forget it," said Lottie, the tears coming to her eyes at the recollection. "I like it better than all the rest."

"Miss Despard, do not drive me to despair. Not better than '*Casta Diva*,' or Margaret's 'Jewel-Song,' or ——"

"You forget I don't know where they come, nor the meaning of them," said Lottie calmly. "I never heard an opera. I think those things are beautiful, but they only sing to my ear, they don't come in to *me*."

Rollo shook his head. He was half touched, half shocked. It was her ignorance; but then a woman destined for a prima donna, a woman with musical genius, *ought* to know the best by intuition, he thought. All the same, he was more interested than if she had raved as the commonplace, half-educated amateur raves. "But Handel does," he said.

"Ah!" Lottie cried, her face lighting up. But she added, after a moment, "I am too ignorant to be worth talking to; you will be disgusted. I never thought much about Handel. It was not Handel, it was *that*." A flush of color came over her face with the recollection. She was too uninstructed (notwithstanding the neighborhood of the Abbey) to have fully woke up to Handel or any one. "I sup-

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pose I have heard it and did not pay much attention to it," she said; "it was singing it. One does not understand at first — till suddenly one hears one's self, and you say, 'What is this that is speaking; what is this? it cannot be *me!*'"

"I think I understand — a little," said Rollo doubtfully; "though it is simply *you* that makes a something quite familiar, a piece of music we have all heard a hundred times, become a new revelation to us all in a moment. I am going away, Miss Despard, and it may be some time before I return. Would you do me such a great favor — which I have no right to ask — as to sing me something now before I go?"

But Lottie would not sing. She said, "Oh no, no," with a half terror which he did not understand, and which she did not understand herself. The tone was one which forbade the repetition of the request. He begged her pardon anxiously, and there was a little languid conversation about other subjects, and then he rose. He put out his hand again, looking into her eyes, which she raised shyly, almost for the first time. Rollo had a way of looking into the eyes of women to whom he wished to make himself agreeable. It is sometimes very impertinent, and always daring, but, especially when the woman's imagination is on the side of the gazer, it is very efficacious. Lottie was entirely inexperienced, and she trembled under this look, but felt it penetrate to her very heart.

"Till we meet again," he said, with a smile, holding her hand for that necessary moment while he said his good-bye. "It will not be very long; and I hope you will be kind to me, Miss Despard, and let me hear you ——"

"Good-bye," said Lottie. She could not bear it any longer. She blamed herself afterwards for being rude, as she sat down and went over the incident again and again. She seemed to herself to have dismissed him quite rudely, pulling her hand away, cutting short what he was saying. But Rollo, for his part, did not feel that it was rude. He went down the narrow stairs with his heart beating a little quicker than usual, and a sense that here was something quite fresh and novel, something not like the little flirtations with which he was so familiar, and which amused him a great deal in general. This he had just touched, *effleuri*, with his usual easy sentiment, was something quite out of the common. It startled him with the throb in it. He went away quite thoughtful, his heart in a most unusual commotion, and forgot until he was miles away from St. Michael's that Lottie Despard was to be the English prima donna, who was to make his fortune, if properly managed. "Ah, to be sure, that was it," he said to himself suddenly in the railway carriage, as he was going to town. He really had forgotten what it was that took him to town at this unsuitable moment of the year.

The rest of the morning glided dreamily away after an incident like this; and it was not till late in the afternoon that Lottie suddenly awoke to the necessity of making an effort, and shaking off the empire of dreams: this was how she became convinced of the necessity of it. She had been sitting, as on the former occasion, with a basket of mending by her when Rollo came in. She had all the clothes of the household to keep in order, and naturally they were not done in one day. After Mr. Ridsdale was gone, she took up her work languidly, keeping it on her knee while she went over all that had happened again and again, as has been recorded. When, at last, startled by a sound outside, she began to work in earnest, then and there a revelation of a character totally distinct from that made by Handel burst upon her. It was not a revelation of the same kind, but it was very startling. Lottie found — *that she had not yet finished the hole in the sock which she had begun to mend before Mr. Ridsdale's first visit!* She was still in the middle of that one hole. She remembered exactly where she stuck her needle in the middle of a woolly hillock, as she heard him coming up-stairs; and there it was still, in precisely the same place. This discovery made her heart jump almost as much as Mr. Ridsdale's visit had done. What an evidence of wicked idling, of the most foolish dreaming and unprofitable thoughts was in it! Lottie blushed, though she was alone, to the roots of her hair, and seizing the sock with an impassioned glow of energy, never took breath till the stern evidence of that hole was done away with. And then she could not give herself any rest. She felt her dreams floating about her with folded pinions, ready to descend upon her and envelop her in their shadow if she gave them the chance; but she was determined that she would not give them the chance. As soon as she had finished the pair of socks, and folded them carefully up, she went to look for Law to suggest that they should go immediately to Mr. Ashford. Law had only just come in from a furtive expedition out of doors, and had scarcely

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time to spread his books open before him when she entered his room. But he would not go to Mr. Ashford. It was time enough for that, and he meant in the mean time to "work up" by himself, he declared. Lottie became more energetic than ever in the revulsion of feeling, and determination not to yield further to any vanity. She pleaded with him, stormed at him, but in vain. "At the worst I can always 'list," he said, half in dogged resistance to her, half in boyish mischief to vex her. But he would not yield to her desire to consult Mr. Ashford, though he had assented at first. He did not refuse to go "some time," but nothing that she could say would induce him to go now. This brought in again all the contradictions and cares of her life to make her heart sore when she turned back out of the enchanted land in which for a little while she had been delivered from these cares. They all came back upon her open-mouthed, like wild beasts, she thought. Law resisting everything that was good for him, and her father —— But Lottie could not realize the change that threatened to come upon her through her father. It seemed like the suggestion of a dream. Law must be deceived, it must be all a delusion, it was not possible, it was not credible. The captain came in early that night, and he came up-stairs into the little drawing-room, to which he had no habit of coming. He told his daughter in a stately way that he heard her singing had given great satisfaction at the Deanery. "More than one person has mentioned it to me," he said; "that is of course a satisfaction. And — who is the gentleman you have been having here so much?"

"There has been no one here very much," said Lottie; then she blushed in spite of herself, though she did not suppose that was what he alluded to. "You do not mean Mr. Ridsdale?" she said.

"How many visitors have you got?" he said, in high good-humor. "Perhaps it is Mr. Ridsdale — Lady Caroline's nephew? Ah, I like the family. It was he you sang to? Well, no harm; you've got a very pretty voice — and so had your mother before you," the captain added, with a carefully prepared sigh.

"It was only once," said Lottie, confused. "Mrs O'Shaughnessy was here; it was after we had been singing at the Deanery; it was —— "

"My child," said the captain, "I am not finding fault. No harm in putting your best foot foremost. I wish you'd do it a little more. At your age you ought to be thinking about getting married. And, to tell the truth, it would be a great convenience to me, and suit my plans beautifully, if you would get married. You mustn't stand shilly-shallying; let him come to the point — or, if he won't, my dear, refer him to me."

"I don't know what you mean," cried Lottie. Fortunately for her, he had thought her a child up to the time of their migration to St. Michael's, and she had been subjected to very little advice of this description. But, though she gazed at him with wondering eyes, she knew very well by the instinct of horror and repulsion in her mind what he meant. It gave her a shock of pain and shame which ran like electricity to her very finger points. "I think you must be making a mistake," she said. "I scarcely know Mr. Ridsdale at all. He has called here twice — on business — for Lady Caroline —— and now he has gone away."

"Gone away!" the captain said, his face lengthening with disappointment and dismay; "gone away! then you're a fool — a greater fool than I thought you. What's to become of you, do you ever ask yourself? Good lord, what a chance to throw away! One of the Courtland family — a fellow with a turn for music — that you could have turned round your little finger! And to let him go away! By George," said the captain, making a stride towards her, and clenching his fist in the energy of his disapproval, "I don't believe you're any child of mine. Clever — you think you're clever? and so did your mother, poor woman! but you're an idiot, that is what you are — an idiot! to let such a chance slip through your fingers. Good lord! to think such a fool should be a child of mine!"

Lottie stood her ground firmly. She was not afraid of the clenched fist, nor even of the angry voice and eyes which were more genuine. If there was a slight tremor in her, it was of her own excited nerves. She made no reply; if she had spoken, what could she have done but express her own passionate loathing for his advice, and for his disapproval, and perhaps even for himself? for she had not been brought up to reverence the faulty father, whose evil qualities her mother had discussed in Lottie's presence as long as she could remember. There had not been any illusion in his children's eyes after their babyhood, in respect to Captain Despard, and perhaps in the present emergency this was well. She stood and met his fury, pale, but more disdainful than des-

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perate. It was no more than she would have expected of him had she ever thought of the emergency at all.

Law had heard the sound of the battle from afar; he heard his father's voice raised, and the sound of the stroke upon the table with which he had emphasized one of his sentences. It was a godsend to the unenthusiastic student to be disturbed by anything, and he came in sauntering with his hands in his pockets, partly with the intention of taking Lottie's part, partly for the sake of "the fun," whatever it might be. "What's the row?" he asked. He had slippers on, and shuffled along heavily, and his coat was very old and smelt of tobacco, though that was a luxury in which Law could indulge but sparingly. He had his hands in his pockets, and his hair was well rubbed in all directions by the efforts he had made over his unbeloved books. Thus it was but a slovenly angel that came to Lottie's aid. He stopped the yawn which his "reading" had brought on, and looked at the belligerents with some hope of amusement. "I say, don't bully Lottie," he exclaimed, but not with any fervor. He would not have allowed any one to lay a finger upon her, but a little bullying, such as she administered to him daily, that perhaps would do Lottie no harm. However, he was there in her defence if things should come to any extremity. She was of his faction, and he of hers; but yet he thought a little bullying of the kind she gave so liberally might do Lottie no harm.

"Go away, Law; it is no matter; it is nothing. Papa was only communicating some of his ideas — forcibly," said Lottie, with a smile of defiance; but, as there was always a fear in her mind lest these two should get into collision, she added hastily, "Law, I don't want you — go away."

"He can stay," said the captain. "I have something to say to you both. Look here. I thought in the first place that she had hit off something for herself," he said, turning half round to his son. "I thought she had caught that fellow, that Ridsdale; from what I had heard, I thought that was certain — that there would be no difficulty on that side."

The captain had left his original ground. Instead of reproaching Lottie, in which he was strong, he was in the act of disclosing his own intentions, and this was much less certain ground. He looked at Law, and he wavered. Big lout! he knew a great deal too much already. Captain Despard looked at Law as at a possible rival, a being who had been thrust into his way. The workroom had no secrets from Law.

"I think the governor's right there," said Law confidentially; "he's a big fish, but he's all right if you give him time."

New fury blazed on Lottie's face. She, too, clenched her hands passionately. She stamped her foot upon the floor. "How dare you?" she said, "how dare you insult me in my own home, you two men? Oh, yes, I know who you are — my father and my brother, my father and my brother! the two who ought to protect a girl and take care of her! Oh, is it not enough to make one hate, and loathe and despise!" said Lottie, dashing her white clenched hands into the air. Tears that seemed to burn her came rushing from her eyes. She looked at them with wild indignation and rage, in which there was still a certain appeal. How could they, how could they shame a girl so? They looked at her for a moment in this rage, which was so impotent and so pitiful, and then they gave a simultaneous laugh. When an exhibition of passionate feeling does not overawe, it amuses. It is so ludicrous to see a creature crying, weeping, suffering for some trifle which would not in the least affect ourselves. Lottie was struck dumb by this laugh. She gave a startled look up at them through those hot seas of salt, scalding tears that were in her eyes.

"What a fool you are making of yourself!" said the captain. "Women are the greatest fools there are on this earth, always with some high-flown rubbish or other in their stupid heads. Your own home! and who made it your home, I should like to know? That's simple enough. And I don't say you hadn't a right to shelter when you were a little thing; but that's long out of the question. A girl of twenty ought to be thinking about getting herself a real home of her own. How are you going to do it? that's the question. You are not going to stay here to be a burden upon me all your life, and what do you mean to do?"

"I will go to-morrow!" cried Lottie wildly; "I would go to-night if it were not dark. I will go — and free you of the burden!" Here she stopped; all the angry color went out of her face. She looked at them with great, wide eyes, appalled; and clasped her hands together with a lamentable cry. "Oh! but I never thought of it before, I never thought of it!" she cried; "where am I to go?"

Law's heart smote him; he drew a step nearer to her. To agree with his father (however much in his heart he agreed with

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his father) was abandoning his sister — and his own side. "He doesn't mean it," he said soothingly in an undertone; "he only wants to bully you, Lottie. Never mind him, we'll talk it over after," and he put his big hand upon her shoulder to console her. Lottie turned upon him, half furious, half appealing. She could not see him till two big tears fell out of her eyes, and cleared her sight a little. She clutched at the hand upon her shoulder in her distraction and despair.

"Come with me, Law! Two of us together, we can go anywhere; two can go anywhere. Oh! how can you tell me never to mind? Do you hear me?" she cried, seizing his arm with both her hands, half shaking him, half clinging to him; "say you will come with me, Law!"

"Stop this stuff!" said the captain. "I am not telling you to go; I am telling you what is your plain duty, the only thing a woman is fit for. Besides, this young fellow would be of great use to me; it's your duty to get hold of him for the good of the family. He might say a good word for me at the Horse Guards; he might get Law something. I never expected you would have such a chance! Do you think I want you to go away just when there's a chance that you might be of some use? Am I a fool, do you think? You'll stay where you are, Lottie Despard! you'll not go disgracing your family, governessing, or anything of that sort."

"Ah!" said Law suddenly, "she'll wish she had listened to the signor now."

"To the signor? what of the signor? is he after her too?" cried the captain eagerly. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; and though the signor had no interest with the Horse Guards, he had money, and might be of use in many ways. Captain Despard's eyes lightened up. "Whew!" he whistled. "Lottie! so, my child, you've got two strings to your bow?"

Lottie turned upon her brother, whose arm she had been holding with both her hands. She pushed him, flung him from her with an energy of which she had not appeared capable, and throwing her head high, looked her father in the face and walked out of the room. Law, confounded by the force with which she threw him from her, caught at her angrily as she passed; but she pulled her dress from his hand, and walked past him with a contempt that stung him — callous as he was. As for the captain, he made no effort to detain her, partly because of his surprise, partly that he was anxious to have more information about (as he supposed) this second suitor. She went straight to her own room, while they stood listening till she had shut the door upon herself and her passion. Then the captain ventured to laugh again, but low, not to be heard; for the look of any creature driven to bay is alarming, and Lottie's sudden withdrawal was a relief.

"Whoever gets her will catch a tartar! eh, Law?" he said. "But now that she's gone, let's hear all about the signor."

There was no light in Lottie's room; nothing but the faint starlight outside, and as much of the familiar glimmer of the few feeble lamps in the Dean's Walk as could get in through her small window. How is it that so small a bit of space, such four strait walls, should hold in such a throbbing, palpitating, agitated being, with projects wide enough and fury hot enough to burst them like a child's toy? It was in her to have torn her hair or anything that came in the way of her fevered hands; to have filled the air with cries; to have filled the whole world with her protest against this intolerable shame and wretchedness which had come upon her. But she only threw herself on her bed in the dark and silence, letting no sound or movement betray her. She was not prostrated as by unkindness, or stung by reproach; but wounded, shamed, desecrated — the very sanctity of her dreams turned into a horror to her. And Law gone against her — Law gone over to the other side!

From Nature.

THE COMING TOTAL SOLAR ECLIPSE.

THERE is no doubt whatever that the eclipse which will sweep over the United States next July will be observed as no eclipse has ever been observed before. The wealth of men, the wealth of instruments, and the wealth of skill in all matters astronomical already accumulated there, makes us old-country people almost gasp when we try to picture to ourselves what the golden age will be like there, when already they are so far ahead of us in so many particulars.

Draper, Hall, Harkness, Holden, Langley, Newcomb, Peters, Peirce, Pickering, Rutherford, Trouvelot, and last, but not least, Young, are the names that at once run easily off the pen to form a skeleton list, capable of considerable expansion

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with a little thought, when one thinks of the men who will be there. One knows too that all the enthusiasm of devoted students and all the appliances of modern science — appliances in the creation of which many of those named have borne so noble a part — will not be lacking. So that we may be sure that not only all old methods but all possible new ones will be tried to make this year one destined to be memorable in the annals of science side by side with 1706, 1851, 1860, and other later years.

Thank Heaven, too, there is no necessity that the thankless task of organizing an "Eclipse Expedition" from this country should fall on any unfortunate individual, among other reasons because — and this is a very hopeful sign of increasing general interest taken in scientific work — Messrs. Ismay, Imray and Co., the owners of the White Star Line, have expressed in the warmest manner their desire to aid English observers by a considerable reduction of fares, and the directors of the Pennsylvanian Railway Company, as the readers of *Nature* have already been made aware, have done the like in the case of observers coming from Europe in their individual capacity.*

The progress in that branch of knowledge which requires the aid of eclipse observations has been so rapid during the last few years that the eclipse of 1868, though it happened only ten years ago, seems to be as far removed from the present as the Middle Ages are in regard to many other branches of culture. The work done by the spectroscope since that year, when, in the hands of Janssen, Pogson, Herschel, and others, it added so enormously to our knowledge, has gradually covered larger and larger ground, and each successive eclipse in 1869, 1870, 1871 and 1875, has seen some variations in its use, so that its employment has proved the most novel, if not the most powerful, side of the attack.

Young's work of 1869 will no doubt form the key-note of much that will be done this year so far as the coronal atmosphere is concerned. It will be remembered that Young in 1869 observed a continuous spectrum, while Janssen in 1871 observed a non-continuous one, for he recorded the presence of the more prominent Fraunhofer lines, notably D. This positive observation from so distinguished an observer demands attention, not only on its own account, but because of the question which hangs upon it, which is this: does the corona reflect solar light to us or does it not, and if it does, *where* are those particles which thus act as reflectors? On this point the photographs taken in Siam in 1875 are silent, as the method employed was not intended to discriminate between a continuous and a discontinuous spectrum.

But although this point remains, how greatly has the ground been cleared since 1869! That wonderful line, "1474," is more familiar to us now; and yet there has been almost a chapter of accidents about it. In the first place, with regard to this line above all others, there appears to be a mistake in Angström's map; the solar line at 1474 is not due to iron at all; with the most powerful arc there is no iron line to be seen there. Then Secchi attributed it to hydrogen, though I am not aware on what evidence. But whatever be its origin, the fact remains that we now know by its means that the solar hydrogen is traversed and enwrapped by the substance which gives rise to the line to an enormous height, so that it forms the highest portion of the atmosphere which is hot enough to render its presence manifest to us by spectral lines. Here, so far as I know, only one point of difference remains. In 1871 I most distinctly saw the line trumpet-shaped, that is, with the base broadening as the spectrum of the photosphere was reached, while Janssen saw it stopping short of the spectrum of the photosphere. The importance of this point is that supposing one of us to be mistaken and one or other observation to represent a *constant* condition, then, if the line broadens downwards till the sun is reached we are dealing with a gas lighter than hydrogen, capable of existing at a high temperature, which thins out as the other gases and vapors do in consequence of its vapor-density being below that of hydrogen; or, on the other hand, if the line stops short as a constant condition, it represents a substance which is probably dissociated at the lower levels, and is therefore probably a compound gas; and then the question arises whether it has not hydrogen as one of its constituents.

Perhaps I may conveniently refer to a paper of mine which was read at the Royal Society last Thursday in this connection, because it may be that the solar regions most worthy of the closest study at

* In fact Messrs. Ismay, Imray and Co. have just announced that they will take properly certified observers and bring them home again for the sum of 20*l*., which is rather less than first-class single fare; so that English observers will be carried to Denver or the Rocky Mountains and back again for the sum of 34*l*.

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the present time are precisely these higher reaches of the sun's atmosphere. There is little doubt, I think, that around the sun's visible atmosphere matter exists at a temperature low enough not to give us its autobiography in the bright-line manner, and there is evidence that matter existing under such conditions, absorbing as it must do some of the sun's light, will, if it remains elemental, give us an absorption of the fluted kind, or again will absorb only in the blue or ultra-violet region.

Now the more the chemistry of the reversing lower layer of the sun's atmosphere — that in which the upper level of the photosphere is bathed — is examined the more metallic it is found to be. For instance, my own work has enabled me to trace with more or less certainty eighteen metallic elements,* in addition to those recorded by previous observers; but of metalloids in this region I have traced none. The persistency with which metal after metal revealed itself to the exclusion of the metalloids led me to throw out the idea some time ago, that perhaps the metalloids lay as a whole above the metals, and shortly afterwards I obtained evidence which seemed to me of a very satisfactory nature as to the existence of carbon, its presence in the sun's atmosphere being rendered probable by fluted bands, and not by lines. There were two points, however, which remained to be settled before the matter could be considered to be placed beyond all doubt.

The first was to establish that the fluted bands generally present in the spectrum of the electric arc, as photographed, which bands vary very considerably in strength according to the volatility of the metal under experiment, were really bands of carbon — a point denied by Angström and Thalèn.

This point I have settled by two photographs, in which the carbon bands remain the same, though one spectrum is that of carbon in air, the other of carbon in dry chlorine.

The next point was to insure accuracy by the most positive evidence that there was absolutely no shift in the carbon bands. Such a shift is produced when the part of the arc photographed is not perfectly in the prolongation of the axis of the collimator of the spectroscope. Its effect is to throw the lines of iron, for instance, a little to the right or a little to the left of the Fraunhofer lines with which they really correspond.

I have now obtained a photograph which supplies such evidence. There are metallic lines close to the carbon bands which are prolongations of Fraunhofer's lines, while the lines which I have already mapped at W. L., 39·27 and 39·295, in the spectrum of iron, are also absolute prolongations. Therefore there is no shift in the carbon flutings, and the individual members of the fluted spectra in the brightest portion are absolute prolongations of a fine series of Fraunhofer lines in the ultra-violet.

Now how does this connect itself with observations of the upper parts of the solar atmosphere?

Angström has already shown that the true carbon *lines* which we get when a coil and jar are employed are not reversed in the spectrum of the sun, and I have already shown that the calcium spectrum in the sun is similar to the spectrum obtained when the spark, and not the arc, is employed. Accompanying the change from a high to a higher temperature, there is a change in the intensity of the lines — some thicken, others become thinner. We can only match the relative thickness of the solar calcium lines by employing a very powerful coil and jar — so powerful, indeed, that the lines, and not the flutings, of carbon would be visible in the spark given by it. It is fair then to say that if carbon were present with the calcium *in the sun's reversing layer*, we should get the lines of carbon when we get the calcium lines appearing as they do.

As we do not get this evidence, we are driven to the conclusion that the carbon vapor exists not only in a more complicated molecular condition (as is evinced by the flutings) than the metallic vapors in the sun's atmosphere, but at a lower temperature. It must, therefore, exist *above the chromosphere*, that is, in a region of lower temperature. Lower pressure, again is indicated by the feeble reversal, so that everything points to a high level.

The question is, will this region be recognized during the coming eclipse?

Coming down lower we reach a level better known, and of which, perhaps, the interest during the eclipse will now be less, if we except the possibilities opened out to us by photography. One good photograph of the lines visible in the lower chromosphere will be of incalculable value. Attempts may be made on the cusps just before and after totality, and if only one

* These are strontium, lead, cadmium, potassium, cerium, uranium, vanadium, palladium, molybdenum, indium, lithium, rubidium, cœsium, bismuth, tin, lanthanum, glucinum, and yttrium or erbium.

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of these succeeds we shall have the ordinary solar spectrum as a scale. If good pictures near H can be secured, enough information now exists for that region to enable us to determine the chemical origin of the bright lines photographed. These remarks apply to attempts made with spectroscopes furnished with slits in the ordinary way; there is little doubt, however, that the method utilized for the Siam eclipse in 1875, the method suggested by Prof. Young and myself for the Indian eclipse of 1871, will also be taken advantage of; here the chromosphere itself becomes the slit. A dispersed series of spectral images of the thing itself, instead of the spectrum of a part of the image of it focussed on a slit is obtained, the position of each image in the spectrum enabling its chemical origin to be ascertained if only a comparison spectrum can be secured at the same time.

In 1875, in the expedition to Siam, the photographs of this nature were obtained by means of a prism, and the results obtained by that expedition led me to think that, possibly, this method of using the coronal atmosphere as a circular slit might be applied under very favorable conditions if the prism, or train of prisms, hitherto employed, were replaced by a reflection grating, with which the generosity of Mr. Rutherford has made many of us familiar, for the simple reason that while a prism only gives us one spectrum, a brilliant grating placed at right angles to an incident beam gives us spectra of different orders, so-called, on each side of the line, perpendicular to its surface. Of these two or three are bright enough to be utilized on each side, so that we can get six in all.

To test this notion I made the following experiment with a grating given to me by Mr. Rutherford. This magnificent instrument contains seventeen thousand two hundred and eighty lines to the inch, ruled on glass and silvered; its brilliancy is remarkable.

In front of the condenser of an electric lamp adjusted to throw a parallel beam, I placed a circular aperture, cut in cardboard, forming a ring some two inches in interior diameter, the breadth of the ring being about one-eighth of an inch. This was intended to represent the chromosphere, and formed my artificial eclipse.

At some distance from the lamp I mounted a three and three-fourths inch Cooke telescope. Some distance short of the focus I placed the grating; the spectrum of the circular slit illuminated by sodium vapor and carbon vapor was photographed for the first, second, and third orders on one side. The third-order spectrum, showing the exquisite rings due to the carbon-vapor flutings, was produced in forty-two seconds. The first-order spectrum, obtained in the same period of time, was very much over-exposed. It is, therefore, I think, not expecting too much that we should be able to take a photograph of the eclipse, in the third order, in two minutes. Similarly, we may hope for a photograph of the second order in two minutes, and it is, I think, highly probable also that a photograph of the first order may be obtained in one minute. To make assurance doubly sure, the whole of the totality may be used during the coming eclipse, but if there be several such attempts made it will certainly be worth while to try what a shorter exposure will do.

Now, by mounting photographic plates on both sides of the axis, one solidly mounted equatorial of short focal length may enable us to obtain several such photographs, with varying lengths of exposure. I insist upon the solidity of the mounting because, if any one plate is to be exposed during the whole of totality, the instrument must not be violently disturbed or shaken while the eclipse is going on. I think, however, it is quite possible to obtain more than one photograph of the lower-order spectra without any such disturbance in this way. The same plate may be made to record three, or even four, exposures in the case of the first order in an eclipse of four minutes' duration, by merely raising or lowering it after a given time, by mea , of a rapid screw or other equivalent contrivance, so that a fresh portion of the same plate may be exposed. Similarly, the plates on which the spectra of the second order are to be recorded may be made to perform double duty.

If one equatorial thus mounted were to be devoted to each quadrant of the coronal atmosphere, it is certain, I think, that most important results would be obtained.

It will be convenient here to give the results arrived at by the Siam expedition with an instrument of this description, which, for shortness, was called a prismatic camera.

The plates secured present at first sight a very puzzling appearance; they are unlike anything ever obtained before, and a good deal of thought had to be spent upon them before all the knowledge they were afterwards found capable of furnishing to

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us was properly appreciated. One of the plates was exposed for one minute at the commencement of totality, the other for two minutes at the end. The differences between them are those due to the phases of the eclipse. In the first, two strong protuberances close together are photographed; these are partially covered up in the second, while another series is revealed on the following limb in consequence of the motion of the moon over the sun.

Now in both the photographs — that exposed for one minute and that exposed for two — the strongest of the prominences are repeated three times, that is to say, three spectral images of them are visible, each of these images being produced by light of different wave-lengths which the prominences emitted.

The question is what are these particular wave-lengths thus rendered visible? Unfortunately no photograph was taken of the cusps either before or after totality; a scale therefore was out of the question; and when the task of assigning wave-lengths to these spectral images fell upon Dr. Schuster and myself, while we were preparing the report which was sent in to the Royal Society last year, the difficulties we encountered were very considerable.

Everybody I think will consider that we were justified in expecting the lines of hydrogen to be represented in such a photograph. Now the photographic hydrogen lines are those at F, near G, and at *h*, and the silver salts usually employed are such that the action is most intense near G, less intense near *h*, and least at F; the running down from G to F being rapid, and that from G to *h* much more gradual, so that while at one end F may be said to be the limit of photographic activity, at the other it is continued long past *h*. We were therefore justified in assuming as the preliminary hypothesis, that the image of least refrangibility was produced by the F light of hydrogen, the more so as the continuous spectrum also photographed — which continuous spectrum, as we had independent means of determining, came from the base of the corona — gave us also an idea of the part of the spectrum in which each image was located.

Taking then F as a starting-point and assuming the next line to be the one near G, we had a quite satisfactory method of checking the assumption, by comparing the real distance between the images with the calculated one.

A goniometer was therefore brought into requisition, and the angular distance between F and the line near G carefully measured in order to determine the dispersion of the prism actually employed. This dispersion was one which should bring the images about as far apart as they were actually found to be; this therefore was so far in favor of our assumption, that is to say, it did look as if we had got hold, on the photographs, of images of the prominences built up by the F and G light of hydrogen.

It was next the turn of the third line, the one at *h*. On the assumption already made, it was easy to determine the distance from the G image, at which the one representing *h* should lie. In this place, however, we found no image whatever of any of the prominences.

Now this was a very extraordinary result, and there was only one way, so far as we could then see, of accounting for it. Dr. Frankland and myself, nearly ten years ago now, produced evidence which seemed to indicate that this line of hydrogen was only produced by a very high temperature. This being so, then, we should have to conclude that the prominences were of a relatively low temperature; this, however, I am far from saying, and here there is undoubted work of the greatest value to be done at the next eclipse, and I for one feel certain that our American cousins will do it.

I have not, however, yet referred to the strongest image of all shown in the photographs. This lies a little further from the central one than does the first on the other side of it. On the assumption before stated its wave-length lies somewhere near 3957. This number, of course, is only an approximate one, but the region occupied by the line was obviously so near the boundary of the visible spectrum, that a long series of experiments, in which we called in the aid of photography and fluorescence, was made in order to determine whether an unrecorded hydrogen line existed in that region. All I can say is that the point may be said to be yet undetermined. It is quite true that in several vacuum tubes which Dr. Schuster and myself employed, a strong line more refrangible than H was seen, but then these same tubes unfortunately showed us lines in the visible spectrum, which beyond all doubt did not belong to hydrogen. The elimination of impurities is such a delicate matter, and one requiring such a large expenditure of time, that our report was sent in leaving this point *sub judice*. We tried hydrogen at atmospheric pres-

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sure in order to get such a predominance of the hydrogen vibrations as to mask the impurities, but this did not serve us, for the continuous spectrum was so bright in the violet and ultra-violet as to render observations of lines next to impossible. Owing to many reasons, Dr. Schuster's absence from London being one of them, we have not been able to renew the search.

The near coincidence of this spectral image with the H line leads us to ask the question whether Young's beautiful work in his mountain observatory might not help us on this point. Young found the calcium lines always reversed in the penumbra, and near every large spot. This important statement shows us that calcium is one of the metallic vapors which is most frequently ejected from below into the prominences; it is possible, therefore, that the prominences, the spectral images of which were photographed, may have been due to an eruption of calcium. This, of course, is only a suggestion, but the fact that it is a suggestion merely shows how important it is that this point should engage attention next July. If the prominences are then constituted as they were in '75, this violet line will doubtless turn up again, and that is why I have been most anxious to point out not only the conclusions to which we have been led, but the extreme difficulty of arriving at any conclusion whatever, unless by one method or another we have an absolute comparison of the spectrum of the prominences with that of the sun itself.

I have before referred to the fact of the registration on the plates of a continuous spectrum. If we were to suppose the whole light of the corona to be due to 1474 light, for instance, we should expect to get just as definite an image of the corona in the prismatic camera as in an ordinary one. And if everything outside the moon gave us nothing but a line spectrum, the moon's limb would have a perfectly defined edge. Now as a matter of fact, only one such edge is seen in the photographs. We have only one complete ring with a thoroughly defined hard outline, such as that to which reference has been made. This hard ring corresponds to the second spectral image of the prominences, and is a continuation of it. Supposing we were right about the prominences, the ring would be due to the high-temperature *h* line of hydrogen (supposing us wrong it might be a companion line to 1474); as the observations of Respighi, Janssen, and others, in the Indian eclipse of '71 endorsed the American observations of '69 that the hydrogen lines are the strongest in the photographic parts of the corona, we may very possibly be really dealing with hydrogen.

Now the edge of the corona, or the upper part of it considering it as the sun's atmosphere, as seen on our photographs, is precisely such as would be given by homogeneous light; that is, there is a distinct image, and there is one image and not three or any other number. Have we any means of determining the wave-length of the light by which this image has been produced? Let me give an idea of one method which we employed. A circle of the same size as the image of the moon on a photographic enlargement of the original negative was cut in paper and placed over the enlargement until the corona was symmetrical round it, as we know it to have been symmetrical round the moon's body, or nearly so, at that phase of the eclipse.

We found as a considerable endorsement of the assumption which we made regarding the hydrogenic origin of the chromospheric images, that the paper circle in this position had its circumference coincident with the hard ring to which I have referred as being a continuation of the middle spectral image of the prominences. Next, one of the ordinary photographs of the corona was enlarged to the same size as that of the one produced in the prismatic camera. When these were superposed so that the outlines of both coincided as much as possible, it was again found that the edge of the moon lay along the ring.

Now then for the continuous spectrum. The general woolliness of the photographs which at first sight gives rise to the idea that they were out of focus, and that there is nothing to be got out of them, is of course only in one direction, that at right angles to the edge of the prism employed. There is a well-defined structure running parallel to this direction, which of course is the line of dispersion; this structure is doubtless due to irregularities in the corona, drawn out by the prism into bands; it is easy to determine the limits of this continuous spectrum.

Examining the centre of the photographs we find that on one side the structure stops short at F, on the other it extends to a considerable distance beyond the prominence image in the ultra-violet, spaces of light being visible beyond 3530.

From these data we concluded that the continuous-spectrum-giving region extends at least to a distance of 3′ of arc from the sun's limb. This continuous spectrum is

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well shown on photographs taken at the beginning and end of the eclipse. One of the plates of the prismatic camera was exposed, until the signal for the end of totality was given. Dr. Schuster states that all the observers agreed that the signal was given rather too late, and the fog on the plate indicates an intense illumination; nevertheless, the edge of the sun is not drawn out into a continuous band but rather into three distinct bands. It is probable, therefore, that when the plate was exposed, only the lower part of the chromosphere had appeared, and that it gave out light of such intensity that everybody imagined that the sun itself had come out of eclipse. I observed this myself in 1871, and a very striking fact it is.

So much then for the results obtained by the prismatic camera in '75. When the report is issued — and its issue cannot be much longer delayed — it will be seen that the hasty sketch I have now given can be followed in greater detail.

One of the most remarkable points about the expedition to Siam was the failure to obtain even spectra of the sun with the ordinary telespectroscopic cameras employed. No doubt the unforeseen delays which left very little time for the adjustment of instruments, have a great deal to answer for. I have little doubt that if the attempt is made next July, when any quantity of skilled help will be at hand, and any amount of rehearsal will be possible, that a full measure of success will be obtained, at all events for the most photographic part of the spectrum. An ordinary photograph of the corona was obtained by Dr. Schuster in two seconds; and my experience with photographic spectra enables me to say that this photograph was taken by means of an almost monochromatic light — that near G. Now as the coming eclipse will enable an exposure of almost one hundred times longer than this to be employed, I do not think that the undoubted feebleness of the object need be feared. Besides, this method would enable us to pick up the light of those lower reaches of the chromosphere which, as has been already stated, are of such extreme brilliancy as to have been mistaken, on many occasions, for the sun itself.

Up to the present time no attempt has been made to obtain a photographic record of the polarization of the corona. The difference of colors indicating radial polarization observed by me when I used the biquartz in 1871, certainly have left the impression on my mind that it would be quite easy to obtain a permanent record of them. This would be a very valuable result, and one which would set at rest a question which, though I consider it settled in my own mind, is yet, I believe, held to be still doubtful by many interested in these matters.

In what I have written I have touched only upon obvious work suggested by the previous observations. I have little doubt that the preparations of the skilled astronomers of the United States include many surprises and daring attempts among the solid work which we are quite certain of.

All here wish them the extremest measure of success, which I am sure their efforts will do more than command.

J. NORMAN LOCKYER.

From Fraser's Magazine.

ON KEEPING SILENCE FROM GOOD WORDS.

WHY should the simple and reverent mention of the name of God in conversation at an ordinary dinner party cause a sudden chill, an awkward break in the conversation, as though some solecism, some offence against good manners, had been committed? Why should any approach to a discussion on religious subjects be impossible in general society? People talk freely enough on politics, on art, on science, on literature; more freely still on the mere personal gossip of the day; the one subject which is by general consent proscribed is that which by general consent is allowed to be the most important, and which one might therefore suppose to be the most interesting. It is worth while to inquire into the cause of so singular a phenomenon.

The first and most obvious answer to the question which we have proposed would be, that this reticence arises from reverence. No one, it will be said, talks much in ordinary company of that which he most reveres; in calling such subjects *sacred*, we imply that they are not to be profaned by rude handling, but are to be kept as it were in a shrine apart from the traffic of the everyday world. It may be so; and yet if it be so, it is a phenomenon peculiar to us English Protestants. For the Hebrew of old, whose reverence as uttered by psalmists and prophets has been the type of all the deepest thoughts of men ever since, habitually spoke with his neighbor of God and of divine things. "As the Lord liveth," seemed to him

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the simplest and most natural way of affirming his belief in what he said. The Mahomedan has no lack of reverence; yet it is as natural to him to speak of Allah as it is to us to speak of nature; nor would it be easy to find words more deeply reverent, more touchingly natural, or more simply pathetic than those of the aged Nanyk Pasha, who in lamenting the fall of his nation said to the correspondent of the *Daily News*, "Allah is great. If he wills that we are to come through this trouble, he will find means to do so. We have done our best. We have now no help, no hope, but in him. If he wills that we are to perish, we are content." The English Puritan of the seventeenth century, though he did not express it in the same conventional forms with ourselves, was full of reverence for the unseen world; yet he, like the Hebrew of the Old Testament whom in so many other respects he resembled, habitually and naturally spoke of the unseen as though it were the world in which he lived and moved. Or, to come nearer to our own day, the Tyrolese peasant who raises his hat to each roadside crucifix that he passes, speaks of the *liebe Herr Gott* as familiarly as he does of the officials of his native village. It is true that a cultivated mind will shrink from a familiarity of speech which to a ruder taste will seem natural; yet there is, one should think, some medium between over-familiarity and the total ignoring of the subject.

A very different answer to our question will be given by many in the present day. Of course, they will say, people nowadays do not speak of religion, because they do not really believe in it. The Hebrew, who believed that God was about his path and about his bed; the Mahomedan, who believes that Allah compasses him round by an iron chain of destiny; the Puritan, who believed that he and the ruler of the universe were bound to each other by a special covenant — these believed, and therefore spoke: but the modern Englishman, who believes in evolution and natural laws, and to whom therefore the old idea of a deity regulating and arranging from hour to hour all the affairs of men and the course of nature is altogether foreign, will talk of a science which he believes, and not of a religion which he does not believe. Here probably we have got somewhat nearer to the root of the matter. No doubt, a very considerable number of our most highly educated and thoughtful men have ceased to hold any definite form of religious belief; yet for the most part these are the very men who do not shrink from speaking, and speaking out, on religious subjects; you will be more likely to hear a religious discussion introduced by a scientific agnostic than by an orthodox man of business who goes as regularly to church on Sundays as he does to his office on week-days, and perhaps with the same business like view of providing comfortably for the future. Exactly so, will be the reply: your man of science at least knows what he believes and what he does not, and so he handles religious subjects as freely as he does others; whereas your man of business thinks he believes a good deal about religion, but in the inner recesses of his soul there lurks a dim consciousness that after all his believing is rather make-believe, and so he prudently eschews religious topics and confines himself to what he does thoroughly believe in, the price of stocks or the tendency of dry goods. Still, this does not after all completely satisfy the question: for there are numbers of intelligent and open-minded men who are in the position neither of our man of science nor of our man of business, but who, whether or not they may accept all the details of orthodox theology, do yet heartily believe in Christianity, and find in it the comfort and stay of their lives; and yet these men, though they sincerely regard religion as of all subjects the most important, would feel uncomfortable and distressed if it were introduced into discussion or conversation. We must therefore look somewhat farther for our answer.

Another reason which may very plausibly be alleged is this. On almost all other subjects men can agree to differ; on science, on art, on literature, persons may hold very different views, and yet be able to discuss them quietly and freely; even on politics, men no longer quarrel and renounce each other's acquaintance as they did fifty years ago: but religious questions are almost sure to generate heat. Nor is it difficult to account for this. The belief universal in the Middle Ages, that the divine judgment of a man depends not on his works, but on his opinions, that a mistake in religious dogma is not a mistake merely but a sin, and that a miscreant is a wicked man, has laid a strong hold not on language only, but also on those floating impressions which, rarely sifted or inquired into, are the motive springs of most men's actions. And hence, many a man who thinks his neighbor only a fool for agreeing with Lord Beaconsfield or with Mr. Gladstone, thinks him a bad

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man for agreeing with Dr. Pusey or with Bishop Colenso; and so thinking, while in a political discussion — unless perhaps on the eve of a general election — he will usually keep his temper, on a religious question he will take fire and blaze forth into divine wrath. Indeed, it is a curious confirmation of this view, that political questions seem to excite strong feeling in proportion as the religious element enters into them. Of all home questions in our day, that of the Irish Church disestablishment has probably stirred more bitter feeling than any other; and — discreditable as such an avowal must be to the common sense of Englishmen — it can hardly be doubted that some additional acrimony has — very unnecessarily — been imported into the Eastern question by the fact that the High Church clergy have unanimously and enthusiastically taken the Russian, or at least the anti-Turkish side. If intolerance is to exist, it is no doubt better that it should kindle hot words than blazing faggots; but one cannot help hoping that with the progress of intelligence men may come to perceive that in theology, as in all other branches of knowledge, the air which by stagnating is apt to become unwholesome, is stirred and freshened by discussion, and that if they will discuss temperately and without heat, they may probably find that their differences are less than they imagined.

But we must look deeper yet for the ground-cause of the universal reticence on religious topics; and we shall find it in a change which has silently taken place in the conception of what religion is. We hear it commonly said, that religion is a matter entirely between a man and his God — the possessive pronoun in itself seeming to indicate a kind of separate interest as it were — and that the salvation of his own soul is the one supremely important matter for each man. And from this view of religion it naturally follows that to speak of religion means with most people to speak of their own inward condition, of their spiritual symptoms, of their growth in the spiritual life. Such religious speech, unless it be between those who are so one in heart and soul that it becomes rather thought than speech, is of all things the most unwholesome. For there is a spiritual as there is a bodily reserve and modesty, the violation of which leads to the loss of self-reverence, and to the profanation of that which is most sacred. But this view of religion is a wholly modern one. To the Hebrew, whose State was his Church and whose Church was his State, whose public proclamation began not with "N. by the grace of God of the kingdom of Israel king," but with "Thus saith Jehovah" — to the Hebrew, whose politicians were inspired prophets and whose view of foreign nations was that all the gods of the heathen were but idols, but that Jehovah had chosen Jacob for himself and Israel for his own possession, to him not to speak of religion would have been simply to keep silence, for his daily life, his politics, his commerce with foreign nations, his wars, his treaties, his most private domestic relations, were all part of his religion. The Hebrew worship was the social life of the nation: the Hebrew scriptures were its literature. When Judaism passed into Christianity, the idea of the holy nation was superseded by that of the Church, and thus political and national relations unhappily lost their religious character, and for a time, partly under the influence of the expectation of the approaching end of all things, men's interests and thoughts were centred upon the unseen world. At such a time, the danger would be not of reticence on religious subjects, but of neglect and contempt of secular life. Still, the spirit of Christianity proclaims unmistakably the sacredness of common life; the monastic or ascetic principle, which cuts human life into two parts, one religious, the other secular, is not a true reading of the Christian law; where that law has been understood in its true import, there men have learnt that the domestic, the social, the political, and not the monastic, is the truly religious life. And hence, wherever religion has been understood not as a mere scheme for saving individual souls from future punishment, but as a kingdom of heaven on earth, wherever the religious life has been not the mere refined selfishness by which each several man tries to make the best terms he can for himself against a future life, but the struggle of mankind after clearer light and purer life, there men have not been ashamed to speak openly of it, because it is in fact nothing else than politics, art, science, and every other human interest looked at in their nobler and divine aspect.

If, then, this view of the matter is a true one, it would appear that the excessive reticence on religious subjects of which we have spoken arises not so much from reverence or from scepticism as from the individualism which is so marked a characteristic of modern religion, and which is the direct outcome of the Evangelical

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movement. For this movement ignored the idea of the Church as a spiritual society, and — perhaps from the necessity of its position — addressed itself simply and solely to the work of quickening into life individual souls. How admirably it did this work, how it stirred with new life a whole generation of men, how Bristol colliers and Welsh quarrymen and Suffolk laborers and London merchants were alike melted by the eloquence, often rude enough, of men who spoke strongly because they spoke from the heart, is known to all who have read anything of the religious history of the last and the present century. But probably great part of the success of the movement depended on its strongly individual element, on its addressing men not as members one of another, but as separate souls who must answer each one for himself as he stands alone before his Judge. By such a course, it forced upon men a sense of personal responsibility, but it also impressed upon the popular religion a character of isolation, of independence, which has for a time at least destroyed much that was lovely in earlier types of Christianity. From this has arisen that "dissidence of dissent," that "spirit of disruption," which regards continually multiplying religious divisions not as a perhaps inevitable source of weakness, not as an evil to be endured so long as it cannot be cured, but as the ideal of religious liberty, a grand achievement reserved for the nineteenth century. And from this it has resulted that religion, instead of being regarded simply as the heavenward aspect of all things human, has come to be looked upon as the relation between the individual soul and its divine master. Such a relation cannot but be most sacred, most delicate; to reveal it to the general eye, to make it a subject of discussion whether with a friend or with a spiritual director, unless under the urgent need of spiritual sympathy or counsel, must blunt the sensitiveness of the soul, and injure that spiritual modesty and reserve without which religion loses all its loveliness. To talk of religion, if by religion we mean the inner secrets of the soul, must have upon most persons a somewhat hardening effect, and may very easily end in substituting words and professions for the deeper realities of the spiritual life.

But it may be objected that the Evangelical school of theology, far from discouraging religious conversation, has been the one school which has most markedly encouraged it; and that it is among professors of this form of religion almost exclusively that such conversation prevails. Most true. But while this fact testifies to the reality of conviction with which such persons hold their view of religion, it cannot be denied that to those who have not been brought up in the peculiarities of this school the way in which things *sacro digna silentio* are or used to be spoken of familiarly, not in the exceptional confidence of intimate friendship, but in ordinary intercourse, gives a painful sense if not of unreality, at least of unfitness and indecorum. And on those who have been brought up from childhood in Evangelical ways, the encouragement to talk of their spiritual condition and to lay bare the secrets of their souls is a perilous temptation to the fatal habit of letting words outrun the truth, of saying more instead of less than they feel. If religion is indeed a matter entirely between each man and his God, then religious conversation must be, except in very rare cases, the profanation of the holy of holies.

But there is, as we have tried to show, a higher and a nobler conception of religion, a conception which alone fits it for universal acceptance, which makes it the bond of human society, the consecrating influence of all human life. To regard it as the kingdom of heaven upon earth, as that which regulates the relation not of the individual soul only, but of the family, the nation, the race, with God; as the principle which is to raise men to a higher and purer life, not hereafter only, but here and now, and which therefore has to do not only with theology but also with political economy, with social science, with education, with the thousand problems of the day; this surely would be to make it no longer a monopoly of priests and churches, but a matter also for statesmen, for social reformers, for men of science, for all who are doing any kind of work for others. If God were regarded as standing in the same relation to humanity that Queen Victoria holds theoretically towards the British Empire, to speak of him in discussing human affairs would be as natural as it is to refer to the crown in talking of government or legislation. It is because we regard him not as the common Father of all men, but as the Benefactor of a select few, that we shrink from the mention of his name in any but this intercourse of closest friends.

That the habitual and, as it were, instinctive reference of all subjects of human interest to the highest standard, is not incompatible with a hearty and genial

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enjoyment of all simple and natural pleasures, and with a manly and unaffected life and a keen interest in all political and social questions, ought not to need proof; but it might be proved by a reference to two biographies. The lives of Thomas Arnold and of Charles Kingsley, in whatever else they may differ, agree in this, that each sets before us the portrait of a man who from his heart believed in a present God, and who was not ashamed or afraid to speak of his belief. To Arnold indeed, with his strong view of the identity of Church and State, religion and politics were but the concave and the convex side of one and the same shield; to him, in school management or teaching, in social intercourse, in correspondence with his friends, and in political pamphlets, without Christianity everything was unmeaning. He looked forward to a time when "the region of political and national questions, war and peace, oaths and punishments, economy and education, so long considered by good and bad alike as worldly and profane, should be looked upon as the very sphere to which Christian principles are most applicable." And his biographer tells us how in his ordinary school lessons, "no general teaching of the providential government of the world could have left a deeper impression, than the casual allusions to it which occurred as they came to any of the critical moments in the history of Greece and Rome." And so again in the case of Kingsley, we see at once from his letters and from his recorded words that to eliminate from his conversation all mention of the kingdom of heaven and its king would have been simply to impose upon him silence as to all that he would have considered worth speaking of: to him the drainage of Bermondsey, the relations of capital and labor, the suffrage, secular education, were not less distinctly religious questions — might he not perhaps have said that they were more religious questions? — than the constitution of Church synods, or the jarrings of discordant sects, or the minute introspection of a morbid conscience. Not that either Arnold or Kingsley had the faintest tincture of secularism: in both we recognize the same deep reverence for and delight in Scripture; in both, though under somewhat different forms, we find the same value for public worship as the expression of the social character of Christianity; in both, the apparent mixing of things religious and secular is not the lowering of the religious, but the lifting the secular into a higher sphere. And in both, too, not in spite of but in consequence of their deep sense of religion and of a present kingdom of heaven among men, we find the keenest delight in outward nature, the freshest enjoyment of out-door sports, and an almost boyish exuberance of spirits alternating with the depression to which at times both the one and the other, in common with well-nigh all great souls, were liable in presence of the contrast between what is and what might be. Certainly neither in Arnold nor in Kingsley was religion "a thing between a man's self and his Maker," any more than a man's relation to his father is independent and exclusive of his relation to his brothers and sisters and his interest in family affairs.

If the theory which we have endeavored to work out is true, it would appear that the present universal reticence on religious subjects is a not altogether healthy symptom, as indicating that the belief in a kingdom of heaven amongst men has died out, and given place to a religion of selfishness and isolation, a system of *sauve qui peut*, in which each one is to do the best he can for himself, naturally without saying much about it. It is an ignoble phase of religious life, and as long as it lasts the best fruits of Christianity will be blighted and lost. Religion, like all other wholesome growths, loves the sunlight and the air; if we keep it in our cellars it will wither and die, or else send up a sickly and colorless shoot, that will bear no healthy fruit. The popular religion lacks just what it would gain by light and air and discussion: it would be more tolerant, better-proportioned, less self-sufficient and less given to party spirit. At present, if religion is spoken of at all, it is assumed that this can only be between persons holding similar views; whereas if it were recognized that the essence of religion lies not in views, which are each man's specialty, but in mutual affections and common objects, which are the uniting bond of society, it would be possible for men holding quite opposite views to discuss amicably and profitably subjects lying outside their differences, and even those differences themselves as being of quite subordinate importance.

There are special cases in which a more free speech on religious subjects such as we have advocated would be of the greatest advantage. It is often said to be one of the characteristics of the present day, that fathers and sons are not on the same confidential footing that they were a generation or two back: that they no longer talk freely and unrestrainedly; that the

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father is no longer his son's confidential friend. Many causes may have conspired to produce this effect: the growing love of independence; the busy lives led by so many fathers, which cuts them off from their families; the free thought of the present day, which makes many a young man silent lest he should shock his father. But if fathers would but bring themselves to make an effort to break through this mischievous reserve — and the first move must come from them — and without giving themselves airs of superior knowledge which in many cases they do not possess, would take pains to understand their sons' point of view and to enter into their difficulties and then talk matters over with them plainly and sensibly as elder friends anxious to help them if possible by the benefit of their experience, they would in most cases find that they had won their sons' confidence once for all, and that even if their sons still took a line which they regretted, they might at any rate be one if not in opinions yet in heart.

To another class of persons the bringing religion out of the mysterious gloom of the sanctuary into the light of day would be a great and unmixed gain. To the clergy, as the authorized religious teachers of the people, it is an absolute necessity to be *en rapport* with the thoughts of the laity on religious subjects if they would speak from the pulpit to any effect. And yet to a considerable number — probably a large majority — of the clergy, the minds of the lay people are a closed book. Nor is the fault with either class exclusively. The clergy are too apt to adopt a professional tone on religious matters, and to regard a layman who discusses them freely as a presumptuous person requiring to be repressed. And the laity are far too shy of expressing their opinions in the presence of their spiritual pastors, lest perchance they tread on a clerical corn. It would be better for all parties if there were more freedom of speech on all sides; if a religious layman might speak out his mind, even to the extent of calling in question the reality of miracles or of suggesting a mythical element in Scripture, without arousing the wrath to which "celestial minds" are prone; and if clergymen were more ready to recognize the unsettlement of men's minds, and to discuss the questions which press upon them without heat and with an earnest desire to help them in their search after truth. As it is, the loss is greater to the clergy than to the people: often sermons which might go straight to the hearts and minds of the hearers are lost in the air because the preacher looks at things from a clerical-meeting point of view, and so he and his hearers are moving in different planes; often a clergyman, personally respected and liked, fails utterly to exercise any influence on his people's thoughts, because he has never learnt to know their minds and to enter into their ways of looking at things.

It would of course be over-sanguine to suppose that we are likely to witness any rapid or even perceptible change in this matter at present. Many may think that in presence of the wide and widening differences of religious and non-religious opinion, reticence on such matters is likely rather to increase than to diminish. Yet two encouraging facts may be noted. The interest in religious questions is certainly greater now than it was twenty years ago; the pages of almost every periodical which proposes to address the thoughtful and educated class bear witness to the fact that religion is not so nearly dead as many would persuade us. And further, such a book as "The New Republic," in which as in the later Greek comedy well-known characters are brought together on the stage under the most transparent of masks to discuss religious and social and moral questions, whatever may be thought of the taste of such a proceeding, is at least a proof that such questions are held to be susceptible of discussion among persons who differ even as to fundamental principles. And if once religion can be lifted above the level both of pietism and of ecclesiasticism to a position analogous to that which the schoolmen assigned to theology as the *mater scientiarum*, to the position of the all-embracing and all-pervading kingdom of heaven on earth, then we shall learn that religious conversation is not only possible but inevitable, and God and his government will no longer be the one subject on which men are agreed to keep silence.

R. E. B.

From The Spectator.

LOWER LIFE IN THE TROPICS.

In the old times, before Mr. Darwin and Mr. Wallace, when we used to know nothing about evolution or selection, or the meaning of their colors to animals and plants themselves, apart from their privilege of pleasing the human eye, we read stories of the equatorial lands with rather

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a provoked sense of the beauty that was wasted there. We called it "wasted" in our thoughts, because to so very few it should ever be given to look up into the golden and scarlet network roofing of the primeval tropical forest, and around on an endless expanse of flower-bearing stems, with Charles Kingsley's "At last!" in the long-drawn breath of their intense satisfaction. Now the fairy-tales of science are popular reading. Mr. Wallace tells us how the plants recommend themselves by their tempting colors to the birds which are to scatter their seeds in distant places, instructs us in the domestic habits of butterflies, and the humors of orchids; describes the humming-birds, in phrases that have the swiftness of flight in them; and shows us the life that is in the equatorial forests, — so various, so vivid, and so purposeful, that we see it in our fancy without any vague discontent, and with a grander notion of its beauty, gained from the fuller revelation of its wonder.

With Mr. Wallace for our guide, for instance, we may go ashore in fancy, from an imaginary "Sunbeam," during an unfettered voyage in which

> We know the merry world is round,
> And we might sail forevermore,

and find ourselves in the hill forests of Borneo, all draped with the most beautiful of orchids, the unique *Vanda Lowii*, whose flower-stems, sent out from small clusters of leaves, hang down eight feet in length, covered with large, symmetrical, crimson stars. Throughout the mountains of the equatorial zone we should find everywhere the wonderful flowers of which the crimson-starred streamer — festival decorations of the forest — is king, growing on the stems, the forks, or the branches of trees, abounding on fallen trunks, spreading over rocks, hanging down the face of precipices, or modestly mixing with humble grasses. And we should see the profuse, low-growing, orange star flowers on the stem of the *Polyalthea*, which cannot fail to attract the attention of the wandering butterflies and bees, out of whose sight they would be, if they grew in the usual way, on the tops of these small trees, overshadowed by the dense canopy above them. We should not, indeed, find the belief that in abundance and variety of floral color the tropics are preeminent, which in old times we held, justified by the facts. "Twelve years of observation among the vegetation of the eastern and western tropics has convinced me," says Mr. Wallace, "that in proportion to the whole number of species of plants, those having gaily-colored flowers are actually more abundant in the temperate zones. The Alpine meadows and rock-slopes, the open plains of the Cape of Good Hope or of Australia, and the flower-prairies of North America, offer an amount and variety of floral color which can certainly not be surpassed, even if it can be equalled, between the tropics." But not only the vastness of the primeval forest, within the equatorial zone, would overwhelm us, but the force of development and vigor of growth, and amazing variety of forms and species which everywhere meet and grow side by side. If the traveller, having overcome his first sense of lost bewilderment amid profusion, notices a particular species, and wishes to find more like it, he may often turn his eyes in vain in every direction; trees of varied forms, dimensions, and colors are around him, but rarely is any one of them repeated in that equable zone, where there is no struggle against climate, and no one type of vegetation monopolizes territory to the exclusion of the rest. We should probably look in vain, amid the vast luxuriance of palm and bamboo, with all their incalculable aid to human needs in the lands they grow in, for the larger forms of animal life, for the mammals and the reptiles are widely scattered, and shy of man; and in the Brazilian forests, and those of the Malay Archipelago especially, birds do not sing, but make pensive and mysterious sounds. Monkeys, indeed, are pre-eminently tropical and constantly on view, except in Australia, Madagascar, and New Guinea; and whether they are chattering in Asia, or roaring like lions or bulls in America, they are the liveliest and the noisiest creatures within the equatorial zone. Bats, too, are specialities of the tropics, and South America boasts a group, the "vampyre," which Mr. Wallace considers "sure to attract attention." It seems likely, especially if an individual of the group gets a chance of exercising his mysterious manœuvres on the observant traveller. The exact manner of the vampyre's attack is not known; the sufferer never feels the wound, being fanned into a deeper slumber by the motion of the wings, and "rendered insensible to the gentle abrasion of the skin, either by teeth or tongue." The tropical bats are of immense variety. One of the strangest of the living pictures presented there must be a migration of the great fruit-bats, or flying foxes. We know the shrinking, blinking creatures, something like small umbrellas

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with broken wires, and inextricably mixed up with foxhead handles, of which we get peeps under a flap in a cage at the Zoological Gardens; but they are small specimens, and convey to us no notion of the huge, swooping things, often five feet in width across the expanded wings, which pass by in immense flocks, taking hours to do it in, and devastate the fruit plantations of the natives, who will not even eat them in revenge. They seem indeed to enjoy complete impunity, like the beautiful glow-worm, who is supposed to shine because he is not edible, and hangs out his luminous speck of warning to the insectivorous birds. We might, perchance, see such monster snakes as that one, twenty-six feet long, which Mr. St. John measured in Borneo, and we should probably be told, while sleeping in a native house, that there is a large snake in the roof, on a rat-hunting expedition, and that one need not be disturbed in case one should hear it. The slender whip-snake will glide among the bushes, and may be touched before he is seen; and the green viper, deadly and watchful, will lie coiled motionless upon foliage of his own hue, unsuspected, within a few inches of one's face, if one is a collector, which it is much safer not to be. Then there are the lizards, — no less than thirteen hundred different kinds, and almost all to be found in the tropics, thriving on the rich vegetation and the duly proportioned sunshine and moisture, and colored to harmonize with their habits and surroundings. "When I see the first lizard holding on by his feet to the side of a white wall, I feel that I am getting into the sunshine," once said a lover of the sun to the present writer; and Mr. Wallace dwells on the charm of these creatures to comers from the cold. They run along walls and palings, sun themselves on logs of wood, creep up to the eaves of cottages, scamper out of one's way in every garden, road, or sandy path, walk up smooth walls with the greatest ease, or crawl up trees, "keeping at the further side of the trunk, and watching the passer-by with the caution of a squirrel." The house lizards are grey, the rock lizards are stone-color; the forest lizards are mottled with green, like lichen-grown bark; the ground lizards are of beautiful green colors, like the tree-frogs. Not the least interesting of the forest pictures must be the latter curious reptiles, sitting quietly during the day, so as to be almost invisible, owing to their color, and their moist, shining skins, so closely resembling vegetable surfaces; and the other varieties, beautifully spotted, like large beetles, or striped with bright, staring colors. In their case, nature's wonderful law comes in to protect them; they may flaunt their red bodies and blue legs, — they are uneatable.

Among the living pictures that the tropics have to show, surely none can be more beautiful than the butterflies. Who has ever looked even at dead specimens from Malacca and from Rio de Janeiro, all stiff and dull, pinned on cardboard with their prim companions, without wondering at their beauty, without a visionary glimpse of the sun-pierced forest paths, and the fruit-bearing lands in which the splendid creatures disport themselves in life? America is richer in butterflies than the Eastern hemisphere, but everywhere those of the tropics surpass those of the temperate zone in numbers and quality. "The first sight of the great blue *Morphos*," says Mr. Wallace, "flapping slowly along in the forest roads near Para, of the large, white-and-black, semi-transparent *Ideas*, floating airily about in the woods near Malacca, and of the golden-green *Ornithopteras*, sailing on birdlike wing over the flowering shrubs which adorn the beach of the Ke and Aru islands, can never be forgotten by any one with a feeling of admiration for the new and beautiful in nature." The habits of the tropical butterflies are as various as their colors and forms are exquisite, and a true lover of them need never be deprived of objects of contemplation, for though the majority are "diurnal" — that is, of the early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise persuasion — some Eastern *Morphidæ* and an entire American family (*Brassolidæ*) are "crepuscular," like the "Buffalo gals" of our youth. The description of some of them, as early in the morning they expand their wings to the sun, and dart so swiftly that the eye cannot follow them, reminds one of Shelley's "embodied joy, whose race has just begun." A considerable number frequent river-sides and the margins of pools, assembling together in flocks of hundreds of individuals; but these are all males, — the females remain in the forest, where in the afternoons (presumably after their no-business hours) their partners join them. Among these exquisite creatures there are also uneatable species, who, when the crowd of floating and fluttering beauties disappear, to conceal themselves amid foliage or on sticks which harmonize with their hues, hang in their unconcealed gaudiness at the end of slender twigs or on exposed leaves.

We should be disappointed at first with the tropical birds, but after many days in

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the forest we should find out the beautiful creatures that live in its dense foliage and gloomy thickets, the parrots, the pigeons, the perching birds, in all the wonderful variety of those orders, especially in that portion of the Malay Archipelago that is east of Borneo, and in the Pacific islands, where monkeys — arboreal animals given to the eating of eggs — are not. Only in America should we find the humming-bird, that living marvel of color, exclusively tropical, though it has migrant species which visit Lake Winnipeg and the Columbia River, making journeys of full three thousand miles each spring and autumn; darting into fuchsia-flowers in the midst of a snowstorm at Terra del Fuego, and whirring about Pichincha at fourteen thousand feet above the sea. It was of a minute humming-bird, found only in the extinct crater of Chiriqua, in Veragua, that Mr. Gould said, "It seems to have caught the last spark from the volcano before it was extinguished," so flaming is the crimson of its tiny gorget. These flitting gems, these beautiful bauble-birds are extraordinarily brave and combative; we have complete tournament pictures of them from Mr. Wallace and Mr. Gosse, and of their numbers Mr. Belt says that in the part of Nicaragua where he was living they equalled in number all the rest of the birds together, if they did not greatly exceed them. How much one would like to see the nest, "no larger inside than the half of a walnut-shell, of a cup-shape, beautifully decorated with pieces of lichen, and lined with the finest and most silky fibres;" how gently, lest one should tarnish the two little white eggs by breathing on them, one would steal away from it! What pictures are conjured up by the Mexican and Peruvian names of these wonderful creatures, which mean "rays of the sun" and "tresses of the day-star"!

The scientific aspect of these living pictures has an extraordinary charm, as Mr. Wallace sets it forth. "The functional and biological classification of the colors of living organisms" sounds very imposing, but one finds the protective, warning, sexual, typical, and attractive colors all severally explained, so simply and convincingly that one rather thinks the lucidity must be somehow imputable to one's self,— and then the theory adds a tenfold interest to the scenes which have been summoned up before one's fancy. One feels deeply grateful to the profoundly scientific naturalist who teaches one so much, but does not forbid one to feel,— who classifies wonders indeed, but acknowledges them thus: "When, for the first time, the traveller wanders in these primeval forests, he can scarcely fail to experience sensations of awe, akin to those excited by the trackless ocean or the Alpine snowfields. There are a vastness, a solemnity, a gloom, a sense of solitude and of human insignificance, which for a time overwhelm him, and it is only when the novelty of these feelings has passed away that he is able to turn his attention to the separate constituents that combine to produce those emotions, and examine the varied and beautiful forms of life which, in inexhaustible profusion, are spread around him."

From The Spectator.

AMATEUR LIBRARIANS.

We would suggest to the professional librarians of the world, who have now formed themselves into an association, and hold "conferences," and possess a journal of their own, that at their next meeting they might do a little to encourage the formation and maintenance of private libraries, those small but good collections of books of which there are comparatively so few in England. Private libraries, and especially private libraries of modest dimensions, containing from two to eight thousand volumes, cannot, of course, be compared in utility with public libraries of any kind, and especially with public libraries access to which is easy; but they confer benefits of their own, nevertheless. Each family which possesses one tends to grow up cultivated, to take and to diffuse an interest in literature, and to add to the number of that useful class which publishers know to be so extremely limited, that of the buyers of serious books. These people are very meritorious in the eyes of authors, publishers, and booksellers; they are the mainstay of serious literature, and they ought to have an interest even for librarians, though the latter may look upon their efforts with contempt. Amateurs are useful, if only because they diffuse the ideas of professionals; and there are amateur librarians, as well as amateur painters, musicians, and drivers of four-in-hand. The professional librarians should encourage them a little, and help them a little, and popularize their own knowledge a little, for their benefit, and this they have as yet scarcely begun to do. There is much information about libraries in the splendidly printed quarto of "Transactions" in which the proceedings of the

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London Conference of Librarians are reported, many valuable papers on the formation of libraries, at least one brillant burst of rhetoric — a sort of hymn, sung by Mr. Harrison over the glorious first editions which would have been in the British Museum, if the copy-tax had been enforced in England from the invention of printing — and some interesting statistics; but there are very few hints by which amateur librarians can hope to profit. One grand temptation is indeed held out to them. They are informed that the professional librarians of the world confide to them one sacred trust, — that of conveying the torch of high art in the matter of bookbinding from hand to hand through the ages. Otherwise it will go out. What with the prevalent views of utility, and the poverty of many libraries, and the stinginess of all governments, and the public preference for the insides of books, as compared with their outsides, the librarians despair of themselves doing very much for bookbinding as an art, and devolve the duty avowedly upon wealthy amateurs. That, no doubt, is a real encouragement to the amateur. He has always had a sneaking kindness for pretty bindings. He has always wanted to waste more of his disposable money on the outsides of his books, and to limit his purchases to the number he could afford to rebind, and now he has a magnificent excuse for his graceful "fad." He is a preserver of an art which otherwise might perish. He may feel, if he likes, like a prior of Monte Cassino, that he is protecting civilization, for the professional librarians have not only given up the work, but have gone in for asceticism, and preach all through this beautiful quarto the virtues of buckram, that sackcloth of the binders' art. Buckram, they say, and almost sing, is the true binding for books in a great library. Buckram, a sort of canvas of linen, costs hardly anything, will take any color, and does take six, never heats, never spoils under the fumes of gas, and will outlast any kind of leather, except, perhaps, good, sound morocco. Buckram is the binding for the sovereign people, and its sway in popular libraries ought to be universal. When the professional turns ascetic the amateur must be luxurious, and as he is inclined so to be, that is so far encouragement for him. He gets praise instead of blame for his pet vice, and moreover, may plead that he has eternal principle on his side. Squalid ugliness will never be a good, even if it is durable as well as nasty, and the amateur who will bind one shelf of books in buckram will at once perceive that in resisting the innovation he is performing a high duty to art. There are one or two hints in the quarto for the amateurs' benefit besides. It is nice for them to know that the binding they like best — good, dear, whole-colored morocco — lasts longer than any other, except vellum, which, from its ghastly monotony of dirty ugliness, may be considered out of court. Gold is thrown away on vellum, or rather, only makes its ghoul-like pallor more conspicuous; while stamps of elaborate design and labels of glorious color would each only add to it a new horror, were that physically possible. Morocco, however, will last, and as all wives understand that a lasting article is cheap, morocco may be used without fear of a scolding for the bills. Then amateurs are told something, not specially for their benefit, but incidentally, which is really important for them to know. Lofty shelves of books perish. It is not gas, as many people suppose, which is the librarians' foe, but heat, and as heat rises, the books on the top of tall shelves perish at a frightful rate. No book-shelves meant to keep books forever should be above six feet high, but if that limitation is impossible, as it is in all private houses, then keep the books you care least about on the top shelves, and ventilate your libraries from above. Let the hot air out, if you want your "letterings" to last.

These three bits of counsel, — to bind well, because nobody but amateurs will do it; to use morocco, whenever you can; and to recollect that the heated air which destroys books hangs in a stratum, many feet thick, from the top of the room, — are the main facts we have collected, for the benefit of amateurs, from the "Transactions" forwarded to us. Perhaps we may add one more, because it is so useful, and is so often forgotten, — when you bind, put as much information about your book as you can into the lettering on the back. The practice saves you and your friends endless trouble, and when your books are sold, as they always are, will increase their selling value, by making them more acceptable to other amateurs. That, however, is a minute detail, and we want the professional librarians of the world to give to amateurs, and especially to intending amateurs, much more definite help. In the first place, could they not publish three, or four, or more catalogues of modest English libraries as they ought to be, — catalogues which may enable half-ignorant men to lay the foundations of their libraries on something like system? They will smile,

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and ask if it is their business to find Mr. Branghton in culture; but they do not know how hopelessly ignorant most men are of books, how little they know what they want, how absolutely their memories fail them when they try to fill up *lacunæ*. Why should men who wish to fill a large room with books — furniture to them, perhaps, but cultivation to their sons — be reduced to rely on publishers, who, of course, recommend the books they publish; or booksellers, who are guided by the catalogues of their own stock; or the questionable taste of the auctioneer, who recommends some country collection as "very choice"? Why not begin with some decent collection chosen by experienced librarians, and varied afterwards according to their own tastes? Why should there not be the "Historian's Library," the "Littérateur's Library," the "Library of Science," and so on, catalogues of really good small libraries, drawn out carefully by librarians, for the assistance of amateurs? The Associated Librarians very naturally wish their "Transactions" to be beautifully printed, and as the process is very expensive, and they cannot always rely on "the liberal enterprise of the Chiswick Press," they want them to sell. Why not add such lists as we have suggested, which would, we can assure them, sell for years? And then why not try a still more spirited experiment, and confer on every amateur librarian, and indeed every student in England, a direct and appreciable boon by publishing in the form of these "Transactions" with the same perfect paper, and greedy but legible type, an *anticipatory* subject index of English, or English, German, and French books? We do not mean that they should attempt to realize Mr. John Ashton Cross's magnificent idea, expounded at page 104, in a paper which might have taken away the breath even of the Mr. Watts who was said by his enemies to have known of the existence of every book in the world. That mighty project, the preparation of a Universal Index of Subjects, the record of all that human beings have ever written upon anything, must be left for the German government when it has conquered the world, or for that scion of the Rothschilds, or the Astors, or the Vanderbilts who is one day to appear, and who to a fortune of twenty millions is to add burning philanthropy and acute bibliomania. He has not come yet, and till he comes, we fear Mr. Cross's magnificent speculation must remain a dream, even though he does tell us how much of the work has been done: "There are indexes to all works by Italian travellers and by Italian mathematicians, to German mathematics, German poetry, and German philosophy; to English and to American poetry; to Spanish philosophy and to Spanish agriculture; to Swiss history, to Alpine literature, to English topography, to Irish periodical literature, and to French, Belgian, and English law books. All the works on Russia, on Africa and Arabia, on Palestine, on the American Indians, on the American Pacific coast, have been indexed. And great men like Dante, Shakespeare, Molière, Goethe, Schiller, Columbus, Montesquieu, and Spinoza have their own special bibliographies. Even one so recent as Abraham Lincoln has been thus honored." But pending this cosmic book, which, when finished, will require a library, a librarian, half-a-dozen interpreters, and an endowment all to itself, could not the librarians give us something very small, a quarto volume, say, of a thousand closely printed pages, a dictionary of subjects, with lists of the best books *easily accessible* upon them? It would sell, we believe, better than any cyclopædia. They, with their resources all round them, have no conception of the difficulty ordinary men, whether amateur librarians or students, have in finding out what good books have been written, even on ordinary subjects, or in making a collection, not complete, but tolerably full, on any given topic. The present writer, for example, has tried, and tried in vain, to draw up a list of the inspired books, the books believed at various times to have come down from heaven ready bound, a list which six or eight considerable librarians could in concert furnish in an hour. The work of such a catalogue, carefully distributed, say, over two hundred and fifty libraries for three years, could not be unendurably heavy, would be of the highest service to investigation, and would, we believe, if attempted, be helped with small grants of money by many of the governments of the world. Of course the very principle of the undertaking would be to exclude the idea of completeness, to give no book not readily accessible, and to omit as far as possible unimportant or technical subjects, such as the law of conveyancing, the books on which are sure to be well known by many experts. It should be to Mr. Ashton Cross's grand project what Bellows is to Littré, a mere introduction to the mightier index, something of which the British Museum would speak with contempt, the *Biblio-*

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thèque National with levity, and all German savans with a sacred horror, but still a useful little work, say, of one thousand quarto pages or so, and called by the humble name of "The Guide to the Amateur Librarian." It would sell, O Associated Librarians and Messrs. Cassell, it would sell!

ADVICE TO THE LATE LORD MACAULAY, ON ENTERING LIFE.

IN 1823, when Lord Brougham was at the mature age of forty-four, he addressed the following letter to Lord (then Mr.) Macaulay's father, Z. Macaulay, Esq.: —

MY DEAR FRIEND, — My principal object in writing to you to-day is to offer you some suggestions, in consequence of some conversation I have just had with Lord Grey, who has spoken of your son (at Cambridge) in terms of the greatest praise. He takes his account from his son; but from all I know, and have learned in other quarters, I doubt not that his judgment is well formed. Now, you of course destine him for the bar; and assuming that this, and the public objects incidental to it, are in his views, I would fain impress upon you (and through you, upon him) a truth or two which experience has made me aware of, and which I would have given a great deal to have been acquainted with earlier in life from the experience of others.

First. That the foundation of all excellence is to be laid in early application to general knowledge is clear; that he is already aware of; and equally so it is (of which he may not be so well aware) that professional eminence can only be attained by entering betimes into the lowest drudgery, the most repulsive labors of the profession; even a year in an attorney's office, as the law is now practised, I should not hold too severe a task, or too high a price to pay, for the benefit it must surely lead to; but, at all events, the life of a special pleader, I am quite convinced, is the thing before being called to the bar. A young man whose mind has once been well imbued with general learning, and has acquired classical propensities, will never sink into a mere drudge. He will always save himself harmless from the dull atmosphere he must live and work in; and the sooner he will emerge from it, and arrive at eminence. But what I wish to inculcate especially, with a view to the great talent for public speaking which your son happily possesses, is that he should cultivate that talent in the only way in which it can reach the height of the art; and I wish to turn his attention to two points. I speak upon this subject with the authority both of experience and observation; I have made it very much my study in theory; have written a great deal upon it which may never see the light; and something which has been published; have meditated much, and conversed much on it with famous men; have had some little practical experience in it, but have prepared for much more than I ever tried, by a variety of laborious methods; reading, writing, much translation, composing in foreign languages, etc.; and I have lived in times when there were great orators among us; therefore I reckon my opinion worth listening to, and the rather, because I have the utmost confidence in it myself, and I should have saved a world of trouble and much time had I started with a conviction of its truth.

1. The first point is this: the beginning of the art is to acquire a habit of *easy speaking;* and in whatever way this can be had (which individual inclination or accident will generally direct, and may safely be allowed to do so) it must be had. Now, I differ from all other doctors of rhetoric in this; I say, let him first of all learn to speak easily and fluently; as well and as sensibly as he can, no doubt, but at any rate let him learn to speak. This is to eloquence, or good public speaking, what the being able to talk in a child is to correct grammatical speech. It is the requisite foundation; and on it you must build. Moreover, it can only be acquired young; therefore, let it by all means, and at any sacrifice, be gotten hold of forthwith. But in acquiring it every sort of slovenly error will also be acquired. It must be got by a habit of easy writing (which, as Wyndham said, proved hard reading); by a custom of talking much in company; by debating in speaking societies, with little attention to rule, and more love of saying something at any rate, than of saying anything well. I can even suppose that more attention is paid to the matter in such discussions than to the manner of saying it; yet still to say it easily, *ad libitum*, to be able to say what you choose, and what you have to say. This is the first requisite; to acquire which everything else must for the present be sacrificed.

2. The next step is the grand one: to convert this style of easy speaking into chaste eloquence. And here there is but

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one rule. I do earnestly entreat your son to set daily and nightly before him the Greek models. First of all he may look to the best modern speeches (as he probably has already); Burke's best compositions, as the "Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents;" "Speech on the American Conciliation;" and "On the Nabob of Arcot's Debt;" Fox's "Speech on the Westminster Scrutiny" (the first part of which he should pore over till he has it by heart); "On the Russian Armament;" and "On the War, 1803;" with one or two of Wyndham's best, and very few, or rather none, of Sheridan's; but he must by no means stop here; if he would be a great orator, he must go at once to the fountain-head, and be familiar with every one of the great orations of Demosthenes. I take for granted that he knows those of Cicero by heart; they are very beautiful, but not very useful, except perhaps the "*Milo pro Ligario*," and one or two more; but the Greek must positively be the model; and merely reading it, as boys do, to know the language, won't do at all; he must enter into the spirit of each speech, thoroughly know the positions of the parties, follow each turn of the argument, and make the absolutely perfect and most chaste and severe composition familiar to his mind. His taste will improve every time he reads and repeats to himself (for he should have the fine passages by heart), and he will learn how much may be done by a skilful use of a few words, and a rigorous rejection of all superfluities. In this view I hold a familiar knowledge of Dante to be next to Demosthenes. It is in vain to say that imitations of these models won't do for our times. First, I do not counsel any imitation, but only an imbibing of the same spirit. Secondly, I know from experience that nothing is half so successful in these times (bad though they be) as what has been formed on the Greek models. I use a very poor instance in giving my own experience; but I do assure you that both in courts of law and Parliament, and even to mobs, I have never made so much play (to use a very modern phrase) as when I was almost translating from the Greek. I composed the peroration of my speech for the queen, in the Lords, after reading and repeating Demosthenes for three or four weeks, and I composed it twenty times over at least, and it certainly succeeded in a very extraordinary degree, and far above any merits of its own. This leads me to remark, that though speaking with writing beforehand is very well until the habit of easy speech is acquired, yet after that he can never write too much; this is quite clear. It is laborious, no doubt; and it is more difficult beyond comparison than speaking off-hand; but it is necessary to perfect oratory, and at any rate it is necessary to acquire the habit of correct diction. But I go further, and say, even to the end of a man's life he must prepare word for word most of his finer passages. Now would he be a great orator or no? In other words, would he have almost absolute power of doing good to mankind in a free country, or no? So he wills this, he must follow these rules. — Believe me, yours,

H. BROUGHAM.

From Public Opinion.

BUDDHISM.

SIR PATRICK COLQUHOUN, Q.C., one of the senior vice-presidents of the Royal Society of Literature, recently delivered his second lecture on the "Historical Outlines of the Leading Religions of the World," prefacing it by naming those which he considered entitled to this designation — viz., Brahminism, Buddhism, classical heathenism, Judaism, Christianity, and Mahomedanism. Sir Patrick said that although Buddhism was, in fact, an outcome of Brahminism, occupying the same relative position to that creed as the reformed Christian Church does to the older Oriental and Western Churches, and was, therefore, in the nature of a sect, its widespread acceptance in the north-eastern portion of the world entitled it to the rank of an independent creed, professed as it is, in some sectarian form or other, by about one-third of the human race. The lecturer commenced by giving a *précis* of the life of its founder, Siddhârtha Gutami, son of Kuddhodama, maharajah of Kapilavasta, of the Kshattriya, or warrior caste of the Kaïkas. His future tutor, the learned Brahmin Asita, declared his birth remarkable by a development of the thirty-two great and twenty-four inferior signs of future eminence, and soon announced that he had nothing more to teach him. At a proper age he was married to his cousin Maya, a woman nearly as distinguished as himself in her acquirements. His mother died seven days after his birth. Being challenged by his intended father-in-law to show his proficiency in the usual athletic exercises of his race caste, to the astonishment of all he exceeded his competitors not alone in these, but in intellectual knowledge. In his twenty-ninth year he secretly left the

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palace, divested himself of his princely ornaments, shaved his head, obtained garments of skin from a trapper, and commenced his mission of reformation as an ascetic. When the garments were worn out he supplied their place with a yellow shroud obtained from a buried slave. This became the distinctive badge of the order; it is vulgarly called "Chinese mourning." After his twenty-four hours' meditation under the *Ficus religiosa* he perceives he has become "the Buddha" — that is, has attained "perfect intelligence" and has entered *nirwâua.* He dies at the age of thirty, having, in spite of the Brahminical opposition, obtained a large number of followers. The result of Buddhism was the abolition of caste. Its founder taught virtue for virtue's sake. He preserved the doctrine of metempsychosis, he acknowledged no deity, abhorred idols, and consequently recognized no priesthood, his monks being simply teachers. The lecturer than dealt with the doctrine of nirwâna, and came to the conclusion that it implies total annihilation of the vital principle, the soul and the matter, differing in this respect from the Brahminical doctrine which holds that the soul, after a series of transmigrations, is ultimately absorbed into the essence of the deity, thence to be converted and redistributed as matter is. The Buddhist's hell is terrestrial, and the ultimate end of the last, or perfect birth, annihilation. It was surprising that so unattractive a doctrine should have found so many votaries. The area of Buddhism in all its forms (for it has also separated into numerous sects) extends in the north from the Nepaul Mountains over the whole of Thibet, China proper, Mongolia, Manchooria, Cashmere, Bhlutant Sikhim, Korea, the Lien Khen Islands, and the British, Dutch, and Russian possessions in China and Japan, and the worshippers number four hundred and seventy millions. In the south Buddhism extends over Ceylon, British Burmah, Burmah, Siam, Assam, and Janis, and the worshippers number thirty millions, making a total of five hundred millions. The lecturer then proceeded to show how widely the institution had changed from the views of its original founder. In Thibet it has its hierarchy, its pope, its cardinals, its abbots, its eighteen degrees of inferior clergy, its idols, incense, choirs, monks, and nuns — to outward appearance identical with the Roman Catholic clergy; and the Dalai Lama is not only pope, but sovereign of the country. In short, it appears to have violated all the essential principles of the Buddhistic creed and theory.

From The Globe.

THE GOORKHAS.

THE worthy inhabitants of Malta will scarcely derive much æsthetic delight from the personal appearance of the Goorkha regiment that will be shortly among them. Ugly beyond comparison, with flat features and mere slits for eyes, these soldiers are of stunted stature, frequently very bow-legged, and much too broad for their height. But they are splendid little fellows for fighting purposes, being very hardy, capable of enduring almost any amount of fatigue, devoted to their officers, and completely devoid of even the instinct of fear. Armed only with their "kookeries" — broad-bladed, heavy knives, of fine temper, and sharp as razors — they often go on foot into the jungle, in quest of some man-eating tiger, and if the brute is brought to bay, it rarely escapes with life. Buddhists by faith, they hold in scorn the caste prescriptions of Hindooism, and when in our service, they adopt many of the customs of the English soldiery. It is an amusing sight to see a Goorkha setting forth from a station, for a day's sport in the neighborhood. Dressed in some cast-off European *mufti* which he has purchased in the bazaar, he carries either an ancient fowling-piece or a razed Brown Bess, while at his heels follow two or three curs of very low degree, whose ears and tails have been artistically docked. Yet, bizarre as looks his get-up, the little fellow generally manages to bring home a decent bag, unless, indeed, his weapon bursts at the first discharge. His method is either to stalk the game, be it a dove or a deer, or to lie in wait for it for hours at some likely spot. Between whiles, he puffs his short clay pipe and murmurs the songs of his native land, which sound rather harshly to sophisticated ears. Altogether a right merry lad is the Goorkha in quarters, and held in high esteem by the European soldiers. But his greatest talent lies in fighting to the death for the side whose salt he eats. Some years ago, during one of our expeditions into the Peshawur hills, a Goorkha detachment was skirmishing with the Afredees. On the recall being sounded, three or four men who had taken up favorable positions declined to come back. There they remained leisurely firing at the enemy until the Afredees swarmed down in overwhelming force, and then out flashed the wicked-looking kookeries, and there was some very pretty fighting. Of course the plucky little fellows were all killed, but not before the ground was considerably littered with defunct Afredees.

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TRANSLATION FROM HEINE.

BY THEODORE MARTIN.

A FIRESIDE PIECE.

OUTSIDE the blast is making riot,
And through the darkness the snowflakes fall;
Here in my little room all is quiet,
Warm and dry, and so snug withal.

Musing I sit on my cushioned settle,
Facing the firelight's fitful shine;
Sings on the hob the simmering kettle,
Songs that seem echoes of "auld lang syne."

And close beside me the cat sits purring,
Warming her paws at the cheery gleam;
The flames keep flitting, and flickering, and whirring, —
My mind is lapped in a realm of dream.

Many long, long forgotten summers
Rise up, wraith-like, before my view,
Some in the brightness of masking mummers,
Some with their splendors bedimmed in hue.

Lovely, serene-faced women sweetly
Meanings divine in a glance convey;
Revellers, mingling among them fleetly,
Caper and laugh, and are madly gay.

Marble gods in the distance tower;
Near them, dream-like in beauty rare,
Is a fairy grove that has burst in flower,
And sheds perfume on the moonlit air.

Castles full many of wizard story
Totter along with their crests awry;
Knights behind them, in full-plumed glory,
With troops of their squires come riding by.

'Tis gone! The beautiful dream is over!
Away like a phantom the pageant draws!
Oh dear! The kettle is boiling over,
And pussy is yelling with scalded paws.

Blackwood's Magazine.

AN APRIL WOOD.

SWEET April sat in a regal wood,
And I sat down by her side;
Glad with the promise of leaf and of bud,
Flushed with the glory of Sol's bright flood, —
There she sat in her queenly pride.

Out and away from the regal wood
Cloud-isles hung in the motionless sky;
And the heavenly league, and the earthly rood,
Seem'd fresh from the voice that pronounced them "good," —
And happy were April and I.

In and about in the regal wood
The birds were full of April glee;
On a leafing elm a bold thrush stood,
Singing a song that was understood
By a mate on a neighboring tree.

But a cloud came over the regal wood,
In the scream of a frighted hare;
A hound pursued it eager for blood;
A squirrel nigh me shook where it stood;
And I fancied the world less fair.

Then I rose to depart from the regal wood,
And saw in the grass that there lay
A glittering snake with a raven hood;
The sight of it cooled and curdled my blood:
I trembled, — and went on my way.

Spectator. WILLIAM WILSON.

A MAY-SONG.

I.

WHEN the winds go Maying,
All in the woods so green,
The village chimes,
In the good old times,
Rung out for the young May-queen.
'Twas a goodly sight
When the maidens bright,
And the lads of generous mould,
Went out with the winds a-Maying
In the merry days of old.
A-Maying! A-Maying!
Went out with the winds a-Maying
In the merry days of old!

II.

When the winds go Maying
The emerald meadows through,
'Twas a maiden freak,
Each rosy cheek
To bathe in the young May dew;
And the dainty girls,
With the dewy pearls,
Decked their hair of the silken gold,
When they went with the winds a-Maying
In the merry days of old.
A-Maying! A-Maying!
When they went with the winds a-Maying
In the merry days of old!

III.

When the winds go Maying
By streamlet, grove, and hill,
Young Summer, drest
In her May-day vest,
Will gladly hail them still.
And the maidens gay
Will dance and play
With the lads of generous mould,
As they did when the winds went Maying
In the merry days of old.
A-Maying! A-Maying!
As when the winds went Maying
In the merry days of old.

Temple Bar. JOHN SHEEHAN.

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From The British Quarterly Review.

CONSTANTINOPLE.*

PERHAPS no city in the world has been more described, more praised, or more abused, than the city of the sultan, the capital of the Turkish empire. It has furnished a fruitful theme for the descriptive tourist, from Pocock and Tavernier to Albert Smith and Thackeray, while it has been a rich field for the patient researches of learned archæologists. In our review of the comparatively modern books at the head of this article we shall endeavor to give our readers an idea of Constantinople, social and political, as it exists, rather than plunge into the antiquarian questions, rich as they are, in which so interesting a city abounds. A residence of some five years entitles us to undertake this task, not unmindful, however, that a much longer residence could not have rendered us safe from the liability to error. Constantinople collectively is a name used by Europeans as a term for a group of cities once distinct, but for many years forming one grand metropolis, richly deserving a visit from all tourists, not from its merits merely as a beautiful city, for man has done but little, nature much, in adorning the Golden Horn and the banks of the Bosphorus; but perhaps no city in the world can afford such magnificent views, such marvellous variety of race and costume, or such interesting relics of a bygone age. This city has two names, Constantinople or the city of Constantine, and Stamboul or Istamboul, a name adopted by the Turks, but which is said nevertheless to be a name of Greek origin.

The city now consists mainly of Stamboul proper, inhabited by Turks, with, however, large numbers of Greeks and Armenians peopling extensive quarters. This main division of the city consists of a triangular tongue of land, bounded at the base by the ancient walls of the Byzantine city so bravely and vainly defended by the last of the Constantines against Mahomed II.; on the south, by the Sea of Marmora; on the east, by the Bosphorus; and on the north by that beautiful stretch of water called the Golden Horn. The apex of the triangle is occupied by an ancient palace of the sultans, and is called Seraglio Point. The water of the Golden Horn is crossed by a bridge of boats of comparatively modern construction, and this leads northwards to another quarter of the great city called Galata, once an independent settlement of the Genoese (when the city was in the feeble hands of the Byzantine Greeks), and still owning, like Pera, the next suburb, a sort of independence, inasmuch as these places are crowded with Europeans owning no allegiance to the Porte, and living under the laws of their respective countries.

It is but a trite remark of all tourists that they are delighted with the magnificent aspect of the city from the deck of their vessel, but are bitterly disappointed on landing. In truth, the site and surroundings of this capital are indescribably beautiful, while the streets and houses are wretched. In the month of May the visitor, as he glides into the harbor of the Golden Horn, seems to be approaching a fairy city. The sky is clear, the atmosphere is bright and sunny, the air is redolent with the fragrance of flowers wafted from the green hills, covered with marble palaces and green vineyards alternated with copses and gardens. The songs of nightingales are faintly heard in the distance, the waters of the Bosphorus, of emerald green, sparkle in the sunshine, and are covered with picturesque caiques rowed by brawny boatmen in the whitest of shirts and the reddest of fezes, while snowy seagulls and kittiwakes disport themselves with marvellous tameness amongst the boatmen. The visitor is enchanted with the scene around him; he gazes with impatience at the city of palaces rising on the hills of Stamboul, Pera, and Scutari; he longs to disembark. At length the tedious formalities are at an end, he jumps into a caique, is rowed to the Tophané landing-place, and there his illusions vanish. He is dragged from his boat and placed on a dangerously rotten wooden structure, built upon a loathsome

* 1. *Three Years in Constantinople.* By CHARLES WHITE. Colburn. 1844.
2. *A Residence in Constantinople.* By the Rev. R. WALSH, LL.D. Richard Bentley. 1838.
3. *Two Years of the Eastern Question.* By A. GALLENGA. Samuel Tinsley. 1877.

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dunghill or refuse heap: here are squatted a score of the famous wild or rather ownerless dogs of the city, growling over the miscellaneous garbage which is thrown on this spot. In addition to the dogs are a number of hammals, or porters, ready to seize and carry his luggage. Then he is assailed by beguirjees, or hack horsemen, each leading an animal which he is requested to mount: these are in place of the hackney-coachmen, einspanners, droskymen, or birdjos of other capitals. As the traveller proceeds to his hotel, whether on foot or horseback, he must indeed be of elastic temperament if he does not suffer from a sense of depression. None of the exhilarating sights of Western cities meet his eye; the streets are narrow and gloomy; the main street of Pera — and it is here the European must land, for there are no hotels in Constantinople proper or Istamboul — is narrower than Fetter Lane, and the pavement is horrible.

As the traveller proceeds to his hotel he encounters, as a rule, no carriage traffic, for the narrowness of the streets and the abominable pavement do not admit of it, but he may now and then meet with three or four carriages proceeding at foot pace, and preceded by a black eunuch, which contain some women of a great man's harem, and it will not be easy to pass these on horseback. After a laborious and painful progress the traveller at length arrives at his hotel, some two or three of which are in every respect good, all of which are dear. Here he may rest and study the varied characteristics of the city of the sultan.

It is a curious sensation for the citizen of a free country to find himself suddenly living under an absolute despotism. One of the glorious titles of the sultan is Hoonkyar, shedder of blood or manslayer. The true Turk looks upon him as a sort of god, and by no means one of a beneficent nature, but the real Eastern potentate, cruel, capricious, and all-powerful, whom to hear is to obey, and whose slightest whims are of more importance than the well-being of whole populations. Millions are living under this gloomy despotism, administered by pashas whose moral character is probably more depraved in every sense than that of any governing class in the world. But the European, although dwelling under the shadow of the sultan, may be at ease on this point: he is still under the laws of his own country, though, as in all ill-organized and barbarous states, he may be liable to outrage of an accidental kind, for which he can never receive adequate compensation.

Under the reign of Sultan Soleiman, all foreign subjects engaged in trade in the Ottoman dominions were allowed to organize themselves into a sort of municipality, and settle their disputes without reference to the true believers, who had more serious matters to attend to, without troubling themselves with the contemptible squabbles of inferior beings; therefore certain "capitulations" were arranged with the governments of Europe, and a most valuable right was thus contemptuously accorded, which has been jealously guarded ever since. The privilege of living and trading in Turkey, without the constant danger of being fleeced by pashas or robbed by zaptiés, was so valuable, that, as might have been expected, a sort of trade grew up, and the chiefs of missions not only demanded and obtained a number of these téskéres or passports, but began to give them to native Christians for a consideration. In this way a commerce was established of a very profitable kind, all foreign envoys being engaged in it, so that when Sir R. Liston, twenty-fifth British ambassador, arrived in Pera in 1793, and found that his salary mainly depended upon this undignified source, he demanded his recall, or the establishment of a fixed income, and he thus established his embassy in a proper and dignified position. Nothing, however, can more clearly mark the barbarous Asiatic nature of the government of the sultan, than the possibility of such a source of income. Imagine, if we can, the French, the Russian, or German embassy in London being besieged by any class of British subjects, offering money to the ambassadors in return for their protection against the petitioners' government. From the result of an observation of some years in the Levant, we do not hesitate to say that amongst the English and French protected subjects in Tur-

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key, more than two-thirds have no English blood in their veins. Their teskéré is, however, jealously guarded as their most precious treasure, and you could not offend one of these people more than by throwing any doubt on his nationality. When a rayah, tributary, or non-Mussulman Turkish subject has by any amount of scheming obtained an English, French, or Russian passport, he at once does his utmost to obliterate every trace of his former nationality, and he becomes fanatically devoted to his adopted country, whose language, unless it be French or Italian, in nine cases out of ten he cannot speak. He however adopts the European costume, and instead of the flowing, tasteful robes of the East, and the graceful turban or fez, he encases his limbs in tight pantaloons, and covers his head with the hideous black hat. His name, too, often undergoes a change. We remember a so-called English family, named Alepson, the head of which wore the old-fashioned orthodox mutton-chop whiskers, and conformed himself rigidly in everything but speech to the English standard. On inquiry, we found that he was a Syrian originally, whose name was *Alepli oglou* (the son of the Aleppo man). He had simply shaved off, with his beard, the termination *li*, signifying "of such a place," and translated *oglou* correctly into English, "son," and thus with the change of costume had become a *bonâ fide* Englishman in everything but language, which is the usual difficulty. We once stumbled upon a veritable Levantine colony of English. A more fanatically patriotic colony could not have been found in the world, but scarcely a man, and no woman, could be found who spoke English, and not one without a strong foreign accent. Their language was French or Greek. The politics of these British subjects undergo usually a remarkable change with their adopted nationality. Their rayah cousins, still wearing the yoke, are of course intensely hostile to the Turks, but the British subjects begin to talk of the British interests, and of the "integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire." The cause of this is obvious: they are in an exceptionally favored position, and profit by it enormously. While the unfortunate rayah is plundered, directly or indirectly, by some greedy Turkish pasha, the protected Englishman cannot be touched by the Turkish authorities, need not bribe Turkish cadis, and has no fear of being arbitrarily thrown into a Turkish prison. How often has the English tourist member of Parliament sought for information as to the state of the country from English subjects living under English laws in the Levant, and how often has he been told that the Turkish government is after all one of the most tolerant and beneficent the world has seen, and that all the mischief reported of it comes from "Russian intrigues."

We have spoken of the sultan as the Hoonkyar — the shedder of blood — the Eastern potentate who has the power of life and death over his subjects. The exercise of this power has fallen into abeyance, and although dark deeds are still from time to time perpetrated in the palace, these are no longer a matter of course, but are spoken of in whispers as something to be ashamed of, which of course is a great gain. This change is the result of European public opinion, which daily presses more and more on the life of Constantinople, and was chiefly remarked during the reign of the gentle, amiable, and feeble debauchee, Sultan Abdul Mejid, who had a constitutional aversion to the shedding of blood, and who was peculiarly under the influence of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. In the days of the Great Elchie it used to be said that the sultan invariably fortified himself with a stiff glass of brandy before undergoing an interview with the British ambassador. The sultan Abdul Aziz, who is said to have killed himself with a pair of scissors, occasionally was guilty of outbreaks of temper which were formidable to those around him. Mr. Gallenga says: —

> One of his besetting weaknesses was an almost superstitious fear of fire, and it is said that he would allow neither lamp nor candle to be carried about the palace after dark. One night, as he was groping along the corridors, one of his favorite slaves came suddenly out of her apartment, taper in hand, to light his way. He turned upon her in a towering fury, felled her to the ground, trampled

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upon her, and, as she was in Poppæa's interesting condition, the poor girl succumbed to the same fate that the Roman empress met at Nero's hands.

The man to whom is entrusted the irresponsible power over the great Ottoman empire might be supposed to have to undergo no ordinary training for so great a position. To all appearances the sultan in his youth has less education, or a worse education, than the meanest of his subjects. According to Mussulman laws the eldest male is the heir to the throne, consequently he is usually the brother of the reigning sultan. While the latter reigns the former is kept in perpetual confinement. True, he is not thrown into a dungeon, or subject to any privations except loss of liberty; but he is kept, as it were, in a gilded cage. He is provided with a large number of beautiful female slaves, and if any one of these is discovered to be in an interesting condition, the offspring is murdered. He has his yachts, his horses, carriages, dogs, and other luxuries; but he is surrounded by spies, and jealously guarded from intercourse with the outer world, and should any irregularities affecting this strict seclusion be discovered, the imperial prisoner runs great risk of being secretly made away with. The daily life of the sultan himself is well described by Gallenga: —

The impression the Sultan Abdul Aziz made upon me was that of a man consummately bored. All the slaves of the best-stocked harem cannot save empire from its sense of unmitigated loneliness. Nothing, it seems, could equal the inanity, triviality, and utter blank of the sultan's mind. He could gossip on any subject with glibness, but everything in his look and speech betrayed the gloomy ignorance in which his harem education had buried his mental faculties. He appeared altogether destitute of all the powers of reasoning, incapable of any intellectual exertion, and especially of any such effort of imagination as might enable him to break through the magic circle of his concentrated selfishness, and to feel or even show sympathy with any human being. There was nothing so deeply rooted in his brain as the consciousness that the whole world was made for himself alone. The sultan's scheme of government consisted of bidding another to govern in his name. His deputy drew up a firman or iradé addressed to himself — *à toi mon vizir* — signed by himself, and laid before a sovereign, the first and foremost title to whose favor was "never to plague about business." The decree which was to go forth in the sultan's name was presented but not read, and seldom explained at any length to his Majesty, whose mere nod was accepted as his approval and sanction, without any further need of seal or signature.

Within the lifetime of middle-aged men great outward changes have taken place in the life and ceremonial of the court of the sultan. Mr. Walsh, whose book entitled "Residence at Constantinople" was published in 1838, thus describes a visit of the ambassador and suite to the sultan, about 1826: —

Lord Strangford, attended by his suite, proceeded to the palace at the day appointed, about two o'clock. The procession was led by the secretary of legation. He bore before him, in an embroidered case, like the chancellor's purse, the letter of the king to the grand seignior. We entered the edifice by a wide and lofty gateway, from whence, some say, is derived the name of the Sublime Porte. We were introduced into a very spacious apartment, which was the audience-room. Here we were stopped a moment at the door, till the grand vizier and his attendants appeared at the other. This was the signal to advance, when the two crowds hastened to the upper end of the room apparently trying who should arrive there first. Here we found a triangular stool without a back placed at an angle in the divan. Into this angle the grand vizier thrust himself, and waiting till the ambassador had arrived at the stool, they both sat down at the same moment face to face, and then the letter of the king was delivered to the grand vizier.

The following Tuesday, May 22nd, was the great day appointed for the audience with the sultan, and the description of it reads marvellously like a page from the travels of Livingstone, or some African traveller. The ambassador and his suite set out at a very early hour, mounted on richly-caparisoned horses.

The courtesies of life among these people are very extraordinary. It was certainly intended to pay the British ambassador particular respect through the whole of this ceremony, as we afterwards found, yet the vizier saw him, the representative of a great sovereign, with all his suite in full dress, kept waiting under a tree in a dirty street for near an hour; and though he courteously bowed to the Bostanji Bashi, and other Turkish officers, he did not condescend to take the slightest notice of us, no more than if we had been part of the crowd of hammals or porters with packs on their backs, who were gathered with us to see the great man pass by. When he went on we had leave to proceed. We followed him at a humble distance up a steep street. At the top of the street was the Babi Hummayoon, or Sublime Porte, the first entrance to the Seraglio. Here was a characteristic sight. The piles of human faces which I had seen a short time before were all trampled to the level of the ground. A few of the largest,

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however, seemed reserved for this occasion. On each side of the gate were niches in the wall, and in one of these some boys were amusing themselves. I had the curiosity to look as usual for some trait of national manners, which is seen even in the sports of children, and I found it. They had got half a dozen of these mutilated heads, which they were balancing on their toes, and knocking one off with another.

The embassy was first led through the Imperial Mint, and then, after pipes and coffee, to the second court of the Seraglio; and here, according to the ostentatious childish policy of the court, the strangers were shown the Janissaries receiving their pay. The ambassador and suite were next taken to an audience-room called the Divan, and after payment of the troops, the Europeans were taken to a barbarous feast, where they had to feed themselves with their fingers. "At the ambassador's table spoons were laid, which were supposed to be of horn. They were, however, of jasper, and said to be part of the costly table service of the Greek emperors, preserved since the taking of Constantinople. The tray also was silver of the same era, but so tarnished that it was not easy to distinguish the metal." Before any one was admitted to the sultan a fur pelisse was given him, in which he was enveloped. After an interminable number of tedious ceremonies the embassy was taken to the gate of the harem. "This gate was decorated with the most gorgeous display of Turkish sculpture. It was covered by a large semicircular projecting canopy, supported on pillars richly carved, gilt and embossed, in a style of architecture perfectly Oriental. Round the entry were several officers in their richest dresses, some in stuffs shot with gold, which, as they moved, were quite dazzling; but those which struck us most were the unfortunate eunuchs. Some of these were boys or young men from sixteen to twenty. They were tall, bloated, and disproportioned; their countenances were of a sickly sallow hue, with a delicate hectic flush and an expression of extreme anguish and anxiety, as if they suffered pain, and labored under a deep sense of degradation." While Mr. Walsh was gazing on these things in a kind of absorption of mind, he was roused by being suddenly seized by the collar by two men, one at each side. He observed that each of the party was caught in the same manner, and in this way they were dragged down a broad descending passage between rows of guards to the interior of the harem. Here they were taken into a small, gloomy little chamber, one half of which was occupied by the visitors, the other by a large throne, exactly resembling in size and shape an old-fashioned four-post bed without curtains. This was covered with what at first seemed to be a gay-colored cotton quilt, but it was a rich stuff embroidered with dull gold and pearls. "On the side of this, with his feet hanging down, sat the sultan, exactly in the attitude of a man getting out of bed in the morning. Next to him, standing stiff, with his back to the wall, was the vizier, and next to him the capitan pasha: they both were motionless as statues, with their eyes riveted on the ground. The sultan never turned his head, which he kept straight forward, as immovable as if it were fixed in a vice; but his eye was continually rolling, and the white of it, something like the color of white glass, gleaming now and then under his mahogany forehead, as he glanced sideway at us, gave him a most demon-like expression. The speech of the ambassador, expressing a desire on the part of his Britannic Majesty to continue the ties of amity and good-will between the two powers, was translated to the sultan by his trembling dragoman, and after a short pause he replied in a low, but firm and haughty tone, addressing himself apparently to the vizier, who repeated the speech very badly and hesitatingly to the dragoman, who stammered it out in French to the ambassador." The dragoman's terror was deplorable; the perspiration dropped from his countenance, and no wonder: his predecessor had just been executed, and he had no hope of escaping the same fate, nor did he.

The interview did not last ten minutes, when the ambassador and suite were seized by their collars and arms and hurried out of the presence. This curious custom is said to have arisen from the murder of Murad I., commonly called Amurath. During or just before the battle of Kossovo a Servian nobleman, Milosh Kabilovich, rode to the Turkish camp, pretending that he was a deserter, and professing to have something of great importance to communicate. He was admitted to the presence of the sultan, and, while prostrating himself, he caught the sultan with the left hand and stabbed him with the right. From that time until comparatively lately every stranger approaching his Majesty was held by both arms, so as to preclude the possibility of any attempt on the sultan's life. It scarcely seems possible that

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ambassadors still living amongst us were condemned to go through these humiliations within a comparatively recent period. We believe it was Sir Stratford Canning who first, by desire of his court, made a stand against these barbarous ceremonies, which were dropped, not we may suppose through any remonstrances of the British ambassador, but through the action of the Russians, who about the time of the change had reduced the pride of the barbarians to the dust, and dictated a peace at Adrianople.

Some years after the ceremonies above described we accompanied Sir Stratford Canning (now the venerable Lord Stratford de Redcliffe) to an audience of the sultan Abdul Mejid. The ceremony was remarkable only from its simplicity. The party filled the large state caique of the ambassador, as we were about a dozen persons, the officials being in uniform. After half an hour's delay in an antechamber, where we smoked Latakia tobacco from diamond-mounted chibouques and sipped coffee from costly little cups, we were marshalled up the grand staircase of the palace of Dolma Baghtché, through a lane of guards dressed in a mongrel half-European costume. Entering the large salaamlik, or audience chamber, we found ourselves at once in the presence of the sultan. He was dressed in a very plain European costume, with sundry pashas in heavily embroidered gold coats standing near him. The sultan looked inexpressibly bored and ill at ease; his countenance was as vacuous as any that could be found in Earlswood; he fumbled uneasily with the hilt of his sword, shifted his postures, and gazed vacantly at the ceiling, while the ambassador made one of those pompous little speeches which are the commonplaces of diplomacy. The British dragoman translated the speech, and then translated, or tried to translate somewhat liberally, the few disjointed sentences that tumbled out of the mouth of the half-witted, worn-out debauchee that stood before us. We were then dismissed, but departed as we had entered, free men, without our arms being held. One remarkable circumstance struck us, and that was the mode in which the dragoman did his duty. He spoke in a low voice, according to etiquette, but his words were distinct enough, and we were close behind him.

For many reigns the sultans always affected to be sovereign lords of the world, owning no equals: they would never deign to receive or answer any communication directly from Christian sovereigns, who, according to Turkish etiquette, ranked with the grand vizier, not with the sultan. The usual term applied to the sovereigns of Frangistan or Europe was Kral, the title of the tributary kings of Servia, Bosnia, and such like States; and whenever the European powers joined in an alliance with the sultan against another power, all good Moslems affected to believe that the sultan had summoned other tributary states against the rebellious Russians or French, as the case might be, just as the ancient kings of Servia were summoned to fight in the sultan's battles. The chief title of the sultan was Padishah, and it became a matter of grave negotiation to enforce the usage of this title by the Sublime Porte towards other great powers, a usage always resisted by the Porte, but enforced at last at the point of the sword. Thus the thirteenth article of the Treaty of Kainardji runs as follows: "The Sublime Porte promises to employ the sacred title of the Empress of all the Russias in all public acts and letters, as well as in all other cases, in the Turkish language, that is to say, '*Temamen Roussilerin Padishah.*'" What was our surprise and disgust to hear on this occasion the official dragoman term the queen of Great Britain (herself a far greater Moslem sovereign than the sultan himself) the Kralishé, the female Kral of England. Strange to say, the ambassador, himself a veteran diplomatist, who at that time had been, we believe, more than forty years in Turkey, could not speak or even understand a single sentence of Turkish, so that he meekly endured the indignity; and for anything we know to the contrary, the Levantine dragomans of the embassy still go on using the term, unless Mr. Layard, who has, we believe, a slight knowledge of Turkish, has detected the term and objected to it. Many objections have been made to the employment of dragomans bred and born in the country, and not without reason. They are as a rule imbued with a craven fear of Turkish authorities, a fear which becomes hereditary in these oppressed countries; moreover, they are not remarkable for the high-toned feelings which we ascribe to English gentlemen. An effort was made about thirty years ago by Lord Palmerston to change the system, and to substitute young Englishmen from the universities, but for some reason or other the plan was not approved of by Sir Stratford Canning, and so it failed before his steady opposition.

At the commencement of the reign of each sultan there is usually a loud fanfar-

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onade of trumpets in the Western press proclaming the new sultan to be an enlightened man of Western ideas and the husband of one wife. All this was said on the enthronement of Abdul Aziz in 1861, when the writer ventured in a letter to the *Times* to point out that this sultan had fifteen hundred women in his harem, and that his extravagance was likely to resemble that of his predecessor. Events proved the accuracy of the statement.

Strictly speaking, the sultan has no wife. When Bayazid I. was conquered and taken captive by Timour the Tartar at Angora, in 1402, his harem passed to his conquerer, the most indelible humiliation that an Eastern can suffer. The Osmanlis felt acutely the indignity thus offered to their sultan, and so to diminish the shame of any future occurrence of the kind, it was determined that no sultan should hereafter be married, or have a legitimate wife that could be so dishonored; but although the monarch has no wife, the children born of his concubines are legitimate; indeed, throughout Islam it is but necessary for a man to own a child to legitimatize it, the Moslem law in this respect being more rational and merciful than the Christian or Roman. The harem of each sultan is immense, for the most valued gift from a great pasha is a beautiful slave girl, so that the imperial harem fills from year to year, for each woman honored by the notice of the sultan has an establishment of her own, consisting of slave girls, eunuchs, etc. When Sultan Abdul Aziz had been disposed of by an alleged suicide, and it was necessary to remove his family, fifty-three boats were employed to carry his women, children, nurses, slaves, etc. The women in the establishment are pretty nearly on an equality in cultivation and refinement, if indeed they have any. They are usually the children of peasants, not of the peasants of the West, broken and coarse with hard labor, but of the wilder, freer, and more graceful tribes of the Caucasus. Formerly these female slaves were from every northern nation. Turkish corsairs so late as the last century carried off slaves even from the coast of Ireland, and it may be that the sultans have Irish blood in their veins. The mother of Abdul Mejid was a Georgian Christian slave; but the Russians have protected the people of the Transcaucasian provinces from the periodical raids of Turkish slave-dealers, and have even limited the slave-trade with the Circassian tribes, so that the inmates of the imperial harem are usually women from the lower tribes of the pagan or Mussulman Caucasus. So invariably beautiful are these chosen ones, that the wonder is the sultans have not usually been finer men.

It is a mistake to suppose that the sultan's harem is a collection of women placed indiscriminately at his Majesty's service. On the contrary there is, we are informed, a severe etiquette observed in all the intercourse between the monarch and his female slaves. The mother of the first-born prince takes precedence of all others, but does not assume the title of sultan until her son comes to the throne. There is no such title as sultana, sultan being, like effendi, common to both sexes. When a new sultan comes to the throne his mother assumes the title of sultan valide, and is second in the empire, with a residence and court of her own, and with an income of about £110,000 a year. Her household is said to consist of one hundred and fifty persons. When a slave girl bears a child to the monarch she becomes a kadin, and has a place of precedence accorded her, being second, third, or fourth, as the case may be. There is a sort of divinity which doth hedge every member of the imperial family. The female members are given in marriage by the sultan to his favorite pashas, or rather these latter are given to his sisters and daughters as they grow up. The unfortunate victim of the sultan's favor finds his exaltation not one of unmitigated bliss. The wife, if one may believe general report, is too often a cruel tyrant, rendering her husband's life a burden to him. He always approaches her in the most abject manner, and waits on her as a slave. These women possess enormous political influence of an occult and irresponsible kind, and exercised entirely in favor of men, not measures. It is said that a good-looking man on this account (and on another, of which more anon) has tenfold the chance of rising in the world that a plain man possesses. None of these sisters or daughters of the sultan are allowed to rear children, lest they should in any way dispute the succession to the throne. The barbarous practice, worthy only of Coomassie, is still in full vigor. Mihr Sultan, the daughter of Mahmoud II., lost her life through this custom. She was married to Said Pasha, and finding herself pregnant, she resolved to anticipate the murderer's work, and so consulted one of the wise women, usually Jewesses, who are adepts at procuring abortion. In this case the deleterious potions killed the unfortunate mother, who died in con-

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vulsions. It is said that when the occurrence was reported to the sultan he shed tears, and vowed to change the custom, but it remains. In 1842 Ateya Sultan, sister of Abdul Mejid and wife of Halil Pasha, became pregnant. She had already had one infant murdered, and the prospect of another being sacrificed so preyed upon her spirits, that she resolved, with her husband, to procure the sultan's permission for the baby to live. Great exertions were made in consequence, and the poor mother was permitted to share those pure and holy joys in common with the meanest of the sultan's subjects. In due course the baby was born, a fine, healthy boy, and the royal mother herself gave it nourishment. At once a deep conspiracy was formed amongst the conservatives of the seraglio and the women who were the mothers of the imperial princes. On the morning of the third day, when the mother awoke and called to her attendants to bring her the baby from the magnificent inlaid cradle in which it reposed, the sorrowing nurse informed the horrified mother that the baby had died in the night of convulsions, and that etiquette had forbidden them to awaken the mother. On hearing this, and seeing the body of the child, the unhappy princess was seized with violent paroxysms, followed by delirium, which was succeeded by a mortal languor. On the seventy-fifth day her remains were deposited in the mausoleum of her father.

These instances of this barbarous and cruel custom are cited in White's "Three Years in Constantinople," but the writer can safely assert that it is still in force; and while he lived in Constantinople, the Hekim Bashi, or chief medical officer of the sultan, since dead, divulged to him a case in which he was called to procure abortion, one of the slaves of Abdul Aziz, while a prisoner and before he was called to the throne, being found to be pregnant. The Hekim Bashi told the sultan that upon being admitted to take his degree of M.D. he had sworn a solemn oath that he would never use his knowledge to procure abortion, and therefore humbly begged his Majesty to excuse him. The weak but gentle Abdul Mejid respected the doctor's oath, and called in a wise woman to perform the operation. During the long imprisonment of Abdul Aziz, abortion, or child-murder, always ensued on the occasion of any of his concubines threatening to found a nursery; but in spite of the vigilance of the sultan's emissaries the imperial prisoner contrived, on one occasion, to secrete one of his children, a fine boy, whom he saved from destruction, and on his coming to the throne produced him to his court. This remarkable instance of an infraction of Turkish rules was not encouraging to the friends of civilization, for the new sultan endeavored to set aside the order of Moslem succession in favor of the son thus rescued from destruction. He appointed him commander-in-chief of the army, and chose his military commanders and his ministers mainly as they favored his revolutionary idea with regard to his son. For some years the country was threatened with civil war, which was only averted by the deposition and death of Abdul Aziz, when the real heir, his nephew, and son of the late Abdul Mejid, came to the throne, only to be deposed as mad. In the great events of the past few months this young prince has been lost sight of: he is probably now a close prisoner, if he has not been murdered, which is still more likely.

In mentioning eunuchs, which to this day are as much a part of a great man's establishment in Turkey as powdered-haired lackeys are in England, we may say a few words on the subject of slavery. This detestable institution is now mainly supported by Turkey, including Egypt and Persia. When Sultan Abdul Mejid required the help of France and England, when threatened with a Russian attack in 1854, he published a firman in which he declared, while surrounded by mutilated eunuchs, that "man is the most noble of all the creatures emanating from the hands of God; that he destined him to be happy, in graciously according him to be born free." The sultan was shocked to hear that certain persons in Circassia and Georgia were selling their children and other relatives into slavery, and even kidnapping other people's children, selling them like cattle and common merchandise. He determined to put an end to this blamable and abominable practice, and directed his minister to inflict severe punishment both upon the buyer and seller of human beings. At that time officers of the army were to our certain knowledge kidnapping boys and girls from the Georgian villages and trafficking in them, even while the English were in alliance with the Turks. Again, in January, 1857, in a firman addressed to the pasha of Egypt, and to the authorities throughout the Ottoman dominions, the sultan discovered that the measures respecting the prohibition of the negro slave-trade had been of no effect, and that "a great number of these slaves, during

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the journey from their country to the coast, perish from the fatigues and hardships they are exposed to in the deserts; while the remainder, owing to their passage from warm to cold climates, become subject to pulmonary and other diseases, by which means most of them are cut off from the enjoyment of life at an early age." The most rigorous measures of suppression towards this unholy traffic were enjoined. Edhem Pasha, in a despatch addressed to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, dated January 29, 1857, solemnly pledged the Porte to the severest measures; and several years later Sir Henry Bulwer assured her Majesty's government that slavery was at an end throughout the sultan's dominions, though slaves, both black and white, negro and Circassian, were bought and sold in various parts of the city, notably at Suleymanyeh, on the north side of the Golden Horn, at Tophané, and at Koomkapoosi. True it is that by the pressure of the Western powers slaves are not now sold so openly as formerly: indeed, the Turks are compelled to adopt a little trickery in the commerce. The dealer, usually a Circassian, travels to his native country, where women are bought and sold as a matter of course. He chooses four young girls suitable for the market, and marries them; that is to say, he goes through the legal Moslem formula of marriage, keeping them virgins. He then takes them to Constantinople, and if he meets any Russian cruisers on the way, of course the officers cannot interfere between the man and his legitimate wives. Arrived at Constantinople, the dealer forthwith divorces his brides, and sells them for what they will fetch, which is usually a handsome price. After the conclusion of this commercial affair the *divorced* man takes another trip in search of more wives, and if he can manage three or four voyages during the year, he makes a very good living, all the while keeping well within the law. Many of the Circassians, now settled in the Christian provinces of Turkey, where they are nothing if not brigands, add to their illicit gains that of breeding children for sale. A traveller, provided he be Moslem, would have no more difficulty in picking up good bargains in human, any more than in horse flesh, among the Circassian villages, fathers and mothers being the sellers, for hard cash. Mr. Gallenga informs us that "young Shamyl, the son of the renowned Circassian hero, who lived as a guest at the Russian embassy, told me, as the most natural thing in the world, that at one of these beauty shops (in Constantinople) he was offered a first-rate article, for which he was asked three hundred and fifty Turkish lire, and he offered one hundred and fifty lire, when the bargain broke down simply because the slave merchant did not allow the would-be purchaser to take the merchandise home with him for a week on trial."

As this author well remarks, "As a Turk cannot, owing to the peculiar institutions of Islam, hope to win an alien wife for love, he is content to get one or more for money." As a matter of fact, the Turks, who marry their children very young, usually prefer a slave wife for their sons. The writer was once spending the evening with a Turkish friend, a fair specimen of a good Turkish dignitary (and there are not a few naturally good ones). His friend, Mehemed Effendi, informed us that he was going to marry his younger brother, Reshid, to a young slave girl whom he was to acquire without purchase, through a piece of good luck. A friend and neighbor had an only son, and for this son the mother had purchased a child of ten, whom she had carefully educated to be his wife. Just as the boy reached the marriageable age of sixteen, and was about to be married, he died, and so the mother had taken a sort of antipathy to the girl, and offered her to Mehemed Effendi, for his young brother, who was sixteen. Our friend told us that it was considered an immense advantage to have no wife's relations to trouble one: he himself had only two wives, one a Moslem, the other a Greek, the latter keeping her religion. How he came by the Greek wife he never informed us: we suspect she was purchased from some miserably poor family, for there are Greek families in the quarters of Tatavola and elsewhere who are as ready to sell their daughters as the Circassians; but religious prejudice has so strong a hold on them, that they would usually prefer to sell their daughters to a Christian debauchee than to a good Turk for his wife. Our Turkish friend informed us that he was heartily tired of both his wives, and would rejoice if they died, as they were a great expense and trouble. He was, like all Turks that we have known, exceedingly fond of his children, and these were quite charming. A Turkish child is carefully educated in etiquette, and this is contrived to be instilled into their little minds without in any way affecting the buoyancy and gaiety of their young hearts. When you are shown into the salaamlik, or reception-room, the chil-

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dren of the house, who have the free run of the male and female apartments under the age of eleven, come forward to receive the visitors, and kiss their hands in the most graceful fashion. They then take their seats on the divan, and behave like little men and women until dismissed by the father, when they will be heard romping in the next room, as boisterous as English schoolboys, but certainly gentler and better-behaved. The education of these children is exceedingly imperfect; they are taught to read and write, but few ever attain the art of reading with fluency, and still fewer of writing. Their moral conduct as to externals is carefully looked after, but gross and obscene language does not seem to be forbidden; and on festival days, or rather nights, in the Ramazan, an entertainment called *karagooz* is exhibited in the harems, which is of the most obscene character, and would not be tolerated by the police of any European city.

It is a vulgar error to suppose that Turkish women are shut up and imprisoned like birds in a cage. On the contrary, in some respects they have more liberty than European women. Few Europeans would quite like to hear that their wives and daughters were roaming over the city in a mask, and disguised in a costume which renders recognition impossible, yet such is the habit of Turkish women. From time immemorial their masters, by no means undervaluing female chastity, but, on the contrary, somewhat morbidly jealous on the point, have never trusted their wives, who too often are uncultured, purchased savages; and so, instead of educating their females, and cultivating their feelings of honor and chastity, have adopted a system of jealous etiquette and seclusion from the male sex. No woman can speak to any man but her husband, except veiled, and out of doors in the public streets, and on matters of business. Hence the women go out shopping carefully veiled and wearing the feredjee, a large cloak completely concealing the figure. The bazaars are of course full of Turkish women, and so are the Frank shops of Pera. From time to time a ferocious edict is issued by the sultan, ordering that no Turkish woman shall enter any shop in Pera, proving beyond doubt that there were reasons for the edict. A rigorous order in this respect is kept in Stamboul proper amongst the native Christians, for it is simply death for a rayah to intrigue with a Moslem woman. If, on such an event happening, any diplomatic pressure is brought to bear on the government to mitigate the penalty of death, the male offender is nevertheless thrown into prison, and in all human probability he is never seen or heard of again: as for the poor woman, of course she disappears into the depths of the Bosphorus. Only the wealthy Turks can afford the luxury of eunuchs: the mass of the people have to do without these unfortunate guardians of female chastity, but it is rare to find any Turkish family, however humble, that has not a black woman slave. These are the maids-of-all-work, and considered necessaries of life, for no Turkish family would allow a daughter to go to live out of her mother's house: the family would be disgraced by such a step. It is considered to the last degree disgraceful for the master of the house to be intimate with the black female slave, and although there is in the large cities quite a population of these, it is rare to see a mulatto. The external life of the Turks is remarkably decent and orderly. The purely Moslem quarters of Stamboul are comparatively clean, and free from disorder or license. Drunkenness, which is by no means a Moslem vice, is kept out of sight when it exists, and the sounds of riotous revelry are not heard either night or day. If any bachelor takes a house in a quarter, he is bound to have a wife or concubine, or be subject to remonstrance; and if any irregularity is detected in his conduct, the elders of the quarter force him to leave. Whenever a European has taken a house in a Moslem quarter, no matter how perfect his conduct may be, he at once becomes the object of disagreeable attentions on the part of his neighbors: his windows are surreptitiously broken, his garden is filled with the bodies of dead dogs and cats, and rubbish that can be handily thrown over his wall finds there a receptacle. He never appears at his door or window but he runs the risk of contact with pebbles or dirty water, and it is rare to find any one hardy enough to outlive the constant persecution to which he or his family are subject. No feelings of chivalry actuate the Turkish mind; his wife and daughters are even more liable to insult and injury than himself. In commercial dealings the Turk is decidedly more to be trusted than the Greek, and as the morality of these Levantine traders is indescribably low, we may go further and say that the truthfulness and honesty of many of the Turkish burghers are quite remarkable, independent of any comparison, but there is a great gulf between the

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burgher tradesman and the pasha. No words can exaggerate the deep moral depravity of the governing class, the gentlemen of Turkey, the men of such charming manners who hospitably receive our travelling dukes and members of Parliament, who come away with the conviction that these viziers and pashas only want fair play to make of Turkey a paradise. To the initiated it is quite amusing to see how some gentlemen are gulled and bamboozled by these smooth-faced rogues, who talk so glibly, and with such an air of conviction, of progress and liberal measures, and how even in their ordinary social intercourse strangers are made fools of for the amusement of the neighbors and lackeys who are present. The etiquette of the most ordinary social meeting is elaborate, and a pasha delights in offering all sorts of petty slights to his European visitor, while he, all unconscious of the treatment he is undergoing, is charmed with the dignified and graceful manner of the false rogue who is entertaining him. More than once have we known a Turk detected and roughly exposed, when his abject penitence has been edifying. There is no hereditary aristocracy at Constantinople, though there are the remains of such in several parts of the empire, notably in Bosnia, Lazistan, and Kurdistan. The governing class in the metropolis is recruited in various ways; partly, no doubt, from the sons of pashas, but mainly from the horde of adventurers that crowd the capital. It would be a curious task to get a list of pashas, with their origin. As many, not to say most, of the matrons of Constantinople, including women of high social position, have been slave girls, so many of their husbands have been in early life slave boys, and there is moreover a curious resemblance between the histories of both that is far too revolting for further allusion. An episode in the dismal history of Scio will throw some light on the subject. Mr. Walsh says: —

But such was not the fate of other boys, who were reserved for a very dismal fate. Some were brought into harems, some were kept at infamous public places in Galata to which Turks resort, and some are even exposed in coffee-houses on the public road. A friend of mine at this time coming by land from Smyrna met one of them in a khan, who earnestly entreated him to kill him. He had been exposed to every surrogee and low Turk passing the road, and felt the misery and degradation so acutely that he could not survive it. Those whose fate was least severe were compelled to turn Mahomedans. Circumcision was performed on forty or fifty at once.

This quotation will illustrate much of what passes in Turkey. Many a pasha, known to fame throughout Europe, has been a good-looking slave boy, Circassian, Georgian, or Greek, condemned to a horrible moral depravity in his early youth, but having gained the favor of an influential pasha, has been put into an important position, and gradually or rapidly risen by his talents and cleverness. The Turks never hesitate to put a friend in a position of trust and confidence, whatever may have been his origin, nor do we for a moment mean to intimate that all careers or anything like all have so base a source; but too many have, and of that there can be no doubt.

Most pashas can read and write; some are learned, but these we imagine could be counted on the fingers of one hand; some can neither read nor write. The caimacam of a district south of the Balkans was found to have been the domestic servant of Midhat Pasha quite lately, and this, too, is one of the commonest origins of pashas. A Turkish pasha from such a source is not likely to know any but the rudiments of literature, but having ingratiated himself with his master, he is put in the way of making a career for himself, and by dint of presents and constant adoration of his powerful patron, he is always protected, and eventually may rise to the highest positions. The career of renegades is not usually a happy one, though some have been brilliantly successful. The most striking one of recent times that occurs to us is that of Omar Pasha. He was originally a subaltern officer in the Grenzer Guard of Croatia, but fled across the frontier and became a Moslem. For many years he had to suffer all sorts of bitter contumely and privations, but at last secured some powerful friends, and then began to rise. He undertook the punishment of Beder Khan Bey, the Koordish chief who massacred ten thousand Christians in the Tyari Mountains about 1845. Sir Stratford Canning compelled the Turks to punish the perpetrators of this crime, and as the Porte had not been encouraged by the Crimean War to believe themselves necessary to Europe, the Kurds were punished, and numerous captives restored to their homes. Omar Pasha next won laurels in the suppression of the revolt of the Bosnian beys in 1851–52, and lastly became Serdar-i-Ekrem, or commander-in-chief of the Turkish armies during the Crimean War, during which he cannot be

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said to have much distinguished himself, nor yet to have suffered any great reverses. He showed no tactical talents whatever, but the allies came in to save him from the fate which has befallen his successors in the late Russo-Turkish war. In Bagdad and other places where he was sent as governor, Omar Pasha proved himself as cruel and corrupt as any Turkish pasha, which qualities were probably the secret of his social success. The most honest and upright of renegades that we ever encountered were those who were driven from their country on the suppression of the Hungarian revolution by the despotic conservative the czar Nicholas. Amongst these we may mention Feizi Pasha, who was chief of the staff during the blockade of Kars in 1855, and who was precisely in the same position in the siege of Kars in 1877. He is a brave and upright soldier, but evidently has not the qualities that push a man on in the service of the Porte. Another quality besides that of subserviency and corrupt pliancy has often proved successful in Turkey, and that is rigid Moslem piety, but this succeeds better in the country districts than in Constantinople. Mr. Consul Taylor, of Erzeroom, mentions a certain Sheikh Obeyd Ullah, near Van, who himself had murdered so many Christians, and destroyed so many churches, that even the government of the Porte was scandalized, and ordered his punishment. He nevertheless was not molested, and moreover entered Erzeroom in triumph, for the governor-general and his functionaries gave him a public reception, according him the honors due to a saint or demigod.

After all, the *fons et origo mali* in Turkey is the Established Church. The evils of a Church supported and favored by the government are sufficiently known in countries with less marked religious divisions: what must they be where but one religion is recognized as worthy of man, and where all dissenters, Ghiaours, or unbelievers, are only allowed to ransom their heads on payment of haratch, a special tax for that purpose; where the oath of a Christian cannot be taken in a Turkish court of justice; where such a burial certificate as the following was delivered by the cadi of Mardin to the relatives of a deceased Christian: "We certify to the priest of the Church of Mary that the impure, putrefied, stinking carcass of Saideh, damned this day, may be concealed under ground. El Said Mehemed Faizi. A. H. Rajil 2."

Instances of intolerance, even after death, occur, we admit, in our own country: the same spirit, though much chastened and kept in order by public opinion, breaks out from time to time in English rural parishes; but in this country we have at least a strong sense of decency, and above all a free expression of public opinion, with the protection of the law in extreme cases. In Turkey the dominant race have it all their own way, and apparently only an insignificant minority of this dominant race seem to disapprove of such outbreaks of fanaticism. A strong force ever ready to support the government in all contests with the hated Ghiaours exists in the softas, a body of young men brought up to be simultaneously lawyers and clergymen, for the two professions may be said to be united in Turkey, since all law is based upon the Koran. Education in Turkey, as in England, is divided into the primary or elementary classes, and the higher courses, similar to our university education. Attached to every mosque throughout the empire is a mekteb, or village school, and here reading and writing are taught, together with portions of the Koran which are learned by heart. Those of the pupils who are intended for liberal professions are removed to the medresses, where they pursue a laborious system of antiquated study, comprising rhetoric, logic, philosophy, dogma, jurisprudence, astronomy, etc. These students are softas, most of whom are enrolled in the corps of ulemas, and eventually become cadis and mollahs. They are educated and lodged and have one meal daily at the expense of the wakoof, or religious foundation. These medresses resemble much our own ancient universities in their religious exclusiveness, and the conservative character of the studies. The students, however, unlike those of most Continental cities, are intensely conservative and fanatical, looking on Church and State as the divinely ordained state of things, and ready to fight all enemies, domestic or foreign, in defence of this shibboleth. The idea that outsiders, Ghiaours, Kaffirs, or dissenters, have any human rights, is revolting to the softa mind. Unlike the members of our universities, the softas or students are usually very poor. It is incredible what amount of self-denial these poor fellows undergo in pursuit of knowledge: they have been found at times not far from death through physical exhaustion from want of food. The softas are usually heard of in times of political excitement, and seem to have, in a measure, taken the place of the Janissaries. Mr. Gallenga,

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who was in Constantinople as the *Times* correspondent during the exciting days of 1876, thus speaks of the softas: —

The 11th of May raised the softas to the height of popularity. Their movement, it is said, was a peaceful one, though they had bought so many revolvers. It had a political and not a religious character, though the softas are "divinity and law students of a superior class" in a community where divinity and law are one and the same thing, and though they obey the influence of the ulemas — divinity doctors — whose exclusive rule is the Koran. Led by priests, these priestlings, we are told, had held meetings in the mosques. Their deputations delivered into the sultan's hands petitions, which, backed by their imposing processions at the head of a wondering multitude, had acted on the abject fears of a craven monarch with sufficient power to work out the desired effect. The men who had been planning and were now accomplishing the revolution, the men who had aspired to power and were now grasping it — the pashas, the Midhats, Hussein Avnis, and their friends — well knew what instruments the softas could become in their hands. They looked upon the support of the army as insufficient, and they could not reckon on that of the utterly demoralized and helpless people. After the fall of the Janissaries, the pashas reasoned, there was no power in the country to equal that of the softas. Arbitrary political rule was based here on blind religious submission. The vices of the State had their roots in the corruption of the Church. The despot was inviolable because he was invested with the character of an infallible pontiff. The disorder admitted only of one treatment. The antidote must be sought where the poison lay. The enslavement of the people was the result of the perversion of Koran truth. But they, the softas, were the interpreters of the Koran.

At the commencement of the Crimean War, before the Western allies had come forward, the softas were very troublesome to the authorities by their fanatic impatience to fight the Ghiaours. Numbers of them, it was said, were put under arrest by the authorities and sent off to the army, and some were cast into prison. These latter were undoubtedly most to be pitied. The condition of the Turkish prison is indescribably bad. A Turkish prison usually consists of one or more large rooms, hot in summer and cold in winter. A long wooden construction almost two feet high runs along the wall, and on this the prisoners lie. They are of all sorts, young and old, and have perfect liberty to talk, smoke, sing, or even play on the little musical instruments which some bring with them. The younger and weaker ones are bullied by the stronger ruffians. The food depends much upon the honesty or humanity of the jailers, or the pasha at the head of the department, and the ventilation and cleanliness leave much to be desired. We have described the ordinary lock-up, but for some offenders, such as Bulgarian peasants, there are worse places, of which the following is a description: —

I went down below the level of the paved court, and was confronted by a massive door fastened by a ponderous iron bar. The door was opened. I went in, and found myself in a large crypt entirely destitute of any skylight, loophole, or any cleft or fissure through which, the door being closed, either outer air or daylight could be admitted. The thick walls all round were damp and mouldy, and the floor was bare earth, muddy and foul beyond imagination. There was no stretcher or board or pallet for a bed, no stool, no table, no article of furniture or utensil of any kind. The wretched man lay on a thin piece of matting, all wet, all torn to shreds, and had nothing besides to relieve his absolute, intense misery.

Cassape, a journalist and man of letters, was thrown into one of these dungeons, but at the end of three days he was removed to one of the upper prisons, as he was on the point of dying. The worst feature in the prison question is the fact that people are arrested and thrown into these places at the arbitrary will of a great man, and too often from personal vindictiveness, and there may lie untried and apparently forgotten. We remember on one occasion when a new minister came into power, and with the proverbial zeal of new functionaries he inspected the prisons, he found an unfortunate man who had been in prison for years. On examining him, he found he had been arrested one night in the streets for being found without a lantern — the streets being unlighted, every person is bound to provide himself with a lantern — and so he was put into prison and there left, his case never being inquired into.

One of the first of curiosities that strikes the eyes of strangers arriving at Constantinople, or indeed at any Eastern city, is the number of ownerless dogs in the streets. The stranger usually lands at Tophané, and here is a huge mound or dunghill, the accumulation of refuse which is thrown here, and part of which rolls into the tide of the Bosphorus. The organic matter on this heap naturally attracts the dogs. They are a listless, sleepy race of animals during the day, but in the night they are more lively, and it is

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said that at times they are dangerous. They are of various forms and appearance, owing to the crossing at times of domesticated animals, but the genuine type is that of a foxy-looking animal, of a reddish hue, with a sharp nose and prick ears, almost the size of a small colley dog. They are sometimes called wild dogs, which is scarcely an accurate description, as they are thoroughly domesticated amongst men, though they have no owners. They are of a certain use as scavengers, though this office is performed by them in a perfunctory manner; for the writer has observed that as long as they can obtain the offal from houses, broken bread, meat, and the like, they will not touch dead animals that the Turks allow to lie in the streets. These carcasses are usually dragged to the Bosphorus and thrown into the water. There is a distinct and remarkable organization in the dog community. They have their separate quarters, and it is death to stray into another quarter.

The writer once made acquaintance with a mild-faced animal that lived in the same street, which was easily done, as these animals are always eager to attach themselves to any individual whom they recognize as having seen more than once, and a bit of bread or even a caress will at once win the heart of one of them. This poor dog used to greet our appearance with the liveliest expressions of canine attachment, and he would follow us to the end of the street. There he stopped, wagging his tail, and looking wistfully and lovingly, but no persuasion could induce him to break the canine municipal law: slowly and sadly he returned to his haunt, a sort of hollow beneath a doorstep.

The Turks are compassionate to these dogs, the Christians cruel: the latter consider them a nuisance, and persecute them with blows, scalding water, and poison, and some Christian quarters, notably Pera and Galata, have pretty well rid themselves of these creatures. The Turks gather together the leavings of their houses and throw them into the street, where they are quickly disposed of; but a good Moslem will never touch a dog, as it is an unclean animal. It is quite touching to see the affectionate invitations of a Turkish shepherd dog to be caressed by his master: he will throw himself at his feet, whine, and roll in the dust, but his master merely answers *usht* — begone — which he accompanies with a kick of the foot. To Europeans these street dogs are decidedly a nuisance. All night long they trouble the repose of the wakeful, not by continued barking, but what is much worse, by sudden outbreaks of barking and howling every quarter or half hour. If a stranger passes through the street after dark he is liable to be severely bitten. This liability is not extended to the main thoroughfares, where the animals are accustomed to much night traffic, but it is quite dangerous to venture into unfrequented streets and quarters. Mr. White says of these dogs:

> Friendless, houseless, and maltreated, exposed to all the vicissitudes of temperature, feeding upon the foulest and most putrescent matter, sometimes starving, sometimes gorged, constantly fighting and wrangling, bruised and maimed, the natural result, one might imagine, would be a tendency to hydrophobia. Yet, although cases of this kind have been known, they are extremely rare. It is difficult to account for this phenomenon. It would appear, then, as if constant exposure to cold, heat, rain, and snow, were in itself a preventive; and that meagre diet, combined with unrestrained liberty and communication of the sexes, are more efficient antidotes than regular food and shelter. It is possible also that the breed of dogs is more primitive, and less tender or susceptible to organic derangement than more pure and artificial bred races.

We ourselves are not disposed to admit any of these as the real cause of this remarkable exemption, but we adopt fully an old Turkish reason which assigns to the dogs themselves, *i.e.*, to their municipal government, the stamping out of the malady. When a dog becomes snappish and odd in his behavior he is simply torn to pieces by the executioners of the quarter, and thus the disease is stamped out. The beginnings of this dire disease are more likely to be observed by the dog neighbors than by the master men, and energetic measures more likely to be adopted.

Turkey is the paradise of wild animals, as the Turks usually are not sportsmen. The waters of the Golden Horn are alive with beautiful seagulls, whose snowy plumage contrasts with the azure blue of the waters: these birds scarcely deign to get out of the way of the boatman's oars, so tame are they. In the midst of the water traffic, too, are often seen shoals of porpoises, which rise to breathe in the midst of the boats and boatmen, no one molesting them. On the southern shore of the Golden Horn, near Oon Kapoo Gate, the flocks of pigeons are enormous, which crowd upon the heaps of corn lying in the barges and elsewhere, and are unmolested. The gardens, full of cypress and almond trees, of the great houses

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in the midst of Stamboul proper, abound with turtle-doves and other birds, which fill the air with their gentle murmurs. When in course of time a Turkish quarter is changed to a Christian one, these birds at once fall a victim to small shot. On the Bosphorus itself are flocks of a peculiar black and white bird, which flit incessantly up and down the straits. These have the popular name of "damned souls," the common superstition being that they are the souls of sinners condemned to perpetual unrest. They seem never to alight, and it is a popular mystery how they feed and where they rest. The result of some special observation on our part proved that these birds, a large species of petrel, feed on a minute kind of crustacean mollusk, which they find in certain parts of the Bosphorus. They are provided with gizzards, to grind the shells, and the birds doubtless roost on the rocks at the entrance of the Bosphorus, like the gulls. We have seen them floating on the surface of the Bosphorus at times, but rarely; they are almost always seen on the wing, hence the superstition.

The Turks are usually considered barbarous, and surely they are so in many respects: in their brutal cruelty to their fellow-creatures; in their utter absence of chivalry during war, when their conduct is not a whit above that of the redskins of America; in their treatment of women; in their barter of slaves; in the dirt and tumble-down appearance of their towns and cities; and, above all, in their corrupt and inefficient method of administration. But, on the other hand, they have certain civilized habits in which they are decidedly above all Europeans. The houses of the ordinary citizens are decidedly cleaner, and in some respects enjoy a better organization. No Turk will enter a sitting-room with dirty shoes. The upper classes wear tight-fitting fine shoes termed mests, and over these, galoshes. On entering a house the latter are laid aside at the door, and so the visitor treads on the carpet without bringing into the dwelling-house a mass of impurity. The Turk never washes in dirty water, like a European: water is poured over his hands, so that when polluted it is cast away, and not poured again over the hands and face. Certain conveniences in a Turkish house are always decent and cleanly, forming in this respect a marvellous contrast to those of most European countries: moreover, near every mosque are to be found these aids to health and decency, giving in this respect a lesson to England especially.

The code of etiquette is too elaborate and embarrassing, which is not exactly a mark of civilization. When Araucanians meet, the inquiries, felicitations, and condolences which custom demands are so elaborate, that the formality occupies ten or fifteen minutes. "We were particularly struck with the punctiliousness of manners shown by the Balonda," says Livingstone; and in our own intercourse with the nomad tribes of Mesopotamia and of Kurdistan we found the etiquette quite embarrassing. The entire absence of duelling might be scored to the credit of the Turks, did they not too often substitute the poisoned coffee-cup.

In literature (with the exception perhaps of divinity) the Turks are far below all European and most Asiatic races, while their knowledge of natural science may be said to be *nil*, excepting in the case of certain individuals destined for medicine and military engineering, whose education is European.

Some one has observed that the mode of feeding is a great mark of a nation's culture. When it is understood that the Turks use neither knives nor forks, many would at once rank them with outer barbarians, but this would scarcely be just. Although food of all kinds, excepting soup, is carried to the mouth without any instruments but those which nature has supplied, still in other respects Turkish meals are conducted in a mode both cleanly and decent. A Turk on rising from his bed (which consists of mattresses laid on the floor and afterwards rolled up in a cupboard) indulges in a pipe and a tiny cup of black coffee. He does not eat until about eleven o'clock, when a somewhat substantial breakfast is brought him, consisting of soup, bread, cheese, and a plate of hashed meat mixed with vegetables. This meal serves him till dinner, which is eaten about seven in the evening, and is substantial and well cooked. When dinner is announced, a servant brings in a metal ewer and basin, and pours water over the hands of the guests, presenting a towel, often prettily embroidered. A low sofra, or table, is then brought in, and upon this is placed a metal tray, on which are put spoons and pieces of bread. The first dish is a basin of soup, and each person dips his spoon into it, eating from what may be termed the soup-tureen. After this comes perhaps fish, then hashed meat and vegetables, then fowl, cooked so as to render its division easy. According to the wealth of the master of the house is the length of the feast, but in very moderate

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Turkish houses the dinners are somewhat elaborate, and they always end with pilaff, the national dish, much more national than either the roast beef or plum-pudding of the English, and as common as the macaroni of Naples. No wine is drunk during or after the repast; but on state occasions, as for example during the feast of Ramazan, some very delicious sherbets are handed round. The gala dinners of the Turks often afford examples of sweets and pastry that would not disgrace a French or Italian confectioner, so that in matters of cooking, if not in eating, the Turks may be acquitted of barbarism. We must not forget to add that at the close of the dinner the servant comes round again with soap, water, and towels, the water being often warm and scented. Coffee and pipes follow the dinner, with conversation, and the guests seem not unhappy but marvellously dull during the joyless evenings passed without the gentle and refining influence of the best part of creation. After all we come to the question — "What is civilization?" which will be variously answered by our readers. If luxury, cleanliness, and gentle manners combined, form civilization, then the Turks are highly civilized. If diabolical cruelty, the indulgence of obscene and unnatural passions, ignorance of science and the actual state of the world, constitute barbarism, then are these people barbarous. They have at least proved to the world that they are deficient in statesmanship, since their system of government is little else than an organization of brigandage, under which life, honor, and the property of millions are at the mercy of ruffians in the service of the government; while at not unfrequent periods some horrible massacre startles the world, and proves that the proverbial character of the Turk is still unchanged after centuries of contact with Europe.

There are abundance of both mosques and churches at Constantinople. A stranger would have no difficulty in finding the former, which are conspicuous all over the city, but it requires some ingenuity to find the latter. They are hidden in holes and corners, and are made as unobtrusive as possible, just like the old Quaker meeting-houses and Nonconformist chapels built two hundred years ago, when religious intolerance in England almost equalled that of Turkey. All mosques have revenues amply sufficient for keeping them in repair. No demands in the shape of tithes, collections, or entrance money are ever made from the faithful; but if Europeans wish to visit these places they pay very highly, and are obliged to take with them a guard to protect them from the fanaticism of the population, and even then, as in an instance recorded by Mr. Gallenga, they run some risk. The clergy of a first-class mosque such as that at Sofia consist of, 1st, a sheikh, or dean, whose duty it is to preach a sermon after midday prayer on Fridays, and whose rank may be described as episcopal; 2nd, of two or more khatibs, who recite the khoutba, or prayer for the Prophet and sultan; 3rd, of four imaums, who alternately recite the five namaz; 4th, of from twelve to twenty muezzin, who call to prayers from the minarets, and also chant during namaz from the gallery in the chancel, — the voices of many of these men are quite musical, and when heard from the minarets at sunset, there are few greater treats to the lovers of vocal music; 5th, of some fifteen to twenty kayims, who are the working servants of the mosques, engaged in sweeping, lighting, guarding, etc. The mosques in Constantinople are divided into three classes, called *jamy-y-salatinn* (imperial places of worship), which are mosques built by sultans and the mothers of sultans; secondly, *jamy* (places of assembly), built by mothers of sultans during their husbands' lives, by sultans' daughters or sisters, or by other great personages; of these there are two hundred and twenty-seven; thirdly, the common mejid, of which there are about three hundred. White, who gives us this information, adds: —

> The annual revenues arising from the different imperial wakoofs (mosque endowments) being more than triple the expenses required for each mosque, the increase of property by accumulation is great, and would be still greater were it not for malversation and peculation on one side, and the necessities of successive governments, or rather of successive sovereigns, on the other. There being no power higher than that of the imperial nazir, and the books and treasure being kept within ths seraglio, both are at the disposal of the sultan.

There has of late been expressed much astonishment at the money produced for the purchase of material of war by a bankrupt nation — vast cargoes of arms from America have been paid for in solid cash. The Russians have ignorantly supposed that our ministry could dispose of funds unknown to the nation, and that English gold was poured into the coffers of the sultan, but we have often pointed out the wakoof as the origin of the money. In a battle for life and death the ulemas would

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bring forth the treasures of the mosques, with which to combat the infidels; for all war is a holy war, provided the enemy is not a Moslem power, and the Moslem priesthood would joyfully bear considerable sacrifices for such a cause.

For nearly a hundred years after the conquest of Constantinople the Christians retained several fine churches, though the magnificent cathedral of St. Sophia had from the first been devoted to Moslem uses; but during the bloody reign of Selim I. (about 1520) the sultan formed a grand scheme for the conversion of his heretical subjects. After a huge massacre of the Moslem sect of Shiis, he resolved forcibly to convert his Christian subjects and turn their churches into mosques. In order to fortify his conscience he put before the grand mufti, the head of the law, the question, "Which is the more meritorious, to conquer the whole world, or to convert the nations to Islam?" The mufti unhesitatingly answered that the conversion of the world was the more meritorious. The sultan having obtained this official opinion in the form of a fetva, ordered the grand vizier to change all the churches into mosques, to forbid the practice of the Christian religion, and to offer the alternative of the sword or the Koran to all Christians. The grand vizier, aghast at the decree, procured for the Greek patriarch an audience before the Divan at Adrianople. He strongly appealed to the pledges given by Mahomet the conqueror when Constantinople was taken by assault, invoking certain passages in the Koran which forbid compulsory conversion. The sultan yielded so far as to spare the lives of the Christians, but all the best churches were converted into mosques.

By far the most magnificent mosque in the world is that of St. Sophia, once the most glorious of Christian temples. The vast dome is one of the wonders of the world. Concealed beneath the whitewash, with which the Turks have covered the interior, are various beautiful vestiges of its Christian origin, which in all human probability will some day be uncovered to delight a Greek congregation.

Did space permit we might endeavor to describe the exquisite scenery of the narrow channel called the Bosphorus, whose banks are lined with the summer houses of the citizens, and which opens into the Black Sea. This channel is fifteen miles long. We might describe the interminable labyrinths of arched passages called the *tcharshié*, or bazaars, where every conceivable kind of goods are sold, for as a rule Stamboul contains no shops, all the goods being sold in these centres of traffic. Then we might dilate upon the various races of Europeans and Asiatics which crowd the streets, and offer to the curious eye a greater diversity of costume than is to be found in any other city in the world. But we must be content with the imperfect sketch we have given to the reader, only venturing to add the hope that a new era is dawning on this interesting city, and that it will soon become the abode of civilization and enlightenment, having ceased to be the lair of Asiatic tyrants.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

COUNT WALDEMAR.

I.

It was in Homburg that I first met him. I had finished the noonday breakfast which I always take at the Cursaal, and was sitting on the terrace in front of that establishment, smoking the one morning cigar allowed me by my doctor, and contemplating with indolent satisfaction the sunny gardens before me and all the soft lights and shades that lay upon the distant woods, when he came clattering down the steps of the restaurant in his tight blue hussar uniform, his Hessian boots, and flat forage-cap, and pulling up suddenly within a few paces of my chair, began to slap his breast and rummage in his scanty coat-tail pockets in search of something which was evidently not to be found there. He was a tall, handsome young fellow, with clear blue eyes and a fair moustache, a young fellow of a type by no means uncommon in the German army; but something — I don't know whether it was his size, or his good looks, or a prophetic instinct — attracted my attention to him at once. A slight cloud overspread his features as he realized the futility of his search, and for a moment or two he seemed uncertain what to do next; but presently, becoming aware of the scrutiny of an elderly Englishman of benevolent aspect, he cheered up, as with a sudden inspiration, and approaching me in a couple of strides, raised his right hand to the side of his cap, bowed very low from the waist, and gratified me with one of the brightest smiles I had ever seen upon a human countenance.

"I have done a most stupid thing," said he, speaking with a strong German accent, but without hesitation or a shadow of

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embarrassment; "I have left my *Cigarren-étui* at the hotel. Dare I give myself the liberty to ask if you have a cigar to spare in your pocket?"

Of course I handed him my case without further ado. I suppose that no man living could be churl enough to refuse such a request; but I was amused by it nevertheless; for it was one that an Englishman would have died rather than address to a total stranger; and indeed the article required was to be purchased close at hand in the Cursaal restaurant, where my esteemed friend M. Chevet keeps some of the choicest brands.

The young officer, however, had his reasons for not choosing to avail himself of this convenient proximity, and disclosed them with engaging candor, after taking a light from me.

"Now this is a very goot cigar," he was kind enough to remark, seating himself astride upon an iron chair. "If I would buy such a one by Chevet, I would have to pay a mark for him. One mark — yes, that is what they have asked me last night — it is unheard of! For you Englishmen, who pay without bargaining, that is very well; but we Germans" (*Chairmans* he pronounced it) "are not such fool — I mean, we know better what is the fair price."

His ease of manner was simply inimitable; I have never seen anything like it before or since. It arose, I imagine, from that unsuspecting good-will towards the world at large which makes children who are not afflicted with shyness such charming companions. I was delighted with him. He chatted away so pleasantly and amusingly for a quarter of an hour that I was quite sorry when a formidable posse of comrades in arms — dragoons, uhlans, hussars, and I know not what other specimens of the imperial German cavalry — came clanking along the terrace, and carried him off with them. Before this he had given me his card, which bore the name of Count Waldemar von Ravensburg; had informed me that he held a lieutenant's commission in a Würtemberg hussar regiment, and was in Homburg for the purpose of riding in some proposed military steeplechases; and had strongly advised me to dine that evening at the Hessischer Hof, where he said I should get good German fare, greatly superior to the spurious French cooking of the more fashionable hotels.

"I shall be dining there myself, mit all my friends," he added, by way of final inducement.

Under ordinary circumstances such a consideration as this would have sufficed of itself to drive me elsewhere in search of my evening sustenance; for sincerely as I appreciate the many amiable social qualities of German officers, I know what these gentlemen are when a number of them get together, and I am fond neither of being deafened nor of having to bellow like a skipper in a gale of wind, in order to make my own remarks audible. But I had taken such a fancy to Count Waldemar, he struck me as so genial and original a type of fellow-creature, that I was loth to lose any opportunity of prosecuting my acquaintance with him; and accordingly the dinner-hour (half past five) found me at the door of the little Hessischer Hof.

A most cacophonous din burst upon my ears, as I entered, from an assemblage of spurred and uniformed warriors, who, as the manner of their nation is, were exchanging civilities in accents suggestive of furious indignation. My young hussar detached himself from the group, greeted me with the warmth of an old friend, and presented me to each of his comrades in turn.

"Meestr Cleefford — Herr von Blechow, Herr von Rochow, Herr von Katsow, Herr von Wallwitz, Herr von Zedlitz, Herr von Zezschwitz," etc., etc. Perhaps these were not their names: indeed, now I come to think of it, I believe they ran into considerably more syllables; but it does not much matter. They were all very polite, and indeed were as pleasant and jovial a set of youths as one could wish to meet. During dinner the conversation turned chiefly upon races and steeplechases, giving opportunity for many thrilling anecdotes, and with our dessert we had some sweet champagne, over which we grew very merry and noisy.

When it was all over, Count Waldemar hooked his arm within mine, and in this familiar fashion we strolled out into the street, where (for it was early in August) broad daylight still reigned, and slant sunrays from the west streamed upon the long row of yellow droschkes with their patient, net-covered horses, upon the shiny hats of the drivers, upon the trim orange-trees in their green tubs, and upon the distinguished visitors — English almost exclusively — who, by twos and threes, were slowly wending their way towards the terrace, where the band would soon strike up. Gusts of cool, fresh air were sweeping down from the blue Taunus range, setting the little flags upon the Cursaal fluttering, and banging a shutter

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here and there. Imagine to yourself a stalwart young hussar, moving with that modicum of swagger from which no cavalry man that ever lived is quite free, and which very tight clothes render to some extent compulsory upon their wearer; imagine, arm-in-arm with him, an Englishman of something under middle height and something over middle age, clad in a grey frock-coat and trousers and tall white hat, and you will have before your mind's eye a picture which, I grieve to think, is not wholly wanting in elements of the ridiculous.

I have reason to believe that the droschke-drivers saw it in this light; I fear that my compatriots did; I know that I did myself. But I am perfectly sure that the excellent Count Waldemar was not only free from the faintest suspicion that our appearance could provoke a smile, but that he never could have been brought to understand in the least why it should do so. No one could laugh louder or longer than he, upon occasion; but then he must have something to laugh at; and it would have been impossible to convince him that there could be any joke in the simple fact of two gentlemen walking together arm-in-arm. He was in all things the most completely unselfconscious mortal I have ever known.

For my own part, I am not ashamed to confess — or rather I *am* ashamed, but do confess — that the notion of being promenaded up and down the terrace, under the eyes of all my friends and acquaintances, by this long-legged and rather loud-voiced young officer alarmed me so much that I was fain to insist upon leading him down one of the more secluded alleys. He did not want to walk that way; he said we should neither hear the music nor see the people there; but I pointed out to him that it would be impossible for me to give my whole attention to his conversation in a crowd; and so, being a most good-natured soul, he yielded, and went on chatting about Stuttgardt, and his regiment, and his brother officers, and his horses, in all of which subjects he seemed to think that I must be greatly interested. And so indeed I was — or, at least, in his treatment of them.

Just as we reached the point where the Untere Promenade crosses the Cursaal gardens we were met by a party of English people — an old lady, three young ones, and a couple of men carrying shawls — who came up the steps talking and laughing, and passed on towards the band. I should not have noticed them particularly had not a sudden convulsive jerk of my captive arm made me aware that my companion had some reason for feeling moved by their vicinity. The manner in which he paused, and, gazing after them, profoundly sighed, would have sufficiently revealed the nature of that reason, even if he had intended to conceal it — which of course he did not.

"Now I shall tell you something," said he, with an air of confidential candor all his own. "The lady you see there — the tall one who is walking alone — it is she whom I mean to make my wife."

"Indeed?" I answered. "I am sorry, then, that I did not look at her more closely. May I venture to ask her name?"

"Ah, diess I cannot just tell you. But it begins mit an S — that I know; for I have seen the monogram upon her fan."

"Your love affair is not very far advanced then?"

"Advanced? no; it is not yet commenced; but that is no matter. I have three whole days more to spend here, and in three days one may do much. Oh, and we do not see one another now for the first time. Last summer we have met in a bath."

"In a bath?" I echoed, rather startled.

"You do not say bath — no? Well, in a watering-place. It is true that I have not been able to make myself acquaint mit her; but my eyes have spoken. I think she has perhaps understood. And now I was thinking at dinner that *you* might present me."

"To the lady? My dear sir, I should like nothing better; but unfortunately I never saw her before in my life."

"*Versteht sich!* That is no difficulty. You are English — she is English; you have friends here who will certainly know her."

I interrupted my impetuous companion by observing that he was evidently under some misapprehension as to the social relations of the English abroad. Even upon the doubtful supposition that the unknown lady and I had some common acquaintance in Homburg, it by no means followed that I could venture to request an introduction to her for myself — still less for a friend.

"Besides," I added, "all sorts of people travel nowadays: this lady may be a duchess, or she may be a tailor's daughter. In the first case, you see, she would probably decline to have anything to say to me; and in the second I should not particularly care about knowing her."

He appeared to be rather surprised than

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shaken by these objections. For a few seconds he contemplated me wonderingly, stroking his moustache, and murmuring, "What a pitee!" but his self-confidence was not long in returning to him.

"Never mind!" he resumed cheerfully; "we must make the attempt — that can do no harm. You will try to make yourself presented to her to-night, and if you succeed, you will present me to-morrow morning."

I don't think it struck him for a moment that there was anything cool in this proposal. He uttered it in the most matter-of-fact tone in the world, patted me encouragingly on the shoulder, and then, remarking that Herr von Wallwitz would be waiting for him, said he would leave me to accomplish my mission. I afterwards found that he was in the habit of issuing his behests in this calm manner, and that, somehow or other, they were generally obeyed.

Whether it was owing to the power of Count Waldemar's reliance upon human friendliness, or to the pliancy of my own nature, which has led me into many a scrape first and last, I can't say; but certain it is that in this instance he gained his point. For, as chance would have it, the very first person whom I met on returning to the terrace, where the lamps were now lighted, and where the fashionable world of Homburg was gossiping, flirting, and promenading to the accompaniment of an excellent band, was little Tommy Tufnell, who knows, or says he knows, everybody from the Prince of Wales downwards; and as, immediately after this encounter, I happened to espy the fair unknown sitting in the midst of a circle of friends, I took the opportunity to ask my companion whether he could give me any information about her, at the same time expressing a careless wish to make her acquaintance. Tommy, of course, knew her perfectly well — most intimately, in fact — had known her people all his life. "She was a Miss Grey — Warwickshire Greys, you know," he observed explanatorily. He further informed me that she was a widow, and that her present name was Seymour. "Married poor Jack Seymour of the 25th Hussars," he continued. "You remember Jack, of course. No? Ah, well, he was a baddish lot, poor fellow. Broke his neck out hunting — just as well perhaps. Had D.T. twice, and was not over and above kind to his wife, I'm afraid. She is here with her aunt, Mrs. Grey, and her cousins — charming people. Come along, and I'll introduce you. Upon my word, Clifford, you old fellows, when you get away from your wives, and come abroad on the loose, there's no end to the games you're up to! All safe with me, you know — sha'n't say anything about it to Mrs. Clifford," adds the facetious Tommy, wagging his head and nudging me after a favorite fashion of his, which I am quite sure he would abandon if he only knew how very much I dislike it.

Presently I was making my best bow before the little group of ladies above mentioned. The two young men whom I had seen entering the gardens with them stopped talking and stared, evidently wondering what the deuce this tiresome old fogey wanted; but as I showed no disposition to interrupt their respective flirtations with the pretty Miss Greys, they soon began to whisper again, and ceased to notice me. Tufnell obligingly engaged Mrs. Grey, a stout, good-humored looking old person, in an animated discussion as to the effect of the Homburg waters upon suppressed gout; and Mrs. Seymour withdrew a corner of her dress from a chair which stood conveniently at her side. I availed myself of the tacit permission thus conveyed, and dropped into it, profiting by the light of an adjacent gas-lamp to survey at my leisure the lady who had made so facile a conquest of Count Waldemar.

I saw a slim, but well-proportioned figure, clad in a handsome silk dress, the cut of which, even to my masculine eyes, betrayed the hand of an artist — a face neither beautiful nor plain, surmounted by a profusion of little fair curls, arranged, according to the fashion of the day, so as to conceal the forehead, a picturesque hat, a pair of diamond solitaire earrings — upon the whole a person completely unremarkable, but at the same time (to use an adjective which I abhor, but cannot replace), decidedly stylish. Why any one should have fallen in love with Mrs. Seymour at first sight it was not very easy to understand, though taking her altogether, she made a favorable impression upon me. She had a frank, pleasant smile and clear grey eyes, and talked away agreeably enough, in an easy, conventional way, about Homburg, about the recent Goodwood meeting, the latest scandal, and what not. In short she was so exactly like everybody else that I had no hesitation in crediting her with just so much of good nature, common sense, selfishness, and solid principle as are required to make up a well-balanced character, nor any doubt but that she would be quite the last woman in the

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world to marry a scatterbrained German hussar, after a courtship of three days' duration.

She bowed or nodded to so many of the passers-by, during the time that I was sitting beside her, that I formed a shrewd guess that, among the many obstacles which seemed to lie in the path of my audacious young friend, that most formidable one of wealth was not likely to be wanting. Later in the evening I again came across Tommy Tufnell in the Cursaal, whither I had repaired to have a look at the young people dancing before I went to bed, and I took occasion to question him upon this point.

"Oh, yes, she is very well off," answered Tommy carelessly; "that is, comfortably off, you know — three or four thousand a year, or something like that, I should think, and no children. It would have been more if poor Seymour had gone over to the majority a little sooner. He always lived beyond his income, and latterly he lost rather heavily on the turf."

Mentally summing up, as I walked home, all that I had heard and seen of Mrs. Seymour, I came to the conclusion that to introduce Count Waldemar to her would be merely to cause disappointment to him, annoyance to her, and inconvenience to myself; and I therefore determined that I would do nothing of the sort. Had I been a little better acquainted with the young Würtemberger, I should not have made this resolution; for I subsequently discovered him to be one of those people who invariably get their own way, whereas I, for some occult reason, seldom or never get mine.

When I went down to the springs at half past seven the next morning, in obedience to the rule laid down for me by my doctor, whom should I see approaching the Elisabethen-Brunnen but Mrs. Seymour. She looked very nice and fresh in her cotton dress, and saluted me with a friendly nod and smile. Side by side we drained our bitter draught, and then, as neither of us was provided with a companion, we could not well help turning away to go through the prescribed twenty minutes of moderate exercise together. We took our way down the shady avenue so familiar to Englishmen, while the morning sun streamed through the leaves over our heads, throwing long blue shadows from the trees across the dewy grass of the park, while the throng of water-drinkers tramped steadily up and down, and the bandsmen in their kiosk scraped and tootled away as merrily as if they really enjoyed making melody at that unnatural hour. Half London met or passed us as we walked. Peers and tradesmen, judges and generals, members of Parliament and members of the stock exchange, they plodded on — they, their wives and their daughters — a queer miscellany of Anglo-Saxon samples, without a single German, barring H. S. H. the Grand Duke of Halbacker, among them. I had just pointed out this remarkable circumstance to my fair companion when a sudden grip of my left arm above the elbow warned me that I had spoken too hastily. Here, sure enough, was a German, and one who had no notion of being ignored either.

"Goot morning!" he cried cheerily. "Now this is a very fortunate thing, that I just happen to meet you."

I was not quite so sure of that; but I answered him civilly, and he hooked himself on to me without any ceremony. I resumed my conversation with Mrs. Seymour, and after we had progressed a few yards, Count Waldemar began poking me with his elbow in a way which I understood, but did not choose to notice. Finding these gentle hints of no avail, he followed them up presently by such a tremendous blow in my ribs that I positively staggered under it. I looked up at him reproachfully, shook my head, and tried to form with my lips the words, "Can't be done. Will explain afterwards." But it was no good.

"I hear not one wort von wass you say," was his response, delivered in stentorian tones; after which he continued, without lowering his voice in the least, "Will you not do me the honor to present me to madame?"

What could I do?

"Mrs. Seymour, will you allow me to introduce Count Waldemar von Ravensburg," says I, perhaps a little sulkily; and I noticed that a mischievous gleam of amusement swept across the lady's face as she returned Count Waldemar's profound bow. No doubt he had been making eyes at her with that thoroughness of purpose which distinguished his every deed.

Now that I had acted contrary to my better judgment, and done what was required of me, it obviously remained only that I should take myself off; and indeed it was time for my second glass of water. So, when we had reached the Elisabethen-Brunnen, whither we all three returned together, I judiciously caught sight of a friend, and slipped away.

While listening to the plaints of old Mr.

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Porteous upon the subject of his gouty toes, I kept an eye upon the count and the widow, who were sustaining an animated dialogue on the further side of the spring. I saw her finish her potion; I saw him seize the empty glass, hand it to the attendant maiden to be refilled, and drain it with a gusto for which the inherent properties of the water were hardly sufficient to account; I saw him repeat this foolhardy action twice — thrice, and then walk away at Mrs. Seymour's side as coolly as you please. I believe he would have pocketed the tumbler, like Sir Walter Scott, had not his uniform been far too tight to permit of such a proceeding.

Merciful powers! three glasses of Elisabethen straight off the reel! And I who am allowed but two; and must walk about for twenty minutes after the first, and for an hour after the second, under peril of I know not what awful consequences! I took a couple of turns along the avenue beside Porteous's bath-chair, and then concluded my walk in the company of some other fellow-sufferers; but I heard little of what they said, for I could not take my eyes off that young man. I watched him as the islanders watched Saint Paul of old, waiting for tardy Nemesis to overtake him, and I was almost disappointed to see that he came out of the ordeal as scathless as the apostle. My faith in my favorite spring received a blow that morning from which it has never fully recovered. Meanwhile the unconscious disturber of my peace was to all appearance getting on at a great pace with Mrs. Seymour. Their conversation did not appear to flag for a moment; and every now and then the sound of his laughter reached my ears above the din of the band, the shuffling of footsteps, and the buzz of many voices. Such a jolly, joyous laugh as it was! No snigger, nor cackle, nor half-smothered outburst, but a fine, rich ho-ho-ho! as natural and irrepressible as the song of a bird, and, to my ears, nearly as musical. I declare that, if I had been a woman, I should have felt three-parts inclined to marry Count Waldemar for the mere sake of his laugh, knowing that it could only proceed from the most manly and honest of hearts.

He caught me up after I had set my face homewards, and clapped me on the shoulder with much warmth. "You are my very goot friend," he was good enough to say. "I shall never forget wass you have done for me."

"You have nothing to thank me for. I should not have introduced you if you had not forced me into doing so," I replied candidly. "The truth is, there is no chance for you. I know my countrywomen better than you can do, and I assure you that, though Mrs. Seymour may find it amusing enough to hear you talk, she will no more think of accepting your offer (if you are foolish enough to make her one) than she would of drinking three glasses of mineral water, highly charged with carbonic acid gas, because your lips had happened to touch the rim of the tumbler."

"Now, that we shall see," he rejoined, in no way disconcerted.

"Setting aside the question of your nationality and of her very slight acquaintance with you," I continued, "I must tell you that she is a woman of considerable fortune."

"*Ja — so?*" quoth he, quite imperturbably. "That is all the better; for I am myself a poor man. Money brings not happiness, but is no bad addition to happiness.".

The perfect good faith with which this copybook maxim was enunciated was in its way inimitable. It was clearly absurd to waste more words upon one so ignorant of the first guiding principles of civilized society, so I went home to breakfast.

II.

I AM one of those who look back with regret to the palmy old days of MM. Blanc and Bénazet. I never could see that the interests of public morality required the suppression of the gaming-tables, nor, for that matter, that it is the legitimate province of governments to look after the morals of law-abiding people at all. It has always seemed to me that, if I had gambling propensities, it would be far better for me to indulge them in public than in private. Those who stake against the bank play with an adversary who at least has no cards up his sleeve, who expects no "revenge" from a winner, who neither takes nor offers IOU's, who gains without unseemly exultation, and may be "broken" without being ruined. Of course I know all about the clerks who used to rob their masters' tills, and the peasants whose hardly-earned wages used to disappear on Saturday nights over the green cloth; but an obligatory deposit of twenty pounds or so, to be returned on the departure of the visitor, would have effectually excluded these simple folks; and really, if our rulers are to begin protecting us against ourselves, where are they to stop? Why should we not be forbidden

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to back a horse, or to invest our money in South American securities, or to go out in wet weather without an umbrella and cork soles?

I feel the more free to say all this inasmuch as neither M. Blanc nor M. Bénazet ever made a single thaler out of me, except in indirect ways. It is not from any love of *trente et quarante* or *roulette* in themselves that I would fain see a restoration of those merry monarchs, but because their little kingdoms, which were once so joyous, are now left desolate, or nearly so. Their flower-gardens are growing less flowery every year; their well-mown lawns are well-mown no longer; their paths are grass-grown, or strewed with falling leaves; their *prime donne* and Parisian actors find more lucrative summer engagements elsewhere; the very gilding on their palace walls is beginning to tarnish, and will, perhaps, not be renewed; for where is the money to come from?

Homburg, it is true, is more highly favored than its neighbors, fashion having chosen to decree of late years that it should be the proper thing for the English great world to repair thither for a time at the close of the London season; and I must confess that now, when I do my annual three weeks of water-drinking, I mix in a more aristocratic as well as more respectable society than of yore. But then it is a considerably duller one. With the exception of lawn-tennis and dancing, neither of which relaxations are altogether suitable to the age of a majority of the *Curgäste*, Homburg is somewhat wanting in amusements in these latter days; and I suppose that is why everybody was so determined to be present at the steeplechases mentioned to me by Count Waldemar, that, on the appointed day, there was not a carriage to be had in the town for love or money. I myself was glad enough to accept the offer of a box-seat from some friends; for, anxious though I was to see how my new friend would acquit himself in the saddle, I had no idea of trudging two or three miles under a blazing sun for that or any other purpose.

The improvised course was pleasantly situated upon a slope of the Taunus Mountains, commanding a wide view of the rolling plain on which Homburg stands, of yellow cornfields and waving woods, and the spires of Frankfort glittering in the distance. Mounted policemen in spiked helmets were galloping hither and thither without any ostensible object; flags were fluttering, a military band was in full blast; a large concourse of country people in holiday garb lined the hillside, and a triple row of carriages, displaying much quaint variety in build, was drawn up in the neighborhood of the winning-post.

In one of the latter I soon made out Mrs. Seymour, of whom, after the exchange of a few commonplaces, I could not forbear from inquiring her opinion of Herr von Ravensburg. She laughed heartily, as at some diverting reminiscence.

"Charming!" she replied. "Thank you so very much for introducing him to me. I don't know when I have met anyone who has made me laugh so much."

I doubted whether this were exactly the impression the young gentlemen had intended to produce, and I said so.

"He does not intend to produce any impression at all," answered Mrs. Seymour. "That is just what makes him so delightful. Instead of thinking about himself, as most Englishmen do, he thinks about the person he is talking to — and tells you what he thinks, too, in the most innocent manner."

"Did he tell you what he thought of you?" I asked.

"He did indeed. He said I wore false hair, and that that was very bad taste. Also he informed me that I ought not to go down to the springs in the morning alone."

"How very rude of him! Did he say nothing more than that?"

"Oh, yes, he paid me some compliments. He could hardly do less after being so plain-spoken. Ah, here he is. Now we shall have some fun."

The dialogue that ensued was funny enough in all conscience, but I doubt whether Mrs. Seymour fully appreciated the humor of it. To an onlooker nothing could have been more comical than the freak of fate which had brought together these two widely differing types of humanity, and had inspired each of them with a desire to penetrate beneath the outer crust of the other's individuality. By education, by habit, in thought and in mode of expression, they were as remote from one another as a Chinaman from a Choctaw; and I question whether they had a single quality in common, unless it were that of good-nature. Mrs. Seymour understood, no doubt, that this young German was greatly smitten with her — she must have been blind indeed to have ignored that — but I think that her comprehension of him began and ended there. As for him, he palpably could make nothng of the

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English lady whose charms had conquered his heart. It was easy to see that he was a little shocked, as well as fascinated, by her freedom of manner. The idioms of her fashionable slang puzzled him, and he could not quite follow her quick repartees. More than once I caught him gazing at her with a look of troubled bewilderment in his blue eyes, which gradually melted into a smile as reflection brought him a clue to her meaning.

"Ah, you wass laughing at me," he would exclaim, breaking into one of his own hearty peals at this remarkable discovery. And then fat Mrs. Grey would laugh too, without knowing why; and so by degrees we all became very friendly and merry.

In the mean time the afternoon was wearing on. The three first events on the card — steeplechases they called them, but the obstacles to be surmounted were not of a very formidable kind — were disposed of, and the time was approaching for the great race of the day, in which Count Waldemar was to take part. We all wished him success when he left us, and, as he hurried away, I noticed that he was twirling between his finger and thumb a white rose very much resembling a cluster of those flowers which Mrs. Seymour wore in the front of her dress.

After a short delay the riders came out, and thundered past us, one by one — a yellow cap and jacket steering a big-boned, fiddle-headed roan; a blue jacket and black sleeves struggling with a chestnut who seemed a little too much for him; then some half-dozen others, whose colors, to tell the truth, I have forgotten, and likewise their horses. Last of all Count Waldemar cantered by, mounted on a little brown horse whose looks did not take the fancy of the ladies. Nor, for that matter, were they much better satisfied with the appearance of the count himself. He wore his uniform — a queer costume, certainly, in which to ride a race — and what had he done with that white rose but stuck it in the side of his flat cap, where, I must confess, it looked excessively absurd and conspicuous. Mrs. Seymour was not a little annoyed, I think, by this bold advertisement of her favor, but she was too much a woman of the world to make mountains out of molehills. However, she unfastened her own roses from her dress, and tossed them into the hood of the carriage, saying plainly that she did not wish to be laughed at by all Homburg.

I am not a sporting man myself, and should never think of trusting to my own judgment in a matter of horseflesh. Therefore, although I was by no means so displeased as my companions with Count Waldemar's mount, I did not venture to say anything to excite their hopes until I had consulted a racing man of my acquaintance, whom I found near the judge's box, surveying the scene with hat cocked and arms akimbo, patronage, not unmingled with disdain, expressed in his gaze.

"Good wear-and-tear little nag. Might win, I should say, over a long course like this, if his owner knows how to ride him," was the verdict of this oracle. "The roan's the favorite, they tell me, but, Lord bless you! looking at a horse'll never show you what he can do, especially with these fellows up. Lay you six sovereigns to four against the little brown, if you like, just to give the thing an interest, you know."

Modestly accepting this offer, I returned to tell Mrs. Seymour that I thought our man had as good a chance as anybody; and had just time to clamber up on to the box of her carriage, and get out my field-glasses, before a start was effected.

As I have already intimated, I have no pretension to say in what manner a race should or should not be ridden; but, dear me, the pace at which those young men dashed off, and the way they rushed at their fences! The yellow jacket took the lead, and kept it; the others were all together, a couple of lengths or so behind him — whipping and spurring, some of them, before they had accomplished a fourth of the distance. I was glad to see Count Waldemar lying well in the rear of this charge of cavalry, sitting still in his saddle, and evidently biding his time, like a sensible man. His little horse, with whom he seemed to be upon terms of perfect mutual understanding, popped over the fences cleverly enough, and looked full of running.

The race was twice round the course, and when the first circuit had been completed, it was clear to the most inexperienced eye that there were only three horses in it — the roan, the chestnut, and the brown.

Of the remaining competitors, one had gone the wrong side of a flag, and had pulled up, two had come to grief, and the others were hopelessly beaten. The roan was still ahead; the chestnut, all in a lather, was separated from him by a few lengths; and the brown was a little further behind than I quite liked to see him. Now, however, he began to creep slowly up; at

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every jump he perceptibly gained ground, and before very long secured the second place. This order of going was maintained up to the last fence, over which yellow-jacket lifted the roan as if it had been a five-barred gate instead of a modest little hurdle. Count Waldemar slipped past him while he was still in the air, and cantered in without once lifting his whip.

"I am *so* glad!" cried Mrs. Seymour, as soon as she could make her voice heard above the acclamations that greeted this finish. "He did ride well, did not he, Mr. Clifford?"

"Couldn't have ridden better," I responded heartily, thinking of my six pounds and of the knowingness I had displayed in picking out the winner. "You see I was not very far wrong. I must say for myself that, though I don't profess to know much about racing, I have a pretty good eye for a horse, and——"

"Oh, but it wasn't the horse at all," interrupted Mrs. Seymour rather unkindly. "Anybody could see that that ugly little thing would have had no chance whatever if your friend had not ridden so perfectly. I wonder whether he is very much pleased."

"He looks so, at all events," remarked Mrs. Grey.

In truth the countenance of the victor, who was just now being led away in triumph by a crowd of his comrades, wore an expression of delight which he made no attempt to conceal. He had dropped his reins, and was throwing his arms about and talking eagerly, evidently explaining what the nature of his tactics had been, while all his features literally beamed with glee. Those who have happened to observe the face of a very small boy who has astonished everybody by a clever catch at cricket, will have some idea of Count Waldemar as he appeared in this moment of success. Only to look at him did one's heart good, and, as I watched him, I rejoiced more than ever in his victory, for I saw then how dreadfully disappointed he would have been if he had lost.

It is hardly necessary to relate how he eventually reappeared beside Mrs. Seymour's carriage, how he was received by the ladies with warm congratulations, and how every incident in the race had to be recorded in detail. I, for my part, having said what was proper, benevolently took away Mrs. Grey to look at the water-jump, perceiving that, if Count Waldemar was ever to make an impression upon the heart of the widow, now would be his opportunity.

No doubt he made good use of his time. I left the racecourse without seeing him again; but happening to dine that evening at the Cursaal, I had the satisfaction of witnessing from afar a well-attended and somewhat uproarious banquet, at which he was the chief guest, and which was given, the waiter told me, by the *Herren Offiziere* who had taken part in the steeplechases. A silver cup of surpassing hideousness, displayed in the middle of the table, was, my informant added, the trophy won by the hero of the day; the Herr Graf's health was about to be proposed, and doubtless he would make a speech in reply. Distance debarred me from enjoying the Herr Graf's eloquence; but judging from the applause it elicited, I conclude that it was worthy of him and of the occasion, and I observed with pleasure that his high spirits had not deserted him.

While I was drinking my cup of black coffee in the open air afterwards, he came out and joined me, as I had half expected that he would do. I asked him whether closer inspection had lessened his admiration of my countrywoman's charms, and he said not at all. On the contrary, he was more than ever convinced that he was now in love for the first and only time in his life, and more than ever determined that Mrs. Seymour should, ere long, change her name for that of Gräfin von Ravensburg. At the same time he gave me to understand that love had not blinded him to certain imperfections in the lady of his choice. He took exception to sundry tricks of voice and gesture, which, with a German's instinct for spying out the infinitely little, he had remarked in her; he pronounced her to be too *emancipirt*, by which, I take it, he meant "fast," and feared that the poetical side of her nature had not been sufficiently developed. But these, after all, he concluded, stretching out his long legs, and blowing a cloud of smoke into the still evening air, were but trifles, which marriage, and a residence in the cultured society of Stuttgardt, would soon correct.

"Do you know," said I, "I think you are about the most conceited young man I ever came across?"

He opened his eyes in genuine amazement.

"Conceited!" he cried; "now that has never been said of me before. What for do you call me conceited?"

I pointed out to him that modest men do not, as a rule, expect ladies to fall in love with them at first sight.

"Ah, that is your English notion. You

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consider yourselves the first nation in the world, and yet it is rare that you will find an Englishman who does not affect to speak against his country. That you call modesty, but I think it is a great foolishness, for you do not mean wass you say. And so mit other things. I do not expect as every lady shall fall in love with me — no! But one — that is another thing. If it has happened to me to love her, why should she not love me? I am very sure that your wife has loved you before she has married you."

"An impartial study of Mrs. Clifford's character during some twenty years of married life would have led me to form a somewhat different conclusion," I answered; "but doubtless you know best. I can assure you, however, that I have never had the audacity to offer marriage to anybody within a week of my first meeting with her."

"Berhaps," said he gravely, "you have never met the lady whom Gott has meant to be your wife. If you had, you would know that it is of no importance whether a man shall speak in two days or in two years. For me, I have no choice. I must join my regiment to-morrow, and so it is necessary that I declare myself to-night."

"And pray how are you going to find your opportunity?"

"Ah, for that I have had to employ a little diplomacy," he answered, pronouncing the word "diploma*cee*," with a strong emphasis upon the last syllable, and accompanying it with a look of profound cunning which I would not have missed for worlds. "I have arranched to meet these ladies at the band, and to show them the race-cup, which, as you know, is in the restaurant. Now, diess is my plan. I join them when they are already seated, and I say: 'One lady will be so kind and keep the chairs while I take the other indoors.' I take Mrs. Seymour first, and then — you understandt."

He went off presently to carry out this wily stratagem, having first promised to call at my hotel early the next morning, and let me hear the result of his attempt.

Somehow or other I could not help fancying that there might be a chance for him. Women like youth and good looks and proficiency in manly sports and a pretty uniform, and Mrs. Seymour was rich enough to indulge in a caprice. I had taken so strong a liking to the young fellow myself during the three days of our intimacy, that it did not seem to me an absolute impossibility that a lady should have fallen in love with him within as brief a period. I ought of course to have known better. I ought to have remembered that we do not live in an age of romantic marriages and love at first sight, and to have foreseen that Mrs. Seymour would receive the young German's declaration exactly as ninety-nine women out of any hundred would do; but I suppose Count Waldemar's self-confidence must have slightly disturbed the balance of my judgment; and besides, I am always more prone to look at the sentimental side of things after dark than during the daytime.

With the return of morning my common sense recovered its sway, and I was not surprised when my breakfast was interrupted by the entrance of Count Waldemar, with a rather long face and a confession of failure upon his lips. He was disappointed, but far from despairing, and assured me that he had no intention of accepting this check as a final defeat.

"I have been reflecting all night in my inside," he said; "and I perceive that I have been too hasty. No matter — *aufgeschoben ist nicht aufgehoben*, as we say — to delay is not to break off. I shall meet her again, and then I shall know better how to act."

And so, with a hearty shake of the hand at parting, and a cordial invitation to beat up his quarters at Stuttgardt if ever my wanderings should lead me that way, he set off for the railway-station.

III.

SHORTLY afterwards I myself left Homburg, having completed the period of my "cure;" and if at the end of a week I had not quite forgotten Count Waldemar and Mrs. Seymour, I had at all events ceased to think about them and their destinies. On one's way through the world one is forever catching glimpses of disconnected dramas — the opening of a farce, the second act of a comedy, the tail of a tragedy. Accident interests us for a time in the doings and sufferings of the actors, and accident hurries them out of sight and out of mind again, with their stories half told.

Accident it was — or destiny, I can't say which; certainly it was not inclination — that took me, in the autumn of that same year, to Hyères, in company with my wife, and Mrs. Seymour could give no more satisfactory explanation of her presence in that dull little winter station. I ran up against her, on the Place des Palmiers, a few days after my arrival; and if I had been Friday and she Robinson Crusoe, she could not have hailed me with a greater show of delight.

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"I am so very glad to see you!" she exclaimed. "In an evil hour I made up my mind to winter in the south, and three weeks ago I came here with my cousin, Miss Grey, whom you may remember at Homburg; and now, after I have taken a villa for six months, we have discovered how cordially we hate the place. We know hardly anybody, we have nothing to do, and, in short, we are bored to death. I do hope you are going to spend the winter here."

I said I did not think that I should be in Hyères very long, but that Mrs. Clifford, I believed, intended remaining for several months; after which I could hardly avoid adding that I hoped soon to have the pleasure of introducing my wife to Mrs. Seymour.

The truth is, that my satisfaction at meeting with that lady was tempered by some misgivings as to the probable nature of her reception by Mrs. Clifford, who is not a little particular in the matter of chance acquaintances, and who has never had any confidence at all in her husband's powers of discernment. In the present instance, however, my fears proved to be groundless; for when Mrs. Seymour came to call, it transpired, in the course of conversation, that before her marriage she had been one of the Warwickshire Greys (whoever they may be), and that, of course, made it all right. My wife pronounced her to be a really delightful person, and declared emphatically that she already felt a sincere interest in her future welfare.

The full significance of the latter phrase, which at the time I thought rather uncalled for, did not strike me until a few days later. It had happened that, upon our arrival at the Hôtel d'Orient, we had found already installed there a certain young man named Everard, a budding diplomatist with whom I am upon tolerably intimate terms, and whom I had been much astonished to discover spending his leave in a spot so remote from the charms of society. It was not until I had found out that he was in the habit of passing the greater part of his days and the whole of his evenings at Mrs. Seymour's pretty villa on the wooded hillside, that my sagacity led me to suspect what Mrs. Clifford, with her finer feminine wit, had divined from the outset. Now, as this young man was a prime favorite with my wife — for indeed he was connected with I know not how many noble houses — and as, owing to an unfortunate tardiness of birth for which he was in no way responsible, he had but a poor share of this world's gear, it was not difficult to understand that lady's benevolent anxiety with regard to Mrs. Seymour's prospective happiness.

I solemnly declare that I had no objection in the world to the scheme hinted at above. I simply took no interest in it at all, one way or the other. It had nothing to do with me, and I make it a rule never to interfere in my neighbors' affairs. And yet Mrs. Clifford avers to this day that I consistently opposed it; that I did so merely with the object of annoying her, and that certain vexatious events which subsequently occurred would never have taken place at all but for me. Of the injustice, not to say the absurdity, of these accusations, I will leave those to judge who shall have the patience to peruse this narrative to its close. One thing, at all events, I can conscientiously affirm: that it never so much as entered my head to think of Count Waldemar in connection with the subject; for how could I possibly foresee that a lieutenant of German hussars, quartered in remote Stuttgardt, would appear in the extreme south of France without a moment's notice, and create all manner of discord and unpleasantness in our midst? This, however, is precisely what happened.

It was a bitter cold evening in December. All day long a furious and icy *mistral* had been sweeping over the bare hills, driving clouds of dust before it, ripping branches from the olives and evergreen-oaks, chilling the poor exotic palms, bursting open windows, slamming doors, and irritating beyond all bearing the nerves of luckless strangers. I was sitting in the smoking-room of the hotel with young Everard, cowering over a wood fire, and bewailing the inclemency of this quasi-southern climate.

"Is it for this," I moaned, "that we have left our comfortable London home at the mercy of a crew of unprincipled servants? Is it for this that I have sacrificed my club, and my rubber of whist, and the improving society of my friends? Is it for this that we have crossed the Channel in a gale of wind, and faced the miseries of the most comfortless railway journey in the whole world? Is it for this ——"

"There's the omnibus come in from the station," interrupted Everard. "More deluded unfortunates in search of warmth, I suppose. How they must be cursing their doctors!"

The front door was flung open, letting in a gust of cold air from without. A

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heavy trunk was let down with a bang upon the stone floor. Some noisy, cheerful person came stumping in, laughing and talking with the landlord,—

And fragments of his mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

"Not much wrong with *his* lungs, anyhow," remarked Everard.

Could I doubt for a moment the origin of that tremendous ho-ho-ho? It needed not the landlord's smiling announcement that "*un ami à monsieur*" had arrived; it needed not the sight of a stalwart, fur-enveloped figure following closely upon his heels, to prepare me for the agonizing grip of both hands, whereby Count Waldemar evinced his joy and surprise at this unexpected renewal of our friendly relations.

He sat down before the fire, stretched out his interminable legs, and explained that he had got a month's leave of absence from his regiment. He entered at once into conversation with Everard, and would have divulged the cause of his journey to Hyères in the course of the first five minutes if I had not contrived to catch his eye, and check him by a succession of hideous grimaces. He acknowledged these signals by a wink of surpassing craftiness, and a laughing ejaculation of "*Schön! schön! Werde nicht mehr plaudern*," which, seeing that Everard speaks German as well as he does English, was not exactly calculated to allay any suspicions that might have begun to trouble that young gentleman's mind. Still, the evening passed off without any untoward incident, and that was really more than I had ventured to hope for at first.

The next morning I had to introduce the count to Mrs. Clifford, and to this hour I cannot imagine how I could have been so insane as to tell her privately beforehand that he was related to the Grand Duke of Halbacker.

Sometimes I am almost tempted to think that even white lies — and this one, I do maintain, was of the most harmless order — never prosper. My sole aim was to give my young friend a chance of securing Mrs. Clifford's good-will; but, alas! the result achieved was the exact contrary of this. For Everard, who, as I ought to have remembered, had served as *attaché* at more than one German court, assured her that the grand duke had no such connections, and my lame explanation that I was always making mistakes about people, and that I must have been thinking of somebody else, did not avail to prevent her from setting down poor Count Waldemar as an impostor, and openly speaking of him as such to the other inmates of the hotel. Altogether it was a most unfortunate occurrence, and did me much harm in the estimation of those about me.

I have neither space nor desire to speak of the botheration which ensued; of the solemn warning which my wife thought fit to address to Mrs. Seymour; of the latter's appeal to the person principally concerned, and of my own clumsy attempts to get out of an awkward predicament. The upshot of it all was that I believe I was looked upon, for some time, as more or less of a detected swindler by everybody, except, indeed, by my dear and excellent count, who would never have understood the mean feeling which had led me to make him out a greater man than he was. Now the Von Ravensburgs were of just so good descent as the Grand Dukes of Halbacker, he said; and if I had made a little mistake, who was the worse for it? "Tell me, my dear Mrs. Seymour, why does Mrs. Cleefford go out of the room whenever I enter? Does she take me berhaps for a *peeck-pocket?*" He roared with laughter at this funny notion.

The matter-of-course way in which Mrs. Seymour had taken Count Waldemar's sudden appearance upon the scene puzzled me so much that at last I felt impelled to ask her whether she had not been rather astonished to see him again.

"Oh, no," she answered quietly. "He has written to me several times since we parted at Homburg, and he always spoke in his letters of paying us a flying visit in the course of the winter."

"Oh, really?" said I, "I didn't know;" and then I changed the subject.

A man does not reach my time of life, nor spend the best part of half a century principally in cultivating the society of his fellow-creatures, to be scandalized by the flirtations of a pretty woman. Consciousness of my own many infirmities has ever imposed upon me a large measure of toleration for those of others; and when all is said and done, flirting, taken in the abstract, is no very heinous offence. Nevertheless, Mrs. Seymour's conduct in the present instance disappointed me. I had given her credit for less vanity and more consideration for the feelings of her neighbors. Was it worth while to inflict an expensive and fruitless journey upon this innocent young German; to set a hitherto harmonious party by the ears, and to get me into trouble with Mrs. Clifford, merely for the amusement of playing off one admirer

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against another? I was really vexed with Mrs. Seymour, and all the more so because I had seen a good deal of her during my sojourn at Hyères, and had discovered the existence of many excellent qualities beneath her somewhat conventional exterior.

At the same time, I could not but admire the skill with which she contrived to receive both the young men every day, and yet so to arrange matters as that their visits should not clash. I myself, having so few sources of amusement at command in the place, strolled up to her villa pretty frequently, and invariably found one or other of the rivals there, but never the two of them together. There was always some pretext, directly traceable to Mrs. Seymour's influence, for the dismissal of the absentee. Now it was Everard who had taken Miss Grey out for a ride; now it was Count Waldemar who had kindly undertaken to execute a few commissions at Toulon, and who was to be driven back from the station by Mrs. Seymour in her pony-carriage. Sometimes the German, sometimes the Englishman, was sent down to the seashore, three miles away, to pick up the many-colored shells which abound on that coast. I happen to have an elementary knowledge of conchology, and I had the curiosity to put a few questions to Mrs. Seymour on the subject, thereby convincing myself that if she knew a crustacean from a mollusk it was about as much as she did. She laughed when I taxed her with deliberate deceit, and frankly admitted that she had found it advisable to keep her friends as much as possible apart.

"They did not get on well together from the first," said she; "and I think it is always so much better not to try and make people like each other unless they are inclined that way. Count Waldemar is much too good-natured to quarrel with anybody, but he has a way of criticising you to your face, and of contradicting you flatly if you do not happen to agree with him, which people who do not know him are sometimes apt to take amiss. And then, you know, he does rather monopolize the conversation. When he is in the room nobody else gets much chance of making himself heard, and Mr. Everard, who is very well-informed and clever, and all that, is accustomed to be listened to."

"Precisely so; and that, of course, is quite enough to account for two good fellows hating one another like poison," says I, with delicate irony.

"Well, you know, Englishmen and foreigners hardly ever do manage to hit it off," she answered, in the most innocent manner in the world; "but I should not say that they exactly hated one another."

They did, though, or something very like it. Although, owing to the able tactics above alluded to, they seldom or never met at Mrs. Seymour's, every day brought them together half-a-dozen times at the Hôtel d'Orient; and, to use Mrs. Clifford's epigrammatical expression, they never fell in with one another without falling out. She, of course, laid all the blame of this unpleasantness upon Count Waldemar, whereas I was inclined to think that Everard had been the original aggressor: but I must confess that at the end of a week there was not a pin to choose between them. Each did his best to be objectionable to the other, and in so doing, succeeded in being a most decided nuisance to everybody else.

In my capacity of neutral, I had more opportunities than I cared about of hearing both sides of the question.

"Of all the offensive bores I ever met," Everard would exclaim, "that long-legged German friend of yours is the most irrepressible. I can't understand how a fellow can be so intrusive. It is easy to see that poor Mrs. Seymour is tired to death of him; but I suppose she doesn't like to be rude, and nothing short of kicking the man out of the house would ever keep him away from it. I assure you he is there morning, noon, and night."

"So is somebody else, as far as that goes," I make bold to observe.

"You mean me? Ah, but I'm different," answers Everard, and saunters away without deigning to explain wherein the difference lies.

Count Waldemar, on his side, showed no less bitterness and a good deal more jealousy. He had a very poor opinion of the Englishman, whom he spoke of as "a most effeminate person — wass we call *ein junger Geck*," but admitted, for all that, that he regarded him as a formidable rival.

"I know not what to think," he said, shaking his head despondently one evening when I was smoking my after-dinner cigar with him, Everard having, as we both knew, betaken himself to the villa on the hill. "When I am alone mit her, then is she so kind, so pleasant as I could wish for nothing more; but if this abominable fellow is expected, at once I am sent away, and that is a thing wass I cannot endure. Very likely he is sitting beside her at this moment, in the very chair I was sitting in myself this morning."

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"Why, of course he is," I answered stupidly. "You don't suppose that he sits at one end of the room and Mrs. Seymour at the other, do you?"

Up jumps the count, and begins putting on his military great-coat with the air of one who has a definite purpose in view.

"What are you going to do?" I inquired apprehensively.

"I go to Mrs. Seymour's," he replied. "Do you come mit me? Yes, my friend, you shall come, and we will see for ourselves whether or no she is making me a fool."

He took down my hat from the hook on which it was hanging, clapped it on my head, pushed my passive arms into the sleeves of my overcoat, and marched me out into the moonlight without another word. I had got accustomed to his ways by this time, and made no resistance, though I felt that we were about to do a foolish thing.

On reaching the villa, we were kept some time waiting before the servant answered our ring, and when we entered the drawing-room, there was nothing in the relative attitudes of its three inmates to excite any jealous suspicions. Miss Grey was at the piano; Everard, standing behind her, was apparently intent upon turning over the pages of her music-book, and Mrs. Seymour was demurely occupied with a piece of embroidery by the fireside. The latter welcomed us with her wonted cordiality, and looked, I thought, more amused than annoyed; but Everard sighed impatiently, and whispered something to Miss Grey.

Count Waldemar dropped into a chair at Mrs. Seymour's side, and I am bound to say that he contrived to perform this simple action in a markedly aggressive manner. Everard, however, did not take up the challenge, if such it were intended to be, but went on conversing in a low tone with Miss Grey.

Finding myself thus constrained to play the ungrateful part of a fifth person, I rose presently, and stepped out on to the verandah which surrounded the house.

I have nothing to say against the climate of Hyères at such times as the *mistral* is not blowing. On this December night the air was as mild as that of an English June. There were roses in bloom in the garden; a faint breeze was stirring among the olive-trees on the slopes; the moon made a silvery pathway across the sea beneath, softening all the landscape, and casting such a fairy-like glamor over the arid rocks of the Hyères Islands that their ancient title of the Iles d'Or no longer seemed inappropriate. Somebody had left a cane armchair out on the verandah. I took possession of it, lighted a cigar, and was soon lost in those pathetic memories which are the peculiar property of moonlight and middle age.

How long I had been thus pleasantly occupied I cannot say, when an increased volume of sound proceeding from within attracted my attention, and made me aware that Count Waldemar was delivering one of his harangues. This was followed by some barely audible sentences enunciated in Everard's slow and somewhat drawling accents, and then I heard the count's voice saying distinctly and rather sulkily, —

"Sir, you make a mistake; the Germans are a most order-loving people. That we love Prussia I do not say — no; but we shall remain loyal to the emperor because he is the natural head of the *Reich;* and it is only very ignorant and foolish persons who maintain the contrary."

"Thanks. I fully appreciate the flattering inference. All the same, I expect to see the German republic before I die."

"*Pfui!*"

"Herr von Ravensburg, do you know that you are rather rude?"

"Rude? *Aber!* — when a man speaks to me of the German republic!"

At this juncture I judged it appropriate to appear upon the scene, after the fashion of the heathen deities of old, and to avert the impending strife.

"Are you young men aware that it is past eleven o'clock?" I asked. "If you stay here much longer, you will not only wear out Mrs. Seymour's patience, but also that of the hotel-porter, who is not fond of late hours. Come, let us all say good-night, and be off."

As I marched out of the house between the two rivals, I felt that I had displayed a tact for which everybody owed me some thanks; but my self-approval was not destined to last long. Just as we reached the limits of the small domain, Count Waldemar, who all this time had been only too evidently struggling with inward wrath, stopped short, drew himself up to his full height, and looking over my head at Everard, ejaculated, —

"Sir!"

"*Do* be quiet," I whispered entreatingly; but he never heeded me.

"Sir," he repeated. "Just now you have said that I was rude. Before the ladies I could not notice your worts, but now I must ask you what you have meant."

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"Exactly what I said," answered Everard curtly.

"In Germany we consider such speeches an insult."

"Do you? Well, really I can't help it. If a man dislikes being called a boor, he ought not to behave boorishly."

Count Waldemar told me afterwards that Everard had been sneering at him, and trying to provoke him all the evening through: otherwise he would not have lost his temper even after so direct an affront as this. As it was, his self-control deserted him entirely. He took two strides towards the offender, caught him up in his arms like a baby, held him for an instant poised aloft, and then, with one mighty heave, tossed him clear over the low bank by which we were standing, into a conveniently adjacent clump of cactus-bushes.

I am sorry to say that, shocked and indignant though I was at this deed of violence upon the person of a friend and a fellow-countryman, the first emotion that took possession of me was one of most unseasonable mirth; and this, gaining strength by reason of my efforts to conquer it, soon mastered me so completely that I was fain to sit me down upon the grass and hold my sides, while Count Waldemar, all his ill-humor dispersed in that one explosion of wrath, woke the echoes with peal after peal of uproarious laughter, and from the cactus-bushes below arose the maledictions of the outraged Everard.

To a man smarting both mentally and physically as Everard must have been doing, such conduct as this may well have appeared as inexcusable as it was exasperating. I suppose that under any circumstances he would have been very angry; he was simply furious now, and satisfaction he vowed he would have.

How we got back to the hotel I can hardly say. I daresay we were a sufficiently comical trio — Count Waldemar still shaking with laughter, Everard bristling with thorns like a hedgehog, and I insisting with vain volubility upon the necessity for mutual apologies. All I know is that, when I went to bed that night, I closed my eyes upon the prospect of having to play the absurd, not to say hazardous, part of second in a duel.

IV.

It was Count Waldemar who, despite my entreaties and protestations, would have it that I must act as his friend in the carrying out of this piece of murderous folly. He was very sorry to put me to any inconvenience, he said; but since he was not upon speaking terms with any other man in Hyères, he could not help himself; and when I declared that no duel should take place at all with my consent, he simply answered that that did not concern him, he being the receiver, not the giver of the challenge. He added, as a matter of detail, that he had no intention of apologizing for the hasty act into which his temper had betrayed him on the previous evening, and that he did not in the least regret it.

"I have seen very well, last night, that Mrs. Seymour is more fond of him as of me," he sighed; "but when she shall hear how I have sitted him in the meedst of those thorns, then must she certainly laugh. Yes, I shall have my revenche!"

And with this unworthy sentiment he lounged out into the sunshine, while I went up-stairs to see what I could do with the other fire-eater.

I found Everard deep in conversation with a certain M. de Beaulieu, a young Parisian, who was reluctantly spending a few weeks in the south in order to soothe the last moments of a wealthy and asthmatic aunt. I was sorry to see him there, for I had guessed the cause of his presence even before Everard, rising from his chair, said, —

"If you come from Herr von Ravensburg, perhaps I had better leave you with M. de Beaulieu, who has kindly consented to act for me in this matter."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow! pray don't stir," I answered, determined to make light of the whole business if I could. "I certainly do come from Count Waldemar — that is, in a sort of way you know. I mean, I did not tell him I was coming; and my only object in doing so is to suggest that you and he should make up your difference in a friendly way."

"I don't quite see how that is to be managed," observed Everard quietly.

"Now, Everard, be reasonable. For goodness' sake don't let us have a row. You see, the fact is you were both in the wrong; you provoked him, and he forgot himself; each of you will surely admit that much. Very well; you have only to acknowledge frankly —— "

"Mr. Clifford, what would you do if a fellow twice your size chucked you into a small plantation of prickly pears?"

"Well, I can't exactly say upon the spur of the moment; but one thing is certain — no Englishman is expected to fight duels in these days."

"No man who prefers to take a licking

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is ever expected to fight. For my own part, I have lived so much abroad that I have become a little foreign in my habits; and as I am a particularly good shot, and a very fair swordsman, and have already been out three times, I see no reason why I should not prevent your German friend from insulting strangers for the future."

"Why, you bloodthirsty young ruffian, do you mean to say you would kill the man?"

"Not if I can help it; but I mean hitting him, I can tell you. And if I were you, Mr. Clifford, I would keep out of the quarrel. You can do as you like, of course, and it is no business of mine; but I think it is only fair to warn you that all this will probably end by getting you into a mess with the police."

That was all I obtained from Mr. Everard, who now left the room. For one brief moment I did think of following his advice — of declaring that I washed my hands of these two young idiots and their broils, or, better still, of packing up my portmanteau and taking the afternoon train to Nice. But it was only for a moment. Upon further reflection, I felt that I could not leave poor Waldemar thus basely in the lurch; and so I sat down sadly, and began to use my poor powers of eloquence upon M. de Beaulieu. That gentleman heard me out very patiently, and then convinced me, by a few brief but pithy sentences, that nothing short of an abject written apology would satisfy the wounded honor of his principal. At the end of a quarter of an hour I had actually consented, on Count Waldemar's behalf, to a hostile meeting with pistols at daybreak; and to this hour I cannot see what alternative course was open to me. Some vague hints I did venture to throw out with reference to blank cartridges, and the possibility of satisfying wounded honor without risk to life or limb; but upon this M. de Beaulieu became so angry, and asked me with such an air of outraged dignity what I took him for, that I was compelled to retreat rather hastily from that position.

Thus it came to pass that, after a disturbed night, I found myself stealing out of the Hôtel d'Orient about the hour of sunrise, accompanied by three other malefactors, whom, at that dismal moment, I most warmly commended in my heart to the devil. I don't know what I have done that I should be forever getting into these discreditable scrapes; I don't know why such troubles should come upon me more than upon other inoffensive members of society; but, as a fact, they do.

Silently we plodded up the stony hillside, and through the woods of olive and cork trees that clothed it. The branches overhead and the scanty herbage at our feet were glistening with dew; the air was still and crisp; the sunlight fell upon a pale blue sea and upon a white sail or two in the offing.

It seemed monstrous that two young fellows in the prime of life should be setting out to kill one another on such a lovely, peaceful morning; and we all of us, I fancy, felt the influence of the scene in a greater or less degree. I can answer for it that one of the party, who is neither a rich nor a specially generous man, would gladly have signed a cheque for a thousand pounds there and then, at the imminent risk of having it subsequently dishonored, if by that means he could have obliterated the events of the two preceding days.

But as that could not be, and as Providence did not think fit to intervene in the person of a gendarme or any other *deus ex machinâ*, we pursued our way without let or hindrance, and presently reached the entrance of a little dell, shut in on every side by rocks and trees, where we all instinctively came to a standstill. The light might have been better, M. de Beaulieu said, surveying the spot with a critical eye; but one could not have everything, and it was a pretty place for the purpose — a very pretty place. This Frenchman's spirits appeared to rise with the approach of the combat, and he set about measuring the distance — only twenty paces, alas! — as briskly and cheerfully as if he had been making the requisite preparations for a cotillon. Everard and Count Waldemar stood a short space apart, each with his eyes fixed upon the ground, while I, with the pistol-case under my arm, seated myself upon the stump of a tree, shivering a little, and feeling as utterly miserable as I ever felt in my life.

At this supreme moment a distinct sound of approaching footsteps fell upon my ear. I wheeled round, and found myself face to face with — heavens and earth! — Mrs. Seymour and Miss Grey.

"Good morning, Mr. Clifford," said the former, without any demonstration of surprise. "Is it not a delicious morning for a walk? Is that Mr. Everard? And Herr von Ravensburg too! Dear me, what can you all be doing? And what have you got under your arm?"

"A — a botanical case — or rather, I should say, a paint-box. I mean, I really don't know; it doesn't belong to me, but to M. de Beaulieu. Here, catch hold of

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it," says I, thrusting the horrid thing into the hands of its owner, who had now joined the group, looking very blank. "Are you — er — out for a walk too?" I continued with an inane simper; for in truth I hardly knew what I was saying.

"As you see," answered Mrs. Seymour demurely. "A walk in the early morning gives one such a capital appetite, does it not? And, *à propos*, I want you all to come back and breakfast with me."

A prompt and general murmur, like a response in church, testified to the unanimity with which we declined this kind invitation.

"Oh, but I will take no refusal," insisted Mrs. Seymour. "You cannot possibly have any engagement at this hour of the day, and I do not intend to let you escape. Miss Grey shall take charge of Mr. Everard, I will look after Mr. Clifford, and the two other gentlemen shall walk between us, so that we may not lose sight of them."

There was nothing to be done but to surrender to this determined lady — I don't deny that one of us was no very reluctant prisoner — and so our tragedy was converted into a farce, and we marched down the narrow pathway, two and two, in somewhat ludicrous procession — first Everard and Miss Grey; then Count Waldemar and M. de Beaulieu, the latter ineffectually striving to conceal his murderous implements under an overcoat; finally Mrs. Seymour and myself.

"*Well*, Mr. Clifford," began my companion, as soon as we were fairly under way.

"Well, Mrs. Seymour?"

Of course I saw that she knew what we had been about.

"I should have believed this of a great many people — of Count Waldemar, for instance, who is a foreigner, or of Mr. Everard, who has lived so much abroad — but not of you."

"Go on. Blame me, and you will be quite in the fashion. That is what everybody invariably does under all circumstances; and I have long since given up self defence as a mere waste of time. I am quite prepared to admit that everything has been my fault from beginning to end, and to apologize to you all round. It was I, of course, who brought an unfortunate German all the way from Würtemberg to Hyères upon a fool's errand; it was I who flirted with two young men to that extent that one of them had to ease his feelings by plunging the other head over heels into a cactus-bush: it was I who ——"

"Mr. Clifford, you are excessively rude, and, begging your pardon, excessively silly too. I never was accused of flirting before in my life. I can make allowances for Herr von Ravensburg, because he is — well, because, for many reasons, it is not unnatural that he should misunderstand things; but that you, who particularly pride yourself upon your insight into human nature and the causes of people's actions should not have seen long ago that Mr. Everard is engaged to my cousin, Miss Grey, is more than I can comprehend. The engagement would have been announced before this, only I did not want it talked about just at first, because Mr. Everard is not very well off, and my people rather objected to the match. Now, however, everything is settled; and when Count Waldemar has apologized, as I intend him to do before breakfast, I hope we may all shake hands, and forget how foolish some of us have been. But I must say I shall have some little difficulty in pardoning you for doing your best to kill the two firmest friends I have in the world."

"Will you tell me how on earth I was to prevent a man who refused to apologize from fighting another who insisted upon an apology?"

"How? Oh, in a hundred ways. You had only to inform the police or to send a line to me. Nothing could be more simple."

"Quite out of the question — altogether contrary to etiquette," returned I, trying to look as if I had had a large experience of duels. "Ladies know nothing about these affairs. By-the-bye, may I ask how you managed to arrive upon the scene so opportunely?"

"I shall not answer any questions which might get innocent people into trouble. But I may mention that if you had not yelled with laughter in that unseemly way, the night that Count Waldemar behaved so disgracefully, my maid would not have run out into the garden to see what was the matter."

"Oho! Is your maid that very well-dressed lady whom I sometimes see walking with Everard's man on Sunday afternoons?"

"Never mind. Will you go on now, and entertain M. de Beaulieu, please. And may I ask you to send Herr von Ravensburg to me. I have a few words to say to him."

The nature of those few words I was enabled to surmise by the guttural ejaculations which reached me, every now and

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again, as I descended the hill beside the Frenchman. Just as we approached the house Count Waldemar brushed past me, looking a trifle crestfallen, and hurried up to the couple who were waiting for us at the door. I was too far off to hear what passed; but the count's utterances were always embellished with so much pantomime that it was easy to form a pretty accurate guess at what he was saying, so long as he was anywhere within range of eyesight. I saw him standing, hat in hand, before Miss Grey, rigid as to his legs, but violently agitated from the waist upwards. I saw him fling his arms about wildly, and feign to tear out his hair by handfuls. Then he turned to his late antagonist, bowed three several times most profoundly, indulged in a little more gesticulation, and finally seized him by both hands, and almost shook him off his feet. Everard did not look more than half pleased; but Count Waldemar was not the man to be abashed by a little coldness. Having accomplished his task, he faced about, and came striding back towards us with his wonted cheerful equanimity very nearly restored.

"Now I have made all goot," said he, in the tone of a man who expects to be thanked. "Mrs. Seymour, I hope you are gontent mit me?"

Mrs. Seymour laughed. "Let us go in to breakfast," she said, without replying to the count's question.

I cannot say that that breakfast was in any sense a success. Our hostess was charming, and did all in her power to set us at our ease, and Count Waldemar, as usual, talked a great deal; but, upon the whole, I think everybody was very glad when the repast came to an end. I, for my part, was conscious that, however excusably, I had made a fool of myself; M. de Beaulieu barely disguised his dissatisfaction at the tame conclusion of the affair in which his services had been enlisted; Miss Grey never opened her lips, and Everard was evidently rather sulky. I suppose those thorns still rankled a little.

He and his *fiancée* seized the earliest opportunity that offered to escape into the garden, and immediately afterwards M. de Beaulieu took his leave. Upon this I said I thought I would go out on to the verandah, and smoke a cigar, and as neither of the two remaining members of the company offered any objection to my departure, I suited the action to the word.

It was very pleasant out on the verandah. The air was warm, yet clear; the stony, hilly landscape was beautiful with numberless delicate gradations of color; a silvery ribbon of surf fringed the blue sea, which stretched away towards the far horizon to meet as blue a sky. In the garden at my feet, the standard roses, yellow, pink, creamy, and white, were drinking in the sunshine; and every now and then I caught a glimpse of Everard and Miss Grey pacing slowly side by side among the myrtles and tamarisks. Surveying this idyllic prospect with quiet contentment, I fell into a pleasant daydream, which, by an easy transition, resolved itself ere long into a refreshing slumber. When I awoke it was to find Count Waldemar and Mrs. Seymour standing before me hand in hand.

"My dear Mr. Clifford," said the former oratorically, "you have once done me the great kindness to present me to Mrs. Seymour; permit me, in return, to present to you the future Gräfin von Ravensburg."

It is always a little difficult to know what to say upon these occasions, and the difficulty is perhaps rather specially great to a man who has been caught asleep, and has not had time to reassemble his ideas. However, it can matter very little what his remarks may be so that he makes them short, and relieves the lovers of his presence with all convenient despatch; and in this branch of my duty I did not fail.

Mrs. Clifford, to whom I communicated the news later in the day, received it with some strong expressions of disapproval.

"I do not remember ever to have heard of a more ill-omened and unsuitable marriage," said she. "An Englishwoman of good birth and fortune to ally herself with a German adventurer! What possible chance of happiness can she have?"

To a certain extent, I confess that I shared my wife's apprehensions. Looking at the utter dissimilarity of their ways of life and thought, I could not but foresee that Count Waldemar and his wife would have need of much mutual forbearance; and no one knows better than I how limited is the stock of that useful quality accorded to most mortals. The match did not sound a promising one; but then, as everybody knows, the most promising matches often turn out badly in the long run, and *vice versâ*. Marriage, which has more than one attribute in common with death, resembles it especially in this, that no human being can venture to predict what manner of life is likely to succeed to it.

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I am glad, at all events, to be able to state that, when I saw the Count and Countess von Ravensburg in London, a few days since, they both looked remarkably cheerful and contented.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THUROT.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

THE question of fortifying the several commercial harbors and seaports round our coasts has been often proposed and argued on; it has, quite lately, been again urged by the corporations of Edinburgh and Leith; it is, in reality, one which too closely affects our material interests to be treated as lightly or carelessly as it often is treated, and which deserves more consideration than it commonly gets.

Britannia needs no bulwarks

is a favorite reply; a poetical vaunt, a bit of bounce, that sounds well, and that, when written, sounded almost better; with the tidings of the first of June, of St. Vincent, Camperdown, and the Nile still ringing in the public ears, we can quite understand the proud boast which a few years' further experience showed thinking men might be a very unsafe one. Had Villeneuve been a man of moderate ability and moderate nerve, Britannia might have wished very heartily for bulwarks; and the martello towers, which were built shortly after, showed that it was considered just as well to have some fortifications even along the steep.

It is not, however, of that stirring period of eighteen hundred and war time, that I am now about to write. I am going to endeavor to recall the memory of an older war, and a still earlier scare; when a French invasion seemed imminent; when flat-bottomed boats were got ready all along the north coast of France; when a camp was formed on Brighton Downs: when a large force of soldiers, militia and volunteers, was mustered to oppose the expected landing; when Garrick wrote, and Boyce composed, and Champness sang that spirit-stirring song, "Hearts of Oak," which is still the recognized call of our seamen to quarters, though such lines as

We'll still make them fear, and still make them flee,
And drub 'em on shore as we've drubbed 'em at sea,

hint at a possibility of invasion after all; and when another favorite song was first heard, a song whose air has been a loth-to-depart in both services for the last hundred years, and which is genuine English, nor the less so because a great many have fancied it an Irish melody: the words are too long to quote; the first two verses will be sufficient to remind the reader that the original name of the song was "Brighton Camp:"—

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hill,
And o'er the moor and valley,
Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill
Since parting with my Sally.
I seek no more the fine or gay,
For each does but remind me
How swift the hours did pass away
With the girl I've left behind me.

Oh, ne'er shall I forget the night,
The stars were bright above me,
And gently lent their silvery light,
When first she vowed to love me.
But now I'm bound to Brighton Camp;
Kind Heaven then pray guide me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

And then, as half a century later, the boldness and decision of English admirals, acting on the timidity and vacillation of the French, nullified the well-planned strategy of the French government: then, on August 18, 1759, Boscawen,—"Old Dreadnought," as our sailors loved to call him—broke up, dispersed, captured, burned, or drove on shore the Toulon fleet, under M. de la Clue, as it tried to pass out of the Mediterranean to join the fleet at Brest, and obtain the command of the Channel: then Hawke—"as a hawk on his quarry"—pounced down on that Brest fleet as, on November 20, 1759, it was entering Quiberon Bay, to embark the troops mustered in Morbihan; and made that brilliant and glorious smash of the French navy which was historically, nautically, and politically the precursor and rival of Trafalgar; the memory of which in France is perpetuated as "*la journée de M. de Conflans*," though in England it is but feebly remembered as Hawke's action, and the name of Quiberon Bay has fallen into oblivion, so that it will now probably sound strange, or in itself convey no definite meaning.

That Quiberon Bay was a decisive battle of the Seven Years' War, is a fact which has escaped most historians; that, had the result of it been reversed, had it been the English fleet that was annihilated, the relative positions of France and England

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during the next four years, and in the negotiations which then ensued, would have been very different. Historians have not recognized this; and even at the time, it seems to have been taken very much as a matter of course. The possibility of the result of a meeting between the two fleets being not exactly what it was, seems never to have occurred to our enthusiastic countrymen, who had, less than three years before, shot one of their admirals for strategic defeat and tactical imbecility; not perhaps for positive cowardice, but, at any rate, for very negative courage. Hawke was thanked by Parliament for his great victory; and a pension followed shortly after, but he did not get his peerage for seventeen years; and even at the time, the fleet was so neglected by the government, now that the strain — unacknowledged though it was — was taken off, that the necessary stores and provisions were not sent to it; and our seamen were exposed to great and uncalled-for hardships and privations, while keeping up the strict blockade on the shattered remnants of the enemy's navy. The feeling of the fleet was expressed in some wretched doggrel, which none the less conveys a very painful idea of injustice and neglect: —

> Ere Hawke did bang
> Monsieur Conflans,
> You sent us beef and beer;
> Now monsieur's beat,
> We've nought to eat,
> Since you have nought to fear.

But all this is matter of history more or less familiar. The political state of the two countries at the time may be read in Lord Mahon's (Stanhope's) "History of England;" and the details of Boscawen's action in the Straits, or Hawke's action in Quiberon Bay — both joining with the capture of Quebec and the conquest of Canada to render the year "wonderful" — can be found in Entick's "History of the Late War," in Beatson, in Charnock, or in the continuation of Campbell.* But coincident with these great events, smaller events were taking place; coincident with the French idea of a great invasion in the south of England, which was extinguished by Boscawen and Hawke, was entertained by the French another idea, that of a landing in the north of England or Ireland, not indeed in any force, but still in such force and under such circumstances as might, and as it was hoped would, direct to the north a considerable part of the army mustered in the south, would thus weaken the defence, and render the undertaking of the invaders comparatively easy. The charge of this expedition was given to a man whose name indeed, Thurot, is in all our histories, but of whose career no one English book, or French book either, gives any complete or correct account. In the local records, the corporation books of many towns, the mention of Thurot's name shows that he was a much more real personage in the minds of the worthy burghers than De la Clue or Conflans; and yet, even then, he was to some extent mythical; and his earliest biographer, the Rev. John Francis Durand,* writing immediately after his death in 1760, says: "In the course of a few weeks I have known him to be a Scotchman, an Englishman, and an Hibernian; he was successively the Young Pretender, a reformed pirate, and a bastard of the blood royal of France, and I make no doubt that if he had kept the sea a little longer, he would, in his turn, have been the brother of the Grand Turk, or the nephew of the pope of Rome; unless the newspapers had thought fit to give us broad hints that he was those very great personages themselves in disguise." Durand's little book is the only "Life of Thurot" which has been written in English; but though the author makes great claim to authenticity, as having been an intimate friend of Thurot for many years, he has left us a farrago of nonsense which we may believe Thurot himself crammed him with. Durand was a clergyman, and is said by Entick, also a clergyman, to be worthy of credit; it is more than can be said of his book, which can only be trusted for the few years when Thurot was living in London, or a frequent visitor to it; or when, in the latter part, it quotes or refers to official papers; but the account which

* Is it not strange that in a country like ours, having a navy such as ours, there is nothing at all approaching to a standard naval history? Beatson's "Memoirs" is a mere chronicle, crowded with unimportant details, very often incorrect; and though — with proper care — most valuable to the professional student, is *caviare* to the general reader. A writer of our own time attempted, a few years ago, to supply the want; but his work, though pleasantly enough written, is a mere compilation of the material readiest to hand, without research, knowledge, or critical judgment; and as a "History of the British Navy" is of no value whatever.

* "Genuine and Curious Memoirs of the famous Captain Thurot, written by the Rev. John Francis Durand, with some of Mons. Thurot's Original Letters to that Gentleman, now in England. To which is added a much more faithful and particular Account than has been hitherto published of his Proceedings since his Sailing from the Coast of France, October 18, 1759." Dublin, 12mo. 1760. I have said in the text that these memoirs are more than curious. Even such a trifling matter as this last-mentioned date is incorrect.

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it gives of Thurot's early life and active career is simply and entirely false; it has not even the semblance of truth.

François Thurot,* the son of an innkeeper and postmaster in a small way of business, was born at Nuits, a petty town of Burgundy (Côte d'Or) on July 22, 1726. As a boy he is said to have been of a violent and quarrelsome disposition; and when, after having had a fair education at the Jesuits' college at Dijon, he was, at the age of sixteen, bound apprentice in the shop of a druggest in that town, he launched out into all sorts of juvenile dissipation and debauchery. This, as is often the case, led to the worst kind of rowdyism; and he ended his career in Dijon by robbing his aunt of her silver dishes and flying from the town. Naturally enough, he ignored Dijon and Nuits for the rest of his life; he seems to have passed himself off as a native of Boulogne, when, some short time after, he turned up at Dunkirk, and, being almost, or quite destitute, obtained employment as surgeon on board a privateer fitted out to take advantage of the war with England. He was then barely eighteen, and his knowledge of surgery was such as he had picked up during his few months in the druggist's shop; so that it was, perhaps, in some respects, fortunate for the crew of the privateer that she was captured by the English almost at once; and that they and their surgeon were put out of harm's way in a prison at Dover.

Thurot remained a prisoner for about a year, during which time he learned English; and having won the good opinion of his gaolers, and probably being out on parole, he one night seized on a small boat, and put to sea with no further equipment than a pair of sculls; with these, and with his shirt for a sail, he reached Calais in the course of the next day. The success of this bold escape made some noise, and was the means of introducing him to the Maréchal de Belle-Isle, who advised him to study navigation and take to a seafaring life. He did both; he entered as boy on board a privateer, and rose rapidly to higher ratings; after two cruises he was entrusted with an independent command, and by his activity, energy, and good fortune, won some reputation and a large share of prize-money; so that, when peace was concluded in 1748, although but twenty-two, and having been only three years at sea, he was in a position to fit out a merchant ship at his own risk and expense. For the next few years he lived a good deal in London, lodging — according to Mr. Durand — at the house of an apothecary in Paddington, where he passed as a gentleman. He spoke English remarkably well for a foreigner, sung, played the flute and the French horn, was free with his cash, and was, altogether, good company. "But," says Durand, "the chief bent of his inclination leaned towards navigation and fortification; he had always some little plans, purely the efforts of his own unformed genius, relative to those arts about him, which he was constantly showing to his companions; and never seemed so thoroughly happy as when he got with people that had a smattering of the above-mentioned sciences. The last time he was in England he lived in a court in Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and was there instructed in the mathematicks by one Mr. Donnelly, an Irish gentleman, famous for his knowledge and abilities in mathematical studies."

He seems, then, to have passed his time in London in an easy, social, sometimes studious, occasionally dissipated manner; vanishing for months together, no one knew where, when his money ran short. Durant clearly knew nothing about him during these absences, beyond what Thurot himself chose to tell; and in that there was evidently a good deal of romance. It is, however, quite certain that he was actively engaged in smuggling; possibly in piracy also; and that his misdeeds brought him within the grasp of the law; but whether in England or France may perhaps be thought doubtful. His daughter, in her address to the French government in 1790, urging her claims for a pension, says that he was ruined by legal process in England, on suspicion of being engaged in contraband trade. But his daughter had no personal knowledge of Thurot; nor, at the time referred to, does Thurot seem to have been married, so that she could not learn anything of this, at first hand, from her mother; and Thurot himself was too much given to what is nautically known as "spinning benders," to permit us to attach much credit to any unsupported statement of his concerning

* The French notices of Thurot referred to are: —
(1) *Adresse à Messieurs les Représentans de la Nation Française.* Par Mlle. Thurot. 1790.
(2) *Vie du Capitaine Thurot.* Par M. ——. Paris, 1791.
(3) *Journal Historique du Capitaine Thurot dans sa Croisière sur les Côtes d'Ecosse et d'Irlande.* Dunkerque, 1760.
(4) *Journal de la Navigation d'une Escadre Françoise, partie du port de Dunkerque aux ordres du Capitaine Thurot, le 15 Octobre 1759.*

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his antecedents. Neither is it to be overlooked that Mlle. Thurot had a case to make out; that it was an object to show that her father had lost money through the English; and that, in 1790, implied abuse of England was not likely to do her cause any harm. Durand, on the other hand, says that he was imprisoned in France, first in Dunkirk and afterwards in Paris, for smuggling; the French laws, in respect to that offence, being extremely severe: and though it is quite possible that Thurot's peculiar views of commerce and navigation were objected to on both sides of the Channel, Durand's account is consistent, and apparently based on actual knowledge.

Nevertheless, smuggler or pirate, he had in France a reputation as a bold seaman; and when war was on the point of breaking out, his name was mentioned at court as that of a man likely to prove serviceable. The king sent him a commission in the royal navy, and his old patron, the Maréchal de Belle-Isle, procured for him the command of the "Friponne," a small sloop, in which he cruised, as before, in the Channel, waging a profitable war against English commerce.

Whilst thus employed, he is said to have conceived the possibility of setting fire to Portsmouth, and utterly destroying the dockyard. His plan was simplicity itself. He was to glide (*glisser*) into the harbor in the dead of night, in a large boat carrying fifty men. His biographer, M. ——, thinks that nothing prevented his doing this but the jealousy of the aristocratic courtiers, and the carelessness of the minister who discussed the project in presence of some traitor, who sold the secret to the English government. Had it not been for that, it was only "necessary to elude the most active vigilance, and to face the guard of a harbor the entrance of which bristled with cannon." These, to Thurot, would have been trifles; but the English, being forewarned, took such additional precautions as rendered the brilliant scheme quite hopeless.

It is difficult to say how much, or how little, truth there is in this, but I see no reason to doubt that a wild and daring adventurer, like Thurot, may have proposed some such scheme; partly, perhaps, with a real intention of attempting it; partly also, with a view of being prevented by the government, and of adding to his reputation at a cheap rate. But certainly, if the project was seriously proposed, the French government refused to entertain it: instead of doing so, it appointed Thurot to the command of a squadron to cruise in the Channel.

This squadron, consisting of two thirty-six-gun frigates, the "Maréchal de Belle-Isle" and the "Chauvelin," each mounting twelve-pounders on her maindeck, and two small sloops, sailed from St. Malo on July 16, 1757. Very shortly after starting, one of the sloops, looking out ahead, was picked up by some English cruisers; but the others escaped. On July 25, off Portland, they fell in with the English frigate "Southampton" (thirty-two guns, Captain Gilchrist), on her way from Portsmouth to Plymouth, with stores and specie. As the action that ensued is one which the French biographer considers especially glorious, it is well to point out that the French frigates were each of them more than a nominal match for the "Southampton;" that the two together had a very great superiority of force; that they attacked and were beaten off; and that whether they drew back, as Beatson says, or were unable to follow and prevent the "Southampton" making off, as M. —— says, is a matter of little consequence. The main point is the same; that Thurot, with two frigates against one, each larger, heavier, and with a more numerous crew, did not capture the one;* and with the best will in the world, it is difficult to see the great glory which, from this non-capture, redounds to the French navy.

It looks to me, indeed, as if M. Thurot had conceived his special work to be plundering comparatively helpless merchant ships, rather than fighting sturdily defended men-of-war; and that, when he found the "Southampton" no easy capture, he stomached his loss — amounting, on board the "Belle-Isle" alone, to fourteen killed, twenty-six wounded — and hauled to the wind. Clearly it was no part of Captain Gilchrist's duty, when he was specially employed in carrying specie, to go out of his way to engage an enemy of more than double his strength. That this is the correct view to take of Thurot's conduct seems confirmed by the facts of another action which he fought off Flushing, on August 1, with the "Seahorse," a twenty-four-gun frigate, Captain Taylor. The "Belle-Isle," which, in her engagement with the "Southampton,"

* A statement of the comparative force of the combatants will put this in a clearer light:

Southampton	26 12-pounders	6 6-pounders	220 men.
Belle Isle	28 12-pounders	8 6-pounders	400 men.
Chauvelin	28 "	8 "	400 "
Total	56 12-pounders	16 6-pounders	800 men.

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had suffered much in her rigging, had been partially dismantled in a squall off Ostend, and was in tow of the "Chauvelin," their sloop, the "Gros Thomas," in company, when the "Seahorse," with two small craft, the "Raven" and "Bonetta," bore down against them. After an engagement lasting three hours and a half, at first with the "Chauvelin" alone, and afterwards with the two together, the "Seahorse" was almost dismantled and had eight killed, seventeen badly wounded. She was of much smaller force* than either the "Belle-Isle" or the "Chauvelin," and ought to have been captured. That she was not, was due not so much to her material strength, as to the moral weakness of her opponents, who have boasted — as of a victory — of having forced her to sheer off. In point of fact, she was too much disabled either to sheer off or to continue the attack, and the French frigates were content to leave her and retire into Flushing.

It was September 18 before they were refitted, and they were scarcely well out of the port before they were chased in again by an English squadron, consisting, it is said, of three ships of the line and two frigates. The "Chauvelin" got back without difficulty; but the "Belle-Isle," carrying away her foretopsail yard, was overtaken, and sustained a heavy fire before she could escape. The French accounts of this affair are certainly exaggerated; and as the English have taken no notice of it, it is impossible to identify the squadron; the more so, as the "*Journal de la Croisière*" — written by an eye-witness, an officer of the "Belle-Isle" — has previously called the "Seahorse" and her little companions, "three frigates." The "Somerset" (seventy), and the "Rochester" (fifty), were on that coast at the time, and may possibly have chased the French frigates into Flushing; but it is difficult to believe that both or either of them were within pistol-shot of the "Belle-Isle," fired several broadsides into her, and did not sink her: it is not a question of human endurance, or French courage, but of the fundamental principles of hydrostatics.

When Thurot had again refitted, the two ships, "Belle-Isle" and "Chauvelin," stood out to the northward, and cruised with some success on the east coast of England and Scotland. On October 5 they were driven by stress of weather into the Moray Frith, and anchored off Banff, to the no small dismay of the provost and burgesses, who expected nothing less than the enforcement of a heavy contribution. The accident of opportunity might have suggested this to Thurot, and there was no force to prevent him; but during the night the gale freshened; the "Chauvelin" parted her cables and drifted out to sea, leaving her anchors behind; and in the morning the "Belle-Isle" weighed, and went to look for her, very much to the relief of the towns-people of Banff, who, for once, realized the danger to which they were exposed so far as to raise a sum of 400*l.* to construct a battery for their future defence.*

The two ships did not meet outside, and we may conclude that the "Chauvelin" made the best of her way back to France: the "Belle Isle," on the other hand, kept northwards; and having, under the Dutch flag, obtained some provisions at the Shetland Islands, crossed over to Bergen, picking up on her way (October 19) a prize, described as a royal frigate of twenty-six guns: this it certainly was not; but it may have been an armed merchant ship, or possibly a privateer. During this year the French cruisers were very active, and took — according to Beatson — five hundred and seventy-one British ships, most of which, however, were of trifling value. The number of prizes taken by us amounted to no more that three hundred and sixty-four; but of these, "one hundred and fifteen were either privateers of force or armed merchant ships, carrying a great number of guns, and manned with upwards of ten thousand seamen;" so that, on the whole, the balance was believed to be in our favor.

Thurot anchored at Bergen on October 30, and remained there a couple of months, refitting his ship, which, though only a month at sea, was much in want of it. Here a curious incident occurred, which marks the character of the man: he was short of naval stores — such as blocks, ropes, and spars; and offered to buy them from the captain of a French ship, in the port, consigned to a Norwegian merchant. The captain refused to sell; and Thurot, not to be baulked, or, as his biographer puts it, "guided by his zeal for the interests of his country," sent a party on board, and with the strong hand seized on what he wanted; "an act of violence," adds M. ——, "which would, under other circum-

* Seahorse. 22 9-pounders 2 3-pounders 160 men.

* The "Statistical Account of Scotland" (vol. xiii., p. 20) gives a ludicrous description of the meeting of the corporation of Banff; the date there given (1759) is, however, a mistake: Thurot was not near Banff in 1759.

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stances, have been most blamable," and which, as it was, nearly got him into trouble with the Norwegian authorities.

He left Bergen on December 25, and was no sooner outside than he got into a furious storm, which again dismasted the "Belle-Isle," whose ill-luck in that respect suggests that Thurot was not quite such a good practical seaman as he is represented. Under jury-masts, and with continual bad weather, the "Belle-Isle" was driven north beyond the sixty-fifth parallel; it was slowly and with much difficulty that she worked her way south again, and did not reach Gothenburg till February 1, 1758.

At Gothenburg Thurot remained till May 11; and then, going south, capturing several coasters and colliers, he was, on the 26th, off the entrance to the Frith of Forth, met and engaged by the "Dolphin" (twenty-four) and "Solebay" (twenty-eight). The two English frigates were beaten to a standstill, and Thurot, still satisfied with having secured his own safety, made no attempt to push his advantage to the point of victory: the match between the two sides was tolerably equal, though the "Belle-Isle" had a certain superiority both in weight of metal and in number of men; and, in boarding, might perhaps have carried one before the other could assist her: but she had lost nineteen killed, thirty-four wounded; and simple hard fighting was not the vocation of her crew.

Thurot, however, remained in Scotch waters, and made many prizes between St. Abb's Head and the Naze of Norway: his continued presence deeply impressed the coast population; his repelling the attack of the "Dolphin" and "Solebay" was magnified by vulgar report; and he became the bugbear of a people who were unaccustomed to the neighborhood of enemies' ships. Twelve vessels, mostly small snows, brigs, or brigantines, are *named* as prizes taken between May 26 and July 12; and on the 13th, off the Skaw, he encountered a fleet of merchant ships — seventeen armed pinks — presumably the Baltic trade. With these he had a brisk engagement; they mounted an aggregate of one hundred and thirty guns, and, clustering round the "Belle-Isle," seemed for a time as if they might take her; in the end, Thurot broke through them, put them to flight, and cut off one of their number, the "George and Joseph:" heavy rain and a dark night permitted the rest to escape.

The English government, wearied with the continual complaints about one frigate being left to threaten the coasts of England and Scotland, and almost to stop the North Sea trade, sent several ships to look after the "Belle-Isle;" but though constantly chased, Thurot succeeded in eluding his pursuers, in maintaining his ground, and in making several captures, till towards the middle of August; when, finding the station too hot for him, he stretched across to the Faroe Islands. Having obtained some fresh provisions, he came back; and as the ship was making a good deal of water, put into Lough Swilly.

It gives a curious idea of the conditions of naval war in the year 1758, to read of an enemy's frigate quietly taking up her position in Lough Swilly to refit; but even then it was not safe to stay long. Thurot resumed his cruise, and off the west coast of Scotland and northern entrance to St. George's Channel, took several prizes; amongst which are named the "Henry," mounting eighteen guns; the "Charleston," of twelve guns, laden with cloth stuffs, from Liverpool to Carolina; the "Britannia," of fourteen guns, with porcelain, to New York; and the "Admiral Ruyter" of eighteen guns, laden with sugar, coffee, and indigo; but, formidable as the armament of these sounds, it must be borne in mind that the guns of a merchant ship were small, meant merely to repel any desultory attack of petty pirates, and were useless against a regularly armed ship; not one of these prizes seems to have even attempted any resistance.

By September 13 Thurot was back at Bergen, and cruising from there took again several prizes; but towards the end of the year he ran down to Ostend, and early in January discharged his crew and officers, or, as we should say, paid off, at Dunkirk.

M. Thurot seems now to have spent some time at Paris, and to have been consulted freely by the government as to the projected invasion of England. The public feeling of France — so far as France had a public feeling — was no doubt just then very bitter against England. Not only was England at war, and a natural enemy, but four times within the last two years had she defiled the soil of France; and though on the first occasion, the attempt on Rochefort, in September 1757, was altogether abortive, as is indeed related in "The Virginians," and on the last, the troops which landed near St. Malo, on September 3, 1758, were, to the number of eight hundred, killed, made prisoners, or driven into the sea at St. Cas, on the 11th, the success on the two other occasions had been sufficient to kindle not only material fires at the time, as at St.

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Malo in June '58, but also very much and noisy indignation. The attack on Cherbourg, in August '58, was worst of all; and even St. Cas following directly afterwards could not wipe away the memory of it.

Cherbourg, though very different from what it now is, had been a pet fancy of Louis XV. and of Cardinal Fleury: there is no doubt that it was meant, from the beginning, as a standing menace to England: as such its docks had been dug out and fortified against wind and waves and English arms; and as such it was broken up and destroyed by the expedition under Commodore Howe, — "Black Dick" as he was more familiarly called: the mole and fortifications were turned over into the harbor and basins: the work of years was undone in a few days: it seemed almost in mockery that the gate of the grand sluice bore the inscription: —

Hanc jussit Lodovix, suasit Floræus, et undis
Curavit mediis Asfeldus surgere molem:
Non aliis votis almæ præsentior urbis.
Ars frænavit aquas, fluctus domuitque minaces;
Hinc tutela viget, stat copia, gloria crescit;
Hinc rex, hinc sapiens, herosque manebit in ævum —

which was, not unaptly under the circumstances, paraphrased by one of Howe's officers: —

Louis and Fleury must, with Asfeld, now
Resign to George, to Pitt, to Bligh and Howe.
One blast destroyed the labor of an age,
Let loose the tides and bid the billows rage:
Their wealth and safety gone, their glory lost,
The king's, the statesman's, and the hero's boast.

The wrath of France and of the French government was extreme, and it was not lessened by Rear-Admiral Rodney bombarding Havre de Grace, on the 3rd and following days of July, 1759, as he wrote in his official letter, "for fifty-two hours without intermission, with such success that the town was several times in flames, and their magazines of stores for the flat-bottomed boats burnt with great fury, for upwards of six hours." Albion was to be crushed; Carthage was to be destroyed; and whilst the Marquis de Conflans and the Duke d'Aiguillon arranged this in the south, Thurot undertook, with a small force, to make a diversion in the north, according as circumstances rendered expedient.

The force put at his disposal for this purpose consisted of his old ship, the "Maréchal de Belle-Isle," now mounting forty-four guns, of which four were eighteen-pounders; three smaller frigates, and two corvettes; and all of these, in addition to their complements, which were smaller than was usual in French ships, carried a number of soldiers, amounting in the aggregate to about twelve hundred:* these were borne for service on shore, under the command of a brigadier general, M. de Flobert. With this squadron, Thurot weighed from Dunkirk on October 15, 1759. On the 26th he arrived at Gothenburg, having not only passed through the English cruisers which, under Commodore Boys and Sir Piercy Brett, blockaded the coast of Dunkirk and Ostend, but taken several prizes on the way.

A quaint letter, which Durand has preserved, gives the impressions of a Liverpool skipper, a Captain Rimmer, who had seen the squadron at Gothenburg. The "Belle-Isle," he says, "has a black lion-head, and appears very ill-hogged in the mid-ships, and is painted black and red;" one of the other frigates "has a yellow lion-head standing remarkably high, is painted yellow and black;" and so on through the rest of them. The fashion which prevailed to the last, of painting ships of the line and frigates black with white stripes, and which was, I believe, definitely introduced by Sir John Jervis when in command of the Mediterranean fleet, no doubt had some advantages; but the artistic eye, comparing it with the fashions of the past, as exemplified in some of the models in the museum of the Royal Naval College, may almost regret the uniform simplicity which superseded them.

But a more remarkable passage in the letter just referred to, is that which speaks of the condition of the squadron: "The frigates when they came into Gothenburg were very foul, as if come off from a long voyage, and were destitute of many necessaries — had very few seamen on board, but full of land forces, commanded by a major-general; most of the soldiers were in blue, faced with white, and others all white. Whilst they remained at Gothenburg, nineteen days, they were fully employed cleaning their ships, getting new topmasts, new rigging for their vessels, victualling and watering; and the Swedes

* The squadron was: —

Maréchal de Belle-Isle	44 guns	600 men.
Bégon	36 "	600 "
Blonde	36 "	400 "
Terpsichore	24 "	300 "
Amarante	18 "	? 150 "
Faucon	18 "	? 150 "

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assisted them all in their power, sending them their East Indian ships' boats to water with, and procuring them cables in lieu of those they had ordered to be made, which would have detained them before finished." And this after eleven days at sea from their first leaving France!

The squadron left Gothenburg on November 15, and meeting with a succession of southerly gales, was driven northward, and put into Bergen; the "Bégon" (thirty-six), presumably the "yellow and black" frigate mentioned by Captain Rimmer, and one of the corvettes had parted company; and as Bergen had been given out as a rendezvous, Thurot waited there for several days; they did not, however, appear, and he left without them on December 5.

The weather, that winter, seems to have been as persistently bad as it has been during the winter which is just passing away; and the squadron, now reduced to four ships, was driven away to the westward, and on December 28 came to an anchor in Westmanna-haven in Stromsoe, one of the Faroe Islands. Whilst there he wished to procure fresh provisions for his ships' companies; and as the governor made difficulties, he landed a party of men, at once to intimidate the authorities, and to lay hands on whatever they could get. The display of force was sufficient, and a small supply of bullocks, flour, brandy, and tobacco was sent on board. It may be noticed that at that time the Faroe Islands were a favorite haunt of smugglers, and a place of call for Danish and Dutch East Indiamen; now that smuggling, as well as these branches of the East India trade, has been done away, the resources of the islands have probably much diminished, and any supplies they could furnish would scarcely be worth the notice of a body of more than twelve hundred men.

During the stay of the squadron at Stromsoe a quarrel broke out between M. de Flobert and Thurot, which was the cause of serious embarrassment both then and afterwards. Flobert had displayed all along a feeling of jealousy at being subordinated to Thurot, as well as of pique at Thurot's refusal to communicate the tenor of his private instructions and the full purport of the expedition. A circumstance, trivial in itself, was sufficient to set the match to the ready fuel. Thurot had learned that one of the soldier officers had been grumbling about the hardships of the cruise, and the provisions, in what he rightly considered an unofficer-like way; and had felt it his duty to reprimand him sharply. Flobert took up the matter in support of his junior; worked himself into a rage; and mad with passion, ordered up a corporal and two file of the guard to put Thurot under arrest. This obliged Thurot to produce an order from the king, in proof that he was absolutely commander-in-chief of the expedition; and Flobert — I quote here from the "Life," by M. ——— "fearing to compromise his authority by persisting in his imprudent step, drew back, and the quarrel was for the time appeased; leaving, however, a leaven of animosity which continued to ferment, occasioned many difficulties, and threw into the minds of the soldiers a germ of insubordination which produced very bad effects."

In point of fact, this quarrel between Flobert and Thurot was an extreme instance of a cause which, in the last century, and in England more than in France, rendered futile so very many expeditions in which sea and land forces were required to act in conjunction. Of these, Vernon's failure at Cartagena in 1741 was perhaps the most marked and the most disastrous; but there were scores of others; and the constant recurrence of difficulties seems to point to a radically false system and an honest misunderstanding, rather than to mere captiousness and personal dislike. At the same time, it is too true that there was, between soldiers and sailors, a very mutual feeling of jealousy and contempt, which the officers in no small degree shared with their men. This was strong enough, no doubt, on the part of the soldiers; but was perhaps even stronger amongst the sailors, who saw their favored and courtly rivals, seasick and helpless on board ship, but had no opportunity of seeing them in their own sphere of duty and distinction. The pipe-clay, the powdered head, the stiff clothing and etiquette of the soldier, were all repulsive to the "tar" of the olden time. Had he been versed in Shakespeare, he would probably have described the object of his scorn in the words of Hotspur, as "neat and finely dressed — fresh as a bridegroom — perfumed like a milliner;" as it was, he drew up a table of precedence, which continued in vogue till not very many years ago: I have myself heard it said, and meant too: "A messmate before a shipmate; a shipmate before a stranger; a stranger before a dog; but — a dog before a soldier."

When we consider that, in our own annals, the only brilliant instance of perfect concord between two commanding

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officers of the different services, not otherwise connected, was that offered by two exceptional men, — Rear-Admiral Saunders and Acting Major-General Wolfe — a concord which effected the fall of Quebec and the conquest of Canada, it is not to be wondered at if a French soldier of good family, M. *de* Flobert, was indignant at the circumstances that compelled him to act subordinately — or rather insubordinately — to a sailor, not even a genuine naval officer, an ex-smuggler, a privateer, a man of no family, a *roturier*, a François Thurot. Possibly, nay probably, Thurot was at fault in some of the conventionalities of French society, for he had never had any opportunity of seeing or practising them: but after all, Thurot's name lives in history; Flobert's probably comes before many readers now for the first time.

The constant succession of gales which obliged Thurot to remain at the Faroe Islands, compelled him to put the men on short allowance of bread, ten ounces per day, and to stop the double rations issued to officers and servants, promising, however, that they should be paid savings, that is, the equivalent in money. Flobert insisted that a council of war should be called, and stated that, in his opinion, as their force had been lessened by the loss of the two ships, "Bégon" and "Faucon," and was now weakened by the want of provisions, it was imperative on him to return to France at once. Thurot replied: the speech, as reported, is most likely apocryphal: but it has been accepted by the French, and serves at any rate to illustrate the sense in which they have considered his character. He said, then, — that as they could not get provisions at the Faroe Islands, they must go and look for them in England, where they would find abundance. That the winds, which had long been contrary, would change, and three days would bring them to their destination: the only honorable way to be useful to their country was to make a diversion, — which might lead to great results, — by attacking the enemy in their homes, and by braving all risks in this glorious attempt; certainly not by returning shamefully to France after so much toil and fatigue, without having ventured to undertake anything. For the rest, the direct route lay past England; and on the English coast he would land: it was absolutely necessary to make a descent; he was determined to do so; the reasons offered for a retreat so dishonorable as had been proposed could have no influence with a force on which the safety of the country depended: and in fine, that to grumble at the difficulties, or even the calamities incidental to war, was not showing the courage and firmness necessary to the career of arms.

Thurot carried his point. On January 26, 1760, the squadron left Stromsoe, with a fresh wind from north-west, and by the 30th was on the north coast of Ireland. It was his intention to enter Lough Foyle, and attack Londonderry; there does not seem to have been anything to prevent him, except the weather, which, with a southerly gale, drove him off the coast. And meanwhile, a mutiny broke out amongst the officers of the troops, which was the more dangerous as the soldiers formed the largest part of the ships' companies. The "Amarante" deserted the squadron; the "Terpsichore" had arranged to do the same; Thurot hailed to say that if the wind did not shift he would run back to Bergen and get provisions; the "Blonde" replied that it was none too soon. M. de Rusilly, commanding the troops on board the "Terpsichore," complained bitterly of the short allowance of provisions, and said that all the officers were decided to return to France. Thurot pointed out that their doing so might lead to results disagreeable to themselves; but finding his authority set at naught, he consented, as a compromise, to go to Bergen.

The wind, however, now changed to the north-west, and he proposed to enter St. George's Channel; but Rusilly impudently notified to him, in the name of the officers of the "Terpsichore," that they were going to pass to the west of Ireland, and return to France. Thurot ordered Dernaudais, the captain of the "Terpsichore," to follow the "Belle-Isle," saying that if he refused he should be responsible before the king for his conduct. Rusilly answered that he would take all the responsibility on himself; that it was his intention, as soon as he arrived in France, to lay a complaint of Thurot's conduct before the court, and have him punished. Dernaudais, who had every wish to obey his commodore, was forced by Rusilly and the other soldier officers to yield, and to make off towards the west: Thurot fired a shot across the "Terpsichore's" bows; he had to fire a second before she would bring to; and Dernaudais, having gone on board the "Belle-Isle," had to prove that he had been constrained by his officers. He was sent back to his ship, bearing to the mutineers the assurance that they should be severely pun-

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ished. The "Blonde" seems to have been just at that time more favorably disposed; she passed under the "Belle-Isle's" stern, and her captain, M. Larréguy, hailed that Thurot might count on him.

The next day, Thurot judged it necessary to reduce the ration of bread to eight ounces. Flobert ordered that only five ounces should be issued to the soldiers. These naturally complained that they got less than the sailors, and Thurot at once gave directions that they should get the same. Flobert, whose order seems to have been quite unwarranted — to have been given only to provoke disturbance amongst his men — was furious. He insisted on a council, and demanded that the captain should explain his navigation; for the day before it had been agreed that he was to enter St. George's Channel, and now he was standing towards Londonderry. Thurot replied that, in fact, he meant to go to Londonderry. Flobert asked what he would do if the wind still prevented his entering. In that case Thurot would continue his route. "Well then!" cried Flobert, "if to-morrow morning, at six o'clock, we are not in the port of Londonderry, and you do not then give up this project, I will have you arrested, and will myself take charge of the ship." Thurot is described as being more surprised than angry, and as contenting himself with saying, "If you take it in that way, there's nothing more to be said: your threats do not intimidate me; I do not fear you, and I defy you to arrest me."

Flobert, screaming with rage, rushed out of the cabin; ordered the sentry to prevent Thurot's leaving it, and called the guard to arms. Thurot took his pistols, pushed past the sentry, and went out on the quarter-deck. The guard had fallen in, but the men were unwilling to execute off-hand the orders of their commandant, whose fellows had, meantime, pointed out to him that he was exceeding his power. Flobert gave way; and Thurot, to put an end to the scandalous scene, and to prevent anything of the sort happening again, wished to read out his instructions from the king, and the commission appointing him commander-in-chief of the squadron. Flobert forbade the soldiers to listen to him. Thurot then said that he would have it posted up for all to read. Flobert gave orders that whoever attempted to post it up should be arrested. It was now Thurot's turn to give way; "he had the complaisance not to make his instructions public" — not to post them up — and so calm was restored.

That same night the "Belle-Isle" hove-to off the entrance to Lough Foyle, and in the darkness her two consorts left her, having agreed between themselves to pass round to the west of Ireland. By a mistake in their reckoning, however, they rejoined her next day, but too late to carry out the commodore's purpose. The wind had shifted to the south-west, and it was no longer possible to enter the lough.

Meanwhile, in gales, disturbances, and quarrels, time slipped away. It was February 15; the daily allowance of bread was reduced to five ounces, and Thurot, firmly resolved not to go back to France, anchored in Claigeann Bay in the island of Islay. Here he learned from a man, McDonald, who came off as pilot, of the decisive defeat which Conflans had sustained. It was an event three months passed, but was news to him, and disturbed his plans, as he saw that, of course, the great project of invasion could not be carried out. He was, however, still unwilling to return without attempting something which might be for the honor, if not very much for the material advantage of France. But it was absolutely necessary, in the first place, to get some fresh provisions and bread, for his crews were sickly; and, as the population of the island, with the suppressive measures of the English government after "the Forty-five" still in their memories, refused to furnish any supplies, the natural course would have been to take them by force. This Thurot was unwilling to do; for his instructions were positive not to attempt any hostile landing in Scotland, where it was hoped the Jacobite feeling might itself make a diversion in favor of French arms.

In this dilemma he came to an arrangement with McDonald — who seems to have acted throughout as his agent — to land his men as a demonstration. It was the merest of demonstrations. The poor, half-starved, scurvy-smitten wretches, were no sooner landed than they "began to dig up every green thing they saw upon the ground, even the grass, which they devoured with the utmost eagerness." The bullocks, nevertheless, were produced; forty-eight were driven in, and after a difficulty with Flobert, who wished to "requisition" them, were very honestly paid for by Thurot. In a similar way, he got a small but grateful supply of oatmeal and flour; and putting to sea on the 19th, a Lisbon trader, laden with oranges, was, under the circumstances, a most valuable prize.

About midnight on the 20th he entered

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Belfast Lough. On the previous evening he had detailed his plans to Flobert. "There are two objects before us," he had said, "Belfast and Carrickfergus. I will land you at Whitehouse. You will, in the first instance, attack Belfast; it is a rich commercial town, and has neither fortifications nor troops. Threaten to set fire to it, and the inhabitants will hasten to furnish the stores and provisions of which we are so much in need. You will be able, besides, to levy a large contribution. After that you will go to Carrickfergus, a town of but small size, and poor. It will be quite easy to seize on the castle, which is old, ruinous, and without defence. You will set at liberty the French prisoners who are there, and extract from the people such a contribution of provisions and money as their small means will permit; and will re-embark before the English ships are apprised of our landing. The whole thing is to be done off-hand; the enemy must not have time to organize any opposition."

The plan seems to have been excellent, but Flobert, purely out of contradiction, insisted on attacking Carrickfergus first. He would land at Kilroot, two or three miles to the north-east of Carrickfergus, or nowhere; and, unable to overcome his mutinous obstinacy, Thurot, sooner than do nothing, consented. The landing of about six hundred men was effected by noon on February 21, 1760.

As soon as Lieut.-Col. Jennings, who commanded at Carrickfergus, learned that three strange and suspicious ships had anchored at Kilroot, whilst waiting for further information he sent all the prisoners to Belfast, and made what preparations he could for defence. These were but few. Although Carrickfergus was, in a way, the military depot of the north of Ireland, the castle was ruinous, the town was unfortified, and there were in garrison only two hundred men, almost all young recruits, and, as yet, quite undisciplined. Accordingly, when Flobert attacked, little opposition could be made; the men retired into the castle, and after a short stand, in which some fifty French were killed and wounded, they capitulated on terms sufficiently favorable. The troops were not to be sent prisoners to France, but exchanged against an equal number of French; the castle (such as it was) was not to be demolished; the town was not to be burned or pillaged, but was, as a ransom, to supply the squadron with provisions. The course of events rendered these conditions practically vain; and though the town was not set on fire, it was pretty well ransacked, as was, indeed, to be expected from men whose officers had set them no good example of obedience, and who had been confined on board ship for four months.

Thurot had meanwhile weighed, stood further into the bay, and anchored off Whitehouse. From there, on the next day, he landed, and in an interview with Flobert, pressed him to advance at once on Belfast, which, he understood, was defended by only two hundred men, and some militia. Flobert, notwithstanding this, and the wish of his own officers, refused to move.

The next day, the 23rd, Thurot wrote to Flobert, still urging him to attack Belfast; again pointing out that they could get plenty of provisions there, could levy a rich contribution, and that it would be easier to re-embark. That he could not stay long, as the enemy would gather in on him; that, in fact, he must sail the next day; and that, unless he got provisions, he would not re-embark the troops: it would be better that they should remain prisoners in Ireland than die of hunger on board. Flobert's reply to his commanding officer is a valuable commentary on the discipline of the period.

"If," he wrote, "you had done with your ships the hundredth part of what I have done with the quarter of my detachment, we should not be in the wretched plight in which, by your fault alone, we now are: for this you shall answer to the king, who, when he entrusted you with the conduct of a detachment, did not give you permission to sacrifice it, in a barefaced manner, in trying to carry out impossible and chimerical plans. If you had had the common sense to see that famine is the only evil without remedy, and beyond the courage of the king's troops, you would not now be reduced to the cruel threat of abandoning us to the discretion of the king's enemies. It is your duty to abide whatever may happen, rather than not re-embark the detachment. I summon you, in the king's name, to run all hazards rather than abandon us."

M. de Cavenac, who, on Flobert being wounded, had taken the command, wrote in much the same sense; and again, shortly afterwards, that the enemy were mustering in force, and that it was necessary to re-embark at once. Thurot, in threatening to abandon the troops, had undoubtedly threatened what he could not and durst not perform; and finding that their officers would not lead them against Belfast, he embarked them on the evening of the 25th. Of provisions he seems to have

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obtained none, except a few potatoes. The mayor and three townsmen were taken on board as security for what had been demanded and promised; but as these were not forthcoming on the 24th, it was arranged that the town should pay 1,000*l.* instead; and two of the hostages were sent on shore to see about it; the two others, Mr. Chaplin the mayor, and Mr. Spaight, a merchant of Carrickfergus, being kept on board. Thurot was anxious to get out of the bay, but a stormy wind from the northward prevented him, and he could not weigh till midnight of the 27th. It was half past four on the morning of the 28th when he rounded the light on the island of Copeland.

The delay which had been enforced on him had permitted the government to bring up a small squadron from the south of Ireland. It cannot but appear strange that there should have been at that time no ships of war in the northern waters; for it had been known for weeks past that Thurot was on the coast, and great alarm had been felt at all places which were, or thought they were, worth attacking. At Whitehaven, where some two hundred merchant ships, coasting vessels and others, were lying, there was great excitement, and six hundred volunteers took up arms to defend the place; but how these were expected to defend the shipping does not appear. Liverpool in the same way, then rising fast into importance, and especially obnoxious for the number of its privateers, assembled a considerable number of troops, mostly of the local militia. An old townsman, who, under the name of a "nonagenarian," published his recollections a few years ago, has described the scene, which would be still fresh in the memory of his mother when he was a little boy.

"Everton Hill," he says, "was alive with people from the town waiting the freebooters' approach. A party of soldiers was then encamped on the hill, and I have been told the men had orders, on Thurot's appearance, to make signals if by day, and to light up the beacon if at night, to communicate the intelligence of the French fleet being off the coast to the other beacons at Ashurst and Billinge, Rivington Pike, and elsewhere, and so spread the news into the north; while signals would also be taken up at Halton, Beeston, the Wrekin, and thence to the southward." *

But there seems to have been no attempt to defend the river, and Thurot might, practically without opposition, have done a good deal of mischief amongst the shipping, and have destroyed the rising fortunes of the Bolds, the Colquitts and others, whose names are perpetuated in the modern streets.

Notwithstanding all this preparation and excitement, no ships had been sent north; and when the Duke of Bedford, then lord-lieutenant of Ireland, had news of the landing at Carrickfergus, he had to send, quite promiscuously, to the different seaports, to inform the captains of any of his Majesty's ships that might happen to be there of the enemy being on the coast. Luckily, and only luckily — that is to say, without any special orders — there did happen to be three frigates at Kinsale: the "Æolus" (thirty-two) Captain Elliot, "Brilliant" and "Pallas," each of thirty-six guns. These having weighed immediately, had come off the entrance of Belfast Lough on the evening of the 26th, but during the gale had not ventured inside: it was thus, that on the morning of the 28th, when the French squadron came round Copeland Island, it saw, and was immediately seen by, the "Æolus" and her consorts.

It was no part of Thurot's plan to fight a squadron of English frigates, and he did not wait for their attack. They gave chase, and closed with him about nine o'clock; the "Æolus," leading, engaged the "Belle-Isle;" the "Pallas" and "Brilliant," as they came up, assisted her; and after a smart action, lasting for about an hour and a half, Thurot was killed, and his ship hauled down her colors. The "Blonde" and "Terpsichore" had not shown any wish to fight, and being chased by the "Pallas" and "Brilliant," struck almost at once; they thus sustained little or no damage or loss; but the "Belle-Isle" had suffered considerably in men, in spars, and in hull. Captain Elliot, in his official letter, estimates the enemy's loss, in killed and wounded, at three hundred; the French accounts — probably not including the less severe cases — speak of ninety *hors de combat;* and whichever account we accept, the loss was very great, and had fallen almost entirely on the "Belle-Isle," which was also with difficulty kept from sinking, as she was taken, with the other prizes, into Ramsay Bay, in the Isle of Man.

The presence of the French frigates on the coast had caused such vivid alarm, that the rejoicing over their capture was something excessive, and was accompanied by much boasting. The action was no doubt highly creditable to Elliot and

* "Recollections of Old Liverpool," by a Nonagenarian, p. 146. Liverpool, 1863.

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his companions, and a very important service was performed just when it was most needed; but there was not in reality, much to boast about. Nominally the French squadron was superior to the English; independent of the result, it was not so effective; the French guns were heavier, but several had been struck below during the bad weather in the Northern seas, and had not been remounted; the ships too were of slighter scantling, the "Belle-Isle" more especially, which was badly hogged even at Gothenburg, and after her capture was not thought worth buying into the service. The number of men, again, was nearly double that of the English, but of these many were sickly, if not sick; and the bulk were soldiers, who — under such officers as they had — were not only useless in action, but worse than useless, as getting in the way, and swelling the list of killed and wounded. Even had the "Blonde" and "Terpsichore" stuck gallantly by their consort, the result must have been the same; for the three English frigates were in good order, well manned and ably commanded; but the manner in which these two kept aloof, by throwing the whole weight of the contest on the "Belle-Isle," rendered it beyond question easier, and the sooner come at.

About Thurot himself there seems little room for doubt; his contemporaries, alike friends and enemies, speak of him as a bold, daring man, active, energetic, and full of resource; and the fact that during the greater part of three years he kept the English coast in a state of continued apprehension, escaping from, eluding, and, when need was, fighting the English cruisers with which the narrow seas were swarming, is sufficient evidence of his high qualities as a corsair and a leader of a flying squadron. I have already shown how, on different occasions, he declined to push his success against English ships of war to a decisive issue; notably against the "Southampton" and against the "Seahorse" — against this last more especially. In doing so I have not wished to impute any base motive to Thurot, whose courage must have been of proof; but I do think that both these actions, and in a less degree that which he fought against the "Dolphin" and "Solebay," illustrate the principle which was then, and continued to be during the century, the ruling principle of the French navy — that of avoiding decisive action; * a principle which might occasionally lead to strategic advantage, but which on the other hand exposed them to great tactical danger and absolute loss — as was clearly exemplified on November 20, 1759, "*la journée de M. de Conflans*" — and which effectually prevented their winning any brilliant success. Thurot fought well when he was forced to fight, but he consistently avoided action whenever he could avoid it: and when he could not, he quitted it at the earliest possible opportunity. He thus, throughout his career, obtained only the reputation of an active and untiring corsair. Had it been otherwise, he might have gained a higher reputation as a warrior, by capturing the "Southampton" or the "Seahorse," against each of which he had an overwhelmingly superior force; and at the last, might have made a much sturdier resistance against the "Æolus" and her consorts. Had he stood boldly towards the English squadron, his companions would scarcely have had the unblushing cowardice to stand away; but as he crowded sail from the enemy, they did the same; and by rate of sailing and accident of position, had an excuse — sufficient for them, though it would not have been sufficient for single-hearted, honest, and honorable men — to keep out of the fight.

As to the conduct of M. de Flobert, and the whole body of soldier officers, the story of which throws a curious light on the capabilities or incapabilities of French discipline, there can be but one opinion. Whatever grievances he had, or thought he had, it was his duty to his country and his king to have backed up the commodore. His complaints might and should have waited, after due remonstrance, till their return to France. There can be little doubt that had Flobert entered into Thurot's views and schemes, Belfast would have been sacked. Against a sudden onset such as Thurot proposed, there were no possible means of effective resistance; though after three days' delay, things would certainly have been very different.

And the history of Thurot's whole career, and more especially of this last campaign, seems to me to show that a naval force, however numerous and active, is not in itself sufficient to protect our commerce from loss, our coasts from insult, and our towns from pillage, at the hands of a small squadron, or even of a single ship, commanded by a man of talent and enterprise. That Thurot failed in inflicting very serious loss on our towns and our shipping, seems to have been due not to

* Compare "*Victoires et Conquêtes,*" tom. vii., p. 251.

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any wise precautions of the government, though the elder Pitt was secretary of state, not to the superior might of our navy, though that crushed him at last; but to the exceptional severity of the season, to the inherent weakness of French sailors, the inefficiency of French equipment, and the bad discipline of French soldiers. But it is not wise always to trust our safety, our prestige, or our honor either to the caprice of the weather, or to the presumed incapacity of a possible enemy.

In person, Thurot is described as of middle height, stout built and well made, "rather robust than genteel, rather comely than handsome; very brown and extremely florid, with a small scar under his left eye." Of his private life we know little or nothing; he died poor, leaving an Irishwoman (*née* Smith) who passed as his wife, and a daughter six months old, dependent on the State, which, at that time, meant Madame de Pompadour. We find the daughter coming forward in 1790, with a petition for further support, and being awarded, at the instance of Barrère, a pension of one thousand francs. His biographer, M. ——, says that he married about the year 1750; but according to Durand, who appears to write in good faith and of personal knowledge, he was about that time and after, living in Shadwell with an Irish lady whom he had picked up in that not very reputable neighborhood. Whether this was Miss Smith, the future Mme. Thurot, or not, must remain a matter of opinion.

J. K. LAUGHTON.

From Temple Bar.

RUSSIAN COURT LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CATHERINE ALEXIEWNA I. AND ANNE IVANOWNA.

THE eighteenth century is remarkable for the number of female sovereigns who in the course of it controlled the affairs of Europe and exercised an influence, as often baneful as beneficial, on the destinies of their own and other countries. In England the reign of Queen Anne, with its valiant generals and military successes, its distinguished men of letters, science, genius, and wit, ushered in the century brilliantly. In the latter part of the preceding one, in semi-barbarous Russia, the haughty and ambitious Princess Sophia Alexiewna, who, as regent, had governed absolutely and sternly, and commanded that the coin of the realm should bear her image, disliking to lay down her power for a gloomy life in a monastery — a retreat to which the princesses of her nation were in that day generally consigned — intrigued to supplant her half-brother, Peter the First, in order to reign alone as czarina. The young czar, before setting out on his travels to learn shipbuilding and other useful arts, had put down Sophia's partisans, dispelled her hopes of deposing him, and condemned her to the life she had so dreaded. During his absence the Strelitz revolted and invited Sophia to leave her monastery for the throne. On learning this, Peter, full of fury, hastened back to Moscow, and after quelling the revolt, ordered atrocious cruelties to be inflicted on the rebels, and with his own hands helped to execute them. The corps of Strelitz, or fusileers, originally formed by Ivan the Terrible, Peter disbanded, and finally, in the first year of the eighteenth century, shut up Sophia for life, and compelled his weak-minded half-brother Ivan to reside on his estates at some distance from the capital.

From 1725 the czarinas Catherine the First, Anne Ivanowna, the regent Anne of Brunswick, and Elizabeth Petrowna reigned with a very high hand over "all the Russias" for upwards of thirty-three years. With the accession of Elizabeth (misnamed "*la clémente*") to the throne of the czars, in 1741, began almost simultaneously the long and troubled reign of near forty years of Maria Theresa, the empress-queen of Austria and Hungary; of whom Frederick the Second, after her death in 1780, truly said, "She was an honor to her sex and to the throne," adding, "I made war upon her, but personally was never her enemy." After Elizabeth, Catharine the Second, "*la grande Catherine*," as she has been called, and who, undoubtedly, was the most remarkable woman of her time, swayed the Russian sceptre despotically for thirty-four years. Generally, too, with the selfish, unflinching hardness more characteristic of a *stepmother*, than with the anxious solicitude to promote the prosperity and happiness of her subjects which the title — in adulation bestowed on her by servile flatterers — of "*mother of her people*" would seem to imply. This century of reigning European empresses and queens closed with the reign of Donna Maria the First, of Portugal, under whom the great Marquez de Pombal, the Richelieu of his nation,

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was persecuted and disgraced; his efforts for the regeneration of his country thwarted, and his work everywhere undone at the instigation of a crafty, unprincipled priesthood, who ruled the weak mind of their timid and superstitious sovereign, who eventually became insane.

The *naïve* remark of the young Duchess of Burgundy to Louis the Fourteenth and Madame de Maintenon, that "when queens reign men govern, and women govern when kings reign" — so often repeated that it has passed into a proverb — tested by the experience of the eighteenth century, would seem to apply even more forcibly to kings than to queens. Though the well-governed Louis himself did not admit that it was fairly applicable to kings, or to France at all, where the Salic law, so wisely as he said, excluded women from sovereign power. But no queens have governed more arbitrarily than those eighteenth-century queens of the *main gauche* (if that term be allowable) the devout but wily De Maintenon; the ably diplomatic De Pompadour; the triumphantly audacious Du Barry. And none ever caused more misery by the secret exercise of undue influence than the volatile and unfortunate queen-consort of Louis the Sixteenth.

But the sceptre so despotically swayed by the female sovereigns of Russia was not guided by men. The numerous unworthy favorites raised by these women to places of power and trust merely availed themselves of their weaknesses and vices, and the opportunity of tyrannizing over and plundering the unhappy people, in order rapidly to amass wealth while their uncertain tenure of favor lasted. And by a long course of the depravity that led to this species of misrule and constant change of rulers, tyranny, corruption, and licentiousness became under the czarinas the very essence of the Russian system of government. Catherine the Second, without abandoning the system, greatly modified it. For with the vices of her predecessors she also possessed the great ambition of playing before the world the part of an able ruler and powerful sovereign. Her influence has extended even to the present day in the aggressive policy handed down to and adopted by her successors; who have invariably acted in accordance with it whenever a pretext could be found, or opportunity offered, for "rectifying the frontiers," or giving "a more uniform line to the limits" of their vast and ever-expanding empire. The rapacious Catherine's most cherished objects have been always kept steadily in view, and especially that which became a passion with her — the realization of her Oriental system in the fulfilment of the "Heaven-assigned mission of Russia" (supposedly propounded by Peter the First) to expel the fanatic Turk from his European territory, and, in the interests of his Christian brethren, of course, to annex it to that of "all the Russias," in order to found there an eastern empire, with Constantinople for its capital.

It is singular that a semi-barbarous country, whose women until so recently had for ages been the mere abject slaves of enslaved men, should afford the almost single example of having been despotically governed during the greater part of a century by five or six female sovereigns in succession; the short reign of the child Peter the Second and the six months of that of the unfortunate Peter the Third alone intervening — Anne of Brunswick having ruled as regent during the few months that her baby, Ivan, was acknowledged as czar. The Russian women owed their emancipation to that grand, intellectual barbarian Peter the First. A man of iron will, large views, and great tenacity of purpose; of powerful physique; coarse, brutal, and criminal. Yet a man in every respect as well fitted to trample on long-cherished customs and national prejudices as to cope with the difficulties of consolidating the scattered and thinly populated provinces of the wild wastes of Russia into one vast empire, and of overcoming the resistance nature seemed to oppose to his project of laying in a swamp the foundations of a great city, in order to give to that empire — with an eye to future conquests — a second capital directly communicating with the Baltic. In the carrying out of this project human life was as largely and remorselessly sacrificed as at Versailles and Marly to the whims of another equally callous but more refined and effeminate despot — *le grand monarque* — for "the now stately granite-built St. Petersburg rests upon a bed of human skeletons."

Such court life as there was under the rule of Peter the First was in every way the reverse of courtly. The manners and domestic habits of the czar and his associates were rather those of savages than of a people on whom even the first gleams of civilization had dawned. At the court dinners Peter entertained a mixed assemblage of shipwrights and other artisans, generals, priests, ministers of state, merchants, ambassadors, and people of all

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grades and trades employed on his works. The workmen, in the dress of their calling, filled the places of honor next the czar, who appeared in the same kind of coarse woollen clothing. Other guests who could find seats at the festive board took possession of them *sans cérémonie.* Those who could not stood around, getting stray morsels "by hook or by crook," and in the intervals refreshing themselves with "potations pottle deep" of brandy and common Tokay; for in them the czar allowed of no stint to his guests and in no wise stinted himself. Before the repast was half finished the company was uproarious, and in the end, inflamed by strong drink, more ferocious than wild beasts — never separating until, in their drunken frenzy, while fighting and blaspheming, they had inflicted some bodily injury on each other. And the more the blood flowed, the merrier the meeting, and the more to the taste of the czar. From these royal banquets the class called the old aristocracy was rigidly excluded. It consisted of families who plumed themselves on their descent from the bold Scandinavian private Rurik, who founded the Russian empire during the ninth century. They were generally wealthy, and pompous in manner, from pride in their ancient lineage; ostentatious, and of indolent habits — an unprofitable part of the community, Peter considered, and therefore particularly obnoxious to him. Gradually he humbled and crushed them; leaving them only the privilege of appearing on great State occasions at court. Even then he marked his contempt for them by assigning them places far below those of his own nobility — the men who by service had obtained military rank, held offices of trust in the State, or were skilful superintendents of his dockyards or works.

The festive board of the czar, as may well be imagined, had not hitherto been graced by the presence of the fair sex. From all the rude hospitalities, social enjoyments, and court revels of the time — such as they were — woman was banished. She lived in Oriental seclusion, but not in luxury. She was the slave of her lord and master; must not sit in his presence, or eat at the same table. Sometimes her spirit rebelled, her courage rose, and with a dagger or poisoned cup she freed the earth and herself from a tyrant. But what, then, was her fate? He might have struck her down with impunity, but she, unless she had arranged to fly to the protection of one more powerful, and perchance more humane, than he, was seized immediately, loaded with fetters, and her tongue cut out. Had she not profanely dared to speak reproachfully of her lord, and lifted her sacrilegious hand against him? Cut it off then; brick her up in a wall, or bury her in the earth up to her chin, and there let her slowly die, a warning to disobedient and rebellious wives. Alas! for poor Russian women in those days.

But a better time was at hand. Peter was not always engaged in chopping off a dozen refractory heads in a morning, and drinking off a goblet of brandy between each operation. He knew, barbarian though he was, that Russia was far, very far behind the kingdoms of the West in civilization. He desired to raise her to their level; it would conduce to her material greatness, and was therefore a subject much in his thoughts. His far-seeing views suggested to him the amelioration of woman's social position, and her introduction into society as a means towards its modern reorganization. This keen observer had not failed to notice when visiting foreign courts the beneficial and civilizing effect of woman's presence there, and the deference and respect with which she was treated. The ladies of the court under the Orléans regency were certainly not models of virtue, but the grace and refinement with which they veiled their vices are said to have captivated Peter. Curiosity, too, to see the woman who had had so much influence in the councils of Louis, induced the czar to request permission to visit Madame de Maintenon, then near her end, and residing at St. Cyr.

After his second return to his country, he himself set the first example of the reform he wished to introduce. He determined to publicly marry his Livonian mistress, the Lutheran priest's servant-maid, Martha, taken captive at the siege of Marienburg by General Bauer, who ceded her to the powerful Prince Menschikoff, from whom she was transferred to the czar at his urgent request. For years she had followed the camp with him and borne uncomplainingly his frequent outbursts of drunken frenzy and the application of the cane to her back. But she managed her ferocious hero with excellent tact, and by energy united to persuasion was of real service to him at Pruth. When surrounded there by the Turkish army she urged him to attempt negotiations with the grand vizier, and herself collected all the money and valuables in the camp and sent them to that high functionary to induce him to forbear pressing his advantage, and she prevailed. The Turks had the czar

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in their clutches, but allowed him to escape on his undertaking to restore Azof and withdraw from the Black Sea. These conditions he fulfilled with sullen rage, but he acknowledged his obligations to Martha, and privately married her, when after making the Greek confession of faith (repeating the Athanasian creed) she took the name of Catherine Alexiewna. He then married her publicly, and in 1724, the year before his death, she was crowned at Moscow, with great pomp and splendor. The czar himself robed her in the imperial mantle, which was of cloth of gold lined with ermine, and placed the crown on her head. At the conclusion of the ceremony the crown and sceptre were carried before her, preceded by Peter at the head of a newly-formed regiment, named, in honor of the occasion, "*les Chevaliers de l'Impératrice.*" The princes of the empire followed, bearing the train of the "great and orthodox empress," Catherine Alexiewna. Thus, to the accompaniment of a furious clang-clanging of all the bells of Moscow, was the first empress of Russia proclaimed. The czars before Peter's time had not assumed the imperial title.

No time was lost in issuing a ukase, which was expected at once to transform the hitherto semi-barbarous court of Russia into a brilliant rival of that of Versailles. The nobles, the officers of state, the merchants, even the old aristocracy, all indeed who frequented the court, were commanded henceforth to bring with them their wives and daughters, mothers and sisters. Also to open their houses once or twice in the week, from four till ten P.M., for the entertainment of each other's families; and should there be any marriages on the *tapis*, Peter ordered that no betrothal should take place until, by this new system of mutual visiting and family intercourse, the young people had had for some weeks an opportunity of becoming acquainted.* But national prejudices, based on the custom of ages, could not immediately give way, even before the strong will and ukase of an imperial despot. Many men neither approved of nor saw any wisdom in innovations, according so large a share of liberty to women. They even murmured — *sotto voce*, be it understood, for they had a wholesome dread of the knout and Siberia. Some of the poor crushed women, or women without spirit, from long seclusion, poor things, also shrank from the ordeal of a first appearance in public. But Peter resolved that his Katinka's court should be fully attended, and all defaulters, or transgressors of the rules of the new code of fashion, were condemned to swallow, at one draught, an enormous tankardful of brandy — the tankard from its form and size was called the "great eagle of Russia." This decree was certainly a gross mistake on the part of a reformer who desired to bring the decencies of society into vogue.

More select dinners, however, were now given than formerly; for though the shipwrights were still the czar's most welcome and honored guests, some little attention to *toilette* was exacted. They had to wash and brush up a bit after work and to don their Sunday coats; for did not the czarina and the ladies who attended her now put in an appearance, and arrayed in the last Paris fashions? Peter had provided himself for great court receptions with a coat of rich blue silk, fringed and betasselled, and embroidered with gold. It was therefore but reasonable that he should ask both men and women to conform in their dress to a pattern he had brought from the West. They were required to adopt a new style of headdress, and the men were to shave off their beards or pay a fine. The czar had turned his attention also to music, and had organized a fine band. The halls of the palace were swept and garnished, and weekly the imperial pair issued invitations to a court ball. For arriving late a whole party of his ministers on one occasion was thrashed, and even Menschikoff was caned for wearing his sword while dancing. If the head of any family, smothering his rage, expressed his deep regret that his womenkind were unable to attend, and humbly prayed their Majesties to excuse them, forthwith Peter despatched his servants, or officers of the household, and compelled these recusants of the new order of things to come to the entertainment to which they had been bidden. The *coiffeurs*, the *modistes*, and other *artistes* in the needs of fashion were invited to settle in the Russian capital, with promise of especial privileges. Katinka patronized them lavishly, and the ladies of her court followed suit. She had cast off forever her coarse woollen coats, and was now always draped with richest silks, wrapped in choice furs, and decked with gold and jewels rare. Emancipated woman, reconciled to the strangeness of liberty, soon made the fullest use of it. And many a benediction was fervently invoked by rosy lips on the domestic-reforming czar, while many a

* It had hitherto been customary for them to see each other for the first time at the ceremony of betrothal.

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curse on him, deeply growled, issued from between the clenched teeth of discomfited lords and masters. Peter is said to have established and edited at this time a Russian newspaper, but we are not told whether it contained any fashionable court news. Its circulation must indeed have been limited, whatever its contents, as few, very few, were then able to read.

During Peter's Persian campaign, in 1722, he suffered greatly from an internal complaint; but he refused medical aid, and his extreme intemperance considerably increased his disorder. Its attacks became henceforth more frequent and more intensely painful. The agony he endured made him even more than usually violent, and almost constant delirium ensued; until at last his strong frame gave way, and the struggle ended in death, on the 28th of January 1725. He was fifty-two years of age, and had reigned twenty-three — for some years conjointly with Ivan and under the regency of the Princess Sophia. It is considered doubtful whether Peter intended that Catherine should succeed him as reigning empress. His son Alexis, by his first marriage, had been condemned by him to be beheaded, but died (by poison it is believed) in his prison on the day preceding that named for his execution. He had been disinherited some years before, after the birth of Catherine's son, who died in his childhood. But the wretched Alexis (the counterpart of his father in his grossness and vices, but wanting his energy and ability) had left a son, who at Peter's death was nine years of age. Some expressions of remorse uttered by the dying czar in his few lucid moments seemed to indicate a desire to atone for his barbarity, as a father, by a last act of justice to his grandson. However, the final attack of his painful complaint came upon him more suddenly and severely than before, and was of shorter duration. It was, indeed, slanderously whispered that Catherine (to revenge the inhuman infliction of capital punishment on her favorite chamberlain, Möens de la Croix, of whom the czar was furiously jealous) had had a hand in shortening Peter's sufferings. By his deathbed stood his most trusted minister and Catherine's firm friend, the wealthy and powerful Prince Menschikoff, and with him Archbishop Théophane of Pliskoff, the former raised by Peter from the position of a workman to that of a prince of the empire, general of the armies, and first minister of state. These witnesses of the great autocrat's death interpreted the broken sentences he gasped forth — "*remettez à — rendez tout*" — and his ineffectual attempt to write what he could not speak, as the expression of his wish that Catherine should succeed him, and the Archbishop of Novgorod, who crowned her, sanctioned it. For several hours his death was kept secret, to enable Menschikoff to take measures for insuring the widow's succession to the throne. The people had sworn to accept the sovereign elected by Peter to reign over them. The regiment of "*Chevaliers de la Czarina*" immediately declared for her, and the army generally followed their example. She was popular with the troops. They had received many proofs of her kindness and good-will when she accompanied the czar on his military expeditions. She had then rendered them the services of a *vivandière*, and bandaged their wounds, after Peter, who was his own army surgeon (he had acquired in Holland some knowledge of surgery), had handled his lancet, or reduced a dislocation. Thus supported, Menschikoff informed the nation of the death of the czar, and proclaimed the accession of the czarina — "the daring and promptitude of a journeyman pastry-cook," as was said at the time, "quietly, and without a word of opposition, seating a Livonian peasant servant-maid on the throne of all the Russias." Into Catherine's hands he put the sceptre, but took into his own the government of the country.

Menschikoff was a man wholly destitute of culture, and naturally rough-mannered and boorish; but he was active-minded, energetic, and full of resource — a genius somewhat after the pattern of Peter, yet less ferocious, and possessing a power, wanting in the czar, of assuming a certain air of dignity and adapting his demeanor in some measure to the importance of the high office he filled. Honors had been heaped upon him for his great military and other services, and he had been permitted to amass enormous wealth. His serfs might be counted by tens of thousands, his roubles by millions, the value of his diamonds, jewels, and plate at the same rate, and his landed estates were so extensive that he could have crossed Russia from Riga on the shores of the Baltic to the Caspian Sea without leaving his own domains. While Catherine lived, Menschikoff held absolute sway in her realm, and generally he aimed at carrying out the views of the late czar. Many banished families were recalled from Siberia by the czarina's desire; the long arrears due to the troops were paid, and many of

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Peter's atrociously inhuman punishments were, by her order, altogether abolished. Reading and writing were accomplishments that neither she nor her minister possessed. Her daughter Elizabeth read and signed for her all the State papers that Menschikoff's confidential secretary had, under his orders, prepared.

Catherine the First was not an ambitious woman. Her handsome face and fine figure had first attracted Peter's attention; her vivacity, her invariable good-humor, her ready comprehension of his plans, and, when able, her desire to aid in developing them, gained her his lasting affection and favor. Accompanying him in his various military expeditions, she had led a very hard life in her early days, and while the vigilant eyes of her master were upon her she was active in her habits, diligent in the performance of the new duties of her station, and cheerful in temper; but when they were closed in death and she was invested with sovereign power, Catherine did not rise to the occasion, but degenerated sadly. She had been accustomed to sip brandy and Tokay with Peter, who would hand her his goblet to partake of his liquor, but did not allow a separate one to be filled for her — he liked abstemiousness in women though he did not approve of it for himself. Smoking, to some extent, is a national habit, but Catherine, now unrestrained, took to brandy-drinking and smoking to excess, and sloth and intemperance soon made inroads on her already much-tried constitution. At her balls there was more drinking than dancing. Dissipation reigned unchecked at her court, and soon all decency was banished. The nobles and ministers began to murmur, and to ask why for this low-born, profligate woman their lawful sovereign, the son of Alexis, should be deprived of his rights? The absolute authority wielded by Menschikoff also displeased them; it even gave offence to the officers of the army, of which he was commander-in-chief. Plots and intrigues were rife. Catherine would probably have been deposed, but disease, brought on by her shameful excesses, ended her career, after a reign of little more than two years, on the 18th of May, 1727. She availed herself of her power to elect her successor, and would gladly have left the imperial diadem to her minister Menschikoff, but he forbade it. He knew that a storm was already brewing over his head, and, anxious to escape from it, recommended the czarina to make a will naming the grand duke Peter Alexowitch to succeed her — in accordance with the wishes of the court and army — and with her own implied if not actually expressed promise, intended to conciliate opponents, when she first addressed the nobles and ministers as their sovereign. Catherine followed his advice, concluding her testament with motherly counsels and cautions to the youthful czar, then eleven years of age, and enjoining him to marry Menschikoff's daughter, Maria. Thus she hoped to secure the continuance in power of her own and Peter the First's favorite minister; though the czar, according to the document called his will, had recommended that future sovereigns of Russia should choose wives from among the princesses of the German courts, in order to avoid the many inconveniences to the State that arose from marrying their own subjects.

No sooner was the boy Peter the Second seated on the throne than he fell into the hands of the Dolgorouki family, of the old aristocracy. Dolgorouki and Osterman, who had been Menschikoff's colleagues under Peter and Catherine, envied the chief minister his influence and power. The time was now come to cabal against him, and to achieve his downfall, and for this purpose they employed the means which were to have helped him to retain his sway of the empire. They contrived to introduce to the young czar a rival playmate to Maria, in the person of Catherine Dolgorouki, a pretty little lively girl two years his junior, and a desperate little coquette. Peter and Maria had shown no inclination for each other's society. The enemies of Menschikoff had secretly told the boy that Maria was destined to be his wife, and he, in consequence, had begun to look upon her with much suspicion and awe; while she, poor child, to whom her parents had given similar hints, was rather afraid of Peter, and made him a very dull playmate. But when little laughing Katinka skipped on the scene, she soon seduced the czar of all the Russias from his allegiance. He was greatly taken with her, and, sad to say, she scornfully turned up her little nose at Maria, who was two years older than herself, and of the same discreet age as the czar. He too flouted the supposed bride-elect, who was fain to dissolve into tears as the thoughtless and heartless young couple, with the sauciest air in the world, flirted and danced together at the juvenile balls and entertainments, then first given at the palace for the amusement of this shameless young autocrat.

This little comedy, so amusing to the

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children, and no less so to many of the elders who looked on, had the effect on Menschikoff that was intended by those who had helped to get it up — it greatly annoyed the arbitrary minister. Some hasty expressions were construed into threats, and complained of to the Senate — a council composed of the ministers and a certain number of the nobles, and established by Catherine at the suggestion of Menschikoff, to advise her on difficult questions of State. His enemies also accused him of appropriating the finances of the country, and the accusation was most probably well founded. But it was customary in Russia during the last century, and maybe well into the present one, for a set of men out of office who saw a chance of displacing those who were in, to bring charges against them of peculation; not that they cared to prevent the plundering of the State, their object was to succeed to the vacant places and take their turn at plundering too. Menschikoff, therefore, paid the ordinary penalty of being too wealthy and powerful. If his enormous riches were ill-gotten, he had now to give them up. His sumptuous palaces and vast estates were confiscated. His gold and silver plate, his diamonds and rare gems, his pictures and valuable *objets d'art* (his tastes were far more artistic than those of the shipwright czar, his style of living far more sumptuous) were seized, ostensibly for transfer to the imperial treasury; but the spoil passed through many hands, and was much diminished in bulk before reaching the coffers of the State. Finally, Menschikoff was degraded, and with his wife and family banished to Beresov, on an allowance of a few roubles per day. His spirit was deeply wounded, bowed to the earth, by this stroke of ill-fortune. Amidst the snows of Siberia he seems to have felt deeply the vanity of earthly hopes and human wishes, for he turned his thoughts to religion, and strove to find resignation to his fate in acts of piety, and in endeavoring to reconcile his family, by his own example, to their lot of poverty and toil. He labored with others in felling trees in the forest for the erection of a wooden chapel, and when it was finished performed some of the lay offices in it. Still, the crushed hopes of his vast ambition lay heavy on his mind, and the severity of the climate so much affected the shattered health of the old general that in 1729, less than two years from his arrival in that ice-bound land, he died, having supported disgrace with a dignified humility strongly contrasting with the haughty pride with which he had borne his honors. At about the same time Peter the Second was carried off by an attack of malignant small-pox. He was the last of the male line of the Romanoff family, and his short reign ended before he had completed his fourteenth year. The two brothers Dolgorouki were then all-powerful in the government, and had the young czar lived to attain his majority, little Katinka, it has been said, would have had a fair chance of becoming his czarina. But fate willed it otherwise, and the next turn of fortune's wheel doomed her father to set out for that snowy grave of so many of the Russian nobility in the "half-dark land" to which he had so greatly contributed to send his former colleague, Menschikoff.

In Februrary 1730 the younger Dolgorouki and two other nobles arrived at Mittau to inform the duchess of Courland, Anne Ivanowna, daughter of Ivan, half-brother of Peter the First, that, as the female representative of the elder branch of the Romanoffs, she had been elected by the Senate to the vacant throne of Russia, and the army was said to have approved the choice of the Senate. Unwilling, however, again to allow the uncontrolled power exercised by the czars to be placed in a woman's hands, a council, independent of the Senate, had been formed of seven nobles, by whom all decrees of the sovereign were to be approved before they could take effect. Dolgorouki was at the head of it, and laid before the duchess, together with the offer of the crown, the conditions she was required to subscribe to. "She could impose no taxes, make no gift of crown lands; could neither declare war nor conclude peace; must not appoint her successor, or take a second husband, but by the permission of this despotic and irresponsible council." The duchess Anne hesitated to accept the sovereignty with so mere a shadow of power as was left to her, and the more so as her secretary and favored lover, the notorious John Ernest Biren, whose ruffianly character and dangerous influence over her were too well known, was strictly prohibited from entering Russia.

The selection of the seven nobles to form the new council had given satisfaction only to those who were nominated its members. The disappointed candidates immediately protested that no such council was needed, and, according to Russian custom, secretly set about thwarting its objects. Their communications to the duchess resulted in an arrangement that

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induced her to accede without further hesitation to the terms proposed by the council. Great preparations were made at St. Petersburg for receiving her there with due honor, and her coronation at Moscow was more splendid than any that had preceded it. As duchess of Courland, the empress Anne had long been accustomed to comparative refinement, and to a tone of good breeding very different from what had hitherto characterized Russian court life; the coarse, boorish habits of which underwent a marked change for the better from the period of her accession.* She was an extremely handsome woman, of the Russian type of beauty; tall and of fine commanding figure; very courteous and polished in manner, but a thorough Russian in duplicity of character. The first act of the autocratrix was to abolish the newly-established council of seven, and, seated on the throne, she announced in her manifesto that she reigned over "all the Russias" by hereditary right alone, and recognized no power in the Senate to elect her. She then appointed her own ministers, and summoned her lover, Biren, from Courland, to place him at the head of them, and that post the brutal tyrant retained throughout the ten years of Anne's reign.

Biren was a native of Courland, and of obscure origin; a fact very displeasing to him, and a stigma — as he regarded it when he rose in the world — which he strove to efface by writing himself "De Biron," claiming descent from the distinguished French family of that name, and assuming their arms. He was not deficient in talent, and had acquired some elementary education, which, aided by much shrewdness and a strikingly handsome person, won for him the post of secretary to the duchess Anne, whose affections, by his apparent devotion to her, he succeeded in gaining. The influence of his imperial mistress with the nobles of the duchy, together with her newly-acquired power as czarina, of employing Russian troops to enforce her wishes, procured her favorite's election to the ducal sovereignty; while, through the lamentable infatuation that led her to give the supreme power into Biren's hands, she also placed over Russia a barbarous despot, whose numerous atrocities were scarcely surpassed by those of the inhuman monster Ivan the Terrible. It was partly to appease him that the empress so speedily abolished the council of seven, for Dolgorouki had deeply wounded his pride. When the prince arrived at Mittau and was about to announce the elevation of the duchess Anne to the throne, he observed standing at the farther end of her apartment a man of slovenly attire, and supposing him to be a servant, requested that he might be ordered to withdraw. The haughty Biren immediately turned towards the prince with defiant gestures, and crossing the room seated himself by the side of the duchess. The astonished and indignant Dolgorouki, accustomed to the slavish obedience of serfs, angrily seized the presumptuous stranger by the arm, and would have ejected him by force had not Anne, in great trepidation, gasped out, "Monsieur de Biron, my secretary." Dolgorouki released him, and silently returned to his seat. Biren, without uttering a word — probably aware that opportunity would soon offer of better showing his resentment by deeds — in sullen rage left the room. Very soon after the coronation of the empress, Dolgorouki was on his way to Siberia; three others, princes of the empire, were beheaded; two other members of the council were shut up for life in the dungeons of a fortress, and the seventh was broken on the wheel. Thus was the council of seven effectually disposed of; and thus was the vengeance of an empress's favorite sated.

The empress Anne was naturally of a humane disposition, but her passionate and degrading love for the inhuman Biren made her the mere slave of his will — a slave more abject than the most oppressed of Russian women had ever been to a tyrant master. By the stroke of her pen she could have instantly consigned him to the dungeon and scaffold he so richly merited; but with more than weakest woman's weakness she dared not risk incurring his displeasure by using, even when she most earnestly wished it, her prerogative of showing mercy when he had pitilessly and unjustly condemned, and her heart was bleeding for his victims. It seems incredible, yet writers of the time assert that to obtain the reversal of some cruel decree, "*l'impératrice se mettait souvent à genoux devant lui pour l'adoucir; mais les prières et les larmes de cette princesse ne pouvaient le toucher.*"

* When Peter the First married his niece Anne to the duke of Courland, the wedding guests were compelled to do honor to the auspicious event by excessive feasting and drinking. The bridegroom, while endeavoring to vie with Peter in the number of his draughts of brandy from the "great eagle of Russia," fell senseless on the floor and died. Peter then claimed Courland for Anne, and the Courlanders, having no army, submitted, and became eventually one of "the Russias."

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But while Biren inaugurated her reign with the wholesale banishment and butchery of her subjects, the empress, who was fond of pleasure and magnificence, gave balls and entertainments whose gaiety and splendor delighted and astonished the boorish Russian court, and in some measure reconciled them to the arbitrary rule of her favorite. With true Russian servility they crouched to the execrable minion then in power, and, while he was shedding the best blood of their country, bent the knee to him, and to curry favor with him kissed the iron rod he wielded and the blood-stained hand that held it. No wonder that coarseness and brutality should so long have been the chief characteristics of the Russian people, when the atrocities and horrors of each succeeding reign opposed so effectual a barrier to the entry of civilization even into the life of the court. It has been affirmed that the character of the empress Anne herself became deteriorated and her bearing lost something of its dignity after she had filled for a few years the imperial throne. Ambassadors and travellers of note of that day have described the dazzling splendor of her court as unequalled by any in Europe. Yet inebriety and consequent brawls, even in the presence of the empress, often marred the most sumptuous of her *fêtes;* and from beneath all the glitter and pomp then so ostentatiously displayed Muscovite grossness and barbarity constantly peeped forth. Of a ball given in January 1734 the account states that

Along the sides of the spacious saloons, and filling the atmosphere with their mingled sweet odors, were ranged rows of orange-trees in blossom and myrtles in bloom. Arbors, over which were twined the jessamine and honeysuckle, were placed in shaded nooks, and beneath them were mossy banks and seats of fresh turf — an enchanter's wand seemingly having brought from a southern clime the flowers, fruits, and scenery of summer, to place them in freshest bloom and beauty amidst the frozen snows of the north. The empress was magnificently dressed, her robes glittering with diamonds. She looked remarkably handsome, and her mien was most gracious. Many of the ladies also displayed magnificent jewels, splendid dresses, and much beauty, and the nobles and great officers made no mean contribution to the show, in the blaze of jewelled orders with which they were decorated. Amongst the guests were ambassadors from China — the only instance of a Chinese embassy having appeared at a European court. And they proved themselves not bad courtiers, as, in reply to the empress's question, which of the ladies present he thought the most beautiful, the chief ambassador said that "on nights when the firmament was full of brilliant stars it was very difficult to decide which star shone most brilliantly."

Under the reign of Anne, Russia made considerable advance in material greatness. The empress aimed at carrying out in her domestic policy the plans of Peter the First. She encouraged skilled artificers from foreign countries to settle in Russia and promoted the establishment of manufactories of woollen and silk goods. The Ladoga canal, begun by Peter for the purpose of facilitating the furnishing of supplies to St. Petersburg, was completed in her reign, and the army was brought to a state of much greater efficiency, under Bouchard, a severe disciplinarian, known as "*le feld-maréchal de Munich.*" He was a Dane, and at the age of seventeen began his military career in the service of the prince of Hesse-Darmstadt, and afterwards served under Prince Eugène and Marlborough. His hasty temper and impatience of Biren's interference in military matters, of which he was entirely ignorant, often dangerously provoked the ire of that great personage, and would speedily have brought condign punishment on Munich, but for the difficulty experienced in finding an equally able commander-in-chief to succeed him. It was Munich who first introduced a corps of engineers into the Russian army, and by his successes in Poland enabled Anne to set up a king there subservient to Russia, and in defiance of the French. Aided by his second in command, General Lacy, he took Azof and invaded the Crimea — for Anne eagerly desired to recover the places that Peter the First had been forced to give up at the peace of Pruth, and to give Russia a southern seaboard. Austria was allied with Russia in this expedition, but her troops were so thoroughly beaten by the Turks that she sued for a separate peace. Single-handed, Russia was unable to continue the war — so heavy had been her losses in men and treasure, and in the utter devastation of various parts of the country. She therefore thought it prudent to propose negotiation to the Turks, and in 1739 peace was concluded — all the Russian conquests being again restored to Turkey. These four years of unsuccessful warfare cost Russia not less than one hundred thousand men and many millions of roubles.

Meanwhile, Biren had been despatching his thousands also — some to the scaffold, others to Siberia. The greater part of these perished in the inclement land of

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exile from misery and starvation, or died on the road, unable to support the hardships and fatigues of the journey. It has been computed that during the ten years' reign of the empress Anne, at least fifteen thousand persons felt the effects of her miscreant favorite's tyranny, either in some terribly barbarous death, torturing punishment, or Siberian exile. The confiscated lands and other property of these unhappy persons, together with the plunder of the State, had made him the wealthiest man in Russia, and probably in Europe. So great was the ascendency he had acquired that men of all ranks trembled before him. When "his Highness the Duc de Biron of Courland" passed with his retinue through the streets, the people on foot fled, lest his evil eye should fall on them. Carriages drew up and their occupants alighted to salute him, with bared and bowed heads, as he passed. Foreign ministers did not disdain to kiss his hand, or at the state banquets to pledge him, with effusive sentiment, in overflowing goblets of wine.

In 1739 the princess Anne, daughter of the Duchess of Mecklenburg, the elder sister of the empress, was married to Prince Antony, brother of the reigning duke of Brunswick. The young couple, at the invitation of the empress, who then proposed to nominate her niece her successor, came to reside at the Russian capital. But in the following year a son was born to them. He was named Ivan, and christened according to the rites of the Greek Church. This great-grandson of the grand duke Ivan the empress now proclaimed her heir-apparent, with the hope of prolonging the reign of her favorite, or probably at his command. She named Biren regent in the event of Ivan succeeding to the imperial throne in his minority. This decree was made October 18, 1740, the child being then two months old. Ten days afterwards, quite unexpectedly, the empress died.

Biren immediately assumed the title of "his Highness the regent," and began his reign by summarily putting out of the way a batch of persons whose presence about the court was offensive to him. He also separated the baby-czar, Ivan the Sixth, from his parents, and thus raised up for himself two mortal enemies. He had, besides, a host of others, who long before would have taken vengeance upon him, had not the ineradicable veneration of Russians for a high-handed sovereign restrained them. No time was lost by the prince and princess in concerting measures with Osterman, the dissatisfied chief minister, and with Marshal de Munich, the equally dissatisfied head of the army, for the downfall of the tyrant. In the month of November, and on the twenty-first day of his reign, a party of fifty guards, under an officer Munich could rely upon, silently entered the palace. At midnight they seized his Highness in his bed, and conveyed him to the fortress of Schlusselburg. After some months of strict confinement and the confiscation of the whole of his enormous wealth to the State, he was condemned, not, as he had condemned so many, to be maimed, mutilated, beheaded, and burned, but to banishment for life to Pelim — a wretched Siberian village, indebted to him for its miserable population, who received him when he arrived among them with the scorn and derision he deserved.

The princess Anne succeeded to the regency. Prince Antony desired to share in the government, but Anne, who thought her husband less competent to rule than herself, would not allow of his interference in affairs of State. Disputes arose between them in consequence, though otherwise they are said to have been an affectionate couple. The Russian nobles looked jealously upon them as foreigners, and were little disposed to favor the claims of young Ivan, with the prospect of a troubled minority of seventeen years before him. As usual, too, there were many scheming hangers-on of the court eagerly looking forward to the next turn of the imperial kaleidoscope to bring them, as they hoped, the chance of more prominent places in the new arrangement of its parts. But the regency of the princess Anne dragged on, amidst general murmuring and discontent, yet a few months longer, when a court intrigue, the chief promoter of which was L'Estorq, a man of French extraction, and the physician of the princess Elizabeth, younger daughter of Peter and Catherine the First, brought it suddenly to an end. Though residing at St. Petersburg since the death of her mother, Elizabeth had held but little intercourse with either the empress Anne or the princess-regent, and rarely appeared at court. The daughter and granddaughter of the elder branch of the Romanoffs looked coolly and haughtily upon the illegitimate daughter of the peasant Catherine. It was considered that she had no claim to the throne, and she had evinced no desire to reign. She had inherited the vicious propensities indulged in by her mother in the latter part of her

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life, but none of the force of character she had shown in her earlier days, and apparently was content to live in retirement in luxury and indolence. When, however, L'Estorq and others whispered to her of her right to reign, and confided their plans to her, she very readily acquiesced in them.

A part of the army being gained over, on December 5, 1741, a regiment surrounded the palace, and a strong guard was placed over the prince and princess of Brunswick. The party of soldiers who had orders to seize the person of the young czar found him sleeping in his cradle, and, strangely enough, considering the nature of their errand, waited respectfully until the poor babe had had his nap out. They then conveyed him to Elizabeth, who took him in her arms and kissed and caressed him. She had already been brought by L'Estorq to the palace, and the soldiers and people assembled outside were then expressing their joy at the success of the revolution in loud acclamations and *vivas* for the empress. The child's attention was caught by the noise, and he laughed gleefully. "Poor child!" exclaimed Elizabeth, with well-feigned emotion. "Alas! you know not that those cries which so delight you express the joy of those who have deprived you of your throne." She then gave him into the charge of the officer who was to convey him and his parents to the fortress of Schlusselburg, there to remain till the further pleasure of the new empress should be made known respecting them.

C. C. J.

From The Examiner.

CONCEIT.

It would be difficult to name a vice so innocent towards others as conceit. Your impatience, your apathy, your fretfulness, your carelessness, your garrulity, your extravagance, all these, almost all faults and foibles in the catalogue of human imperfection, have it inevitable to them to inflict harms and vexations on people you have to do with; your conceit leaves them never a whit the worse. And yet there is nothing man resents so much as conceit in his fellow-man. The display of it arouses an aggressive desire for the reformation of the offender which can only be satiated by his miserable abashment, and to that end many will take over a mere casual acquaintance an amount of trouble which few would think worth while for the cure of downright depravity in any person in whom they had not the immediate interest of near kinship or responsible connection. While there is a watchful delicacy about even alluding to any other mental or moral defect in the presence of a person known to be one of those possessing it, or rather possessed by it, not only politeness but reasonable kindness is constantly set aside without compunction for the sake of giving the conceited the giftie of seeing themselves as ithers see them — with their least softening spectacles on. One would think it need not matter much to any one of us if our friend has more admiration for himself than we have for him; yet his error is one which it is scarcely in human nature to tolerate, and for him charity bears the pedagogue's whip. It is every man's mission to inflict wholesome discipline for his good on the conceited man.

It might be supposed that the peculiar annoyance, as if from some impertinence to ourselves personally, caused by other people's conceit, is from its bringing with it a sense of offence against our own. The sinner is, we might take it, by overrating his gifts, disavowing our superiority or claiming a vexatious equality; or, if what he thinks much of in himself is something which we do not at all possess, his merit must, in his own mind at all events, go to prove our deficiency. And probably some of the resentment against conceit does have its source in this feeling; and, where the conceit has in it, beyond its own mere unalloyed self-gratulation, the ill flavors of arrogance and assumption, the resentment against it will consciously derive much from such a source. But a homœopathic conflict of conceit against conceit does not account for all. Else why are teachers, and even parents, so apt to use against this particular fault an asperity and bitterness which might seem more fitly measured to larger faults which go overlooked? — why do they so commonly infuse a sort of spitefulness into their rebukes and their hints? — why do they feel in the culprit's mortification a pleasure akin to cruelty which would be far enough from them if the mortification had been never so well deserved by naughtiness? It is amusing to see the care with which parents who never think of keeping watch for the young upshooting of other ill weeds guard against the tiniest growth of what might come to be conceit. Generally the plan taken is to snub the clever children and to tell the pretty ones they are plain. Not much comes of it in

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any way; and good cannot come. When there is any result, it is usually a morbid self-depreciation — conceit gangrened and driven inward — which, though a less irritating phase of the malady to other people, is infinitely more harmful in lessening the usefulness as well as the happiness of the sufferer. But oftenest the clever and the pretty find themselves out betimes, and, seeing through the improvingly meant dispraises practised upon them, take them as compliments and are the more able to appreciate their gifts and graces. If their minds are actively and wholesomely employed they will be none the worse for the knowledge. To be honestly aware of advantages, to feel a pleasure in their possession even, need no more be conceit than is the swallow's confidence and pleasure in its power of flight.

Real conceit seems to be partly the over-estimation of what one is, and therefore of what one does, and partly the living, as it were, before a looking-glass taking notice of one's self. Sometimes the over-estimation may be only apparent; the capacity one supposes in one's self may have really existed, may still exist, but the time which should have gone to cultivating and developing it has gone in admiring it; it has been frittered away in little exhibitions, and has dwindled for want of pains to make it more. Bystanders, seeing no signs of it, believe it never was but as an hallucination of demented vanity; but it did once have its place as a rational prompting to the exercise of a faculty, and it is possible that the faculty may have been worth exercising. The chattering sciolist, the half-skilled, superfluous *dilettante*, may have had in them so much instinctive ability as, with the plodding zeal of humility, goes to make sound philosophers and competent artists. They were right, perhaps, in thinking they could get over the racecourse, but they kept stopping on the way to pat their heads and give themselves sugarplums, and so they never got near the goal. Unhappily, such runners are apt to believe in their capabilities for the extremest prowess, just because they have never at any time tested their strength to the full. What they have done they have done with such ease that surely a little effort would make them a match for the best. Something in them, they know not what — a genius which cannot bear harness, a nobility of nature which forbids descent into the arena of competition, a divine indolence, an ethereal carelessness — something, in fact, whatever it be, which is unpractical but exceedingly superior, has hindered them of craftsman's excellence. These superlunary beings descend not to the menial steadiness of a Whewell, a Tennyson, a Huxley, a Millais: they are comets, air-plants, all sorts of erratic wild flowers, uncatalogued stars, anything that cannot be calculated upon and goes its own way uselessly. Nobody is so possessed of a lyre, a soul, a genius, a star, as the occasional poet incapably ferocious against grammar and petulant at metre. A plain-sailing Shakespeare, or Milton, or so, has little enough of such extra-human inspiration to boast; but the amount of respectable gentlemen and ladies who are guided and gifted by such consummate influences is past the multiplication table. Something gets in their way to even penny-a-liner publicity; and they are scarcely likely to perceive that the something is conceit.

Yet, do we know what is conceit? Can we tell who, of the youthful, is under its blight? No little boy could be more liable to be accused of it by rational creatures than the little boy who saw a picture which, of course, he could no more have painted than he could have jumped over the moon, and cheerfully remarked, "*Anch' io son pittore.*" By-and-by it turned out that he was right. But if circumstances had been adverse — if he had never got a chance of learning to mix the colors and the vehicles the right way — would he have been conceited because he never became a successful painter? Would the prompting have been less genuine because opportunity failed?

The doggrel that is written! the daubs that are painted! and all under the youthful inspiration that feels a power none looking at the execution can discern. Are we to see in such immature confidence only conceit? Or, if it be conceit that nerves young boneless creatures to enterprises of a Hercules, in which they fail, and leaves them after failure ready to begin again, and try, try, try, till they fail past their strength to rise again, as the million do, or with final gasps rise again and triumph, as the dozen do — then, if this be conceit, as doubtless it is, let us thank God for conceit, and be a little lenient even to the simpletons in whom conceit is but an enervating mistake. Conceit in the young means the possibility of immortal success, of ludicrous failure. If there were no conceit among the young, what would there be for the world but decent, self-seeking, so much per cent. respectability? For the gain of the future, for kindly pity's sake to-day, let us

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be a little more lenient to conceit than we are, remembering that, if without it there need be no bathos of presumption in the dust, there could be no ascension of low-born greatness to the heights.

From Vanity Fair.

HOLIDAYS.

THE praise of holidays has been so favorite a theme of late in this busy land of ours, and they have been so increased in number not only by practice but even by act of Parliament, that we seem to be in some danger of coming to the state of Spain as described by the Irishman who said, "It is a country where to-day is always to-morrow, and that is a holiday." The multiplication of blank days may be a mark of "civilization," or it may be merely a trades-union device, by which the stockbrokers and bankers of an enlightened legislature prevent other stockbrokers and bankers from doing the business they do not wish to do themselves; but it is assuredly not an unmixed good, and when, as at Easter-time, the severer attacks of holiday set in, many who regard it as an unmixed evil may be easily excused. There are men who when they see the newspapers putting forth advertisements of excursion trains, and behold vans full of rowdy men and women, blasting the morning air with cornets horribly out of tune, feel impelled straightway to take to their bed and not to get up again until the holidays are past and over and work once more begins. It is not that they grudge the people their "outing" in Epping Forest, Hampton Court Park, or further afield, nor that they entertain any scruples as to the drunkenness in which these excursions always end for the men, or the accidents of another kind which commonly result for the women — on the contrary, they are well disposed towards holiday-making; what they object to is that everybody should make holiday altogether; they are all for cakes and ale and junketing, but they would have cakes and ale consumed turn and turn about. In short, what they feel as a misfortune is not the holiday itself, but the generality of it, the holiday by act of Parliament which forces all men to join in it at one and the same time, instead of each man taking it at a different time. And they point to the effect of the general holiday as amply justifying their objections.

The first result is that the whole workday life of the country is forcibly stopped. As matters now stand there are four days together at Easter during which no man can get a cheque cashed or a coat sent home, or any of those things done which tradesmen exist to do. If he would buy anything the shop is closed; if he would write a letter the post-office would break down in its delivery; and if, in despair, he decides to leave town, there is not a cab to be had, and the railway, if ever he reaches it, is choked with excursionists, each one of whom seems to have two babies and a dozen paper bags, and to be so muddled that they throw the paper bags about the carriages and the stations instead of the babies. When he gets to the country, instead of peace and quiet he finds more excursionists, and more paper bags and babies; but there is no help for it anywhere, and he passes his miserable four days cursing Sir John Lubbock and the collective wisdom of Parliament, which in the attempt to make all men happy by holidays has only made the greater number idle and drunken, and the rest miserable and helpless. Then perhaps he thinks of that same collective wisdom refusing, as it always has, to open the museums on the Sunday, which is the proper and, if rightly dealt with, would be the sufficient holiday of the masses — and, thus thinking, he is led by his wrongs to wish that the collective wisdom had but one head that he might punch it at a blow.

Nobody can pretend that this is a proper or desirable frame of mind for an inoffensive and amiable person to be brought to; nevertheless it is to that frame of mind that many hundreds of those who have the misfortune to be stigmatized as "the upper classes" have been brought during this very past week in consequence of these holidays which have made Easter a season of as great tribulation as Christmas itself. It is probably inevitable that holidays should come. They come badly enough every Saturday afternoon; they come also every Sunday, and they come at Easter, at Whitsuntide, and at Christmas, besides other times. Now each set of these holidays involves not only the holiday itself, but also a preceding and succeeding stage of idleness, riot, and drunkenness, of days when shops are closed, when trains don't arrive, when letters are delayed, and cheques can't be cashed. If these things must be, and if it is absolutely necessary that everybody should idle, riot, and get drunk simultaneously, it would be far better to lump up all the holidays together — to join in one, Easter, Christmas, Whitsuntide, the half-Satur-

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days, the bank holidays, and all the rest, and so build up one big annual saturnalia and there an end. By this means we should know what to expect and when to expect it, and should make our preparations to go abroad accordingly, instead of being always unexpectedly and suddenly brought up as we now are by constantly recurring holidays which scarcely leave a man time to get sober before he is bound by act of Parliament to get drunk again.

From Temple Bar.

THE YEOMAN'S STORY.

Is it you, old neighbor and friend? I'm here in the dark alone;
I wasn't noticing much how sombre the room had grown.
I know by the grasp of your hand the things that you want to say,
But I'd rather you shouldn't say them — at least till another day.

Yes, Will, he has gone at last. My darling is really dead;
All I had left in the world, and I haven't a tear to shed!
Give me your arm — there's the moon there, full over the apple-trees,
Let us walk and talk for a little — maybe it'll give me ease.

Will, you remember his mother? You must often have heard it said
There was never a prettier woman, nor one that held higher her head;
Yet only a village beauty, with cheeks like the month of May,
And a mother to slave for her dress, and a father to give her her way . . .

Philip was comely and tall, but I was richer than he;
Sometimes she liked Philip the best, and sometimes she seemed to like me.
She played fast and loose with us both, as only these young things can
Who fancy no sport so well as to toy with the heart of a man.

Well, Will, without bonnet or shawl she came to my house one night,
Said she had broken with Philip, and if I would have her I might.
Shall I ever forget that moment, when, shaking in every limb,
I seemed to hear music about me more solemn and sweet than a hymn?

We were married within the month, and Philip had gone away —
A happier man than I never looked on the light of day!
I whistled from morning to night, and was blithe as a bird on the wing,
Ah, lad! that a strong man's soul should hang on so weak a thing!

I don't remember exactly when first I noticed the change,
But I know that soon something struck me as not like herself, and strange;
Her dimples were not so deep, nor so round her little chin,
And her eyes grew brighter and brighter as her cheeks seemed hollowing in.

She watched my every turn with her large blue wistful eyes,
As though she had something to say — she was full of trouble and sighs;
I thought she was sick for a sight of the old folks down at the mill,
But she wouldn't go near her mother, and that made me uneasy, Will.

She fretted a deal at last, and the child when 'twas born wasn't strong;
But like the fool that I was, I didn't think what was wrong,
Till I came unawares upon her in the beech-copse yonder . . . she lay
In a heap . . . with a letter . . . from Philip . . . and sobbing her heart away.

It was well she died as she did; she was spared from a heavier fate,
For when he came home from sea, he came just a week too late:
The osiers were binding her bed, and the May rose had burst into bloom,
When I heard he was back in the village. 'Twas close on the evening gloom,

I had opened the churchyard gate, with an armful of lilac flowers
To deck out her grave a little (not green yet in spite of the showers),
When I paused without dropping the latch, for Philip was standing there
With his arms hanging down at his sides, and his lips on the work as in prayer.

I was sorry for him, right sorry — he was so stricken and wan;
His face when he lifted it up was the face of an agèd man;
The look that he gave when he saw me will never pass out of my sight,
But I couldn't give him my hand, Will, I couldn't, try as I might!

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So you see I was left with the baby. Could you think such a little boy
Could grow all the world to me, my all of sorrow or joy?
No hands touched him but mine — don't smile, lad — I washed him, and fed,
And watched till he fell asleep every night by his cradle-bed.

I carried him in my arms, and played with his curly hair,
His eyes, the picture of hers, were sometimes hard to bear,
But I grew a better man, Will, than ever before I had been,
With her baby boy to live for, and her grave to keep neat and green.

'Tis wonderful, Will, these children, how soon they come to know!
It didn't seem any time before he could laugh and crow,
And stretch out his little arms when he saw me coming nigh —
The best child ever born, and never the one to cry!

Sometimes I used to lift the hem of his baby-clothes
And nurse his tiny feet, pinkish-white, like a wild hedge-rose,
And wonder through what rough paths they would tread in the years to come —
I didn't think then they'd be taking the safest and surest *home*. . . .

Three years old when he died! and just beginning to talk,
To prattle to Rover and me, and toddle about in the walk!
It makes you sometimes doubt if things are so right after all,
When the weeds are left to flourish, and the blossoms are made to fall.

You've some of your own at home — you'd like to see him maybe?
It can only do you good, Will, to think upon him and me!
You'll feel the goodness of God as you never felt it before
When the young ones hear your footsteps, and rush to the cottage-door!

Do you hear that moaning noise? It's Rover down in the yard;
I'd a mind to shoot him the morn, and yet 'twould be rather hard;
The boy was fond o' the dog, and the poor brute seems to know —
Being old, and scarce able to crawl, he misses my darling so!

That's his hat on the peg, and yonder his poor little toys —
It grieves me above a bit that I've ever been vexed at the noise;
Now I'd give worlds to hear it, even though it were ten times more —
O Will! how my heart sinks down as we come near the bedroom door! . . .

There he lies in his cot, so quiet and happy and still,
He looks more like his mother than ever I saw him, Will. . . .
What a selfish fool am I, to regret that he's gone from here,
For hasn't his face a smile, lad? and that's better sure than a tear!

Death is sweeter than life, and slumber is sweeter than pain.
'Tis such a hard fight, old man, and we have so little to gain!
Who knows what he might have come to had he lived to be old as we?
If life is a good thing, Will, 'tis a better thing not to be!

Those snowdrops he picked himself that he holds in his tiny hands,
Now he gathers the flowers of Paradise as clothed in white wings he stands
In the garden of God, looking upward to the throne of eternal grace,
With the light of ineffable love streaming down on the hush of his face.

Will, do you think he remembers? or has he forgotten it all?
The old dog crippled and blind, who always limped up at his call,
The pipe of the early thrushes, the bloom on the orchard-trees,
My face, that his eyes were fixed on when I took him to die on my knees?

O God! let him not forget me! Let him still remember, and wait,
And watch with a wistful longing when they open the golden gate;
Watch with a wistful longing till he sees me enter in,
Pure as a little child, and free forever from sin!

But the house, Will, the lonely acres, the poor little empty chair,
The picture-books unopened, the silence upon the stair?
How shall I listen o' nights to the moan of the winds on the hill?
And the rush of the rain from the skies? God! how I shall miss him, Will!

FLORENCE K. BERGER.

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POETRY.

Our Future Home: an Easter Hymn. By Dean Stanley, ... 642

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OUR FUTURE HOME:

AN EASTER HYMN.

BY DEAN STANLEY.

It has been thought that there may be a place for some expression, such as the following hymn or hymns endeavor to embody, of the prospect of another world, more hopeful than the touching address of the emperor Hadrian to his soul, less vague and material than Pope's graceful version of it in his well-known lines, "Vital spark of heavenly flame."

PART I.

I.

O FRAIL spirit — vital spark,
Trembling, toiling, rising, sinking,
Flickering bright mid shadows dark,
Spring of feeling, acting, thinking,
Central flame of smiles and tears,
Boundless hopes and wasting fears,
Whither wilt thou wend thy way,
When we close this mortal day?

II.

Shall the course of earthly joys
Still repeat their round forever,
Feasts and songs, and forms and toys,
Endless throbs of this life's fever?
Or, beyond these weary woes,
Shall we find a deep repose,
And, like dove that seeks her nest,
Flee away and be at rest?

III.

Dimly, through those shades unknown,
Gleams the fate that shall befall us;
Faintly, entering there alone,
Can we hear what voices call us;
Yet our spirit's inmost breath,
As we near the gates of death,
In that purer, larger air,
Thus may shape a worthier prayer: —

IV.

"Maker of the human heart,
Scorn not thou thine own creation,
Onward guide its nobler part,
Train it for its high vocation:
From the long-infected grain
Cleanse and purge each sinful stain;
Kindle with a kindred fire
Every good and great desire.

V.

"When in ruin and in gloom
Falls to dust our earthly mansion,
Give us ample verge and room
For the measureless expansion:
Clear our clouded mental sight
To endure thy piercing light,
Open wide our narrow thought
To embrace thee as we ought.

VI.

"When the shadows melt away,
And the eternal day is breaking,
Judge most just, be thou our stay
In that strange and solemn waking;
Thou to whom the heart sincere
Is thy best of temples here,
May thy faithfulness and love
Be our long last home above."

PART II.

VII.

"Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
All thy better portion trace,
Rise from transitory things,
Heavenward to thy native place."*
Higher still and ever higher,
Let thy soaring flight aspire,
Toward the Perfectness Supreme,
Goal of saints' and sages' dream.

VIII.

There may we rejoicing meet
Loved and lost, our hearts' best treasures,
Not without surprises sweet
Mount with them to loftier pleasures;
Though the earthly bond be gone,
Yet the spirits still are one —
One in love, and hope, and faith;
One in all that conquers death.

IX.

And, in those celestial spheres,
Shall not then our keener vision
See, athwart the mist of years,
Through the barriers of division,
Holy soul and noble mind,
From their baser dross refined,
Heroes of the better land
Whom below we scorn'd and bann'd?

X.

May we wisely, humbly scan,
Face to face at last beholding,
Glimpses of the Son of Man,
All his grace and truth unfolding;
Through the ages still the same,
As of old on earth he came;
May our hope in him be sure,
To be pure as he is pure.

XI.

As we climb that steep ascent,
May the goodness and the glory,
Which to cheer our path were lent,
Seem but fragments of the story,
There to be unroll'd at length,
In its fulness and its strength,
Not with words that fade and die,
In the book of God Most High.

XII.

Through our upward pilgrimage,
Larger, deeper, lessons learning,
May we boldly page on page
Of diviner lore be turning;
May we still in labors blest
Never tire and never rest,
And with forces ever new
Serve the Holy and the True.

Macmillan's Magazine. A. P. S.

* These four lines are taken, with two slight alterations, from the fine hymn of Robert Seagrave, 1748.

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From The Contemporary Review.

THE GREATNESS OF THE ROMANS.

ROME was great in arms, in government, in law. This combination was the talisman of her august fortunes. But the three things, though blended in her, are distinct from each other, and the political analyst is called upon to give a separate account of each. By what agency was this State, out of all the States of Italy, out of all the States of the world, elected to a triple pre-eminence, and to the imperial supremacy of which it was the foundation? By what agency was Rome chosen as the foundress of an empire which we regard almost as a necessary step in human development, and which formed the material, and to no small extent the political matrix of modern Europe, though the spiritual life of our civilization is derived from another source? We are not aware that this question has ever been distinctly answered, or even distinctly propounded. The writer once put it to a very eminent Roman antiquarian, and the answer was a quotation from Virgil —

Hoc nemus, hunc, inquit, frondoso vertice clivum
Quis deus incertum est, habitat Deus; Arcades ipsum
Credunt se vidisse Jovem cum sæpe nigrantem
Ægida concuteret dextra nimbosque cieret.

This perhaps was the best answer that Roman patriotism, ancient or modern, could give; and it certainly was given in the best form. The political passages of Virgil, like some in Lucan and Juvenal, have a grandeur entirely Roman with which neither Homer nor any other Greek has anything to do. But historical criticism, without doing injustice to the poetical aspect of the mystery, is bound to seek a rational solution. Perhaps in seeking the solution we may in some measure supply, or at least suggest the mode of supplying, a deficiency which we venture to think is generally found in the first chapters of histories. A national history, as it seems to us, ought to commence with a survey of the country or locality, its geographical position, climate, productions, and other physical circumstances as they bear on the character of the people. We ought to be presented, in short, with a complete description of the scene of the historic drama, as well as with an account of the race who are to be the actors. In the early stages of his development, at all events, man is mainly the creature of physical circumstance; and by a systematic examination of physical circumstance we may to some extent cast the horoscope of the infant nation as it lies in the arms of nature.

That the central position of Rome, in the long and narrow peninsula of Italy, was highly favorable to her Italian dominion, and that the situation of Italy was favorable to her dominion over the countries surrounding the Mediterranean, has been often pointed out. But we have yet to ask what launched Rome in her career of conquest, and, still more, what rendered that career so different from those of ordinary conquerors? What caused the empire of Rome to be so durable; what gave it so high an organization? what made it so tolerable, and even in some cases beneficent to her subjects? what enabled it to perform services so important in preparing the way for a higher civilization?

About the only answer that we get to these questions is *race*. The Romans, we are told, were by nature a peculiarly warlike race. "They were the wolves of Italy," says Mr. Merivale, who may be taken to represent fairly the state of opinion on this subject. We are presented in short with the old fable of the twins suckled by the she-wolf in a slightly rationalized form. It was more likely to be true, if anything, in its original form, for in mythology nothing is so irrational as rationalization. That unfortunate she-wolf with her twins has now been long discarded by criticism as a historical figure; but she still obtrudes herself as a symbolical legend into the first chapter of Roman history, and continues to affect the historian's imagination and to give him a wrong bias at the outset. Who knows whether the statue which we possess is a real counterpart of the original? Who knows what the meaning of the original statue was? If the group was of great antiquity, we may be pretty sure that it was not political or historic, but religious;

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for primeval art is the handmaid of religion; historic representation and political portraiture belong generally to a later age. We cannot tell with certainty even that the original statue was Roman: it may have been brought to Rome among the spoils of some conquered city, in which case it would have no reference to Roman history at all. We must banish it entirely from our minds, with all the associations and impressions which cling to it, and we must do the same with regard to the whole of that cycle of legends woven out of misinterpreted monuments or customs, with the embellishments of pure fancy, which grouped itself round the apocryphal statues of the seven kings in the Capitol, aptly compared by Arnold to the apocryphal portraits of the early kings of Scotland in Holyrood, and those of the mediæval founders of Oxford in the Bodleian. We must clear our minds altogether of these fictions; they are not even ancient: they came into existence at a time when the early history of Rome was viewed in the deceptive light of her later achievements; when, under the influence of altered circumstances, Roman sentiment had probably undergone a considerable change; and when, consequently, the national imagination no longer pointed true to anything primeval.

Race, when tribal peculiarities are once formed, is a most important feature in history; those who deny this and who seek to resolve everything, even in advanced humanity, into the influence of external circumstances or of some particular external circumstance, such as food, are not less one-sided or less wide of the truth than those who employ race as the universal solution. Who can doubt that between the English and the French, between the Scotch and the Irish, there are differences of character which have profoundly affected and still affect the course of history? The case is still stronger if we take races more remote from each other, such as the English and the Hindoo. But the further we inquire, the more reason there appears to be for believing that peculiarities of race are themselves originally formed by the influence of external circumstances on the primitive tribe; that, however marked and ingrained they may be, they are not congenital and perhaps not indelible. Englishmen and Frenchmen are closely assimilated by education; and the weaknesses of character supposed to be inherent in the Irish gradually disappear under the more benign influences of the New World. Thus, by ascribing the achievements of the Romans to the special qualities of their race, we should not be solving the problem, but only stating it again in other terms.

But beside this, the wolf theory halts in a still more evident manner. The foster-children of the she-wolf, let them have never so much of their foster-mother's milk in them, do not do what the Romans did, and they do precisely what the Romans did not. They kill, ravage, plunder — perhaps they conquer and even for a time retain their conquests — but they do not found highly organized empires, they do not civilize, much less do they give birth to law. The brutal and desolating domination of the Turk which, after being long artificially upheld by diplomacy, is at last falling into final ruin, is the type of an empire founded by the foster-children of the she-wolf. Plunder, in the animal lust of which alone it originated, remains its law, and its only notion of imperial administration is a coarse division, imposed by the extent of its territory, into satrapies, which, as the central dynasty, enervated by sensuality, loses its force, revolt, and break up the empire. Even the Macedonian, pupil of Aristotle though he was, did not create an empire at all comparable to that created by the Romans. He overran an immense extent of territory, and scattered over a portion of it the seed of an inferior species of Hellenic civilization; but he did not organize it into an empire, much less did he give it, and through it the world, a code of law. It at once fell apart into a number of separate kingdoms, the despotic rulers of which were sultans with a tinge of Hellenism, and which went for nothing in the political development of mankind.

What if the very opposite theory to that of the she-wolf and her foster-children should be true? What if the Romans

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should have owed their peculiar and unparalleled success to their having been at first not more warlike, but less warlike than their neighbors? It may seem a paradox, but we suspect that in their imperial ascendency is seen one of the earliest and not least important steps in that gradual triumph of intellect over force, even in war, which has been an essential part of the progress of civilization. The happy day may come when science in the form of a benign old gentleman with a bald head and spectacles on nose, holding some beneficent compound in his hand, will confront a standing army, and the standing army will cease to exist. That will be the final victory of intellect. But in the mean time, our acknowledgments are due to the primitive inventors of military organization and military discipline. They shivered Goliath's spear. A mass of comparatively unwarlike burghers, unorganized and undisciplined, though they may be the hope of civilization from their mental and industrial qualities, have as little of collective as they have of individual strength in war; they only get in each other's way, and fall singly victims to the prowess of a gigantic barbarian. He who first thought of combining their force by organization, so as to make their numbers tell, and who taught them to obey officers, to form regularly for action, and to execute united movements at the word of command, was, perhaps, as great a benefactor of the species as he who grew the first corn, or built the first canoe.

What is the special character of the Roman legends, so far as they relate to war? Their special character is, that they are legends not of personal prowess but of discipline. Rome has no Achilles. The great national heroes, Camillus, Cincinnatus, Papirius Cursor, Fabius Maximus, Manlius, are not prodigies of personal strength and valor, but commanders and disciplinarians. The most striking incidents are incidents of discipline. The most striking incident of all is the execution by a commander of his own son for having gained a victory against orders. "*Disciplinam militarem*," Manlius is made to say, "*qua stetit ad hanc diem Romana res*." Discipline was the great secret of Roman ascendency in war. It is the great secret of all ascendency in war. Victories of the undisciplined over the disciplined, such as Killiecrankie and Preston Pans, are rare exceptions which only prove the rule. The rule is that in anything like a parity of personal prowess and of generalship discipline is victory. Thrice Rome encountered discipline equal or superior to her own. Pyrrhus at first beat her, but there was no nation behind him; Hannibal beat her, but his nation did not support him; she beat the army of Alexander, but the army of Alexander when it encountered her, like that of Frederic at Jena, was an old machine, and it was commanded by a man who was more like Tippoo Sahib than the conqueror of Darius.

But how came military discipline to be so specially cultivated by the Romans? We can see how it came to be specially cultivated by the Greeks: it was the necessity of civic armies, fighting perhaps against warlike aristocracies; it was the necessity of Greeks in general fighting against the invading hordes of the Persian. We can see how it came to be cultivated among the mercenaries and professional soldiers of Pyrrhus and Hannibal. But what was the motive power in the case of Rome? Dismissing the notion of occult qualities of race, we look for a rational explanation in the circumstances of the plain which was the cradle of the Roman empire.

It is evident that in the period designated as that of the kings, when Rome commenced her career of conquest, she was, for that time and country, a great and wealthy city. This is proved by the works of the kings, the Capitoline Temple, the excavation for the Circus Maximus, the Servian Wall, and above all the Cloaca Maxima. Historians have indeed undertaken to give us a very disparaging picture of the ancient Rome, which they confidently describe as nothing more than a great village of shingle-roofed cottages thinly scattered over a large area. We ask in vain what are the materials for this description. It is most probable that the private buildings of Rome under the kings were roofed with nothing better than shin-

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gle, and it is very likely that they were mean and dirty, as the private buildings of Athens appear to have been, and as those of most of the great cities of the Middle Ages unquestionably were. But the Cloaca Maxima is in itself conclusive evidence of a large population, of wealth, and of a not inconsiderable degree of civilization. Taking our stand upon this monument, and clearing our vision entirely of Romulus and his asylum, we seem dimly to perceive the existence of a deep prehistoric background, richer than is commonly supposed in the germs of civilization, — a remark which may in all likelihood be extended to the background of history in general. Nothing surely can be more grotesque than the idea of a set of wolves, like the Norse pirates before their conversion to Christianity, constructing in their den the Cloaca Maxima.

That Rome was comparatively great and wealthy is certain. We can hardly doubt that she was a seat of industry and commerce, and that the theory which represents her industry and commerce as having been developed subsequently to her conquests is the reverse of the fact. Whence, but from industry and commerce, could the population and the wealth have come? Peasant farmers do not live in cities, and plunderers do not accumulate. Rome had around her what was then a rich and peopled plain; she stood at a meeting-place of nationalities; she was on a navigable river, yet out of the reach of pirates; the sea near her was full of commerce, Etruscan, Greek, and Carthaginian. Her first colony was Ostia, evidently commercial and connected with salt-works, which may well have supplied the staple of her trade. Her patricians were financiers and money-lenders. We are aware that a different turn has been given to this part of the story, and that the indebtedness has been represented as incurred not by loans of money, but by advances of farm stock. This, however, completely contradicts the whole tenor of the narrative, and especially what is said about the measures for relieving the debtor by reducing the rate of interest and by deducting from the principal debt the interest already paid. The narrative as it stands, moreover, is supported by analogy. It has a parallel in the economical history of ancient Athens, and in the "scaling of debts," to use the American equivalent for *seisachtheia*, by the legislation of Solon. What prevents our supposing that usury, when it first made its appearance on the scene, before people had learned to draw the distinction between crimes and defaults, presented itself in a very coarse and cruel form? True, the currency was clumsy, and retained philological traces of a system of barter; but without commerce there could have been no currency at all.

Even more decisive is the proof afforded by the early political history of Rome. In that wonderful first decade of Livy there is no doubt enough of Livy himself to give him a high place among the masters of fiction. It is the epic of a nation of politicians, and admirably adapted for the purposes of education as the grand presentation of Roman character and the rich treasury of Roman sentiment. But we can hardly doubt that in the political portion there is a foundation of fact; it is too circumstantial, too consistent in itself, and at the same time too much borne out by analogy, to be altogether fiction. The institutions which we find existing in historic times must have been evolved by some such struggle between the orders of patricians and plebeians as that which Livy presents to us. And these politics, with their parties and sections of parties, their shades of political character, the sustained interest which they imply in political objects, their various devices and compromises, are not the politics of a community of peasant farmers, living apart each on his own farm and thinking of his own crops: they are the politics of the quick-witted and gregarious population of an industrial and commercial city. They are politics of the same sort as those upon which the Palazzo Vecchio looked down in Florence. That ancient Rome was a republic there can be no doubt. Even the so-called monarchy appears clearly to have been elective; and republicanism may be described broadly with reference to its origin, as the government of the city and of the artisan, while monarchy and aristocracy are the governments of the country and of farmers.

The legend which ascribes the assembly of centuries to the legislation of Servius probably belongs to the same class as the legend which ascribes trial by jury and the division of England into shires to the legislation of Alfred. Still the assembly of centuries existed; it was evidently ancient, belonging apparently to a stratum of institutions anterior to the assembly of tribes; and it was a constitution distributing political power and duties according to a property qualification which, in the upper grades, must, for the period, have been high though measured by a primitive currency. The existence of

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such qualifications, and the social ascendency of wealth which the constitution implies, are inconsistent with the theory of a merely agricultural and military Rome. Who would think of framing such a constitution, say, for one of the rural districts of France?

Other indications of the real character of the prehistoric Rome might be mentioned. The preponderance of the infantry and the comparative weakness of the cavalry is an almost certain sign of democracy, and of the social state in which democracy takes its birth — at least in the case of a country which did not, like Arcadia or Switzerland, preclude by its nature the growth of a cavalry force; but on the contrary was rather favorable to it. Nor would it be easy to account for the strong feeling of attachment to the city which led to its restoration when it had been destroyed by the Gauls, and defeated the project of a migration to Veii, if Rome was nothing but a collection of miserable huts, the abodes of a tribe of marauders. We have, moreover, the actual traces of an industrial organization in the existence of certain guilds of artisans, which may have been more important at first than they were when the military spirit had become thoroughly ascendant.

Of course when Rome had once been drawn into the career of conquest, the ascendency of the military spirit would be complete; war, and the organization of territories acquired in war, would then become the great occupation of her leading citizens; industry and commerce would fall into disesteem, and be deemed unworthy of the members of the imperial race. Carthage would no doubt have undergone a similar change of character, had the policy which was carried to its greatest height by the aspiring house of Barcas succeeded in converting her from a trading city into the great capital of a great military empire. So would Venice, had she been able to carry on her system of conquest in the Levant and of territorial aggrandizement on the Italian mainland. The career of Venice was arrested by the League of Cambray. On Carthage the policy of military aggrandizement, which was apparently resisted by the sage instinct of the great merchants while it was supported by the professional soldiers and the populace, brought utter ruin; while Rome paid the inevitable penalty of military despotism. Even when the Roman nobles had become a caste of conquerors and proconsuls, they retained certain mercantile habits; unlike the French aristocracy, and aristocracies generally, they were careful keepers of their accounts, and they showed a mercantile talent for business, as well as a more than mercantile hardness, in their financial exploitation of the conquered world. Brutus and his contemporaries were usurers like the patricians of the early times. No one, we venture to think, who has been accustomed to study national character, will believe that the Roman character was formed by war alone: it was manifestly formed by war combined with business.

To what an extent the later character of Rome affected national tradition, or rather fiction, as to her original character, we see from the fable which tells us that she had no navy before the first Punic war, and that when compelled to build a fleet by the exigencies of lost war, she had to copy a Carthaginian war galley which had been cast ashore, and to train her rowers by exercising them on dry land. She had a fleet before the war with Pyrrhus, probably from the time at which she took possession of Antium, if not before; and even if her first treaty with Carthage is to be assigned to the date to which Mommsen and not to that to which Polybius assigns it, that treaty shows that before 348 B.C. she had an interest in a wide seaboard, which must have carried with it some amount of maritime power.

Now this wealthy, and as we suppose industrial and commercial city was the chief place, and in course of time became the mistress and protectress, of a plain large for that part of Italy, and then in such a condition as to be tempting to the spoiler. Over this plain on two sides hung ranges of mountains inhabited by hill tribes, Sabines, Æquians, Volscians, Hernicans, with the fierce and restless Samnite in the rear. No doubt these hill tribes raided on the plain as hill tribes always do; probably they were continually being pressed down upon it by the migratory movements of other tribes behind them. Some of them seem to have been in the habit of regularly swarming, like bees, under the form of the *Ver Sacrum*. On the north, again, were the Etruscan hill towns, with their lords, pirates by sea, and probably marauders by land; for the period of their degenerate luxury and frivolity may be regarded as subsequent to their subjugation by the Romans; at any rate, when they first appear upon the scene they are a conquering race. The wars with the Æqui and Volsci have been ludicrously multiplied and exaggerated by Livy; but even without the testimony of

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any historian, we might assume that there would be wars with them and with the other mountaineers, and also with the marauding Etruscan chiefs. At the same time, we may be sure that in personal strength and prowess, the men of the plain and of the city would be inferior both to the mountaineers and to those Etruscan chiefs whose trade was war. How did the men of the plain and of the city manage to make up for this inferiority, to turn the scale of force in their favor, and ultimately to subdue both the mountaineers and the Etruscans? In the conflict with the mountaineers, something might be done by superiority of weapons which superior wealth would afford. But more would be done by military organization and discipline. To military organization and discipline the Romans accordingly learned to submit themselves, as did the English Parliamentarians after the experience of Edgehill, as did the democracy of the northern states of America after the experience of their first campaign. At the same time the Romans learned the lesson so momentous, and at the same time so difficult for citizen soldiers, of drawing the line between civil and military life. The turbulent democracy of the former, led into the field, doffed the citizen, donned the soldier, and obeyed the orders of a commander whom as citizens they detested, and whom when they were led back to the forum at the end of the summer campaign they were ready again to oppose and to impeach. No doubt all this part of the history has been immensely embellished by the patriotic imagination, the heroic features have been exaggerated, the harsher features softened though not suppressed. Still it is impossible to question the general fact. The result attests the process. The Roman legions were formed in the first instance of citizen soldiers, who yet had been made to submit to a rigid discipline, and to feel that in that submission lay their strength. When, to keep up the seige of Veii, military pay was introduced, a step was taken in the transition from a citizen soldiery to a regular army, such as the legions ultimately became, with its standing discipline of the camp; and that the measure should have been possible is another proof that Rome was a great city with a well-supplied treasury, not a collection of mud huts. No doubt the habit of military discipline reacted on the political character of the people, and gave it the strength and self-control which were so fatally wanting in the case of Florence.

The line was drawn, under the pressure of a stern necessity, between civil and military life, and between the rights and duties of each. The power of the magistrate, jealously limited in the city, was enlarged to absolutism for the preservation of discipline in the field. But the distinction between the king or magistrate and the general, and between the special capacities required for the duties of each, is everywhere of late growth. We may say the same of departmental distinctions altogether. The executive, the legislative, the judicial power, civil authority and military command, all lie enfolded in the same primitive germ. The king, or the magistrate who takes his place, is expected to lead the people in war as well as to govern them in peace. In European monarchies this idea still lingers, fortified no doubt by the personal unwillingness of the kings to let the military power go out of their hands. Nor in early times is the difference between the qualifications of a ruler and those of a commander so great as it afterwards became; the business of the State is simple, and force of character the main requisite in both cases. Annual consulships must have been fatal to strategical experience, while, on the other hand, they would save the republic from being tied to an unsuccessful general. But the storms of war which broke on Rome from all quarters soon brought about the recognition of special aptitude for military command in the appointment of dictators. As to the distinction between military and naval ability, it is of very recent birth: Blake, Prince Rupert, and Monk were made admirals because they had been successful as generals, just as Hannibal was appointed by Antiochus to the command of a fleet.

At Preston Pans, as before at Killiecrankie, the line of the Hanoverian regulars was broken by the headlong charge of the wild clans, for which the regulars were unprepared. Taught by the experience of Preston Pans, the Duke of Cumberland at Culloden formed in three lines, so as to repair a broken front. The Romans in like manner formed in three lines — *hastati*, *principes*, and *triarii* — evidently with the same object. Our knowledge of the history of Roman tactics does not enable us to say exactly at what period this formation began to supersede the phalanx, which appears to have preceded it, and which is the natural order of half-disciplined or imperfectly armed masses, as we see in the case of the army formed by Philip out of the Macedonian peasantry,

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and again in the case of the French Revolutionary columns. We cannot say, therefore, whether this formation in three lines is any way traceable to experience dearly bought in wars with Italian highlanders, or to a lesson taught by the terrible onset of the Gaul. Again, the punctilious care in the entrenchment of the camp, even for a night's halt, which moved the admiration of Pyrrhus and was a material part of Roman tactics, was likely to be inculcated by the perils to which a burgher army would be exposed in carrying on war under or among hills and always liable to the sudden attack of a swift, surefooted, and wily foe. The habit of carrying a heavy load of palisades on the march would be a part of the same necessity.

Even from the purely military point of view, then, the she-wolf and the twins seem to us not appropriate emblems of Roman greatness. A better frontispiece for historians of Rome, if we mistake not, would be some symbol of the patroness of the lowlands and their protectress against the wild tribes of the highlands. There should also be something to symbolize the protectress of Italy against the Gauls, whose irruptions Rome, though defeated at Allia, succeeded ultimately in arresting and hurling back, to the general benefit of Italian civilization, which, we may be sure, felt very grateful to her for that service, and remembered it when her existence was threatened by Hannibal, with Gauls in his army. Capua, though not so well situated for the leadership of Italy, might have played the part of Rome; but the plain which she commanded, though very rich, was too small, and too closely overhung by the fatal hills of the Sammiti, under whose dominion she fell. Rome had space to organize a strong lowland resistance to the marauding highland powers. It seems probable that her hills were not only the citadel but the general refuge of the lowlanders of those parts, when forced to fly before the onslaught of the highlanders, who were impelled by successive wars of migration to the plains. The Campagna affords no stronghold or rallying point but those hills, which may have received a population of fugitives like the islands of Venice. The city may have drawn part of its population and some of its political elements from this source. In this sense the story of the asylum may possibly represent a part, though it has itself nothing to do with history.

Then, as to imperial organization and government. Superiority in these would naturally flow from superiority in civilization, and in previous political training. The former Rome derived from her comparative wealth and from the mental characteristics of a city population; the latter she derived from the long struggle through which the rights of the plebeians were equalized with those of the patricians, and which again must have had its ultimate origin in geographical circumstance bringing together different elements of population. Cromwell was a politician and a religious leader before he was a soldier; Napoleon was a soldier before he was a politician: to this difference between the moulds in which their characters were cast may be traced, in great measure, the difference of their conduct when in power, Cromwell devoting himself to political and ecclesiastical reform, while Napoleon used his supremacy chiefly as the means of gratifying his lust for war. There is something analogous in the case of imperial nations. Had the Roman, when he conquered the world been like the Ottoman, like the Ottoman he would probably have remained. His lust of blood and pillage slaked, he would simply have proceeded to slake his other animal lusts; he would have destroyed or consumed everything, produced nothing, delivered over the world to a plundering anarchy of rapacious satraps, and when his sensuality had overpowered his ferocity, he would have fallen, in his turn, before some horde whose ferocity was fresh, and the round of war and havoc would have commenced again. The Roman destroyed and consumed a good deal; but he also produced not a little; he produced, among other things, first in Italy, then in the world at large, the peace of Rome, indispensable to civilization, and destined to be the germ and precursor of the peace of humanity.

In two respects, however, the geographical circumstances of Rome appear specially to have prepared her for the exercise of universal empire. In the first place, her position was such as to bring her into contact from the outset with a great variety of races. The cradle of her dominion was a sort of ethnological microcosm. Latins, Etruscans, Greeks, Campanians, with all the mountain races and the Gauls, make up a school of the most diversified experience, which could not fail to open the minds of the future masters of the world. How different was this education from that of a people which is either isolated, like the Egyptians, or comes into contact perhaps in the way of continual border hostility with a single race! What

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the exact relations of Rome were with Etruria in the earliest times we do not know, but evidently they were close; while between the Roman and the Etruscan character the difference appears to have been as wide as possible. The Roman was pre-eminently practical and business-like, sober-minded, moral, unmystical, unsacerdotal, much concerned with present duties and interests, very little concerned about a future state of existence, peculiarly averse from human sacrifices and from all wild and dark superstitions. The Etruscan, as he has portrayed himself to us in his tombs, seems to have been, in his later development at least, a mixture of sybaritism with a gloomy and almost Mexican religion, which brooded over the terrors of the next world, and sought in the constant practice of human sacrifice a relief from its superstitious fear. If the Roman could tolerate the Etruscans, be merciful to them, and manage them well, he was qualified to deal in a statesmanlike way with the peculiarities of almost any race, except those whose fierce nationality repelled all management whatever. In borrowing from the Etruscans some of their theological lore and their system of divination, small as the value of the things borrowed was, the Roman, perhaps, gave an earnest of the receptiveness which led him afterwards, in his hour of conquest, to bow to the intellectual ascendency of the conquered Greek, and to become a propagator of Greek culture, though partly in a Latinized form, more effectual than Alexander and his Orientalized successors.

In the second place, the geographical circumstances of Rome, combined with her character, would naturally lead to the foundation of colonies and of that colonial system which formed a most important and beneficent part of her empire. We have derived the name colony from Rome; but her colonies were just what ours are not, military outposts of the empire, *propugnacula imperii.* Political depletion and provisions for needy citizens were collateral, but it would seem, in early times at least, secondary objects. Such outposts were the means suggested by nature, first of securing those parts of the plain which were beyond the sheltering range of the city itself, secondly of guarding the outlets of the hills against the hill tribes, and eventually of holding down the tribes in the hills themselves. The custody of the passes is especially marked as an object by the position of many of the early colonies. When the Roman dominion extended to the north of Italy, the same system was pursued, in order to guard against incursions from the Alps. A conquering despot would have planted mere garrisons under military governors, which would not have been centres of civilization, but probably of the reverse. The Roman colonies, bearing onwards with them the civil as well as the military life of the republic, were, with the general system of provincial municipalities of which they constituted the core, to no small extent centres of civilization, though doubtless they were also to some extent instruments of oppression. "Where the Roman conquered he dwelt," and the dwelling of the Roman was, on the whole, the abode of a civilizing influence. Representation of dependencies in the sovereign assembly of the imperial country was unknown, and would have been impracticable. Conquest had not so far put off its iron nature. In giving her dependencies municipal institutions and municipal life, Rome did the next best thing to giving them representation. A Roman province with its municipal life was far above a satrapy, though far below a nation.

Then how came Rome to be the foundress and the great source of law? This, as we said before, calls for a separate explanation. An explanation I do not pretend to give, but merely a hint which may deserve notice in looking for the explanation. In primitive society, in place of law, in the proper sense of the term, we find only tribal custom, formed mainly by the special exigencies of tribal self-preservation, and confined to the particular tribe. When Saxon and Dane settle down in England side by side under the treaty made between Alfred and Guthurm, each race retains the tribal custom which serves it as a criminal law. A special effort seems to be required in order to rise above this custom to that conception of general right or expediency which is the germ of law as a science. The Greek, sceptical and speculative as he was, appears never to have quite got rid of the notion that there was something sacred in ancestral custom, and that to alter it by legislation was a sort of impiety. We in England still fancy that there is something in the breast of the judge, and that something is a lingering shadow of the tribal custom, the source of the common law. Now what conditions would be most favorable to this critical effort, so fraught with momentous consequences to humanity? Apparently a union of elements belonging to different tribes such as would compel

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them, for the preservation of peace and the regulation of daily intercourse, to adopt some common measure of right. It must be a union, not a conquest of one tribe by another, otherwise the conquering tribe would of course keep its own customs, as the Spartans did among the conquered people of Laconia. Now it appears likely that these conditions were exactly fulfilled by the primeval settlements on the hills of Rome. The hills are either escarped by nature or capable of easy escarpment, and seem originally to have been little separate fortresses, by the union of which the city was ultimately formed. That there were tribal differences among the inhabitants of the different hills is a belief to which all traditions and all the evidence of institutions point, whether we suppose the difference to have been great or not, and whatever special theory we may form as to the origin of the Roman people. If the germ of law, as distinguished from custom, was brought into existence in this manner, it would be fostered and expanded by the legislative exigencies of the political and social concordat between the two orders, and also by those arising out of the adjustment of relations with other races in the course of conquest and colonization.

Roman law had also, in common with Roman morality, the advantage of being comparatively free from the perverting influence of tribal superstition.* Roman morality was in the main a rational rule of duty, the shortcomings and aberrations of which arose not from superstition, but from narrowness of perception, peculiarity of sphere, and the bias of national circumstance. The auguries, which were so often used for the purposes of political obstruction or intrigue, fall under the head rather of trickery than of superstition.

Roman law in the same manner was a rule of expediency, rightly or wrongly conceived, with comparatively little tincture of religion. In this again we probably see the effect of a fusion of tribes upon the tribal superstitions. "Rome," it has been said, "had no mythology." This is scarcely an overstatement; and we do not account for the fact by saying that the Romans were unimaginative, because it is not the creative imagination that produces a mythology, but the impression made by the objects and forces of nature on the minds of the forefathers of the tribe.

* From religious perversion Roman law was eminently free: but it could not be free from perverting influences of a social kind; so that we ought to be cautious, for instance, in borrowing law on any subject concerning the relations between the sexes from the corrupt society of the Roman Empire.

A more tenable explanation, at all events, is that just suggested, the disintegration of mythologies by the mixture of tribes. A part of the Roman religion — the worship of such abstractions as Fides, Fortuna, Salus, Concordia, Bellona, Terminus — even looks like a product of the intellect posterior to the decay of the mythologies, which we may be pretty sure were physical. It is no doubt true that the formalities which were left — hollow ceremonial, auguries, and priesthoods which were given without scruple, like secular offices, to the most profligate men of the world — were worse than worthless in a religious point of view. But historians who dwell on this fail to see that the real essence of religion, a belief in the power of duty and of righteousness, that belief which afterwards took the more definite form of Roman stoicism, had been detached by the dissolution of the mythologies, and exerted its force, such as that force was, independently of the ceremonial, the sacred chickens, and the dissipated high priests. In this sense the tribute paid by Polybius to the religious character of the Romans is deserved; they had a higher sense of religious obligation than the Greeks; they were more likely than the Greeks, the Phœnicians, or any of their other rivals, to swear and disappoint not, though it were to their own hindrance; and this they owed, as we conceive, not to an effort of speculative intellect, which in an early stage of society would be out of the question, but to some happy conjunction of circumstances such as would be presented by a break-up of tribal mythologies, combined with influences favorable to the formation of strong habits of political and social duty. Religious art was sacrificed; that was the exclusive heritage of the Greek; but superior morality was on the whole the heritage of the Roman, and if he produced no good tragedy himself, he furnished characters for Shakespeare and Corneille.

Whatever set the Romans free, or comparatively free, from the tyranny of tribal religion, may be considered as having in the same measure been the source of the tolerance which was so indispensable a qualification for the exercise of dominion over a polytheistic world. They waged no war on "the gods of the nations," or on the worshippers of those gods as such. They did not set up golden images after the fashion of Nebuchadnezzar. In early times they seem to have adopted the gods of the conquered, and to have transported

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them to their own city. In later times they respected all the religions except Judaism and Druidism, which assumed the form of national resistance to the empire, and worships which they deemed immoral or anti social, and which had intruded themselves into Rome.

Another grand step in the development of law is the severance of the judicial power from the legislative and the executive, which permits the rise of jurists, and of a regular legal profession. This is a slow process. In the stationary East, as a rule, the king has remained the supreme judge. At Athens, the sovereign people delegated its judicial powers to a large committee, but it got no further; and the judicial committee was hardly more free from political passion, or more competent to decide points of law, than the assembly itself. In England the House of Lords still, formally at least, retains judicial functions. Acts of attainder were a yet more primitive as well as more objectionable relic of the times in which the sovereign power, whether king, assembly, or the two combined, was ruler, legislator, and judge all in one. We shall not attempt here to trace the process by which this momentous separation of powers and functions was to a remarkable extent accomplished in ancient Rome. But we are pretty safe in saying that the *prætor peregrinus* was an important figure in it, and that it received a considerable impulse from the exigencies of a jurisdiction between those who as citizens came under the sovereign assembly and the aliens or semi-aliens who did not.

Whether the partial explanations of the mystery of Roman greatness which we have here suggested approve themselves to the reader's judgment or not, it may at least be said for them that they are *veræ causæ*, which is not the case with the story of the foster-wolf, or anything derived from it, any more than with the story of the fateful apparitions of Jupiter on the Capitoline Hill.

With regard to the public morality of the Romans, and to their conduct and influence as masters of the world, the language of historians seems to us to leave something to be desired. Mommsen's tone, whenever controverted questions connected with international morality and the law of conquest arise, is affected by his Prussianism; it betokens the transition of the German mind from the speculative and visionary to the practical and even more than practical state: it is premonitory not only of the wars with Austria and France, but of a coming age in which the forces of natural selection are again to operate without the restraints imposed by religion, and the heaviest fist is once more to make the law. In the work of Ihne we see a certain recoil from Mommsen, and at the same time an occasional inconsistency and a want of stability in the principle of judgment. Our standard ought not to be positive but relative. It was the age of force and conquest, not only with the Romans but with all nations; *hospes* was *hostis.* A perfectly independent development of Greeks, Romans, Etruscans, Phœnicians, and all the other nationalities, might perhaps have been the best thing for humanity. But this was out of the question; in that stage of the world's existence contact was war, and the end of war was conquest or destruction, the first of which was at all events preferable to the second. What empire then can we imagine which would have done less harm or more good than the Roman? Greek intellect showed its superiority in speculative politics as in all other departments of speculation, but as a practical politician the Greek was not self-controlled or strong, and he would never have bestowed on the provinces of his empire local self-government and municipal life; besides, the race, though it included wonderful varieties in itself, was, as a race, intensely tribal, and treated persistently all other races as barbarians. It would have deprived mankind of Roman law and politics, as well as of that vast extension of the Roman ædileship which covered the world with public works beneficent in themselves and equally so as examples; whereas the Roman had the greatness of soul to do homage to Greek intellect, and, notwithstanding an occasional Mummius, preserved all that was of the highest value in Greek civilization, better perhaps than it would have been preserved by the tyrants and condottieri of the Greek decadence. As to a Semitic empire, whether in the hands of Syrians or Carthaginians, with their low Semitic craft, their Moloch-worships and their crucifixions,— the very thought fills us with horror. It would have been a world-wide tyranny of the strong box into which all the products of civilization would have gone. *Parcere subjectis* was the rule of Rome as well as *debellare superbos;* and while all conquest is an evil, the Roman was the most clement and the least destructive of conquerors. This is true of him on the whole, though he sometimes was guilty of thoroughly primeval

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cruelty. He was the great author of the laws of war as well as of the laws of peace. That he not seldom, when his own interest was concerned, put the mere letter of the social law in place of justice, and that we are justly revolted on these occasions by his hypocritical observance of forms, is very true; nevertheless their general action and the language of their national critics in these cases prove the existence of at least a rudimentary conscience. No compunction for breach of international law or justice we may be sure ever visited the heart of Tiglath-Pileser. Cicero's letter of advice to his brother on the government of a province may seem a tissue of truisms now, though Warren Hastings and Sir Elijah Impey would hardly have found it so, but it is a landmark in the history of civilization. That the Roman republic should die, and that a colossal and heterogeneous empire should fall under the rule of a military despot, was perhaps a fatal necessity; but the despotism long continued to be tempered, elevated, and rendered more beneficent by the lingering spirit of the republic: the liberalism of Trajan and the Antonines was distinctly republican; nor did sultanism finally establish itself before Diocletian. Perhaps we may number among the proofs of the Roman's superiority the capacity, shown so far as we know first by him, of being touched by the ruin of a rival. We may be sure that no Assyrian conqueror even affected to weep over the fall of a hostile city, however magnificent and historic. On the whole it must be allowed that physical influences have seldom done better for humanity than they did in shaping the imperial character and destinies of Rome. GOLDWIN SMITH.

From Temple Bar.

THE DEATH OF THE DUKE DE M——.

FROM "THE NABOB," BY E. DAUDET.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

THE duke lay dying. He had been taken ill quite suddenly on Sunday as he was coming from the Bois. He was seized with the most insupportable burning inward pain, which seemed to follow as with a red-hot iron every bone in his body, and at intervals came a numbing chill, and long lethargic sleeps. Jenkins, who had been instantly summoned, said little and ordered gentle opiates.

The next day the pain was worse, and the icy congestion which alternated with it was also more defined, as if life was yielding to the force of these violent attacks. Those about him were not yet alarmed. "Legacy of St. James" was whispered in the anteroom, and Jenkins' handsome face was quite calm. On his morning round he had casually mentioned the duke's indisposition to one or two persons, but so lightly as to excite no attention.

M—— himself, notwithstanding his excessive weakness and a feeling of emptiness in the head, so that he said he had not an idea in his brain, was yet far from suspecting how seriously ill he was. It was only on the third day of the attack, when on awaking he saw a little stream of blood which had run from his mouth on to his beard and the stained pillow, that this refined and delicate worldling, who shrank from the miseries of human nature, and most of all from illness, saw that noiselessly it had now made its way to him with its soiled traces, bringing feebleness and neglect of personal care — death's first tribute.

In the evening there was a consultation, kept secret at the duke's desire; he felt shy of acknowledging his illness, his sufferings, which dethroned him from the eminence on which he lived, and brought him down to the common level. Like those African kings who hide themselves to die within the recesses of their strongholds, he would have wished to pass away translated, transfigured, and deified. He dreaded beyond measure the pity, the consolations, the tenderness with which he would be surrounded, the tears that would be shed, probably feigned, or even if sincere still more revolting to him because disfiguring.

He had always hated scenes and exaggeration; whatever appealed to his feelings disturbed the harmonious, well-balanced tenor of his existence. This was well understood by those around him, and he was kept ignorant of all the distress, all the deep despair which from all parts of France sought relief from M—— — one of those lighthouses of refuge in the dark woods where wandering wayfarers knock.

He was not hard to the unfortunate, it was perhaps more because he felt that he was too easily moved to pity, which he looked upon as a sentiment unworthy of him and of the strong; and therefore what he refused to others he dreaded for himself, lest it should shake his invincible courage.

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No one in the palace, except Monpavou and Louis his valet, knew the errand of the three personages who were mysteriously ushered into the room of the minister of state. Even the duchess was kept in ignorance. Separated from her husband by all the many barriers which the social and political world interposes between husband and wife in these exceptional marriages, she believed him to be only slightly unwell, fanciful perhaps, and so little idea had she of a catastrophe, that as the doctors went up the dimly lighted grand staircase, her apartment on the other side of the palace was being lit up for a young girls' ball, one of those *bals blancs* which the invention of idle Paris was putting in fashion.

The consultation was what consultations always are — solemn and awful. Doctors no longer wear the big wigs of Molière's time, but they still put on the same lugubrious air like priests of Isis, or astrologers brimming over with cabalistic conventionalities, and shakes of the head which a peaked cap would render absolutely comic. The surroundings of the scene on this occasion lent to it an imposing aspect. In the vast room, which seemed changed and larger by the helpless attitude of its master, all these grave figures advanced towards the bed, on which the light fell concentrated, showing amid the snowy linen and the rosy drapings a furrowed face ghastly from the lips to the eyes, but veiled or rather shrouded in calm serenity. The faculty spoke low, exchanged hasty glances, dropped outlandish words, and remained imperturbable without moving an eyelid. But this mute reticence of the doctor and the judge, this solemn gravity which science and justice borrow to hide their weakness or their ignorance, struck no terror into the duke's mind. Seated in his bed, he continued to talk quietly, with an expression of elevation which the last flashes of intellect leave in their flight, and Monpavou answered coolly, mastering his feelings and learning from his friend a last lesson in deportment, whilst Louis in the background leant against the door which led to the duchess's apartment, the representative of that trained domesticity which inculcates as a duty marked indifference.

The moment was a solemn one, the prisoner awaiting the sentence of his judges, life or death, reprieve or pardon.

M——, with a gesture familiar to him, kept stroking his moustache with his long white hand; whilst talking to Monpavou about the club, the crush-room of the *Variétés*, and asking the last news of the Chambers, and the election of the Nabob, all quite naturally, without the least affectation. Then, probably from fatigue, or perhaps fearing that the expression of his face, involuntarily turned to the hangings from behind which his verdict was presently to come forth, might reveal the emotion which he could not but feel in the depths of his heart, he leaned his head back, shut his eyes, and only opened them when the doctors came back. They brought in the same cold, passionless faces, the faces of judges on whose lips hang the fate of the human race, the final word which the tribunals pronounce fearlessly, but which physicians, on whose science it is a sarcasm, elude and give out in paraphrases.

"Well, gentlemen, what says the faculty?" asked the sick man. Then followed a few false, halting words of encouragement, and some unmeaning advice, and the three learned men hastened to depart, anxious to get away and escape from the responsibility of this calamity. Monpavou hurriedly followed them.

The duke at once felt that neither Jenkins nor Louis would tell him the truth about the consultation. He therefore affected to share their belief in his being better, and without questioning them endured their pretence of jubilant confidence. But when Monpavou came back, he immediately called him to his bedside, and seeing falsehood in the lines of the painted old face, he said quickly, "Oh! come now, no nonsense — between you and me, the truth. What do they say? I am very far gone, am I not?"

Monpavou preceded his answer by a suggestive pause, and then brutally, cynically, fearing to break down, "Damned, my poor Auguste."

The duke's face did not move a muscle. "Ah," he simply said. He mechanically stroked his moustache, but made no sign, and at once accepted his fate. That the poor wretch who dies in the hospital, homeless and friendless, nameless save for the number of his bed, should accept death as a relief, or bear it as a last trial; that the old peasant, who, doubled up with aches and pains in his dark, smoky hole, should leave it without regret for the ground he has so often turned and returned, can easily be imagined. And yet how many there are even among those who hold to life because of their wretchedness, and who cling to their sordid rags and belongings, crying, "I will not die," till death

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loosens the last gripe of their bleeding nails and stiffened fingers.

Here there was nothing of the sort. To have everything and to lose everything — such an overthrow! In the silence of the first awful moment, only broken by the faint sounds of the music of the duchess's ball at the other end of the palace, all that belonged to the dying man's life, power, distinction, fortune, with their dazzling brilliancy, must have faded into the dim distance of the past forever gone. To bear such a blow without any appearance of a revolt of pride called for courage of a most unusual kind. There were only present the chosen friend, the servant, and the doctor, the only three for whom there were no secrets; the bed was shaded from the light, and the dying man could have turned his face to the wall and sorrowed over his fate without being seen. But no, not one moment of weakness or of useless regret.

Without displacing a leaf of the horse-chestnuts in the garden, or fading one flower on the state staircase of the palace, Death with muffled tread had sped up the thickly carpeted steps and opened the door of this great man's bedroom to sign to him "Come," and he quietly answered, "I am ready." The departure of a real man of the world, sudden, swift, and silent.

Man of the world! M—— was nothing else. Going through life in mask and gloves, with a white satin buckler such as fencing-masters wear on parade days, and keeping his defence free from spot or stain in guise of armor, he had become a statesman in passing from the drawing-room to a vaster area, and indeed he was a statesman of the highest order through his training in the world, the art of listening and smiling, the thorough knowledge of men, utter scepticism and imperturbable calm. This calmness stood his friend in the hour of need. Scanning the short time left him, for his grim visitor was hurried, and through the door he had left open came a chill air upon his face, he thought only of making the most of it and fulfilling all the duties incurred by such a death as his, which should leave no affection unrecognized and no devotion betrayed. He gave a list of the few persons he wished to see, who were immediately sent for, and summoned his secretary; when Jenkins remonstrated as to the fatigue, "Will you promise that I shall wake up to-morrow morning? I feel strong now, let me profit by it."

Louis asked if he should inform the duchess. The duke listened before answering; the music of the orchestra came through the open windows of the bedroom in harmonious strains borne by the night wind; then he said, "Wait a while . . . I have something that must be done . . ."

He drew towards him the little table by his bedside to select from the mass the letters to be destroyed, but, feeling his strength give way, he called Monpavou, and in a feeble voice said, "Burn all."

As he saw him going to the hearth, where there was a fire, although it was summer, he added, "No, not here . . . there are too many . . . some one might come."

Monpavou took up the light desk and signed to the valet to light him, but Jenkins came up quickly, "Stay here, Louis — the duke may want you."

He took the lamp and they went cautiously down the length of the long corridor, looking into all the rooms and the passages, where all the fireplaces were filled with artificial flowers without a sign of ashes; so they wandered on in the darkness of the immense building shrouded in silence except on the right, where pleasure kept its revel like a bird singing on a roof about to fall in.

"There is no fire anywhere . . . what are we to do with all this?" they asked each other anxiously. They were like two thieves making off with a casket which they could not force open.

At last Monpavou, with a gesture of impatience, went up to the only door they had not opened. "By Jove! there is no help for it, as we can't burn them we must drown them. Hold the light, Jenkins." And they went in.

Where were they? Only St. Simon would know how to say it in relating the confusion of one of those royal catastrophes, the upsetting of all ceremony, all dignity, and all distinction of rank caused by death, and above all by sudden death. St. Simon alone could do justice to it.

The Marquis de Monpavou with his white delicate hands pumped. The other passed to him torn letters, bundles of letters on satin paper, tinted, scented, marked with initials, with arms, with mottoes, all covered with close, fine writing, persuasive, alluring, seductive; and all these light sheets of paper were swept around by the streams of water which soiled them, effacing and defacing before they were swallowed up by the flood carrying them to the bottom of the dark descent.

There were love-letters of every sort, from the note of the adventuress, "Duke,

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I saw you as you passed in the Bois yesterday," etc., to the aristocratic reproaches of the mistress before the last, and the complaints of those abandoned, and the pages of recent date with the latest avowals.

Monpavou was initiated in all these mysteries, and named each one: "That is Madame Moor . . . ah! Madame d'Athis . . ." a medley of coronets and initials, caprices and habits, all mingling promiscuously together, and all being swallowed up in the yawning abyss by the light of a lamp, with a sound of many waters, and all going down into oblivion by the path of shame . . .

It was strange to see the faces around with no expression of pity or pain, but a sort of rage. All these people resented on the duke his death as a species of treachery; sentences like this were uttered, "It is no wonder, leading such a life!" and through the large windows they watched the coming and going of equipages in the courtyard, and the stopping of little chariots outside, at the windows of which appeared a little hand neatly gloved, which out of the falls of lace handed a card turned down at the corner to the valet who brought the bulletin of the day.

From time to time one of the intimate circle, those who had been sent for by the dying man, appeared among the crowd, gave an order, and disappeared; the expression of alarm on his face was at once reflected in twenty others. Jenkins came in for an instant, his cravat untied, his waistcoat open, his cuffs tumbled, in all the disorder of the battle he was waging against an inexorable foe. He was immediately surrounded, and overwhelmed with questions. The monkeys in cages pressing their scrub noses against the wires, startled by the unusual confusion and attentively remarking all that passed, as if studying the grimaces of mankind, had certainly a magnificent model in the Irish physician. His grief was noble, a deep, manly grief which showed itself only in the lips firmly set and heaving of his breast. "The death-agony is begun," he said gravely, "it is now only a question of hours."

In the antechamber it was very still, brilliant with the light of two immense lamps. A footman slept in a corner, the porter read at the fireplace. He looked at a new-comer over his spectacles, but did not speak, and Jansoulet did not dare to ask. Piles of newspapers lay on the table in their covers with the duke's name, thrown there as if useless. The Nabob opened one and tried to read, but a quick, sliding step and a whispered, cadenced sound made him raise his eyes to the figure of an old man pale and bent, adorned with costly lace like a shrine, and who prayed as he disappeared with the long strides of the priest, his ample scarlet vestments trailing behind him on the carpet. It was the Archbishop of Paris with his two acolytes. The vision, with its murmuring noise as of an icy blast, passed before Jansoulet, swept into the great coach, and disappeared, carrying with it his last hope.

"A matter of conventionality, my dear sir," said Monpavou, suddenly appearing. "M—— is a sensualist with the ideas of — what's its name — what do you call it, the eighteenth century — but for the masses it would be very bad if a man of his standing — pst — pst — pst. Ah! he was our teacher in all things — pst — pst — so unexceptionally correct."

"It is over, then," said Jansoulet, horror-stricken, utterly hopeless.

Monpavou made a sign to him to listen. A carriage rolled smoothly over the avenue of the quay. The signal bell struck rapidly several strokes. The marquis counted aloud, one, two, three, four — at the fifth he rose. "No hope now," he said, "here comes the other," alluding to the Paris superstition that the visit of the sovereign is always fatal to the dying. The lackeys hurried about, opened the folding door, fell into line, whilst the Swiss with his three-cornered hat marked the passage of the two august visitors by striking his bayonet at intervals on the paved way.

Jansoulet could only catch glimpses of them behind the servants, but they appeared through a long perspective of open door, ascending the grand staircase preceded by a valet bearing a candelabra. She walked proudly erect, draped in her Spanish mantilla. He leant upon the railings, going slowly and wearily, the collar of his light-colored overcoat rising up on his back, slightly bent and agitated by convulsive sobs.

Is he dead? Jansoulet said to himself as he left the club, and he determined to go and see before he went home. It was no longer hope which impelled him, but that sort of morbid, nervous curiosity which after a great fire brings the unfortunate victims, ruined and homeless, to the ashes of their burnt houses.

Although it was still very early, the rosy vapors of the dawn not yet dispersed, the hotel stood wide open as if for a solemn departure. The lamps still burned on the

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mantelpiece, the air was filled with floating dust. The Nabob made his way in this incomprehensible solitude up to the first story, where at last he heard a familiar voice, Car——'s, dictating names, and the scratching of pens on paper.

The same clever director of the festivities in honor of the Bey was now undertaking with the same zeal the funeral obsequies of the Duke of M——. His Excellency died in the course of the evening, and already by morning ten thousand letters had been printed, and every one of the household who could write was busy with the addresses.

Without passing through these improvised business apartments, Jansoulet reached the reception-room, usually so full, now quite empty. On a table in the middle the duke's hat, stick, and gloves, always ready for a sudden necessity of going out, so as to avoid the trouble of giving an order. What we wear takes more or less an impress of our individuality. The line of the hat recalled that of the moustache, the light gloves seemed about to clasp the cane of Chinese bamboo, strong and supple; it all looked lifelike and ready for the duke to appear, talking and stretching out his hand to take up these familiar objects and go out. Oh no — the duke was not going out. Jansoulet had only to approach the bedroom door ajar to see on the bed, raised by three steps, a stiff, haughty form, a motionless profile aged by the grey beard which had grown in the night; kneeling against the head of the bed, which sloped backward, buried among the white curtains, was a woman with a wealth of fair hair falling carelessly around her, ready to fall under the shears of perpetual widowhood. There was a priest and a nun absorbed in the funereal watch of a sleepless night, marked only by murmured prayers and solemn stillness.

This room, where so many ambitious projects had taken wing, so many hopes been born, and so many disappointments endured, was now hushed in the tranquillity of death — not a sound, not a sigh, only, notwithstanding the early hour, down by the bridge of La Concorde the shrill fifing of a clarionet made itself heard above the roll of the first vehicles; but its poignant sarcasm was now unmarked by him who lay there in the eyes of the terrified Nabob, the precursor of his own fate, colorless, lifeless, apt for the grave.

After Jansoulet, others came into the death-room, made yet more ghastly. The windows wide open, darkness and the night air circulating freely in a great gush of wind. On tressels a human form. The body just embalmed, the head emptied and filled with sponge, the brain in a basin. The weight of the statesman's brain was something marvellous. It weighed — it weighed — all the papers gave the weight — who remembers it to-day?

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE POLITICAL ADVENTURES OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.

II.

FROM 1826 TO 1837.

In the preceding pages we have spoken of the race and parentage of Lord Beaconsfield. To some minds it seems impossible that you can say that a man is a Jew without intending to reproach him for being a Jew. Unfortunately, the strength of still-surviving prejudices makes this confusion only too natural; and the imputation of an ungenerous appeal to hatreds of creed and race cannot be avoided by any writer who discusses the character of the present prime minister. If Lord Beaconsfield's political adventures could be truly narrated without any reference to his Jewish blood and to the inherited qualities which are deeply stamped upon his nature, physical and moral, we should be very glad to keep the things apart. But the blood is the life, in another sense than that which the Hebrew law-giver attached to the phrase; and the secret of Lord Beaconsfield's life lies in his Jewish blood. It is not a matter for self-glorification, though it seems to be so to him; it is not a matter for disparagement and contempt, though both his assailants and eulogists often appear to regard it as such. It is a simple question of fact and of natural history. So with the characteristics which two thousand years of persecution and suffering have impressed upon the Jewish captivity in Europe. If Israel was not the worse for what it had undergone, cruelty and wrong-doing would be merely physical calamities. If a man loses half his worth on the day on which he becomes a slave, the nation which has been in servitude for two thousand years is not likely to be morally the better for the experience. That the Jews have imbibed servile vices in nineteen centuries of bondage is as obvious in fact as it was certain in theory. That freedom will bring to them the virtues of freemen we do not doubt; at present it has stopped at a period of transition,

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and has brought them the equivocal qualities of freedmen. Their persons have been enfranchised, but not their minds. They display too often the habits of a manumitted slave. It is not matter for wonder that Epictetus should be a rarer product of slavery than Narcissus. The Venetian is almost as conspicuous in Lord Beaconsfield as the Jew. The organization is due to his race. The environment of several centuries, acting upon the organization, has been supplied by the republic of St. Mark. Lord Beaconsfield has always discussed English politics in terms of the Venetian State system. To him the British aristocracy are Venetian magnificoes; the sovereign is a doge whom an oligarchy has enslaved. George III. was a sort of Marino Faliero who struggled against the bondage by which an usurping oligarchy fettered him; and in the struggle, which has Lord Beaconsfield's intense sympathy, forfeited not his life but his reason.

Lord Beaconsfield's manhood began in the days of George IV.; and the preparatory part of his career, his apprenticeship in literature and politics, extends over the last four years of the life of that sovereign and over the whole of the reign of William IV. His Parliamentary life, which in England is the only form of political life, opens with the Parliament which was assembled on the accession of the queen. The circumstances of the time, the men who occupied conspicuous positions in the State, and the evident transition which was impending from an old to a new era, were such as would have roused the ardor of a generous and humane mind. The long Tory domination, which had been marked by the selfish foreign policy of Castlereagh and the domestic oppression of Sidmouth, by political persecutions and Peterloo massacres, was obviously drawing to a close. Huskisson had begun that policy of free trade which twenty years later was to receive its full development at the hands of Peel; the political emancipation of Nonconformists and of Roman Catholics was obviously at hand, and formed the subjects of ardent strife; Parliamentary reform threatened a revolution in the near future. It was an era of great causes and struggling principles, which powerfully appealed to all minds in which the love of freedom and the sense of justice were strong, and in which there was any consciousness of power to aid the right cause and to combat the wrong. The young Disraeli, a politician in his schoolboy days, felt no summons to the field. The history of his own race did not bid him sympathize with those who suffered from kindred oppression. The dreadful distress among the poor did not win from him any cry of indignation nor stir him to any efforts for its mitigation or removal. The successive Liberal administrations of Lord Grey and Lord Melbourne, with many weaknesses and follies, and much slothful inaction, yet unloosed one heavy burden after another from the necks of the English people, and opened one closed pathway after another to the energies and talents hitherto denied their free scope. Lord Beaconsfield, in the days which ought to have been those of youthful enthusiasm, gave no help to the work. He watched it closely; he stood by and railed at those who were doing it, striving by scoff and jeer to discredit them. If he did not hinder it, it was for lack of power and not for lack of will. The presence of Canning and Huskisson in the cabinet of Lord Liverpool was a sign that the era in which it had been possible for Burke to be the political dependent of a Marquis of Rockingham and a Duke of Portland, was passing away; and the premiership of Canning confirmed the augury. Yet when Canning was persecuted to his death and Huskisson was driven from office, no word of rebuke or indignation rose to the lips of the young candidate for fame. To him, at a period when every ingenuous and sincere mind was stirred to noble thoughts and strenuous action, politics and politicians were simply the theme of literary satire or a field for personal intrigue and adventure. At a time when in literature the meditations of Wordsworth and the speculations of Coleridge, the hardy realism of Crabbe, the mystic dreams of Shelley, the generous enthusiasm of Byron in his better moods, and the manly historic sense of Scott, had breathed a new and healthier soul into English imagination, the young Disraeli felt no contagious inspiration of nobleness, and took his place among the novelists of high life and of political society, with Theodore Hook and the author of "Tremaine," with Mrs. Gore and Lady Blessington. A free and generous spirit would have raised itself above the degrading influences of a servile condition and ancestry. Lord Beaconsfield, in his boyhood, as in his manhood and old age, was content now to flatter, now to mock and gibe, to be now the parasite and now the bravo of the great, to write now a begging and now a threatening letter. The ten years which preceded his entrance into

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Parliament contained the promise which has been fulfilled in the forty years of his Parliamentary life.

Lord Beaconsfield's first adventure was literary rather than political; but it was literature with a large element of politics in it. "Vivian Grey," or rather the first part of it, which is alone much remembered now, appeared in 1826, when the author was just of age. It was written probably in his latest boyhood. Lord Beaconsfield affects now to be ashamed of the work, which he says that he has vainly endeavored to suppress. He speaks of it as a puerile production; but it really does not differ morally or intellectually from most of his other novels. The survival of boyishness in "Lothair" and the premature mannishness of "Vivian Grey" bring both stories to about the same level. Apart from the contemporary allusions with which each work is filled, "Vivian Grey" might have been the child of Lord Beaconsfield's old age and "Lothair" the indiscretion of his youth. The work of the sexagenarian lacks ripeness and maturity; the work of the boy has no tinge of ingenuousness. It lacks the hue of virtue. Rather the advantage is in this respect with the more recent work, which has not the unabashed hardihood of the earlier. In "Vivian Grey," however, the key-note of Lord Beaconsfield's career is struck. We need not tell the story which is familiar to every one. The type of character is that of the adventurer bent upon climbing by whatever means to the highest point of ambition. He fails, and there is a good deal of virtuous moralizing about his crimes and faults. In Vivian Grey, as in Contarini Fleming — the person, we mean, and not the novel — there is a curious blending of Beaumarchais and of Byron. The slippery adventurer, who is not much above the moral or intellectual level of the intriguing slave and valet of the classical and French comedy, is mixed up with the grand passions, the crime, and the remorse of Lara and the Corsair; and the combination is not a little ridiculous. But the basis of the character is the impudent schemer.

The story, as we have said, or rather its first part, was published in 1826, and it bears some traces of the time of its production. Lord Liverpool was prime minister, and when the second part of "Vivian Grey" appeared, he had been succeeded by Mr. Canning, of whom, and of Brougham, and Lord Eldon, there are perhaps traces in Mr. Charlatan Gas, Mr. Foaming Fudge, and Lord Past Century, though we have the names only and not the men. Who Mr. Stapyltan Toad and Mr. Liberal Snake may have been, it is not worth while to inquire. Sir Christopher Mowbray, who, on Liberal Snake's "presuming to inform him what rent was, damned himself several times from sheer astonishment at the impudence of the fellow," and whose "most peculiar characteristic was an inexplicable habit of styling political economists French smugglers," is perhaps the liveliest sketch in the book. Sir Christopher, we are told, "is perfectly aware of the present perilous state of the country, and watches with the greatest interest all the plots and plans of this enlightened age. The only thing which he does not exactly comprehend is the London University. This affair really puzzles the worthy gentleman, who could as easily fancy a county member not being a freeholder, as a university not being at Oxford or Cambridge. Indeed, to this hour, the old gentleman believes that the whole business is a hoax, and if you tell him that . . . there are actually four acres of very valuable land purchased near White Conduit Street for the erection . . . the old gentleman looks up to heaven, as if determined not to be taken in, and leaning back in his chair, sends forth a sceptical and smiling, 'No! no! no! that won't do.'" In Sir Christopher Mowbray damning French wines, Bible societies, and Mr. Huskisson, surrounded by lecturing political economists, and incredulous of the London University; in the inarticulate man of science, Mr. Macaw, who is contrasted with "the mealy-mouthed professors of the Royal Institution, who get patronized by the blues — the Lavoisiers of May Fair," a sneer we take it at Sir Humphry Davy or Faraday; in Mr. Stapyltan Toad's pamphlet on the Corn Laws, "which excited the dire indignation of the Political Economy Club," — the commencement of what we may call the Brougham period of politics may be noted. The schoolmaster began to get abroad, and men talked about the popularization of science and the diffusion of useful knowledge. The movement which may be supposed to have its personification in the contest between Lord Past Century and Mr. Liberal Principles had its weak and even its ludicrous side. "Vivian Grey" cannot be said to give a full picture of it in its earliest stage; still there are in the book glimpses of it, drawn in a sketchy and scratchy manner, but showing a conception of its real character.

To Lord Beaconsfield, as a boy, the situation on its literary side seems simply

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to have offered him opportunities as a satirist, and if he had made a literary career his own, this mode of treating the society of his time would not have been fairly open to severe censure. There are men to whom the cynical view of human life is natural, as there are others to whom life presents itself simply in its artistic aspects. The indifference of Goethe to the great struggles of his age showed a constitutional defect of character; and the mocking temper which is always conspicuous in "Vivian Grey," and is unabated in "Lothair," is not an amiable feature of youth or of old age. If Lord Beaconsfield had been content to play the part of a gibing chorus to the drama passing under his eyes, it would have been matter for regret that he should have seen only one aspect of the human and English life of his time; but that too ought to be seen, and it can be seen through his eyes. For other phases of it we must trust to the perceptions of other intellects and characters. The real ignobleness which is impressed on Lord Beaconsfield's writings and political life lies in this, that while men with any greatness of character withdraw from the pursuits and associations for which they feel a contempt, Lord Beaconsfield has been impelled into them in spite of, or even by, this very scorn. The meannesses and weaknesses which he ridiculed he felt could turn to the account of his own ambition. The satirist was also an adventurer.

His early manhood was the beginning of a period which seemed to promise a new epoch. The cabinet of Lord Liverpool in 1826, when in "Vivian Grey" Lord Beaconsfield took his first survey of English society and politics, contained two men of genius on whom the hatred of aristocratic dulness and monopoly had conferred the name of adventurers. Mr. Canning and Mr. Huskisson had fought their way from difficult and inconsiderable beginnings to high places in the service of the State. Surrounded by heavy peers and squires, in a ministry presided over by the very genius of decorous respectability, their political fortunes may have helped to fire the ambition of the younger Disraeli, who perhaps saw a Marquis of Carabas in Lord Liverpool and a Vivian Grey in Mr. Canning. But though Canning and Huskisson, and before them Burke, were stigmatized as adventurers, and although in a certain sense the name belongs to them, they cannot be brought into the same class with Lord Beaconsfield. With a truer self-respect, Burke perhaps would not have been content to serve great nobles, and to be rewarded in his earlier years with a private secretaryship under Lord Rockingham and in his maturer manhood with an office outside the cabinet into which Charles Fox, while yet a youth, was admitted. Something of the servility which the prevalence of an aristocratic system produces even in genius and worth, is apparent in his submission. But Burke's too humble attitude was redeemed by passionate political convictions and by devoted personal attachments. He served these in serving his great Whig patrons. Canning never failed in his enthusiasm for Pitt and in his steady friendship with Jenkinson; and Huskisson's consistency as an economic statesman was born of unwavering conviction. These men were adventurers in politics only in the sense in which the man, who, not being born in the purple, wins his way to fortune is an adventurer; or as the founder, by genius and enterprise, of a great commercial house, which he has raised from low beginnings or from nothing, is an adventurer, when he is compared with the inheritor of a business that has dealings with all the world. In the sense in which the word carries moral odium with it, as implying indifference to persons and principles, it is not applicable to them. This is the sense in which it is used when it is injuriously applied to Lord Beaconsfield; and this use of the term, we fear, his career too conclusively justifies. In his interpretation of the motives of the great man whose unworn title he has audaciously borrowed, Lord Beaconsfield throws a strong light upon his own aims. He thinks that Burke's passionate denunciation of the French Revolution was simply a vehicle for his exploding hatred of the Whigs whom he had served for hire, and who had kept his wages from him. When Fox was admitted to the cabinet, from which he was excluded, "hard necessity," says Lord Beaconsfield, "made Mr. Burke submit to the yoke, but the humiliation could never be forgotten. Pouring forth the vials of his hoarded vengeance . . . he dashed to the ground the rival who had robbed him of his hard-earned greatness," and "rent in twain the oligarchy that had dared to use and to insult him." We quote from "Sybil," one of the novels of Lord Beaconsfield's maturer manhood. Lord Beaconsfield reads his own political spite and malice into the majestic though disordered movements of Burke's genius. He attributes to him the anger of a discarded and slighted ser-

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vant. He fancies that the author of the "Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs" was animated by the neo-Judaic hatred of a Venetian oligarchy.

The second part of "Vivian Grey," which only survives in a dead-alive union with the first, is a sort of prose "Childe Harold." The penitent wanderings of the discomfited adventurer have picturesque and amusing passages; but the political allusions are few. Lord Beaconsfield has himself imitated in later years the policy of the plebeian minister of the Grand Duke of Reisenburg, who took care to distribute offices among great nobles, so that, having no family influence of his own, he might organize the family influence of others. In this, says the author of "Vivian Grey," "he resembles the prime minister of a neighboring State, whose private secretary is unable to write a sentence, almost to direct a letter, but he is a noble." Mr. Canning was then prime minister of England, and Lord George Bentinck was, we believe, his private secretary.

In 1828 Lord Beaconsfield published the "Adventures of Captain Popanilla." One of the most remarkable things about this work is the fact that the author has forgotten that he ever wrote it. In the general preface prefixed to one of the later editions of "Lothair," Lord Beaconsfield speaks of "Contarini Fleming" as his second work. It was really, at the very least, his fourth, — "Popanilla" and "The Young Duke," a three-volume novel, coming between it and "Vivian Grey." Lord Beaconsfield appears to labor under the curious notion that by suppressing a passage or a book he makes it never to have been, and becomes justified in asserting that no such thing was ever written. When in 1864 a question was raised as to the tyrannicidal doctrines attributed to Mazzini, and the complicity of a subordinate member of Lord Palmerston's government in the enterprises of the great Italian revolutionist, Lord Beaconsfield was virtuously indignant, and did not rest until the offending member had been cut off. In the mean time some curious busybody — perhaps the person who afterwards traced a celebrated eulogy on the Duke of Wellington to M. Thiers — got hold of a copy of "The Revolutionary Epick," and quoted thence some lines which justified tyrannicide as explicitly as Mazzini was supposed to have done. To clear himself from this accusation, and to enable the public to judge between him and his calumniators, Lord Beaconsfield promptly republished the poem, leaving out the lines impugned. More recently he has adapted a still more thorough procedure. In the preface of which we have spoken, he intimates that between 1832 and 1837 he wrote nothing at all. "There was yet a barren interval of five years of my life, so far as literature is concerned." "The Revolutionary Epick," which was published in 1834, is thus got rid of in the most effectual manner. This is hurling his lyre to limbo with a vengeance. "I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, I'll unget you," says Sir Anthony Absolute to his son. Lord Beaconsfield apparently thinks that by disowning he can unwrite such of his works as he no longer finds it agreeable to acknowledge. He can not only make them cease to be, but cause them never to have been. But this is a feat which it is proverbially beyond the power of omnipotence to accomplish — *factum infectum facere nequit*. Since he achieved respectability, Lord Beaconsfield has thought it necessary to affect a certain degree of penitence for having written "Vivian Grey." He emulates the contrition of Chaucer and Dryden. Such, he represents, was his sense of the demerits of the work, that when his second novel was published, he did not describe himself as the author of that story. The fact is that "Popanilla," which was published in 1828; "The Young Duke," which was published in 1831; "Alroy," which was published in 1833; and "Venetia," which was published in 1837, were all described on the title-pages as by "the author of 'Vivian Grey.'" They were recommended to the public by that fact. "Contarini Fleming," which, as we have said, was neither the second nor the third, but the fourth of Lord Beaconsfield's works, is the only one on the title-page of which "Vivian Grey" is not mentioned. This work, afterwards called a "psychological romance," was originally announced as a "psychological autobiography." There was therefore an obvious propriety in veiling its real authorship. Lord Beaconsfield, however, having persuaded himself that "Vivian Grey" was repented of as soon as written, proceeds to make a series of circumstantial statements in corroboration of that fact. The origin and growth of myths is thus pleasingly illustrated in an example to which historic inquirers ought to attach some value. A fixed idea generates a detailed narrative to support and confirm it. The idea gives credit to the narrative, and the narrative supports the idea, and yet both are fiction.

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It is interesting to observe the processes which have created religions in operation before our very eyes. A myth, it should be observed, does not involve conscious falsehood, but only a creative imagination embodying its conceptions in narratives, and straightway believing the narrative because it embodies its conceptions.

There are, of course, reasons why Lord Beaconsfield should be desirous of ignoring "Popanilla" and "The Revolutionary Epick," and should regret that "Vivian Grey's" tenacity of life has resisted all attempts to smother it. "Popanilla" does not respect the foundations of society, and there are passages in it which the future leader of the protectionist party might be excused for wishing to deal with as the assailant of Mazzini and Mr. Stansfeld dealt with the tyrannicidal preachments of "The Revolutionary Epick." It is impossible to avoid some association of "Popanilla" with its author. The shipwrecked adventurer, brought from the island of Fantaisie to the coast of Vraibleusia, and mingling with the crowds in the streets of Hubbabub, was not more foreign to the scenes and people among whom he found himself, than the younger Disraeli in the politics and society of London. The description of the statue, of the aboriginal inhabitants, and of the twelve managers, in which the sovereign, the landed aristocracy, and the cabinet were ridiculed, is perhaps the cleverest portion of "Popanilla." In the arrangements which the aboriginal inhabitant makes for forcing his own agricultural produce on the inhabitants of Vraibleusia, the doctrine and practice of protection to native industry is openly ridiculed. It is clear that at this turn of his life he was fully possessed of the arguments in favor of free trade, and understood them more clearly than might have been expected. His eulogies in other works on the economic doctrines which Shelburne and the younger Pitt derived from Adam Smith, show that until political exigencies made the advocacy of protection expedient, Lord Beaconsfield was a free-trader. His phrases vary as occasion suggests, but his general doctrine is unmistakable. The story is a clever, boyish parody and imitation, which shows enough acquaintance with the terms of the political, philosophical, and religious fashions of the time to enable the author to make fun of them. Lord Beaconsfield has never thought it necessary to go much deeper into matters than phrases and catchwords will lead him. Mankind, in his view, is governed by phrases and catchwords, and to study thoroughly what you do not intend to treat thoroughly would be a waste of time. Lord Beaconsfield has never treated either his subjects or the public seriously, and the public has been content to laugh at and with him until the present moment, when it may begin to think itself of the crackling of thorns under the pot.

In such exercises as these, and in the travels in Europe and the East to which we have referred, Lord Beaconsfield prepared himself for that public life in which he was anxious to play a conspicuous part. In the preface to "Lothair," of which we have before spoken, he lays claim to a sort of political consistency. He represents himself as having through life avowed certain principles, which were the result of early study and meditation. "Born in a library and trained from early childhood by learned men who did not share the passions and prejudices of our political and social life, I had imbibed on some subjects conclusions different from those which generally prevail, and especially with reference to the history of our own country." Lord Beaconsfield then proceeds to set forth, in language suitable to a man who had been, and hoped to be again prime minister of England, and who was still leader of the Conservative party, some ghostly shadow of the old doctrines about the doge and the Venetian oligarchy, though those familiar names are never mentioned. He was not, however, so exclusively the recluse student working out his own solitary conclusions in his natal library and among the learned men who trained his early childhood, as might be fancied from the description. The discipline of a Dissenting boarding-school and the bustle of an attorney's office had their share with the learned men who were free from the passions and prejudices of our political and social life, in the formation of the young Disraeli's mind and character. Familiarity with these passions and prejudices, wheresoever derived, is more conspicuous in "Vivian Grey," "Popanilla," and "The Young Duke" than new readings of English history and theories of the English constitution. These appear later in Lord Beaconsfield's life and writings. The library and the learned men have probably had very little to do with them, except in furnishing an imposing and half-barbarous jargon of magnificoes and doges, in which the new doctrines were expressed for the greater bewilderment of the public, prepared to take *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. Lord Beaconsfield's view of the British constitution at the commencement

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of his political adventures may be briefly expressed. It was a view from the outside. Its high walls and closed doors and barred windows were the objects presented to his gaze, and he resolved to surmount them. In a man who has a high conception of politics, and who is eager to level unjust barriers that stand in the way of others as well as himself, attack upon oligarchic monopoly and privilege may be commended as a noble and generous enterprise. To Lord Beaconsfield, however, by his repeated confession, and still more emphatically by the clear tenor of his life and writings, politics have been simply an exciting game in which he desired to take part, and politicians have formed an exclusive society into which he was resolved to force himself. The exclusion which he resented was the exclusion of himself.

There has been much discussion as to whether Lord Beaconsfield made his first appearance in politics as a Tory, or as a Radical, or as a Tory-Radical. The fact is that he was an anti-Whig, and his Toryism, or Radicalism, or Tory-Radicalism, were only so many phases of his opposition to the Whigs and their oligarchical *beati possidentes*. We need not go into the details of Lord Beaconsfield's candidature for High Wycombe, and his unsuccessful overtures to other constituencies, until his election for Maidstone in 1837. The story has been sufficiently told in Mr. Macknight's able biography, and is repeated with more detail in the carefully compiled volume entitled, "Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield." He stood twice in 1832 for the first-named borough; issued, in hope of a vacancy which did not occur, an address to the electors of Marylebone in 1833; and stood unsuccessfully against the late Mr. Labouchere for Taunton in 1835. In the latter year he first appeared distinctly as a Conservative. Up till then he had hovered between Toryism and Radicalism, advocating the measures proposed by Mr. Hume and Mr. O'Connell on grounds drawn from the writings and the conduct of Bolingbroke and Sir William Wyndham, who were in favor of triennial Parliaments, and who, for good reasons, had certainly never said anything against vote by ballot or the repeal of the taxes on knowledge. In 1834 Lord Beaconsfield appears to have been still hesitating between the two elements of his Tory-Radicalism. According to a passage in the late Mr. Greville's diary, he was undecided whether to seek his Marquis of Carabas in Lord Chandos or in Lord Durham. One thing only is clear. Lord Beaconsfield was bent on a political career, and found that the exclusiveness of the Whig oligarchy was the main obstacle in his way. His hatred of the Whigs was, we believe, genuine, and it dressed itself up in the guise of a principle. Political adventurers who are not content to be the mere servants and lackeys of a great lord, have usually played either one or other of two games. They may be courtiers or they may be demagogues; they may flatter the mob, or they may be the sycophants of the crown. They sometimes play these parts in succession, as Wilkes did. They have not often combined them at one and the same time. This, however, is what Lord Beaconsfield has done. The crown and the multitude are set forth as natural allies against a rapacious, recreant, and haughty Parliament. The Reform Act is described as issuing out of "the popular frenzy of a mean and selfish revolution, which emancipated neither the crown nor the people." The cause for which Hampden died in the field and Sydney on the scaffold was the cause of the Venetian republic. From the very beginning of his career, Lord Beaconsfield has doubled the apparently inconsistent parts of king's friend and mobsman. Under different conditions, and with a different ultimate object, he has played the same game in England as Louis Napoleon played in France. It is singular, however, that his political detestation of the aristocracy has been accompanied by an enormous social veneration of them. As a novelist, he is never easy when he is in any other society. His veneration, it is true, is mainly for their houses, their furniture, their grounds, and their liveries. His novels abound in descriptions of the mansions and parks of great people, all done in the style of a great auctioneer's advertisements. The tone and phrases of the house-furnisher, the appraiser, and the salesman run through all the still life of his novels. A tailor matching patterns, unrolling his sample-book, and combining a sweet thing in waistcoats with an article he can recommend for trousers, is the image which Lord Beaconsfield's inventory of the dresses of his heroes recalls. To him the emperor Hadrian is almost at the head of mankind as being "the most sumptuous character of antiquity." A love of power, wealth, and finery, and a mixed hatred and reverence of the persons who possess them, is the common inspiration of Lord Beaconsfield's politics and of his literature. In the curious mixture of servility and of mockery which runs

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through his description of the lives and conversation of the high nobility, where reverence ends and contempt begins it is impossible to say. They are both obviously there, and, inconsistent as they seem, they are inextricably mixed.

This habit of mind, this inability to see much except the results of a large income and a patronage bestowed, wholly regardless of expense, on the tailor, the jeweller, the house-furnisher, and the ornamental gardener, are as the tares which choke the wheat in Lord Beaconsfield's writings. There are every now and then glimpses of better feelings and of a more disinterested enjoyment of what is beautiful in nature and in human life; but these things are evanescent. The angry sense of exclusion and the greed of coveted possession deform and discolor all but here and there a few pages. Apart from the purely satirical passages, the most natural and skilful touches are those in which the talk and games of boys, their brag and self-confidence, their absolute theories of life and purposes of action unqualified by a dream of failure, are set forth; with a certain humor that is not without its veiled pathos. There is some delicacy, too, mixed with much fine writing and superfine sentiment of the Minerva Press school in Lord Beaconsfield's heroines. Women do not enter into competition with men, and there is no sense therefore of struggle with rivals fortunately placed, to embitter his views of them. On the whole, the sort of mixture of a fitful generosity and nobleness, with the recklessness of the brigand and pirate of the circulating library, marks Lord Beaconsfield's earlier stories.

In these social feelings, the hatred of a plebeian and of a man of foreign origin and despised race, for an aristocracy whose power he would have liked to share, whose houses, grounds, clothes, and jewellery he admired, and in whose society he pined to live, we get the inspiration of Lord Beaconsfield's policy, clothed in phrases borrowed from Bolingbroke. In 1834 he was elected a member of the Westminster Reform Club, and in the following year he appeared at Taunton as the candidate of the Conservative Club and the supporter of Sir Robert Peel. These are facts not involving greater inconsistencies than those which mark every period of his life. He has been everything except a Whig, not only in succession, but simultaneously. His conflict with O'Connell, arising out of a speech made during his unsuccessful candidature at Taunton, has a certain interest as illustrating the qualities which were displayed by Lord Beaconsfield later in life in his assaults on Sir Robert Peel. He had courted O'Connell's political support when he was candidate three years before at High Wycombe. He had indulged in private expressions of esteem and regard, which amounted to a solicitation of O'Connell's friendship. But O'Connell, after denouncing the base, bloody, and brutal Whigs, was supposed to have entered into the agreement with them known as the Tichfield House Compact. Next to his love of the Jews, Lord Beaconsfield's strongest passion, as we have seen, has been hatred of the Whigs; and O'Connell and Lord Melbourne's administration were both denounced in terms which our readers would not thank us for repeating. O'Connell repaid his assailant in kind. The license of political and personal controversy was more excessive than it is now; but it may be safely said that English gentlemen, of the attainments and intellectual power of either of the two combatants, could not have indulged in the reciprocal ribaldry and insult with which they bespattered each other. O'Connell and Mr. Disraeli, however, came each from a servile race and a proscribed and insulted religion. Through no fault of their own, the vices of slaves were in their hearts and found expression in their tongues. Self-respect was difficult to men whose ancestors through a long course of centuries had been taught to cringe under a yoke, and who, when they did not speak low and in a bondsman's key, exploded in violent and indecent insults. We have spoken of the vices of slaves as illustrated in this reciprocal vituperation. We ought rather to have said that they displayed the vices of freedmen, from whom the restraints of servitude have been removed, but who have not yet learned the moral restraints of personal self-respect.

The parallel does, however, some injustice to O'Connell. With some of the vices of the slave, the railing and licentious tongue, and the slippery and tricky nature, he combined the large and generous impulses of the patriot. Whether he had the self-denial which would have accepted poverty, or exile, or unpopularity for a just but losing cause, is fairly open to question. There are few traces in him of the temperament of the hero or of the martyr. But, though he had not the sensitive and exacting honor which would shrink from a paid and retained patriotism; though he did not feel that

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the suspicion of selling himself to the advocacy of aims which he knew to be illusions was at any cost to be shunned; there is no reason whatsoever for thinking that the paid patriot would ever have been the purchased apostate. Justice and freedom, his country and his Church, were not simply articles of merchandise in which he carried on a trade: they were to him, in spite of many meaner and debasing elements, a sacred inspiration. This large and generous nature could feel the fascination of a great and noble cause. The mixture of the buffoon and the mountebank with the patriot and the national liberator, belongs to the transition period in Irish history and character. The old servitude and the newer freedom blend in this ambiguous result.

The disgrace of this gladiatorial combat of manumitted slaves rests largely with the nation which, by proscribing them, their race, and their faith, helped to make them what they were. The penalty rests with it too. Sinister interests, and powerful influences which are not English, sway English politics. Finance and religion are cosmopolitan, and men whose country is their counting-house indirectly govern us. The rulers of the synagogue are more largely than is suspected the rulers of England. Lord Beaconsfield's language to O'Connell, as his language afterwards to Peel, passing at once from fulsome eulogy to unmeasured vituperation, simply exhibits the transition from the obsequiousness of the mercenary seeking a place to the insolence of the mercenary refused or dismissed from one. In the "Letters of Runnymede," which appeared in the following year, these qualities are very conspicuous. The author directly addresses the leading Whig statesmen of the day by name in terms of personal insult, which do not differ from the abuse with which a street-beggar who has been denied alms will sometimes pursue a passer-by.

In 1834, as we have seen from Mr. Greville's diary, Mr. Disraëli was hesitating between two patrons. There was a chance of his entering Parliament as a Radical by Lord Durham's aid, and some hope of doing so as a Tory by the help of Lord Lyndhurst. From whatever motive, the latter course was decided upon; and Mr. Disraeli went down to Taunton in 1835. Possibly his friendship for Lord Lyndhurst decided him. In the preface to "Lothair," which contains Lord Beaconsfield's latest confessions, he speaks of Lord Lyndhurst as one of the two best friends he ever had. Lord Beaconsfield is just the man to appreciate the brilliant intellectual gifts of Lyndhurst, and he passes what may be a just eulogy upon the qualities he displayed in private life, "the tenderness of his disposition, the sweetness of his temper, his ripe scholarship, and the playfulness of his bright and airy spirit." Lord Lyndhurst's ostentatious indifference to political principles, and the readiness with which he took the large retaining fee of professional employment and promotion, by which he was bought off from the Liberal side in politics, and became the advocate of Tory principles, are not likely to have impressed Lord Beaconsfield unfavorably. Scruples, he has said, are usually the creatures of perplexity, not of conscience; and he would have thought Lord Lyndhurst a fool to have thrown away his chances. The friendship of the two men had one political result in the "Letter to a Noble and Learned Lord in Vindication of the English Constitution," which was published in 1835, the year following that in which "The Revolutionary Epick" appeared. The "Vindication" does not rank as a permanent contribution to English political philosophy. It is a queer medley of Burke and Bolingbroke, whose streams of thought do not readily mix, with that sort of Tory-democratic doctrine in which renegade Radicals often endeavor to hide their apostasy.

The second of the two best friends Lord Beaconsfield ever had was "the inimitable D'Orsay, the most accomplished and the most engaging character that has figured in this century, who with the form and universal genius of an Alcibiades, combined a brilliant wit and a heart of quick affection, and who, placed in a public position, would have displayed a courage, a judgment, and a commanding intelligence which would have ranked him with the leaders of mankind." "Henrietta Temple," which was dedicated to Count D'Orsay, contains a portrait of him under the name of Count Alcibiades de Mirabel, from which one may judge of the qualities which in Lord Beaconsfield's view went to form the most accomplished and engaging character of this century. It might be unfair to judge the hero by the hero-worshipper; but it is not unfair to judge the hero-worshipper by the hero, or at any rate by his idealized conception of the hero. Count Alcibiades de Mirabel is a glorified Beau Brummel; and although the fault may be in Lord Beaconsfield's portraiture, the type of character is not

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doubtful. A dashing and showy social adventurer, who would have been a first-rate drawing-master, music-master, writing-master, French master, elocution master, riding-master, courier, tailor, or cook — a master of all those arts by which "our life is only drest for show: mean handi-work of craftsman, cook or groom" — is to Lord Beaconsfield, in his advanced age, the most accomplished and engaging character and universal genius of the century. The impulses which inspire the reason, and direct the conscience, and shape the life to nobler ends than political advancement or social enjoyment, are left out of his reckoning. His gaze is fixed on the D'Orsays, and the Tom Duncombes, and the Louis Napoleons, with whom he associated at Gore House, the spendthrifts and adventurers and conspirators who found themselves in *salons* to which "gentlemen" only (gentlemen as distinguished from ladies) went. Prince Louis Napoleon conquered a precarious respectability by his reception at Windsor. Lord Beaconsfield achieved a similar position when he was acknowledged by the late Lord Derby. His properly political life begins with his entrance into Parliament in 1837 on the accession of the queen. His literary career was at the same time brought to a pause of seven years, which was broken in 1844 by the publication of "Coningsby." The two stories, "Venetia" and "Henrietta Temple," published in 1837, and dedicated to Lord Lyndhurst and Count D'Orsay, have no political motive or character. They are attempts in pure art, and cannot be deemed successful save in a few strokes of social satire. Byron is out-Byronized, and the Werther period of Goethe out-Werthered. In "Venetia" Caduras and Herbert are recognizable as Byron and Shelley, not by any truth of portraiture, but by plagiarism from their real lives. Lord Beaconsfield's dealings with the grand passions always suggest the Porte St. Martin and the Surrey Theatre. His heroic vein lies perilously near to the mock heroic. There is a genuine breath of social and political satire animating his works which might have earned him a more honorable place in English literature than the Parliamentary career, on the threshold of which we leave him for the present, has won for him in English history.

In writing this sketch, we lay our account with some censure, which we have no choice but to confront. The public career of Lord Beaconsfield is in our view the opprobrium of English politics during the past forty years, and his political character is, in the situation which he holds, a danger and defiance to England, and a threat to the peace of the world. There can be no reason why, without exaggeration, but without reserve, we should not say what we believe to be the truth about it. In discussing the actions of a politician from day to day it is neither desirable nor possible to be always examining character. Life is too short for business of that sort. The man must be taken for granted, in the position to which he has raised himself, and in which the public sees him with acquiescence, and even maintains him with deliberate purpose. But this abeyance, for convenience' sake, of the moral judgment — this refusal to raise the previous question of general character and motives at every step in social intercourse or every stage of the public business — certainly does not involve the permanent renunciation of moral judgment. It is impossible to leave men to the appreciation of history only. To treat Lord Beaconsfield as if he were a Chatham, would simply be ludicrous twenty-five years hence. No one will grudge any paradox-monger of the twentieth century an amusement of that sort, if he can find nothing better or more plausible. But what will be historic folly then is a very present danger now, a danger against which it is impossible to guard without what is called attacking an individual. We speak only of Lord Beaconsfield's public character. His admirers have not even the least right to protest against personality in politics. The life of their hero has been little more than a series of personal assaults.

This example, however, is the last by which we should desire to justify ourselves, and we have no intention of imitating it. The motive which has urged us to the task of studying his political career is of a different order. At present the doctrine of the personal power is loudly proclaimed. An attempt is being made to revive the pretensions which George III. strove unsuccessfully to assert. This effort has always been tried under foreign inspiration. An able German, Baron Stockmar, undertook to instruct the prince consort in the theory and practice of the British constitution, and the ideas of the prince consort were, of course, transmitted to the queen, and shaped her practice. English statesmen, by a careless compliance, due in part to the deference which they found it difficult to withhold from one whom, to use a phrase of Lord Palmers-

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ton's, both as a sovereign and a lady it was unbecoming to thwart, too hastily yielded assent to doubtful pretensions. They even framed a theory of the constitution to suit these ideas. Lord John Russell consented, on a celebrated occasion, to become the mouthpiece of Stockmarism in the House of Commons. The speech which he delivered when the action of the prince consort was called in question, has become historic. It is habitually cited by apologists who desire to aggrandize the power and functions of the crown. Like almost all attempts to frame a theory of the constitution, it sought the living among the dead. By the time that a scheme of the English constitution is concocted, it has almost of necessity ceased to be true. Depending, as the constitution does, upon a balance of powers and forces which are in a constant state of relative growth and decline, the theory, even if it be brought up to the very latest date at the time when it is framed, is pretty sure to be out of date at the time when it is published. The position of things has changed. Baron Stockmar and the prince consort, drawing their doctrine out of old English books and historic precedents, illustrated by foreign, and chiefly German, analogies, adopted a procedure more certain perhaps than any other that could be devised, to lead them astray. Even if they possessed, as they certainly did not, the flexibility of mind and quickness of intuitive perception needful to discern the genius of a people and the character of institutions foreign to their personal experience, the method which they employed, and the conditions which surrounded them as observers, were almost of a necessity fatal to success. A court, even a court so pure as that of England, is the very last place in which Parliamentary government can be fairly studied. A prince consort, even a prince consort so admirable in intention, so respectable in character, so conscientious and painstaking in every relation of life as Prince Albert was, is the very last person to comprehend the working of Parliamentary institutions so developed as those of England. It is too rough to be congenial to a situation so delicate, difficult, and even equivocal as that of the husband of a reigning queen, and the father of an heir-apparent to the throne. The assistance of a kind of private physician-minister, such as Baron Stockmar was, would make matters rather worse than better. The disposition to minimize Parliamentary authority, and to assert an influence of the court and of the crown above and beyond them, is in such circumstances inevitable. The premature death of the prince consort, the withdrawal of the queen for a long term of years from active interest in political affairs, and the long premierships of Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone, men very dissimilar in most respects, but neither of them courtiers, nor possessing the qualities likely to make them the favorites of court favorites — men of great natural vigor of character, of strong purpose, and of resolute political convictions — all these things have contributed to keep in check for a time the assumptions which Baron Stockmar encouraged. Under Lord Beaconsfield's administration they have revived, and revived in a more mischievous form and under worse guidance than ever before. They are ostentatiously set forth in courtier-like memoirs appearing under the royal sanction, and in political manifestoes of important Conservative organs. They fit in with the doctrines which Lord Beaconsfield has professed with more steadiness than any other of his fluctuating opinions, and which he probably seriously entertains. They are likely enough to receive very mischievous development at his hands — a development in which there may be the seeds of future troubles, unless a more modest view of the functions of the crown in the constitution than that which he encourages, be adopted and acted upon in future. The personal power of the monarch is in danger of becoming either a means of thwarting a minister who has the confidence of the country without the good-will of the sovereign; or, what might be yet more calamitous, the personal power of an adroit flatterer and a daring adventurer is likely, under forms of obsequious submission, to take the place of the personal power of the monarch. Cardinal Wolsey wrote, *Ego et rex meus*. Lord Beaconsfield makes a very near approach sometimes to a similar egotism. It is no longer possible to treat him with the half-contemptuous indulgence that was thought to be due to a political comedian. Up till 1874 Mr. Disraeli was treated by the whole political press of England as a joke, although he was often treated — and especially in the *Quarterly Review* — as a very misplaced and untimely joke. In 1878, without being a serious personage, he holds very serious issues in his hands. It is essential that men should be reminded what manner of man he is, to whom the English people, the English Parliament, and the queen of England, have committed a sort of political dictatorship.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

THE AZORES.

THE satisfaction felt by most Englishmen with the English climate is undoubtedly a salutary sentiment. If a man has to spend six months out of every twelve amidst wet and cold and darkness, it is surely well that he should be content to regard these phenomena as seasonable and healthful. To belong to the dissenting minority who are unable to accept this article of the national creed is a distinct misfortune. "The weather, indeed, is not benign," wrote Johnson, giving an account of his health to Dr. Brocklesby a few months before his death; "but how low is he sunk whose strength depends upon the weather!"

It was on a January day of gloom and drizzle, now some few years ago, that we, being of the number of these lowly sunken men, made our way on board the vessel that was to carry us from the port of Bristol to a more congenial clime. She was a little fruit schooner of ninety-eight tons, temporarily fitted up to accommodate a few passengers. The steamers which now make the voyage between the Azores and England in seven or eight days, had not yet begun to supplant their pretty predecessors in the fruit trade. As seems always to happen when an English merchantman is starting on a voyage, it turned out at the last moment that some of the crew who had signed articles were drunk and others were missing, but these difficulties being in the end surmounted we proceeded on our way. Two days afterwards we took our departure, as navigators express it, from Hartland Point, a lonely promontory stretching far out into the wintry sea. Then came a week of wretchedness, not without some admixture of the ludicrous for those who could laugh while they were miserable — of contrary gales, of seas shipped, of disheartening projects of putting back into Milford Haven or Queenstown — of sea-sickness, of bedding drenched by rush of water down the cabin stairs, of overturned coffee-pots and soup-tureens, of the swallowing by stewards of restoratives intended for prostrate sufferers. Next came a day when all things seemed to be suddenly changed, and it was found that the decks were dry, the motion of the vessel moderate, and the sun for the first time shining. We were at length fast slipping out of winter's detested grasp, and thenceforward, day by day, the air grew pleasanter, the skies more brilliant, the wind more favorable and less boisterous. Sparkling blue waves replaced the mud-colored seas that had boarded us in the chops of the Channel, shoals of porpoises joyously gambolled in the waters, and some of the seabirds of southern latitudes began to gather around us.

On the fourteenth morning of our voyage we found ourselves under the eastern end of the island of St. Michael, a mass of rugged mountain. The Pico da Vara, 3,570 feet in height, lay a little way inland, and from its sides huge spurs, separated by dark ravines, protruded into the sea. A glimpse here and there of a pathway winding upwards out of the ravines filled us with a longing, which was afterwards gratified, to explore this wild region. As we sailed along the southern coast the mountains, broken now and then by rents and chasms, continued to tower over us for half the length of the island. But soon between them and the sea a widening belt of cultivated land began to extend itself, and every few miles a little white town, surrounded by orange groves, glistened in the sunshine. As we rounded a rocky point some miles distant from Ponta Delgada, the chief city of St. Michael's, the mountains subsided altogether, and the richest orange district of the island lay extended before us. It is a tract everywhere undulating, and rising here and there into conical hills of some height. Hill and dale were clothed with the dense foliage of the orange, and of the loftier evergreen trees with which every orange plantation is surrounded for the sake of shelter from high winds. The fragrance of the orange blossom reached us at a distance of a mile or two from the shore. So luxurious was the vegetation that it would have seemed monotonous, but that it was relieved by the village churches and country houses scattered amongst the trees; the majority of the latter, as we afterwards found, rough little places enough within, but all of them, as is the Portuguese fashion, gaily whitened or colored externally. Similarly bright were the little watch turrets perched high up, according to Portuguese usage, at many of the prettiest points of view. To the north the prospect was bounded by an irregular range of hills, some bare, some wooded. On the southern horizon lay the smaller island of St. Mary. On the west was the city, and behind it rose the mountain range occupying the western extremity of the island, less lofty, somewhat, than the eastern mountains, but inclosing lakes which, as will hereafter appear, form one of the gems of Azorean scenery.

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Ponta Delgada itself, though a large and thriving place, contains little to interest the traveller acquainted with the cities of southern Europe. There is, indeed, a peculiar dulness observable, due chiefly to the prevailing usages respecting the appearance in public of the female sex, which have come down from the time when the population of Portugal was largely Moorish. Instead of the gaily-dressed female peasantry of a Mediterranean town are seen a crowd of figures muffled in dark cloth cloaks, surmounted by helmet-shaped hoods of cloth and whalebone, quite concealing the face, except so much of it as the wearer thinks fit to make visible through a slit or opening in front. While the women of the lower orders are thus enveloped, the ladies of the place seldom appear in the streets on foot at all. From the delights of shopping, as practised in western Europe, most of them live entirely debarred. That any lady should ever be seen in public, except in a carriage, is an innovation most distasteful to Azorean conservatism.

Sight-seeing, in the usual sense of the word, is with all its pleasures and pains unknown. The churches contain nothing æsthetically valuable, except, perhaps, some specimens of wood carving. The rich Azoreans (and some of them are very rich) seek to display their taste and luxury, not in galleries or works of art, but in the laying out and embellishment of ornamental gardens. Most of these gardens are freely thrown open to strangers. The climate, of which the especial characteristic is warmth without aridity, permits a combination of English grass lawns with semi-tropical and tropical trees and flowers unattainable in southern Europe, or even in Madeira. Wandering over well-kept sward, the visitor is surrounded by many of the greenhouse and hothouse plants of Kew and the Crystal Palace, flourishing in unrestricted space, and amplified often a hundredfold in size and vigor. And, after all, there is something of the same difference between a plant thus enjoying its natural freedom, and the same plant imprisoned in a greenhouse, as there must be between the lion of the Sahara and the lion of a wild-beast show.

Scarcely less interesting than these professedly ornamental gardens are many of the gardens in which the sweet and juicy oranges of St. Michael's are cultivated for exportation to England. The beauty of the orange gardens is at its height in winter and early spring, when the golden fruit clusters as thickly as the apples in a Devonshire orchard, and the blossom fills the air with perfume. The delicate little Tangerine orange contrasts here and there with his larger brethren, and various other plants are also allowed to flourish even at some sacrifice of profitable space. Foremost of these is the camellia, for which the Azorean soil and climate are said, with much appearance of truth, to be unequalled. The magnolia and the oleander also thrive exceedingly. Scattered here and there are clumps of the banana, the guava, and the Japanese nespera, or loquat, as it is called in Australia. Pineapples are common, but those which grow in the open air are of indifferent quality. The delicate pines which are exported to England are raised under glass. The vine lingers in many places, through the vine disease is still active enough to make grapes scarce and dear in an island which formerly produced twelve or fifteen thousand pipes of wine a year. In the autumn the beautiful belladonna lily, and a little later the Guernsey lily, and in spring the arum, covers every heap of stones and neglected spot; and throughout the winter roses, heliotropes, geraniums, and fuchsias flower abundantly. Despite the bird-destroying devices of man below, and the *açor*, or hawk, from which these islands take their name ever hovering overhead, the trees are filled with singing birds. Commonest among these is the canary, much less bright in plumage in all his native Atlantic islands than when domesticated. Blackbirds, robins, and finches, of several species likewise abound, but the ubiquitous sparrow is unknown. So are all venomous reptiles — even toads and lizards. Insects are by no means so numerous or troublesome as in Spain and Italy.

The climate of the Azores, although the vegetation is so luxuriant, is by no means one of uniform tranquillity und sunshine. A gale off these islands is, indeed, a phenomenon which, in winter at least, is exceedingly familiar to seafaring men. The winter of St. Michael's makes itself felt in weeks or fortnights of violent westerly winds and driving rains. These stormy periods occur irregularly between November and April alternating with intervals of genial weather and sunshine, which call to mind by the combination of summer skies with short days a fine September in England. Of real cold there may be said to be none. The average temperature of the coldest month, as given in the tables published by Sir James Clark, is upwards of 55° of Fahrenheit, which is the tempera-

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ture of the month of May in London. But as hardly any of the houses have fireplaces or stoves, it is sometimes chilly enough within doors in the winter evenings. The Azorean summers are for the latitude cool, very much cooler certainly than those of Lisbon, Madeira, or the Mediterranean. While according to the tables already referred to the winter of St. Michael's is 18° warmer than that of London, the summer is but 6° warmer, and even this moderate excess of temperature seems mainly due to the uniformity of the warmth. Certainly nothing like the exhausting effect of a very hot day in London is ever felt in the Azores. Equability of temperature, indeed, is from well-understood physical causes the special characteristic of purely oceanic climates. The waters absorb much of the solar heat when it is in excess, and give it out again when the air becomes cooler; in other words, they subtract largely from the temperature of the day to add to that of the night, and from the temperature of the summer to add to that of the winter. Moreover, between the Azores and the cold quarters of the north and north-west the Gulf Stream with its exceptionally high temperature interposes. So happy, indeed, is St. Michael's in the matter of temperature that grumbling at the climate is almost always directed against its dampness. Dampness, however, is of two kinds. The atmosphere may derive an excess of moisture either from contact with the ocean, or from the evaporation which takes place from the surface of impervious soils and in low situations. The damp sea breezes of Devon and Cornwall are not to be confounded with the no less humid airs that may be breathed in the Bedford Level. Now in one of these senses St. Michael's is very damp, but in the other the reverse of damp. The soil is everywhere highly pervious to water, and moreover such part of the rainfall as is not absorbed by the soil is rapidly carried off by streams. On the other hand, however, every breeze that blows comes charged with the salt moisture derived from long contact with the sea. And the humidity of a purely sea atmosphere has its inconveniences. It may be doubted, however, whether it is on the whole at all unfavorable to health.

The lover of mountain scenery who finds himself at St. Michael's soon turns his thoughts from the cultivated district round Ponta Delgada to the fields of exploration that lie beyond. The mountains of the island everywhere display their volcanic origin. Craters of extinct volcanoes, great and small, are clustered around and within one another by scores. Many of these craters are extremely perfect in shape, in the walls of others are wide breeches, or deep fissures eaten out by streams. The mountains are in general composed less of volcanic rocks than of pumice and other loose materials easily acted on by water. There is much less of beetling crag and jagged outline, and more of rounded summit, than in Madeira. Of deep ravines and gullies there seems to be no end. Large evergreen shrubs, amongst them the tree heath, the dwarf cedar, a kind of myrtle, and several varieties of the bay family, form the indigenous clothing of all Azorean uplands. Woods of pine, acacia, chestnut, and of trees without an English name fill many of the mountain valleys. Masses of gigantic ferns abound everywhere. Noisy streams and waterfalls are common. More peculiar to the place are the lakes which occupy the lower portion of some of the more perfect craters. Most of these are small, but there are three in different parts of the island which are several miles in circumference.

As was pointed out with reference to Madeira by the late Mr. William Longman in an article in *Fraser's Magazine* for August 1875, the climate of the Atlantic islands is not well adapted to mountaineering on foot. There are tolerably good carriage roads over most of the cultivated districts of St. Michael's, but when the mountains are reached the ordinary mode of travelling is on donkeys. Few Azoreans would entrust the safety of their persons on a mountain road to any other beast, but to anybody who has ridden Madeira horses, or Swiss mules, the want of power in even the finest of these sagacious animals is painfully apparent. However, the mountain roads of St. Michael's are in general safer and less precipitous than those of Madeira, so that there is a certain congruity between the roads travelled and the beasts employed.

Our first mountain excursion was to the lakes, inexplicably called the Lakes of the Seven Cities, which lie amongst the western mountains already referred to. From Ponta Delgada we drove for ten or twelve miles along an uninteresting coast, and then mounting our donkeys turned inland up a steep mountain ascent. After an hour's puffing and struggling of the donkeys we reached the edge of what seemed for an instant to be an elevated plateau, and then turning the corner of a rock

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found all at once at our feet a scene of great beauty. We stood on the brink of a vast crater, an almost perfect circle of fully ten miles in circumference. The mountain walls inclosing it, in spite of some depressions and elevations here and there, seemed surprisingly regular. A thousand feet below us, filling half the bottom of the crater, lay a charming lake, or perhaps more correctly two lakes separated by a narrow causeway. So closely do these lakes approach the walls of the crater that it almost seemed as if we could jump down into the smaller of them from where we stood. On the banks of the larger sheet of water lay a village with white church and houses glistening in the sunshine. The smaller lake was much overhung with woods. Elsewhere from the floor of the great crater rose four or five conical hills, some of them of considerable height, and each enclosing a small but perfectly-shaped crater of its own. Two of these lesser craters have themselves become little lakes, lying several hundred feet above the level of the larger lakes. As we descended into the great crater by a winding path fresh points of view disclosed fresh beauties at every turn. The principal landowner of the place has added something to its attractions by judicious planting. In an inclosed park lying at the foot of the descent, azaleas and rhododendrons displayed such masses of bloom as none of us had ever seen equalled. Between the park and the larger lake we reached our resting-place, and here, comfortably housed, we tarried for many pleasant days. There was boating on the lakes, and wandering through the woods and into the smaller craters for the less energetic of our party, while the more active scaled the heights, and made the laborious circuit of the walls of the great crater. Sometimes a picnic on some wooded promontory or secluded little bay of the lake was our afternoon point of reassembly. It is not always, however, that the climate of this elevated region admits of picnics. Mists and rain are common, and often, the walls of the great crater being wrapped in clouds, the place appears as completely cut off from the rest of the world as the valley in "Rasselas." The coming of rain is announced by the frogs of the lake, who on a night when the weather is to their liking fill the whole valley with croaking.

Our return to Ponta Delgada was by a longer and rougher route. Having entered the great crater from the south, we emerged from it at its north-west point. When we reached the summit of the ridge the island of Terceira, upwards of seventy miles away to the north-west, lay plainly visible in the morning sunshine. Turning to the eastward we followed the edge of the great crater for some miles, sometimes absorbed by the magnificence of the views, sometimes disquieted by our closeness to the precipices overhanging the larger lake. Then we traversed a mountain track abounding in small lakes, or tarns, lying at a great elevation. From these lakes Ponta Delgada is supplied with water, and the aqueduct by which it is conveyed across some of the mountain glens relieves the wildness of the scene, much as, comparing small things to great, do the bridges and galleries of the roads over the Alps.

On the eastern border of this mountain region stands the Pico de Carvão, as it is called in the English Admiralty map of St. Michael's, or the Pico do Ledo, as it is called on the spot. The road passes close under it, and it is easily ascended on foot. From its summit the traveller sees spread out before him the whole of the central and cultivated section of the island, which, though forty miles long, is here not more than five or six miles wide. In the foreground are extensive tracts of Indian corn. Beyond, on the south coast, lies the city and the great orange district already mentioned. On the northern coast are three or four gay-looking little towns, surrounded by orange gardens and corn lands pleasantly intermixed. Both north and south the swell of the Atlantic fringes with sheets of snowy foam the dark lava rocks of the coast. To the east the prospect is bounded by the mountain ranges which fill that half of the island.

To visit these eastern ranges and the Furnas baths, the great summer retreat of St. Michael's, was our next undertaking. A pretty drive of fifteen or sixteen miles along the southern coast took us to the town of Villa Franca, lying between the mountains and the sea. The little island of Villa Franca, half a mile from the shore, is worth a visit. It encloses one of the characteristic Azorean craters, into which the sea has entered through a narrow breach on the land side, forming a circular natural dock. From Villa Franca we had a hot ride on donkeys of two hours along the coast, to the foot of a pass called the Gaiteira, leading to the Furnas. The lower part of this pass ascends through ravines, shaded by woods of chestnut. Above these woods came a wilder region, and at the top we had a fine view of

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the eastern mountains. Then a steep descent brought us into a narrow valley, out of which we presently emerged upon a lake surrounded by sombre mountains, but enlivened that day by a regatta which was going on for the amusement of the Furnas visitors. A mile beyond the lake, in the middle of another wide mountain valley, lies the Furnas village, where we remained for some weeks.

If this remote valley, with its varieties of mineral waters, its boiling pools, and heated mud, had happened to be placed in any accessible part of Europe, it would no doubt be filled with doctors and patients, hotels and boarding-houses, pump-rooms and casinos. From what is called the Great Caldeira jets of steam and scalding water spirt upwards after the manner of the Geysers of Iceland, but on a smaller scale. Not far off is a deep open pit, twelve or fifteen feet in diameter, in which the waters are incessantly and furiously boiling. Unpleasant stories are told of the fate of animals, and even children, who have carelessly approached this dangerous spot, which is unprotected by fence or inclosure of any kind. Close by, from beneath a mass of rock, heated mud is obliquely forced out in regularly recurring jets, with a noise like the beats of a huge pumping engine. The atmosphere round about is filled with sulphurous fumes, and the soil consists of bare heaps of a whitish deposit, containing many crystals of alum and sulphur. The smaller boiling springs cannot be counted, but there must be hundreds of them. Round the larger springs they cluster thickly, and they are also found in many other parts of the valley, on the borders of the lake already mentioned, and in and near the bed of a stream called the Ribeira Quente, or hot river, which carries the waters of the Furnas valley through a deep mountain gorge to the sea. Of cold mineral springs there is also a considerable variety.

There is an abundance of bathing-houses and drinking-fountains, and the waters are resorted to not only by many Azoreans, but occasionally by invalids from Lisbon, the Brazils, and the United States. Chemically the waters are mainly of two kinds, sulphurous and chalybeate. Perhaps the most popular baths are those containing a mixture of the two. Whatever may be the remedial merits or demerits of the Furnas waters, it does not appear that they can, with any justice, be regarded as merely inert. They exercise a manifest influence over the bodily state and sensations of those who use them. How far this influence can be advantageously called into play in the treatment of disease is, of course, a question which cannot be discussed here. An interesting account of these baths, as well as much other information respecting the Azores, useful and trustworthy in substance, though conveyed in a somewhat diffuse and rambling form, is to be found in Bullar's "Winter in the Azores and Summer at the Baths of the Furnas," a book published in the year 1841. One of the two authors was a physician, and has, in an appendix, discussed professionally the medicinal and chemical properties of the Furnas waters.

The Furnas valley is pretty when looked at as a whole, but much prettier when examined in detail. There seems no end to the charming walks and rides amongst tributary glens and gorges, rich in overhanging woods and fern banks, in streams and waterfalls. A month's stay did not enable us to exhaust them. Nor is there any lack of more distant mountain excursions. From the Furnas to the summit of the Pico da Vara is a four hours' ride or walk. After an hour and a half of steep ascent out of the valley we reached the central ridge or backbone of the island. As we journeyed eastward along this ridge we looked down on either hand into a series of valleys and abysses, and now and then had a clear view over the ocean beyond to a vast distance. At other times clouds resting against the sides of the mountains below us shut out this prospect, except when through an opening in the mist we caught a distant strip of sea, enlivened once or twice by the sails of a passing vessel. Reaching the Pico da Vara itself, we came once more upon the wild district we had watched from the sea when we approached the island from England. Near the mouth of a vast ravine we saw the little town of Nordeste, placed, as its name imports, at the north-east end of the island. Towards the south-east a sharp ridge projected from some distance below us to the sea. Crossing this ridge, which is called the Tronqueira, runs the mountain road by which Nordeste is reached from the south.

In the course of another and later excursion from the Furnas, we followed this wild road over the Tronqueira to Nordeste, where we slept, and on the next day, turning southward, we made our way along the coast, through the villages of Agoa Retorta and Fayal, back to the Furnas. The ride from Nordeste to Agoa Retorta is one of the finest in the island, both from the rugged grandeur of one or two of the

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ravines crossed, and because the remoteness of the place having saved it from the woodcutter and the charcoal-burner, here the great despoilers of the mountain, the tree heaths and other native mountain growths of the island are of an age and size seldom to be seen elsewhere.

We returned from the Furnas to Ponta Delgada by the north coast of the island. By this route the whole journey may be performed in a carriage, but in point of scenery the southern coast is superior. The large town of Ribeira Grande stands on the north coast, nine or ten miles from Ponta Delgada. Amongst the mountains above it, lie the Caldeiras of Ribeira Grande, another group of hot and cold mineral springs on a smaller scale than those of the Furnas. The sulphurous waters here were found by Dr. Bullar to be acid, while those of the Furnas were alkaline, so that probably the medicinal effect of the two may be appreciably different. A cluster of houses, occupied only during the summer, surrounds these springs. The place being easily reached from Ponta Delgada, and lying amidst wooded glens and mountain streams, is a delightful resort, much frequented during the summer months.

Rather more than an hour's ascent by a difficult if not dangerous road, took us from the Caldeiras of Ribeira Grande to the edge of the deep irregular crater in which, at a great height above the sea and far from human habitation, lies the Lagoa do Fogo, or Lake of Fire, the third of the larger lakes of St. Michael's. The scene was silent and solitary, for the spot is seldom visited except by wood-cutters and the herdsmen in charge of animals driven to the surrounding hills for pasture. On the west the lake was darkened by gloomy precipices, on the south a flood of sunshine poured through a wide breach in the crater walls opening above the town of Villa Franca. Through this breach a small stream carries away the overflow of the lake. From the top of the mountain which overhangs this lake on its western side there is a noble view over the cultivated portion of the island extending westward to the mountains of the Seven Cities.

Before going on to the other Azore Islands, it may not be out of place to say something of every-day life at St. Michael's, and of what seems noteworthy in its inhabitants. To an active, stirring Englishman, life at Ponta Delgada appears dull and monotonous; to the lover of basking and contemplation, it is better suited. The amusements attainable are of a tranquil character. There are walks and drives, a croquet ground, an occasional picnic in an orange garden, a pretty little theatre, sometimes tenanted for the winter by a dramatic, and sometimes by an operatic, company. Some of the shops are used as a cheap substitute for clubs, and here loungers congregate, the news and scandal of the day is circulated, and as often as a vessel arrives with letters the hearts of men are made glad, or (much more frequently) sorrowful, by the announcement of the latest prices fetched by oranges in the English markets. During several weeks of the Carnival there is a great deal of masquerading, at which the Portuguese are extremely clever. A less refined amusement of the last three days of that season is the squirting of water at all who appear in the streets, without exception of the old or the rheumatic. There is excellent quail-shooting in the cultivated districts of St. Michael's, and rabbits, woodcocks, snipes, rock pigeons and wild fowl are to be found in localities suited to their respective habits. There are no game laws, and with scarcely a restriction the sportsman wanders whither he lists.

Domestic administration is troublesome, and complaints by mistresses of the malpractices of servants are almost as rife as in England. Most of the servants are in truth wild, untaught, and impatient of the usages of civilized life. Now and then, however, an intelligent, useful servant, who will take kindly to English habits, is met with. Cookery is effected chiefly by means of three-legged iron pots, under which a fire of sticks is kept up. A kitchen contains instead of range and dresser a stone slab on which the iron pots are heated, and a very large oven of masonry. Under the manipulation of a good cook, however, these seemingly rude appliances are made to yield excellent results. Good beef and poultry are always to be had, mutton is sometimes satisfactory and sometimes the reverse. The price of meat being very low, and candles being at a much higher figure, the butchers, unlike their English brethren, pare off all the fat they can, to sell to the tallow-chandlers. The Portuguese supply the deficiency thus caused by eating fat bacon with beef, but the English find it necessary to induce the butcher to relax the rigidity of this practice in their favor.

The Portuguese of the Azores are singularly courteous and obliging to strangers. With much genuine kindness they com-

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bine conventionalities of a somewhat tedious kind. The action of time as a solvent of ancient punctilio has been here much slower than on the mainland of Portugal. Sociability is impeded by the oft recurring bowings and professions of esteem which custom requires whenever a morning visit is paid. A Portuguese subscribes himself at the foot of a letter as "your watchful venerator," an expression no doubt quite as worthy of credit as "your obedient servant." He dates all letters written from his own house with the capitals S. C., which stand for "*sua casa*," or "your house," and he addresses them to S. I. C., standing for "your most illustrious house." Politeness requires him to assume that the house he lives in is one of the inferior mansions of the person he happens to be writing to, who, possessing a more illustrious habitation for his own use, allows the writer to occupy it by indulgence or sufferance. The lower orders of people are in their way quite as ceremonious as the upper. He who jogs a mile or two on a donkey along any country road in St. Michael's receives as many and much more profound obeisances than greet the Prince of Wales when he rides down Piccadilly. Even bare-legged servant boys and girls address each other unfailingly as sir and madam.

For the young men of the upper classes, there is an almost total want of occupations or careers. Small government appointments are eagerly made interest for — always a very bad symptom in the body politic. Here still flourishes, little modified by any irruption of new ideas, the patriarchal system of disposing of daughters in marriage without heed of inclination, of parity of age or character, or of aught save money. That marriages should be purely mercenary seems, indeed, to be almost enjoined by the Portuguese law. If a rich Englishman marries a penniless girl he at all events keeps what he has got, though he does not add to it. But if a rich Portuguese should do the like, and his wife should happen to die without leaving children, the property of the married couple would by the ordinary law be thereupon divided into equal halves, of which the surviving husband would retain one, and the relations of the portionless wife would take the other. The rich husband would, in fact, in expiation of his romantic folly be mulcted of half his property. Under the influence of this law it has become an inveterate custom amongst the rich Azoreans to marry near relations, so as to keep their money in their own families. An heiress as often as not marries her uncle or her nephew, a young man of fortune chooses between his aunt and his niece. The physical and moral results of this system are of course bad. Of energy mental or bodily amongst the upper classes there is but little. Few of them know anything of books or literature. Walking, shooting, boating, swimming, they are little given to. Their horsemanship seldom extends beyond curvetting, with an incredible clatter, over the paved streets of the town. They entertain, indeed, too keen a fear of exposure to the sun, to undertake much bodily exertion of any sort out of doors, which is the more singular as they see the peasantry work in the sun without detriment from morning to night throughout the hottest season.

The laboring class are quiet and simple, industrious and saving. In the Azores as elsewhere, boatmen, donkeymen, servants and small hucksters will sometimes be found by strangers to be capable of overcharge and embezzlement. A more repulsive characteristic is their excessive cruelty to animals. Their treatment of mules and donkeys is painful to witness. Their chief recreation and delight are the *dias de festa* and processions, to which they look forward with eager interest. The other great solace of their lives is the killing of their pigs. Scarcely the poorest cottager is without a pig, and when it is killed, the meat both fat and lean being reserved for future consumption, the less solid portions of the animal, prepared in some recondite way, and seasoned with garlic without stint, furnish them with their great feast and revelry for the year. A sober feast it is, for drunkenness is rare. So are all serious crimes against person or property, partly from the character of the population, and partly, no doubt, because in a small island it is almost impossible for a criminal to escape the pursuit of justice.

Agriculture is the only productive industry of the Azores. The poorer and more stony soils being the fittest for orange gardens, the richer are devoted to tillage. Indian corn is the principal crop, but beans, wheat, sweet potatoes, and yams, as well as pumpkins and melons, are largely grown. The tillage districts are not picturesque. The tall and graceful Indian corn might enhance even the summer beauty of our English fields, but it cannot take away the monotony of tracts extending for miles almost unrelieved by hedge or tree or human dwelling-place. The agricultural processes in use are of a primor-

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dial character. Labor is extremely cheap, and like most things over-plentiful is wastefully applied. Corn is still trodden out by oxen, and carried to the tops of hills to be winnowed by tossing it aloft with wooden shovels on a breezy day. Spades are rejected as incompatible with bare feet, and a large hoe, much less efficacious, is used instead. Earth and stones, instead of being moved from place to place, when necessary, by means of wheelbarrows, are carried in baskets on men's backs. In the country carts the wooden wheels and axles revolve together with a hideous screeching and a prodigious loss of tractive power. But soil and climate are propitious, and as in Ireland a generation ago, and in other countries where the supply of labor is excessive, men will pay any rent to get possession of a piece of land, which they can cultivate by their own labor and that of their families. So the tillage lands of St. Michael's let in small holdings at rents equivalent to from 3*l.* to 7*l.* sterling per English acre. The selling value of land is proportionately high.

But it is time to turn to the smaller islands still remaining to be noticed. Portuguese mail steamers start from Lisbon for the Azores on the 1st and 15th of every month. They are fairly satisfactory vessels in point of size and comfort, and perform their voyages with punctuality. Leaving St. Michael's at nightfall by one of these steamers on her outward voyage, we found ourselves early the next morning entering the harbor of Angra, in the island of Terceira. Angra lies at the head of a deep bay, and looks imposing from the sea. It is, indeed, by far the best-built and finest city in these islands, and in the olden time was the seat of government, and the residence of the captain-general of the Azores. The adoption of a decentralizing policy at Lisbon has deprived the place of these advantages, and at present its grass-grown streets have a deserted aspect. The western side of the Bay of Angra is formed by a promontory called the Mount Brazil, a steep, rounded height surmounted by the only regular fortress in the Azores. A district of rich fruit gardens studded with country houses stretches round the town and along the base of the mountains which occupy the interior of this oval-shaped island. These mountains, which rise to a height of somewhat over three thousand four hundred feet, are bare, and rounded in outline, and do not appear to be by any means so rich in scenery as those of St. Michael's. On the other hand, as Terceira is one of the central cluster of the Azore Islands, the views to seaward are interesting, especially towards the south-west, where on a clear day the lofty cone of Pico is seen towering behind the precipices of the nearer island of St. George.

A few hours' steaming to the north-west took us from Terceira to the little island of Graçiosa, the beautiful or graceful, as the name imports. The only beauty, however, much appreciated by the nation which conferred this name is the beauty of corn-fields and fruit gardens. The Portuguese hold exceedingly cheap the unprofitable grandeur of cloud-capped summits and fathomless abysses. Graçiosa looks attractive enough from the sea, and the cliffs towards the southern end of the island are very fine; but there is so much surf on the coast of this island that landing is at all times difficult, and neither on our first nor on a subsequent visit were we able to get on shore. It is said that there is a subterranean lake amongst the Graçiosa mountains, but we never succeeded in meeting with any trustworthy person who had actually seen it.

Turning southward from Graçiosa we steered next for St. George's. This singular island, straight as a ruler, nowhere more than three miles wide, lofty from end to end, and reaching at some points a height of close upon three thousand five hundred feet, stretches for thirty miles across the Atlantic like the ruined fragment of a gigantic wall, barring the approach to the islands of Pico and Fayal, which lie beyond. Grassgrown uplands show themselves above the stupendous precipices, and these mountain pastures must be nutritious, for there is a large export of cheeses to the other islands and to Lisbon. The place pours forth likewise a teeming population, to become the hewers of wood and drawers of water of the richer islands. A servant seeking employment at St. Michael's generally answers, if questioned, that he or she is, as they express it, a son or daughter of St. George. Rounding the western point of this island we came to its metropolis, Villa das Vellas, which lies on the southern coast. Here we landed for an hour or two, and with a troop of beggars at our heels wandered over the untidy and dilapidated little town, and contemplated the noble view from a ruined convent on a height above. To the south, on the other side of a channel ten or twelve miles in width, we had before us the island of Pico, that is of the Peak, and towards the south-west, separated from Pico by a

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channel four or five miles wide, lay the small but well-known island of Fayal, the farthest point of our voyage.

Two or three hours' steaming under the shadow of the Peak took us from St. George's into the Bay of Horta, in Fayal, an anchorage with which most officers of the English navy are well acquainted. There is an American hotel at Horta, and the place being much visited by ships of war of many nations, is less out of the world than any other in the Azores. Horta is a much smaller town than Angra or Ponta Delgada, but from the sea looks prettier than either. The ground ascends rapidly behind it, and rising one above another are seen churches, convents, and country houses in the midst of groves of orange and lemon trees, and skilfully tended gardens. At the back of the cultivated district appears the central mountain of the island. This mountain incloses one of the largest and most regularly-shaped craters in the Azores. It is extremely deep, and at the bottom lies a gloomy lake. Twice during our short stay at Fayal our donkeys stood equipped for a visit to this crater, but as often did the weather frustrate the project.

But the most striking feature in the view from the Bay of Horta is, undoubtedly, the lofty mountain that rises on the opposite island of Pico. Not, indeed, that its height above the sea level, which is something over seven thousand six hundred feet, is anything extraordinary. Of other well-known mountains which, like itself, abut upon the sea, Hecla is some two thousand five hundred feet lower, and Pico Ruivo, in Madeira, some fifteen hundred feet lower, but Etna is some three thousand feet higher, and Teneriffe some four thousand five hundred feet higher. What gives the Azorean mountain its marked individuality is that, as seen from Fayal (though not from St. George's), it seems to stand entirely alone, springing in conical or bell-shaped form almost directly from the sea level to its apex. It is very regular in outline, except that there is a slight bifurcation at the actual summit. A mountain standing thus alone conveys a greater impression of height than if it be only the highest point of a range. So far as comparison was possible between a scene in actual view and scenes remembered after some considerable lapse of years, the present writer found the view of the Azorean Peak from Fayal fully as striking as those of Etna from the coast of Sicily, and Teneriffe from Oratava.

We were unfortunately unable to attempt the ascent of the Peak. It is an undertaking free from danger or difficulty for anybody who is equal to the fatigue. A considerable part of the journey can indeed be performed on donkeys, but the traveller must take the requisite animals with him in a boat from Fayal, there being none to be hired in Pico. For the last hour or two, as at Vesuvius and Teneriffe, the way lies over loose cinders, and this part of the ascent is of course fatiguing. In winter there is sometimes a good deal of snow on the higher part of the mountain. There is still some slight volcanic activity in one of the two small craters at the top. The views over the surrounding islands, and the intervening arms of the Atlantic, must of course be magnificent. There is a good account of an ascent of Pico in Bullar's work already referred to.

A hundred and twenty miles to the north-west of Fayal are the outlying islands of Flores and Corvo, but these we did not visit. The mail steamers now go on to Flores once a month, but they did not begin to do so until after we had left the Azores. We also failed to accomplish an often projected excursion to the little island of St. Mary, which lies only some forty miles south of St. Michael's, and on every clear day was plainly visible from our windows in Ponta Delgada. We returned to England by way of Portugal. The mail steamer carried us in four days from St. Michael's to Lisbon, a city offering comparatively little to the art-student or to the mere sight-seer, but much to him who can take delight in its fine position, its gay and busy streets, its noble river, and picturesque environs. After a few days at Lisbon and Cintra, we took the railway, which, crossing the Tagus halfway between Santarem and Abrantes, traverses the great cork-wood forests of southern Portugal to the frontier at Elvas. Passing the frontier we spent a day at Badajos, a gloomy and ruinous old town on the sluggish Guadiana, some of its time-worn buildings yet bearing scars and fissures inflicted presumably by Wellington's artillery. Wandering round the fortifications we traced the scene of the terrible assault, and were shown where lies southward, ten or twelve miles across a sultry and treeless plain, the battle-field of Albuera. Returning into Portugal we next made our way by the northern railway to Coimbra, once the capital of the kingdom, and now the seat of its ancient and possibly somewhat effete university.

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Coimbra is finely placed on a hill overlooking the broad Mondego, but the town itself is poor and the university buildings not remarkable. From Coimbra we went by railway to Oporto, where, after waiting many days for an expected steamer, we embarked for Southampton.

The island of St. Michael may now be reached by steamer from England direct during the fruit season, which lasts from October to March or April, as well as by way of Lisbon at all seasons. Two or three of the fruit steamers have good accommodation for a few passengers. An artificial harbor has taken the place of the dangerous open roadstead which made landing and embarking difficult in former days. There are hotels kept by Englishmen at Ponta Delgada and at the lake of the Furnas, a Portuguese hotel in the Furnas valley, and a comfortable little cottage inn at the Seven Cities. There is an English consul, an English church and burying-ground (though not a chaplain), and an English colony of perhaps a dozen resident families. What the place seems to require is that some enterprising young doctor should settle there and publish a book about it. The island certainly offers to invalids the unusual combination of a mild and soothing climate for the winter and a variety of mineral waters for trial during the summer. The accommodation for visitors for short periods is scanty, but would, no doubt, increase with the demand for it. Persons intending a prolonged residence easily find unfurnished houses in or near Ponta Delgada, and the furniture in use is for the most part cheap and simple. Hotel charges, servants' wages, meat, poultry, eggs, fish, and nearly all other provisions which do not pass through the custom house are here at less than half the English rates. Bread, thanks to a Portuguese corn law, is in this corn-exporting island as dear as in England. Groceries are appreciably dearer, and most materials of clothing very decidedly dearer. The cost of living does not, however, entirely turn upon comparisons of this kind. In countries like England there are a thousand amusements, knick-knacks, and miscellaneous luxuries, filching more or less money from every man's pocket, which in such a place as St. Michael's are simply non-existent. On the whole it seems safe to say that any given income will go twice as far at St. Michael's as in England. This statement, however, presupposes with reference to new-comers that they should acquire some knowledge of the language and take kindly to the ways of the place, that they should be willing to do for themselves many things which in England are done for them by tradesmen, to higgle with voluble hucksters, and extract useful help from untaught and often perverse domestic servants. It is requisite, too, to forego, more or less completely, books and newspapers, daily letters, and acquaintance with current events — in fact, to put on a little of the wildness which becomes a settler in Australia or New Zealand. Those who can do all this, and are yet wanting in the rough vigor which enables a man in a new colony to make a fortune, could find few places where it is so easy as at St. Michael's to do without one.

R. M. D.

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MACLEOD OF DARE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XX.

OTTER-SKINS.

"Ah, pappy," said Miss Gertrude White to her father — and she pretended to sigh as she spoke — "this is a change indeed!"

They were driving up to the gate of the small cottage in South Bank. It was the end of October. In the gardens they passed the trees were almost bare, though such leaves as hung sparsely on the branches of the chestnuts and maples were ablaze with russet and gold in the misty sunshine.

"In another week," she continued, "there will not be a leaf left. I dare say there is not a single geranium in the garden. All hands on deck to pipe a farewell.

> Ihr Matten, lebt wohl,
> Ihr sonnigen Weiden
> Der Senne muss scheiden,
> Der Sommer ist hin.

Farewell to the blue mountains of Newcastle, and the sun-lit valleys of Liverpool, and the silver waterfalls of Leeds; the summer is indeed over; and a very nice and pleasant summer we have had of it."

The flavor of sarcasm running through this affected sadness vexed Mr. White, and he answered sharply, —

"I think you have little reason to grumble over a tour which has so distinctly added to your reputation."

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"I was not aware," said she, with a certain careless sauciness of manner, "that an actress was allowed to have a reputation — at least, there are always plenty of people anxious enough to take it away."

"Gertrude," said he sternly, "what do you mean by this constant carping? Do you wish to cease to be an actress? or what in all the world do you want?"

"To cease to be an actress?" she said, with a mild wonder, and with the sweetest of smiles, as she prepared to get out of the open door of the cab. "Why, don't you know, pappy, that a leopard cannot change his spots, or an Ethiopian his skin? Take care of the step, pappy. That's right. Come here, Marie, and give the cabman a hand with this portmanteau."

Miss White was not grumbling at all — but on the contrary was quite pleasant and cheerful — when she entered the small house and found herself once more at home.

"Oh, Carry," she said, when her sister followed her into her room, "you don't know what it is to get back home after having been bandied from one hotel to another hotel, and from one lodging-house to another lodging-house, for goodness knows how long!"

"Oh, indeed!" said Miss Carry, with such marked coldness that her sister turned to her.

"What is the matter with you?"

"What is the matter with *you?*" the younger sister retorted, with sudden fire. "Do you know that your letters to me have been quite disgraceful?"

"You are crazed, child — you wrote something about it the other day; I could not make out what you meant," said Miss White; and she went to the glass to see that the beautiful brown hair had not been too much disarranged by the removal of her bonnet.

"It is you are crazed, Gertrude White," said Carry, who had apparently picked up from some melodrama the notion that it was rather effective to address a person by her full name: "I am really ashamed of you — that you should have let yourself be bewitched by a parcel of beasts' skins. I declare that your ravings about the Highlands, and fairies, and trash of that sort have been only fit for a penny journal — "

Miss White turned and stared — as well she might. This indignant person of fourteen had flashing eyes and a visage of wrath. The pale, calm, elder sister only remarked, in that deep-toned and gentle voice of hers, —

"Your language is pretty considerably strong, Carry. I don't know what has aroused such a passion in you. Because I wrote to you about the Highlands? Because I sent you that collection of legends? Because it seemed to me, when I was in a wretched hotel in some dirty town, I would rather be away yachting or driving with some one of the various parties of people whom I know, and who had mostly gone to Scotland this year? If you are jealous of the Highlands, Carry, I will undertake to root out the name of every mountain and lake that has got hold of my affections."

She was turning away again, with a quiet smile on her face, when her younger sister arrested her.

"What's that?" said she, so sharply, and extending her forefinger so suddenly, that Gertrude almost shrank back.

"What's what?" she said, in dismay — fearing perhaps to hear of an adder being on her shoulder.

"You know, perfectly well," said Miss Carry vehemently, "it is the Macleod tartan."

Now the truth was that Miss White's travelling-dress was of an unrelieved gray, the only scrap of color about her costume being a tiny thread of tartan ribbon that just showed in front of her collar.

"The Macleod tartan?" said the elder sister demurely. "And what if it were the Macleod tartan?"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Gerty! There was quite enough occasion for people to talk in the way he kept coming here; and now you make a parade of it; you ask people to look at you wearing a badge of servitude; you say, 'Oh, here I am, and I am quite ready to be your wife when you ask me, Sir Keith Macleod.'"

There was no flush of anger in the fair and placid face; but rather a look of demure amusement in the downcast eyes.

"Dear me, Carry," said she, with great innocence, "the profession of an actress must be looking up in public estimation when such a rumor as that could even get into existence. And so people have been so kind as to suggest that Sir Keith Macleod, the representative of one of the oldest and proudest families in the kingdom, would not be above marrying a poor actress who has her living to earn, and who is supported by the half-crowns and half-sovereigns of the public? And indeed I think it would look very well to have him loitering about the stage doors of provincial theatres until his wife should be ready to come out; and would he bring his gil-

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lies, and keepers, and head foresters, and put them into the pit to applaud her? Really, the *rôle* you have cut out for a Highland gentleman ——"

"A Highland gentleman!" exclaimed Carry. "A Highland pauper! But you are quite right, Gerty, to laugh at the rumor. Of course it is quite ridiculous. It is quite ridiculous to think that an actress whose fame is all over England — who is sought after by everybody, and the popularest favorite ever seen — would give up everything and go away and marry an ignorant Highland savage, and look after his calves and his cows and hens for him. That is indeed ridiculous, Gerty."

"Very well, then, put it out of your mind, and never let me hear another word about it," said the popularest favorite, as she undid the bit of tartan ribbon; "and if it is any great comfort to you to know, this is not the Macleod tartan, but the MacDougal tartan, and you may put it in the fire if you like."

Saying which she threw the bit of costume which had given so great offence on the table. The discomfited Carry looked at it, but would not touch it. At last she said, —

"Where are the skins, Gerty?"

"Near Castle Dare," answered Miss White, turning to get something else for her neck, "there is a steep hill, and the road comes over it. When you climb to the top of the hill and sit down, the fairies will carry you right to the bottom, if you are in a proper frame of mind. But they won't appear at all unless you are at peace with all men. I will show you the skins when you are in a proper frame of mind, Carry."

"Who told you that story?" she asked quickly.

"Sir Keith Macleod," the elder sister said, without thinking.

"Then he has been writing to you?"

"Certainly."

She marched out of the room. Gertrude White, unconscious of the fierce rage she had aroused, carelessly proceeded with her toilet, trying now one flower and now another in the ripples of her sun-brown hair, but finally discarding these half-withered things for a narrow band of blue velvet.

"Threescore of nobles rode up the king's ha',"

she was humming thoughtlessly to herself as she stood with her hands uplifted to her head, revealing the beautiful lines of her figure,

"But bonnie Glenogie's the flower o' them a';
Wi' his milk-white steed and his coal-black e'e:
Glenogie, dear mither, Glenogie for me!"

At length she had finished, and was ready to proceed to her immediate work of overhauling domestic affairs. When Keith Macleod was struck by the exceeding neatness and perfection of arrangement in this small house, he was in no wise the victim of any stage effect. Gertrude White was at all times and in all seasons a precise and accurate house-mistress. Harassed, as an actress must often be, by other cares; sometimes exhausted with hard work; perhaps tempted now and again by the self-satisfaction of a splendid triumph to let meaner concerns go unheeded; all the same she allowed nothing to interfere with her domestic duties.

"Gerty," her father said impatiently to her, a day or two before they left London for the provinces, "what is the use of your going down to these stores yourself? Surely you can send Jane or Marie. You really waste far too much time over the veriest trifles: how can it matter what sort of mustard we have?"

"And indeed I am glad to have something to convince me that I am a human being and a woman," she had said instantly; "something to be myself in. I believe Providence intended me to be the manager of a Swiss hotel."

This was one of the first occasions on which she had revealed to her father that she had been thinking a good deal about her lot in life, and was perhaps beginning to doubt whether the struggle to become a great and famous actress was the only thing worth living for. But he paid little attention to it at the time. He had a vague impression that it was scarcely worth discussing about. He was pretty well convinced that his daughter was clever enough to argue herself into any sort of belief about herself, if she should take some fantastic notion into her head. It was not until that night in Manchester that he began to fear there might be something serious in these expressions of discontent.

On this bright October morning Miss Gertrude White was about to begin her domestic inquiries, and was leaving her room humming cheerfully to herself something about the bonnie Glenogie of the song, when she was again stopped by her sister, who was carrying a bundle.

"I have got the skins," she said gloomily. "Jane took them out."

"Will you look at them?" the sister

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said kindly. "They are very pretty. If they were not a present, I would give them to you to make a jacket of them."

"*I* wear them?" said she. "Not likely!"

Nevertheless she had sufficient womanly curiosity to let her elder sister open the parcel; and then she took up the otter-skins one by one, and looked at them.

"I don't think much of them," she said.

The other bore this taunt patiently.

"They are only big moles, aren't they? And I thought moleskin was only worn by working people."

"I am a working person too," Miss Gertrude White said; "but in any case I think a jacket of these skins will look lovely."

"Oh, do you think so? Well, you can't say much for the smell of them."

"It is no more disagreeable than the smell of a sealskin jacket."

She laid down the last of the skins, with some air of disdain.

"It will be a nice series of trophies, anyway — showing you know some one who goes about spending his life in killing inoffensive animals."

"Poor Sir Keith Macleod! What has he done to offend you, Carry?"

Miss Carry turned her head away for a minute; but presently she boldly faced her sister.

"Gerty, you don't mean to marry a beauty man!"

Gerty looked considerably puzzled; but her companion continued vehemently, —

"How often have I heard you say you would never marry a beauty man — a man who has been brought up in front of the looking-glass — who is far too well satisfied with his own good looks to think of anything or anybody else! Again and again you have said that, Gertrude White. You told me, rather than marry a self-satisfied coxcomb, you would marry a misshapen, ugly little man, so that he would worship you all the days of your life for your condescension and kindness."

"Very well, then!"

"And what is Sir Keith Macleod but a beauty man?"

"He is not!" and for once the elder sister betrayed some feeling in the proud tone of her voice. "He is the manliest-looking man that I have ever seen, and I have seen a good many more men than you. There is not a man you know whom he could not throw across the canal down there. Sir Keith Macleod a beauty man! I think he could take on a good deal more polishing, and curling, and smoothing without any great harm. If I was in any danger, I know which of all the men I have seen I would rather have in front of me — with his arms free; and I don't suppose he would be thinking of any looking-glass! If you want to know about the race he represents, read English history, and the story of England's wars. If you go to India, or China, or Africa, or the Crimea, you will hear something about the Macleods, I think!"

Carry began to cry.

"You silly thing, what is the matter with you?" Gertrude White exclaimed; but of course her arm was round her sister's neck.

"It is true, then."

"What is true?"

"What people say.

"What do people say?"

"That you will marry Sir Keith Macleod."

"Carry!" she said angrily. "I can't imagine who has been repeating such idiotic stories to you. I wish people would mind their own business. Sir Keith Macleod marry me!"

"Do you mean to say he has never asked you?" Carry said, disengaging herself, and fixing her eyes on her sister's face.

"Certainly not," was the decided answer; but all the same Miss Gertrude White's forehead and cheeks flushed slightly.

"Then you know that he means to — and that is why you have been writing to me, day after day, about the romance of the Highlands, and fairy stories, and the pleasure of people who could live without caring for the public. Oh, Gerty, why won't you be frank with me, and let me know the worst at once?"

"If I gave you a box on the ears," she said, laughing, "that would be the worst at once; and I think it would serve you right for listening to such tittle-tattle, and letting your head be filled with nonsense. Haven't you sufficient sense to know that you ought not to compel me to speak of such a thing — absurd as it is? I cannot go on denying that I am about to become the wife of Tom, Dick, or Harry; and you know the stories that have been going about for years past. Who was I last? The wife of a Russian nobleman who gambled away all my earnings at Homburg. You are fourteen now, Carry; you should have more sense."

Miss Carry dried her eyes, but she mournfully shook her head. There were

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the otter-skins lying on the table. She had seen plenty of the absurd paragraphs about her sister which good-natured friends had cut out of provincial and foreign papers, and forwarded to the small family at South Bank. But the mythical Russian nobleman had never sent a parcel of otter-skins. These were palpable, and not to be explained away. She sorrowfully left the room, unconvinced.

And now Miss Gertrude White set to work with a will; and no one who was only familiar with her outside her own house would have recognized in this shifty, practical, industrious person, who went so thoroughly into all the details of the small establishment, the lady who, when she went abroad among the gayeties of the London season, was so eagerly sought after, and flattered, and petted, and made the object of all manner of delicate attentions. Her father, who suspected that her increased devotion to these domestic duties was but part of that rebellious spirit she had recently betrayed, had nevertheless to confess that there was no one but herself whom he could trust to arrange his china and dust his curiosities. And how could he resent her giving instructions to the cook, when it was his own dinner that profited thereby?

"Well, Gerty," he said, that evening after dinner, "what do you think about Mr.——'s offer? It is very good-natured of him to let you have the ordering of the drawing-room scene; for you can have the furniture and the color to suit your own costume."

"Indeed, I shall have nothing whatever to do with it," said she promptly. "The furniture at home is enough for me. I don't wish to become the upholsterer of a theatre."

"You are very ungrateful, then. Half the effect of a modern comedy is lost because the people appear in rooms which resemble nothing at all that people ever lived in. Here is a man who gives you *carte blanche* to put a modern drawing-room on the stage; and your part would gain infinitely from having real surroundings. I consider it a very flattering offer."

"And perhaps it is, pappy," said she; "but I think I do enough if I get through my own share of the work. And it is very silly of him to want me to introduce a song into this part too. He knows I can't sing——"

"Gerty!" her sister said.

"Oh, you know as well as I. I can get through a song well enough in a room; but I have not enough voice for a theatre; and although he says it is only to make the drawing-room scene more realistic, and that I need not sing to the front, that is all nonsense. I know what it is meant for — to catch the gallery. Now I refuse to sing for the gallery."

This was decided enough.

"What was the song you put into your last part, Gerty?" her sister asked. "I saw something in the papers about it."

"It was a Scotch one, Carry; I don't think you know it."

"I wonder it was not a Highland one," her sister said, rather spitefully.

"Oh, I have a whole collection of Highland ones now. Would you like to hear one? Would you, pappy?"

She went and fetched the book, and opened the piano.

"It is an old air that belonged to Scarba," she said; and then she sang, simply and pathetically enough, the somewhat stiff and cumbrous English translation of the Gaelic words. It was the song of the exiled Mary Macleod, who, sitting on the shores of "sea-worn Mull," looks abroad on the lonely islands of Scarba, and Islay, and Jura, and laments that she is far away from her own home.

"How do you like it, pappy?" she said, when she had finished. "It is a pity I do not know the Gaelic. They say that when the chief heard these verses repeated, he let the old woman go back to her own home."

One of the two listeners, at all events, did not seem to be particularly struck by the pathos of Mary Macleod's lament. She walked up to the piano.

"Where did you get that book, Gerty?" she said, in a firm voice.

"Where?" said the other innocently. "In Manchester, I think it was, I bought it."

But before she had made the explanation, Miss Carry, convinced that this too had come from her enemy, had seized the book and turned to the title-page. Neither on title-page nor on flyleaf, however, was there any inscription.

"Did you think it had come with the otter-skins, Carry?" the elder sister said, laughing; and the younger one retired, baffled and chagrined, but none the less resolved that before Gertrude White completely gave herself up to this blind infatuation for a savage country and for one of its worthless inhabitants, she would have to run the gauntlet of many a sharp word of warning and reproach.

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CHAPTER XXI.

IN LONDON AGAIN.

On through the sleeping counties rushed the train — passing woods, streams, fertile valleys, and clustering villages all palely shrouded in the faint morning mist that had a sort of suffused and hidden sunlight in it: the world had not yet awoke. But Macleod knew that ere he reached London people would be abroad, and he almost shrank from meeting the look of thousands of eager faces. Would not some of them guess his errand? Would he not be sure to run against a friend of hers — an acquaintance of his own? It was with a strange sense of fear that he stepped out and on to the platform at Euston Station; he glanced up and down; if she were suddenly to confront his eyes! A day or two ago it seemed as if innumerable leagues of ocean lay between him and her, so that the heart grew sick with thinking of the distance; now that he was in the same town with her, he felt so close to her that he could almost hear her breathe.

Major Stuart had enjoyed a sound night's rest, and was now possessed of quite enough good spirits and loquacity for two. He scarcely observed the silence of his companion. Together they rattled away through this busy, eager, immense throng, until they got down to the comparative quiet of Bury Street; and here they were fortunate enough to find not only that Macleod's old rooms were unoccupied, but that his companion could have the corresponding chambers on the floor above. They changed their attire; had breakfast; and then proceeded to discuss their plans for the day. Major Stuart observed that he was in no hurry to investigate the last modifications of the drying-machines. It would be necessary to write and appoint an interview before going down into Essex. He had several calls to make in London: if Macleod did not see him before, they should meet at seven for dinner. Macleod saw him depart without any great regret.

When he himself went outside it was already noon, but the sun had not yet broken through the mist, and London seemed cold, and lifeless, and deserted. He did not know of any one of his former friends being left in the great and lonely city. He walked along Piccadilly, and saw how many of the houses were shut up. The beautiful foliage of the Green Park had vanished, and here and there a red leaf hung on a withered branch. And yet, lonely as he felt in walking through this crowd of strangers, he was nevertheless possessed with a nervous and excited fear that at any moment he might have to quail before the inquiring glance of a certain pair of calm, large eyes. Was this, then, really Keith Macleod who was haunted by these fantastic troubles? Had he so little courage that he dared not go boldly up to her house and hold out his hand to her? As he walked along this thoroughfare, he was looking far ahead; and when any tall and slender figure appeared that might by any possibility be taken for hers, he watched it with a nervous interest that had something of dread in it. So much for the high courage born of love!

It was with some sense of relief that he entered Hyde Park, for here there were fewer people. And as he walked on, the day brightened. A warmer light began to suffuse the pale mist lying over the black-green masses of rhododendrons, the leafless trees, the damp grass-plots, the empty chairs; and as he was regarding a group of people on horseback who, almost at the summit of the red hill, seemed about to disappear into the mist, behold! a sudden break in the sky; a silvery gleam shot athwart from the south, so that these distant figures grew almost black; and presently the frail sunshine of November was streaming all over the red ride and the raw green of the grass. His spirits rose somewhat. When he reached the Serpentine the sunlight was shining on the rippling blue water; and there were pert young ladies of ten or twelve feeding the ducks; and away on the other side there was actually an island amid the blue ripples; and the island, if it was not as grand as Staffa nor as green as Ulva, was nevertheless an island, and it was pleasant enough to look at, with its bushes, and boats, and white swans. And then he bethought him of his first walks by the side of this little lake — when Oscar was the only creature in London he had to concern himself with — when each new day was only a brighter holiday than its predecessor — when he was of opinion that London was the happiest and most beautiful place in the world. And of that bright morning, too, when he walked through the empty streets at dawn, and came to the peacefully flowing river.

These idle meditations were suddenly interrupted. Away along the bank of the lake his keen eye could make out a figure, which, even at that distance, seemed so much to resemble one he knew that his heart began to beat quick. Then the dress — all of black, with a white hat and white

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gloves — was not that of the simplicity that had always so great an attraction for her? And he knew that she was singularly fond of Kensington Gardens; and might she not be going thither for a stroll before going back to the Piccadilly Theatre? He hastened his steps. He soon began to gain on the stranger; and the nearer he got, the more it seemed to him that he recognized the graceful walk and carriage of this slender woman. She passed under the archway of the bridge. When she had emerged from the shadow she paused for a moment or two to look at the ducks on the lake; and this arch of shadow seemed to frame a beautiful sun-lit picture — the single figure against a background of green bushes. And if this were indeed she, how splendid the world would all become in a moment! In his eagerness of anticipation he forgot his fear. What would she say? Was he to hear her laugh once more? And take her hand? Alas! when he got close enough to make sure, he found that this beautiful figure belonged to a somewhat pretty, middle-aged lady, who had brought a bag of scraps with her to feed the ducks. The world grew empty again. He passed on in a sort of dream. He only knew he was in Kensington Gardens, and that once or twice he had walked with her down those broad alleys in the happy summer-time of flowers and sunshine and the scent of limes. Now there was a pale blue mist in the open glades, and a gloomy purple instead of the brilliant green of the trees; and the cold wind that came across rustled the masses of brown and orange leaves that were lying scattered on the ground. He got a little more interested when he neared the Round Pond; for the wind had freshened, and there were several handsome craft out there on the raging deep braving well the sudden squalls that laid them right on their beam ends, and then let them come staggering and dripping up to windward. But there were two small boys there who had brought with them a tiny vessel of home-made build, with a couple of lug-sails, a jib, and no rudder; and it was a great disappointment to them that this nondescript craft would move, if it moved at all, in an uncertain circle. Macleod came to their assistance — got a bit of floating stick and carved out of it a rude rudder, altered the sails, and altogether put the ship into such sea-going trim that, when she was fairly launched, she kept a pretty good course for the other side, where, doubtless, she arrived in safety and discharged her passengers and cargo. He was almost sorry to part with the two small ship-owners. They almost seemed to him the only people he knew in London.

But surely he had not come all the way from Castle Dare to walk about Kensington Gardens? What had become of that intense longing to see her — to hear her speak — that had made his life at home a constant torment and misery? Well, it still held possession of him; but all the same there was this indefinable dread that held him back. Perhaps he was afraid that he would have to confess to her the true reason for his having come to London. Perhaps he feared he might find her something entirely different from the creature of his dreams. At all events, as he returned to his rooms and sat down by himself to think over all the things that might accrue from this step of his, he only got further and further into a haze of nervous indecision. One thing only was clear to him. With all his hatred and jealousy of the theatre, to the theatre that night he would have to go. He could not know that she was so near to him — that at a certain time and place he could certainly see her and listen to her — without going. He bethought him, moreover, of what he had once heard her say, that while she could fairly well make out the people in the galleries and boxes, those who were sitting in the stalls close to the orchestra were, by reason of the glare of the footlights, quite invisible to her. Might he not, then, get into some corner where, himself unseen, he might be so near her that he could almost stretch out his hand to her, and take her hand, and tell by its warmth and throbbing that it was a real woman, and not a dream, that filled his heart?

Major Stuart was put off by some excuse, and at eight o'clock Macleod walked up to the theatre. He drew near with some apprehension; it almost seemed to him as though the man in the box-office recognized him, and knew the reason for his demanding one of those stalls. He got it easily enough; there was no great run on the new piece, even though Miss Gertrude White was the heroine. He made his way along the narrow corridors; he passed into the glare of the house; he took his seat with his ears dinned by the loud music, and waited. He paid no heed to his neighbors; he had already twisted up the programme so that he could not have read it if he had wished; he was aware mostly of a sort of slightly choking sensation about the throat.

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When Gertrude White did appear — she came in unexpectedly — he almost uttered a cry; and it would have been a cry of delight. For there was the flesh-and-blood woman, a thousand times more interesting, and beautiful, and lovable than all his fancied pictures of her. Look how she walks — how simply and gracefully she takes off her hat and places it on the table! Look at the play of light and life and gladness on her face — at the eloquence of her eyes! He had been thinking of her eyes as too calmly observant and serious: he saw them now, and was amazed at the difference — they seemed to have so much clear light in them, and pleasant laughter. He did not fear at all that she should see him. She was so near — he wished he could take her hand, and lead her away. What concern had these people around with her? This was Gertrude White — whom he knew. She was a friend of Mrs. Ross's; she lived in a quiet little home, with an affectionate and provoking sister; she had a great admiration for Oscar the collie; she had the whitest hand in the world as she offered you some salad at the small, neat table. What was she doing here — amid all this glaring sham — before all these people? "*Come away quickly!*" his heart cried to her. "*Quick — quick — let us get away together; there is some mistake — some illusion; outside you will breathe the fresh air, and get into the reality of the world again; and you will ask about Oscar and young Ogilvie; and one might hold your hand — your real, warm hand — and perhaps hold it tight, and not give it up to any one whatsoever!*" His own hand was trembling with excitement. The eagerness of delight with which he listened to every word uttered by the low-toned and gentle voice was almost painful; and yet he knew it not. He was as one demented. This was Gertrude White — speaking, walking, smiling, a fire of beauty in her clear eyes, her parted lips when she laughed letting the brilliant light just touch for an instant the milk-white teeth. This was no pale rose-leaf at all — no dream or vision — but the actual laughing, talking, beautiful woman, who had more than ever of that strange grace and witchery about her that had fascinated him when first he saw her. She was so near that he could have thrown a rose to her — a red rose full blown and full scented. He forgave the theatre — or rather he forgot it — in the unimaginable delight of being so near to her. And when at length she left the stage, he had no jealousy at all of the poor people who remained there to go through their marionette business. He hoped they might all become great actors and actresses. He even thought he would try to get to understand the story — seeing he should have nothing else to do until Gertrude White came back again.

Now Keith Macleod was no more ignorant or innocent than anybody else; but there was one social misdemeanor — a mere peccadillo, let us say — that was quite unintelligible to him. He could not understand how a man could go flirting after a married woman; and still less could he understand how a married woman should, instead of attending to her children and her house and such matters, make herself ridiculous by aping girlhood and pretending to have a lover. He had read a great deal about this, and he was told it was common; but he did not believe it. The same authorities assured him that the women of England were drunkards in secret; he did not believe it. The same authorities insisted that the sole notion of marriage that occupied the head of an English girl of our own day was as to how she should sell her charms to the highest bidder; he did not believe that either. And indeed he argued with himself, in considering to what extent books and plays could be trusted in such matters, that in one obvious case the absurdity of these allegations was proved. If France were the France of French playwrights and novelists, the whole business of the country would come to a standstill. If it was the sole and constant occupation of every adult Frenchman to run after his neighbor's wife, how could bridges be built, taxes collected, fortifications planned? Surely a Frenchman must sometimes think — if only by accident — of something other than his neighbor's wife? Macleod laughed to himself, in the solitude of Castle Dare, and contemptuously flung the unfinished paper-covered novel aside.

But what was his surprise and indignation — his shame, even — on finding that this very piece in which Gertrude White was acting was all about a jealous husband, and a gay and thoughtless wife, and a villain who did not at all silently plot her ruin, but frankly confided his aspirations to a mutual friend and rather sought for sympathy; while she, Gertrude White herself, had, before all these people, to listen to advances which, in her innocence, she was not supposed to understand. As the play proceeded, his brows grew darker and darker. And the husband who ought to

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have been the guardian of his wife's honor? Well, the husband in this rather poor play was a creation that is common in modern English drama. He represented one idea at least that the English playwright has certainly not borrowed from the French stage. Moral worth is best indicated by a sullen demeanor. The man who has a pleasant manner is dangerous and a profligate; the virtuous man — the true-hearted Englishman — conducts himself as a boor, and proves the goodness of his nature by his silence and his sulks. The hero of this trumpery piece was of this familiar type. He saw the gay fascinator coming about his house; but he was too proud and dignified to interfere. He knew of his young wife becoming the by-word of his friends; but he only clasped his hands on his forehead, and sought solitude, and scowled as a man of virtue should. Macleod had paid but little attention to stories of this kind when he had merely read them; but when the situation was visible — when actual people were before him — the whole thing looked more real, and his sympathies became active enough. How was it possible, he thought, for this poor dolt to fume and mutter, and let his innocent wife go her own way alone and unprotected, when there was a door in the room, and a window by way of alternative? There was one scene in which the faithless friend and the young wife were together in her drawing-room. He drew nearer to her; he spoke softly to her; he ventured to take her hand. And while he was looking up appealingly to her, Macleod was regarding his face. He was calculating to himself the precise spot between the eyes where a man's knuckles would most effectually tell; and his hand was clinched, and his teeth set hard. There was a look on his face which would have warned any gay young man that when Macleod should marry, his wife would need no second champion.

But was this the atmosphere by which she was surrounded? It is needless to say that the piece was proper enough. Virtue was triumphant; vice compelled to sneak off discomfited. The indignant outburst of shame and horror and contempt on the part of the young wife, when she came to know what the villain's suave intentions really meant, gave Miss White an excellent opportunity of displaying her histrionic gifts; and the public applauded vehemently; but Macleod had no pride in her triumph. He was glad when the piece ended — when the honest-hearted Englishman so far recovered speech as to declare that his confidence in his wife was restored, and so far forgot his stolidity of face and demeanor as to point out to the villain the way to the door instead of kicking him thither. Macleod breathed more freely when he knew that Gertrude White was now about to go away to the shelter and quiet of her own home. He went back to his rooms, and tried to forget the precise circumstances in which he had just seen her.

But not to forget herself. A new gladness filled his heart when he thought of her — thought of her not now as a dream or a vision, but as the living and breathing woman whose musical laugh seemed still to be ringing in his ears. He could see her plainly — the face all charged with life and loveliness; the clear bright eyes that he had no longer any fear of meeting; the sweet mouth with its changing smiles. When Major Stuart came home that night he noticed a most marked change in the manner of his companion. Macleod was excited, eager, talkative; full of high spirits and friendliness; he joked his friend about his playing truant from his wife. He was anxious to know all about the major's adventures, and pressed him to have but one other cigar, and vowed that he would take him on the following evening to the only place in London where a good dinner could be had. There was gladness in his eyes, a careless satisfaction in his manner; he was ready to do anything, go anywhere. This was more like the Macleod of old. Major Stuart came to the conclusion that the atmosphere of London had had a very good effect on his friend's spirits.

When Macleod went to bed that night there were wild and glad desires and resolves in his brain that might otherwise have kept him awake but for the fatigue he had lately endured. He slept, and he dreamed; and the figure that he saw in his dreams — though she was distant, somehow — had a look of tenderness in her eyes, and she held a red rose in her hand.

From The Contemporary Review.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE ACTS FROM RECENT DISCOVERIES.

BY CANON LIGHTFOOT.

In a former volume M. Renan declared his opinion that "the author of the Third Gospel and the Acts was verily and indeed (*bien réellement*) Luke, a disciple of Saint

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Paul." * In the last instalment of his work he condemns as untenable the view that the first person plural of the later chapters is derived from some earlier document inserted by the author, on the ground that these portions are identical in style with the rest of the work.† Such an expression of opinion, proceeding from a not too conservative critic, is significant; and this view of the authorship, I cannot doubt, will be the final verdict of the future, as it has been the unbroken tradition of the past. But at a time when attacks on the genuineness of the work have been renewed, it may not be out of place to call attention to some illustrations of the narrative which recent discoveries have brought to light. No ancient work affords so many tests of veracity; for no other has such numerous points of contact in all directions with contemporary history, politics, and topography, whether Jewish or Greek or Roman. In the publications of the year 1877, Cyprus and Ephesus have made important contributions to the large mass of evidence already existing.

1. The government of the Roman provinces at this time was peculiarly dangerous ground for a romance-writer to venture upon. When Augustus assumed the supreme power, he divided the provinces under the Roman dominion with the Senate. From that time forward there were two sets of provincial governors. The ruler of a senatorial province was styled a proconsul (ἀνθύπατος), while the officer to whom an imperatorial province was intrusted bore the name of proprætor (ἀντιστράτηγος) or legate (πρεσβευτής). Thus the use of the terms "proconsul" and "proprætor" was changed; for, whereas in republican times they signified that the provincial governors bearing them had previously held the offices of consul and prætor respectively at home, they were now employed to distinguish the superior power under which the provinces were administered without regard to the previous rank of the governors administering them. Moreover, the original subdivision of the provinces between the emperor and Senate underwent constant modifications. If disturbances broke out in a senatorial province and military rule was necessary to restore order, it would be transferred to the emperor as the head of the army, and the Senate would receive an imperatorial province in exchange. Hence at any given time it would be impossible to say without contemporary, or at least very exact historical knowledge, whether a particular province was governed by a proconsul or a proprætor. The province of Achaia is a familiar illustration of this point. A very few years before St. Paul's visit to Corinth, and some years later, Achaia was governed by a proprætor. Just at this time, however, it was in the hands of the Senate, and its ruler therefore was a proconsul, as represented by St. Luke.

Cyprus is a less familiar, but not less instructive, example of the same accuracy. Older critics, even when writing on the apologetic side, had charged St. Luke with an incorrect use of terms; and the origin of their mistake is a significant comment on the perplexities in which a later forger would find himself entangled in dealing with these official designations. They fell upon a passage in Strabo * where this writer, after mentioning the division of the provinces between the emperor and the Senate, states that the Senate sent consuls to the two provinces of Asia and Africa, but prætors to the rest on their list, — among which he mentions Cyprus; and they jumped at the conclusion — very natural in itself — that the governor of Cyprus would be called a proprætor. Accordingly Baronio † suggested that Cyprus, though a prætorian province, was often handed over *honoris causa* to be administered by the proconsul of Cilicia, and he assumed therefore that Sergius Paulus held this latter office; while Grotius found a solution in the hypothesis that proconsul was a title bestowed by flatterers on an official whose proper designation was proprætor. The error illustrates the danger of a little learning, not the less dangerous when it is in the hands of really learned men. Asia and Africa, the two great prizes of the profession, exhausted the normal two consuls of the preceding year; and the Senate therefore were obliged to send ex-prætors and other magistrates to govern the remaining provinces under their jurisdiction. But it is now an unquestioned and unquestionable fact that all the provincial governors who represented the Senate in imperial times, whatever magistracy they might have held previously, were styled officially proconsuls.‡

* *Les Apôtres*, p. xviii.
† *Les Evangiles*, p. 436.

* xvii., p. 840.
† *Sub ann.* 46.
‡ See Becker u. Marquardt, *Röm. Alterth.* III. i., p. 294, *seq.* Even De Wette has not escaped the pitfall, for he states that "according to Strabo Cyprus was governed by proprætors," and he therefore supposes that Strabo and Dion Cassius are at variance. De Wette's error stands uncorrected by his editor, Overbeck.

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The circumstances indeed, so far as regards Cyprus, are distinctly stated by Dion Cassius. At the original distribution of the provinces (B.C. 27) this island had fallen to the emperor's share; but the historian, while describing the assignment of the several countries in the first instance, adds that the emperor subsequently gave back Cyprus and Gallia Narbonensis to the Senate, himself taking Dalmatia in exchange; * and at a later point, when he arrives at the time in question (B.C. 22), he repeats the information respecting the transfer. "And so," he adds, "proconsuls began to be sent to those nations also." † Of the continuance of Cyprus under the jurisdiction of the Senate, about the time to which St. Luke's narrative refers, we have ample evidence. Contemporary records bear testimony to the existence of proconsuls in Cyprus not only before and after, but during the reign of Claudius. The inscriptions mention by name two proconsuls who governed the province in this emperor's time (A.D. 51, 52); ‡ while a third, and perhaps a fourth, are recorded on the coins.§ At a later date, under Hadrian, we come across a proprætor of Cyprus.‖ The change would probably be owing to the disturbed state of the province consequent on the insurrection of the Jews. But at the close of the same century (A.D. 198) — under Severus — it is again governed by a proconsul; ¶ and this was its normal condition.

Thus the accuracy of St. Luke's designation is abundantly established; but hitherto no record had been found of the particular proconsul mentioned by him. This defect is supplied by one of General Cesnola's inscriptions. It is somewhat mutilated indeed, so that the meaning of parts is doubtful; but for our purpose it is adequate. A date is given as ΕΠΙ · ΠΑΥΛΟΥ · [ΑΝΘ]ΥΠΑΤΟΥ "in the proconsulship of Paulus." On this Cesnola remarks: "The proconsul Paulus may be the Sergius Paulus of the Acts of the Apostles (chap. xiii.), as instances of the suppression of one of two names are not rare." ** An example of the suppression in this very name Sergius Paulus will be given presently, thus justifying the identification of the proconsul of the Acts with the proconsul of this inscription.

Of this Sergius Paulus, the proconsul of Cyprus, Dean Alford says that "nothing more is known." But is it certain that he is not mentioned elsewhere? In the index of contents and authorities which forms the first book of Pliny's "Natural History," this writer twice names one Sergius Paulus among the Latin authors to whom he was indebted. May not this have been the same person? The name is not common. So far as I have observed, only one other person bearing it * — probably a descendant of this Cyprian proconsul — is mentioned, of whom I shall have something to say hereafter; and he flourished more than a century later. Only one test of identity suggests itself. The Sergius Paulus of Pliny is named as an authority for the second and eighteenth books of that writer. Now on the hypothesis that the proconsul of Cyprus is meant, it would be a natural supposition that like Sir J. Emerson Tennent or Sir Rutherford Alcock, this Sergius Paulus would avail himself of the opportunities afforded by his official residence in the East to tell his Roman fellow-countrymen something about the region in which he had resided. We therefore look with interest to see whether these two books of Pliny contain any notices respecting Cyprus, which might reasonably be explained in this way; and our curiosity is not disappointed. In the second book, besides two other brief notices (cc. 90, 112) relating to the situation of Cyprus, Pliny mentions (c. 97) an area in the temple of Venus at Paphos on which the rain never falls. In the eighteenth book again, besides an incidental mention of this island (c. 57), he gives some curious information (c. 12) with respect to the Cyprian corn, and the bread made therefrom. It should be added that for the second book, in which the references to Cyprus come late, Sergius Paulus is the last-mentioned Latin authority; whereas for the eighteenth, where they are early, he occupies an earlier, though not very

* liii. 12.

† liv. 4.

‡ Q. Julius Cordus and L. Annius Bassus in Boeckh, *Corp. Inscr. Græc.*, 2631, 2632.

§ Cominius Proclus, and perhaps Quadratus: see Akerman's "Numismatic Illustrations of the New Testament," p. 39.

‖ *Corp. Inscr. Lat.*, iii. 6072, an Ephesian inscription discovered by Mr. Wood.

¶ *Corp. Inscr. Lat.*, iii. 218.

** Cesnola's "Cyprus," p. 425.

* Dean Alford indeed (on Acts xiii. 7), following some previous writers, mentions a Sergius Paulus, intermediate in date between the two others — the authority of Pliny and the friend of Galen — whom he describes as "one of the *consules suffecti* in A.D. 94." This however is a mistake. A certain inscription, mentioning L. Sergius Paullus as consul, is placed by Muratori (p. cccxiv. 3) and others under the year 94; but there is good reason to believe that it refers to the friend of Galen, and must be assigned to the year when he was consul for the first time, as *suffectus*, *i.e.* about A.D. 150. See Marini, *Atti e Monumenti de' Fratelli Arvali*, p. 198; Waddington, *Fastes des Provinces Asiatiques*, p. 731.

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early, place in the list. These facts may be taken for what they are worth. In a work, which contains such a multiplicity of details as Pliny's "Natural History," we should not be justified in laying too much stress on coincidences of this kind.

From the Sergius Paulus of Luke the physician we turn to the Sergius Paulus of Galen the physician. Soon after the accession of M. Aurelius (A.D. 161) Galen paid his first visit to Rome, where he stayed for three or four years. Among other persons whom he met there was L. Sergius Paulus, who had been already *consul suffectus* about A.D. 150, and was hereafter to be consul for the second time in A.D. 168 (on this latter occasion as the regular consul of the year), after which time he held the prefecture of the city.* He is probably also the same person who is mentioned elsewhere as proconsul of Asia in connection with a Christian martyrdom.† This later Sergius Paulus reproduces many features of his earlier namesake. Both alike are public men; both alike are proconsuls; both alike show an inquisitive and acquisitive disposition. The Sergius Paulus of the Acts, dissatisfied (as we may suppose) alike with the coarse mythology of popular religion and with the lifeless precepts of abstract philosophies, has recourse first to the magic of the sorcerer Elymas, and then to the theology of the apostles Barnabas and Saul, for satisfaction. The Sergius Paulus of Galen is described as "holding the foremost place in practical life as well as in philosophical studies;" he is especially mentioned as a student of the Aristotelian philosophy; and he takes a very keen interest in medical and anatomical learning. Moreover, if we may trust the reading, there is another striking coincidence between the two accounts. The same expression, "who is also Paul" (*ὁ καὶ Παῦλος*), is used to describe Saul of Tarsus in the context of the Acts, and L. Sergius in the account of Galen. Not the wildest venture of criticism could so trample on chronology as to maintain that the author of the Acts borrowed from these treatises of Galen; and conversely I have no desire to suggest that Galen borrowed from St. Luke. But if so, the facts are a warning against certain methods of criticism which find favor in this age. To sober critics, the coincidence will merely furnish an additional illustration of the permanence of type which forms so striking a feature in the great Roman families. One other remark is suggested by Galen's notices of his friend. Having introduced him to us as "Sergius who is also Paulus," he drops the former name altogether in the subsequent narrative, and speaks of him again and again as Paulus simply. This illustrates the newly-published Cyprian inscription, in which the proconsul of that province is designated by the one name Paulus only.

2. The transition from General Cesnola's "Cyprus" to Mr. Wood's "Ephesus" carries us forward from the first to the third missionary journey of St. Paul. Here again, we have illustrative matter of some importance. The main feature in the narrative of the Acts is the manner in which the cultus of the Ephesian Artemis dominates the incidents of the apostle's sojourn in that city. As an illustration of this feature, it would hardly be possible to surpass one of the inscriptions in the existing collection.* We seem to be reading a running commentary on the excited appeal of Demetrius the silversmith, when we are informed that "not only in this city but everywhere temples are dedicated to the goddess, and statues erected and altars consecrated to her, on account of the manifest epiphanies which she vouchsafes" (*τὰς ὑπ' αὐτῆς γεινομένας ἐναργεῖς ἐπιφανείας*); that "the greatest proof of the reverence paid to her is the fact that a month bears her name, being called Artemision among ourselves, and Artemisius among the Macedonians and the other nations of Greece

* This person is twice mentioned by Galen, *De Anat. Admin.*, i. 1 (*Op.* ii., p. 218, Kühn): *τοῦδε τοῦ νῦν ἐπάρχου τῆς Ῥωμαίων πόλεως, ἀνδρὸς τὰ πάντα πρωτεύοντος ἔργοις τε καὶ λόγοις τοῖς ἐν φιλοσοφία, Σεργίου Παύλου ὑπάτου*: *De Prænot.* 2 (*Op.* ii., p. 612), *ἀφίκοντο Σέργιός τε ὁ καὶ Παῦλος, ὃς οὐ μετὰ πολὺν χρόνον ὕπαρχος* (l. *ἔπαρχος*) *ἐγένετο τῆς πόλεως, καὶ Φλάβιος, ὑπατικὸς μὲν ὢν ἤδη καὶ αὐτὸς, ἐσπευκὼς δὲ περὶ τὴν Ἀριστοτέλους φιλοσοφίαν, ὥσπερ καὶ ὁ Παῦλος, ὡῖς διηγησάμενος, κ. τ. λ.* In this latter passage the words stand *Σέργιός τε καὶ ὁ Παῦλος* in Kühn and other earlier printed editions which I have consulted, but they are quoted *Σέργιός τε ὁ καὶ Παῦλος* by Wetstein and others. I do not know on what authority this latter reading rests, but the change in order is absolutely necessary for the sense; for (1) in this passage nothing more is said about Sergius as distinct from Paulus, whereas Paulus is again and again mentioned, so that plainly one person alone is intended (2) in the parallel passage Sergius Paulus is mentioned, and the same description is given of him as of Paulus here. The alternative would be to omit *καὶ ὁ* altogether, as the passage is tacitly quoted in Borghesi, *Œuvres*, viii., p. 504.

† Melito in Euseb., *H. E.*, iv. 26: see Waddington, *Fastes des Provinces Asiatiques*, p. 731.

* Boeckh, *Corp. Inscr. Græc.*, 2954. The first sentence which I have quoted is slightly mutilated; but the sense is clear. The document bears only too close a resemblance to the utterances of Lourdes in our own day.

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and their respective cities;" that during this month "solemn assemblies and religious festivals are held, and more especially in this our city, which is the nurse of its own Ephesian goddess" (τῇ τροφῷ τῆς ἰδίας θεοῦ τῆς 'Εφεσίας); and that therefore "the people of the Ephesians, considering it meet that the whole of this month which bears the divine name (τὸν ἐπώνυμον τοῦ θείου ὀνόματος) should be kept holy, and dedicated to the goddess," had decreed accordingly. "For so," concludes this remarkable document, "the cultus being set on a better footing, our city will continue to grow in glory and to be prosperous to all time." The sense of special proprietorship in this goddess of world-wide fame, which pervades the narrative in the Acts, could not be better illustrated than by this decree. But still the newly-published inscriptions greatly enhance the effect. The patron deity not only appears in these as "the great goddess Artemis," as in the Acts, but sometimes she is styled "the supremely great goddess (ἡ μεγίστη θεός) Artemis." To her favor all men are indebted for all their choicest possessions. She has not only her priestesses, but her temple-curators, her essenes, her divines (θεολόγοι), her choristers (ὑμνωδοί) her vergers (σκηπτοῦχοι), her tirewomen or dressers (κοσμητεῖραι), and even her "acrobats," whatever may be meant by some of these terms. Fines are allocated to provide adornments for her; endowments are given for the cleaning and custody of her images; decrees are issued for the public exhibition of her treasures. Her birthday is again and again mentioned. She is seen and heard everywhere. She is hardly more at home in her own sanctuary than in the great theatre. This last-mentioned place — the scene of the tumult in the Acts — is brought vividly before our eyes in Mr. Wood's inscriptions. The theatre appears as the recognized place of public assembly. Here edicts are proclaimed, and decrees recorded, and benefactors crowned. When the mob, under the leadership of Demetrius, gathered here for their demonstration against St. Paul and his companions, they would find themselves surrounded by memorials which might stimulate their zeal for the goddess. If the "town-clerk" had desired to make good his assertion, "What man is there that knoweth not that the city of the Ephesians is sacristan of the great goddess Artemis?" he had only to point to the inscriptions which lined the theatre for confirmation. The very stones would have cried out from the walls in response to his appeal.

Nor is the illustration of the magistracies which are named by St. Luke less complete. Three distinct officers are mentioned in the narrative — the Roman proconsul (ἀνθύπατος), the governor of the province and supreme administrator of the law, translated "deputy" in our version; the recorder (γραμματεύς) or chief magistrate of the city itself, translated "town-clerk;" and the Asiarchs ('Ασιαρχαί), or presidents of the games and of other religious ceremonials, translated "the chief of Asia." All these appear again and again in the newly-discovered inscriptions. Sometimes two of the three magistracies will be mentioned on the same stone. Sometimes the same person will unite in himself the two offices of recorder and Asiarch, either simultaneously or not. The mention of the recorder is especially frequent. His name is employed to authenticate every decree and to fix every date.

But besides these more general illustrations of the account in the Acts, the newly-discovered inscriptions throw light on some special points in the narrative. Thus, where the chief magistrate pronounces St. Paul and his companions to be "neither sacrilegious (ἱεροσύλους) nor blasphemers of our goddess,"* we discover a special emphasis in the term on finding from these inscriptions that certain offences (owing to the mutilation of the stone, we are unable to determine the special offences) were treated as *constructive* sacrilege against the goddess. "Let it be regarded as sacrilege and impiety" (ἔστο ἱεροσυλία καὶ ἀσέβεια), says an inscription found in this very theatre,† though not yet set up at the time when the "town-clerk" spoke. So again, where the same speaker describes the city of Ephesus as the *neocoros*, the "temple-sweeper" or "sacristan of the great goddess Artemis," we find in these inscriptions for the first time a direct example of this term so applied. Though the term *neocoros* in itself is capable of general application, yet as a matter of fact, when used of Ephesus on coins and inscriptions (as commonly in the case of other Asiatic cities), it has reference to the cultus not of the patron deity, but of the Roman emperors. In this sense Ephesus is described as "twice" or "thrice sacristan," as the case may be,

* Acts xix. 37, where ἱεροσύλους is oddly translated "robbers of churches."

† *Inscr.* vi. 1, p. 14.

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the term being used absolutely. There was indeed every probability that the same term would be employed also to describe the relation of the city to Artemis. By a plausible but highly precarious conjecture it had been introduced into the lacuna of a mutilated inscription.* By a highly probable but not certain interpretation it had been elicited from the legend on a coin.† There were analogies too which supported it. Thus the Magnesians are styled on the coins "sacristans of Artemis;" ‡ and at Ephesus itself an individual priest is designated by the same term "sacristan of Artemis." § Nor did it seem unlikely that a city which styled itself "the nurse of Artemis" should also claim the less audacious title of "sacristan" to this same goddess. Still probability is not certainty; and (so far as I am aware) no direct example was forthcoming. Mr. Wood's inscriptions supply this defect. On one of these "the city of the Ephesians" is described as "twice sacristan of the Augusti according to the decrees of the Senate and sacristan of Artemis." ‖

One other special coincidence deserves notice. The recorder, desirous of pacifying the tumult, appeals to the recognized forms of law. "If Demetrius and his fellow-craftsmen," he says, "have a matter against any one, assizes are held, and there are proconsuls.¶ Let them indict one another. But if you have any further question (*i.e.*, one which does not fall within the province of the courts of justice), it shall be settled in the lawful (regular) assembly." By a "lawful (regular) assembly" (*ἔννομος ἐκκλησία*) he means one of those which were held on stated days already predetermined by the law, as opposed to those which were called together on special emergencies out of the ordinary course, though in another sense these latter might be equally "lawful." An inscription, found in this very theatre in which the words were uttered, illustrates this technical sense of "lawful." It provides that a certain silver image of Athene shall be brought and "set at every lawful (regular) assembly (*κατὰ πᾶσαν νόμιμον ἐκκλησίαν*) above the bench where the boys sit." *

With these facts in view, we are justified in saying that ancient literature has preserved no picture of the Ephesus of imperial times — the Ephesus which has been unearthed by the sagacity and perseverance of Mr. Wood — comparable for its lifelike truthfulness to the narrative of St. Paul's sojourn there in the Acts.

I am tempted to add one other illustration of an ancient Christian writer, which these inscriptions furnish. Ignatius, writing to the Ephesians from Smyrna in the early years of the second century, borrows an image from the sacred pageant of some heathen deity, where the statues, sacred vessels, and other treasures of the temple are borne in solemn procession. He tells his Christian readers that they all are marching in festive pomp along the *via sacra* — the way of love — which leads to God; they all are bearers of treasures committed to them,— for they carry their God, their Christ, their shrine, their sacred things in their heart.† The image was not new. It is found in Stoic writers. It underlies the surname Theophorus, the "God-bearer," which Ignatius himself adopted. But he had in his company several Ephesian delegates when he wrote; and the newly-discovered inscriptions inform us that the practice which supplies the metaphor had received a fresh impulse at Ephesus shortly before this letter was written. The most important inscriptions in Mr. Wood's collection relate to a gift of numerous valuable statues, images, and other treasures to the temple of Artemis, by one C. Vibius Salutaris, with an endowment for their custody. In one of these (dated A.D. 104) it is ordained that the treasures so given shall be carried in solemn procession from the temple to the theatre and back "at every meeting of the assembly, and at the gymnastic contests, and on the other days that may be directed by the council and the people." Orders are given respecting the persons forming the procession, as well as respecting its route. It must pass through the length of the city, entering by the Magnesian Gate and leaving by the Coressian.‡

* Boeckh, *Corp. Inscr.*, 2972, *τ[οῖς νεωκόρων τῶν Σεβαστῶν μόνω]ν ἁπα[σῶν] δέ τῆς* Αρτέμιδος.

† Eckhel, *Doctr. Num.* ii., p. 520. The legend is— ΕΦΕΣΙΩΝ · ΤΡΙΣ · ΝΕΩΚΟΡΩΝ · ΚΑΙ · ΤΗΣ · ΑΡΤΕΜΙΔΟΣ.

‡ Mionnet, iii., p. 153, *Suppl.* vi., pp. 245, 247, 250, 253.

§ Xen., *Anab.* v. 3, 6.

‖ *Inscr.* vi. 6, p. 50.

¶ Acts xix. 38, *ἀγόραιοι* [sc. *ἡμέραι*] *ἄγονται καὶ ἀνθύπατοί εἰσιν*, translated "the law is open, and there are deputies," in the Authorized Version, but the margin, "the court days are kept," gives the right sense of the first clause. In the second clause "proconsuls" is a rhetorical plural, just as, *e.g*, in Euripides (*Iph. Taur.* 1359) Orestes and Pylades are upbraided for "stealing from the land its images and priestesses" (*κλέπτοντες ἐκ γῆς ξόανα καὶ θυηπολούς*), though there was only one image and one priestess.

* *Inscr.* vi. 1, p. 38.

† Ignat. *Ephes.* 9.

‡ *Inscr.* vi. 1., p. 42.

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From All The Year Round.

THE HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET.

CHAPTER I.

It was the narrowest street imaginable, a mere flagged passage indeed, protected by little posts and chains from suspicion even of being anything so vulgar as a thoroughfare; and opening into one of those quaint old Bloomsbury squares at one end, and a quainter old crescent at the other. There was a church at the corner, old too, with a square Gothic tower, built in grey stone, green with damp, and black with age and soot, and abutting directly on the pavement, without any intervening space of grass or gravel to give it dignity and seclusion. The house stood close beside it, a little back in the shadow of the big tower, and divided from the sidewalk by a flight of stone steps and an iron railing; a tall, narrow, dark-red building of the time of Queen Anne, with a ponderous brazen knocker, and a couple of antiquated iron extinguishers, set at either side of the gateway: extinguishers which the link-boys were wont to use to quench their flaring torches, in the old days, after their mistress had emerged, powdered and hooped, and with dainty patches set cunningly on cheek and chin, from the sedan-chair which had borne her to a night's festivity at Ranelagh or Vauxhall; and had been handed by her brocaded and bagwigged lord up the tall flight of steps aforementioned.

I wonder was ever a damsel among those high-heeled and delicate-featured belles of the eighteenth century, one-tenth part as lovely as she who reigned in the old red house when I lived over the way? Ah me! how often I have sat and watched her, doing nothing, thinking nothing, only taking in the mere sight of her grace and beauty, as if they were rest and refreshment to the wearied mind and worn-out body!

I was only a London surgeon, a plain, middle-aged bachelor, with a large practice, and a big, dingy house, facing the old, red-brick tenement over the way; a house in which I snatched my hasty hours of rest, and devoured hurried meals, and saw servant girls and other impecunious patients for a couple of hours in the morning; but which had never been sanctified by a woman's loving smile, or gladdened by the patter of baby feet; or made beautiful by the flowers, and needlework, and thousand and one trifles which make even the homeliest "home" so different from the mere house in which a man lives. The house across the street was of far more interest to me than my own.

I suppose Miss Robarts must have been about one-and-twenty when she and her father first came to live there. She attracted my attention at once, a tall, slim, delicate-looking girl, chiefly noticeable for the languor of bearing and movement, in contrast to the noble lines of her face and form, as she sallied out of a morning to early service at the grey old church; the bloomy whiteness of her cheek showing whiter near her plain black dress and the red edges of her big prayer-book. The book seemed too heavy for the slender fingers which carried it. Doctors notice these things, you see; but I am glad to think I began to take an interest in her, even then.

The interest grew, however, even when the cause for it was gone; for, before many months, I saw that the sweet face, with its crown of nut-brown hair, looking out over a fence of mignonette for her father's return of an evening, had gained a delicate rose-tint, which showed brighter for the olive-green background of the heavy window-curtains, against which her small head took a golden tinge.

I think her father was very fond of her. He was a thin, stiff-looking, white-haired man, and used to scold her sometimes for coming out into the evening air with nothing on her head, when she met him at the door in the summer twilight; and sometimes I could hear his voice sounding sharp and peevish, as he sallied forth to business of a morning. But you could not see his face when he came out with her on his arm on Sunday, or the way in which he glared at any man bold enough to lift his eyes to her, without telling in a moment that she was the very pride and joy of his heart.

I don't know when I first began to watch for my fair neighbor, and note her doings. You see I had not much to amuse me in my own home, and gradually I grew to know her habits so well, that it would have made any one laugh to see how I watched for bright spring or summer mornings; for then I knew she would come out on a little piece of leads between their house and the body of the church, which she had cleverly converted into a garden for herself. I believe that in reality it was the roof of the vestry, but she gained access to it by a staircase window and a couple of steps; and there of an early morning I used to see her, her tall figure outlined against an oblong patch of pale blue sky, great coarse

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red pots of yellow daffodils and big purple flags about her feet, sometimes her head thrown back and her arms lifted, the wind blowing little soft locks about her brow, and ruffling the drapery of her simple morning gown, as she nailed some truant bough of Virginia creeper back against the dingy red-brick wall where she had trained it; sometimes standing with bent head, and beautiful white hands clasped round a pot of tall white narcissus, drinking in the sweetness and fragrance with a delight which never guessed at possible onlookers. Now and then, too, a long, slanting ray of sunlight would steal out across the house-tops, and fall athwart her pretty head and the yellow daffodils about her feet; or a great clang of bells would burst from the clustered grey pinnacles of the old church-tower overhead, startling a whole cloud of sparrows from their nests in grimly leering gargoyles, or floriated niches, into the blue expanse above; and all the while the roar of the great thoroughfares beyond could be heard, like the muffled beatings of a mighty heart, pulsing over grey house-roofs and church-towers and the vivid green glimmer of trees in the old square at the corner — a ceaseless echo of all the toil, and pain, and sin, and turmoil seething ever higher and higher in the great city beyond.

That brief morning vision was like a little poem to me; but it was not only then that I saw her.

The Robartses had a custom, unlike most Londoners, of not drawing down their parlor blinds or shutting the shutters till bedtime. Perhaps they had lived in the country, where people are not so anxious to shut out the sweet blue night and stars. Any way, it was a habit of theirs; and I, sitting in the old armchair in my dusky parlor over the way, and often too tired after a long day's toil even to read, used to find quite a home-like reflection in the warm glow of the parlor-window opposite — the old man's white hair and her white dress gleaming out against the dull green walls, the glimmer of gold from the picture-frames, and her head bent over the keys of the tall ebony harmonium, with the orange light from the fire making a warm aureole about it, till the grand notes of the instrument, subdued by distance, and mingling with her voice, poured out in Schubert's matchless "*Addio*," or the grander cadence of a "*Credo*" by Mozart. At those times I was glad to shut my eyes and listen only — listen till the music and the glow and the gold-green brightness about the two heads grew into one harmonious whole, and became in my fancy a part of me; as though it were my room that held them, and she were in it singing to me. I wonder if it would have angered her if she had known; but she never did. I never even saw her glance across the way.

At last I came to know her.

They had been living nearly five years in the old red house, when one day Mr. Robarts was taken suddenly ill. It was a kind of fit; and in their anxiety to get the nearest assistance they sent across to me. Of course I went, and it was Magdalen who met me in the hall, put her hand in mine, and saying: "Thank you for coming; my father is very ill, and our doctor is away on the Continent," led me straight up-stairs to the room where the old gentleman was lying insensible.

By the time I came down again he was not only conscious, but declaring himself so much better that, if I had not absolutely forbidden it, he would have dressed and gone out as usual. There were grateful tears in Magdalen's eyes when she thanked me this time; and, sweet as her voice had sounded when it floated across the street in Schubert and Mozart, I never thought the low, rich tones half so full of melody as now when I heard them speaking — as in my dreams I had sometimes fancied them speaking — to me. It went to my heart to chill her gratitude by bad news, but truth must out where health is in question, and I had to tell her that I was afraid her father would not be quite well for some time yet; and to ask if his medical man would be long away.

"I don't know — months perhaps. He was very ill himself when he went. Doctor, do you mean that there is anything the matter with papa — anything more than weakness and this hot weather?"

There was such a look of appeal in her eyes that involuntarily I laid my hand on hers, as if I were soothing a child.

"You know there must always be some cause for weakness when a man is not naturally feeble, my dear young lady; and even a little cause ought to be taken in time to prevent its getting greater. I don't think there is any reason for you to be frightened about him, but he ought to have advice, and the sooner the better."

That evening I got a note from Mr. Robarts asking me to call on him on the following morning, and adding, —

"My own doctor is away, as you know. I detest his partner, and put no faith in bigwigs. If you think you can put me to rights, I shall be very glad."

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I sent word that I would do as he wished; and from that day no other person attended him till his death. He had an internal malady, which had grown by neglect into even graver proportions than I had at first supposed. It was that which made him irritable and captious, and inclined at times to tyrannize even over the one being he loved, his only child; but he was quite aware of it, and in his better moments would tell me: "I am afraid pain makes me testy, doctor. I was harsh with Magdalen when you were here yesterday; but she's a good girl, a very good girl. She loves her old father, and never gives him back a sharp word or sour look."

And I don't believe she ever did. We were good friends now, and I saw her often and in many moods — sad, and gay, and playful, and dreamy — but never with a frown on the smooth, fair brow or bitter words on the lips.

Yet she had known trouble in her life, and had been crossed in her dearest wishes by the old man to whom she devoted her life. He told me all about it one evening, when, Magdalen having gone to the opera with a friend, I was playing piquet with him in her stead.

The talk had turned upon her. I don't think the tea was strong enough, and he began to grumble at her absence. I thought of the various sorts of tea — cold, smoky, and flavorless — with which my cook was in the habit of favoring me, and asked him what he would do when she was married, adding, with an absurd anxiety for the answer which even struck myself, that I supposed he did not expect to keep her long with him. He looked up from his cards, frowning.

"What do you mean, doctor? You don't think —— But pshaw! She sees no one here who would take her fancy; and the old affair was over long ago. I don't believe she even remembers it now. Come, you doctors have a way of looking into people's feelings through their faces. Don't you think she looks as well and happy as any girl you know?"

"Quite happy and very well," I answered decidedly, and he smiled. My words evidently pleased him.

"Ha! so I say. I am glad you agree with me, for it's all owing to me. She wouldn't have looked well or happy if she had married some ne'er-do-well who would have brought her to beggary, and run away from her in a twelvemonth. Eh, what do you think?"

"I think such a fate would have killed her. Was there ever — any chance of it?"

It was not a fair question, and I hesitated before putting it. The old man only laughed, however.

"Chance! It was touch and go. She wasn't twenty-one, when a fellow, a younger son with a heap of debts at his back, and not a farthing to bless himself with, fell in love with her, and succeeded in entrapping her into a promise. I was away at the time; and, unfortunately, her letter enclosing one from him missed me; and she interpreted something in the next I wrote her into consent; and positively considered herself engaged to the scamp. Egad! I promise you the engagement didn't last long after I returned! She was under age, so that I could have claimed her obedience, anyhow; but my Magdalen's a good girl, and I had been father and mother both to her since my poor wife's death. She didn't need to be forced into her duty; and, as to the young adventurer, I warrant you I didn't waste soft words on him, when I showed him to the door. He begged hard for a last interview; but I said: 'No, you've made my child unhappy enough as it is. I won't have you make her more so;' and I didn't."

"Then that was the end of it? They never met again?"

"Never. I took her away next day; and, though he wrote to her on the following one, I thought it was one of those cases where a father has a right to exercise his discretion. The letter is there now," nodding his head to a tall escritoire in the corner of the room. "I'm an honorable man, and I never even opened it. I daresay it's full of ranting and love-sick vows; but they'll do no harm there, and as for Magdalen — look at her!"

Yes, she was very calm and fair to look at. Yet, with the glad feeling that it was so, and that the girlish love of six years back was, as the old man said, a dream scarcely remembered, I could not repress a shudder at the pitiless way in which it had been stamped out, and an emotion of pity for the poor boy, who for a few days had thought to possess a treasure, which, in that moment, I knew it would have been death to me to lose. And she? Up in my mind rose a vision of her as I had first seen her, frail and white, with drooping head and languid step. Surely she too must have suffered; but, at least, it was over now — and, doubtless, it was for her happiness. From my heart — a heart still aching from the discovery of how precious

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she was to me — I hoped that it might be so. Mr. Robarts took up his cards again with a serene air.

"I hardly think Magdalen will marry," he said cheerfully. "She is difficult, very difficult to please; and, as you see, she loves me, and is quite happy in her home. Perhaps, when I am gone indeed . . . but it is your lead, I think?" and he returned to the game with renewed interest.

"A man habituated to selfishness," I said to myself; but I had no right to pursue the subject, and there it might have rested forever if an incident had not recalled it. I had promised to lend Magdalen a book she wanted, and on the evening following this I went across the street to give it her, and, hearing she was in the dining-room, passed in there unannounced. The next moment, however, I was sorry that I had done so, for, to my great surprise and distress, I found her crying.

Of course she started up at my entrance, brushing the tears from her eyes, and I don't know which of us felt most embarrassment. I fear I showed mine and the concern I felt very visibly; for she recovered herself almost at once, and there was something so sweet and gracious in the way in which she received my bungling apology, seeming to put her own annoyance completely out of sight in the effort to set me at ease, that I was surprised when, just as I was leaving, she stopped me by saying with more girlish agitation than I had ever seen in her, and yet with a frank dignity which always seemed a part of her nature, —

"Dr. Elliot, you were surprised to find me crying just now; but I am not in any trouble. You look so sorry that I must tell you so."

I suppose I did not look satisfied; for she tried to smile and came nearer, leaning her clasped hands on the table.

"You were speaking last night to papa about my marrying. He was not so well this morning, and — and the idea fretted him. Pray do not do so again, ever. I do not mean to marry. He wants me. He could not do without me; and he is right in what he told you. I am quite happy, perfectly happy, and contented here with him — happier than I could be with any one or anywhere else."

"You are young to say that, my dear," I said gently.

You see I was past forty, an old man compared to her; and the tears in her eyes made me feel more tenderly to her.

"I am not too young to know what is right and good for me," she answered. "My father has only me in the world, and I ——" Her eyes wandered out to the green-blue of the twilight sky, and fixed themselves there with a strange, wistful look, as if she were appealing to some one far, far away. There was a little cheap ring on the third finger of her left hand. She covered it gently with the other, stroking it backwards and forwards softly. "How could I have had any happiness apart from his? And he has been so tender to me always. Other girls have mothers; but I — the study of his life has been that I should not miss mine. Think what it would be to him now to miss me! And pray, pray, never say anything to him to make him fear that he will."

"My dear," I said again, "you may trust me. Your father has a good daughter. I hope Heaven will bless her."

I hardly thought she heard me, for her eyes were still fixed on the sky in that far-away gaze; only, after a moment, a grave sweet smile came into them, and she held out her hand to me, saying, —

"Thank you, doctor; I do trust you already. Indeed, I think you are one of the best friends I have." And then she added, with a little laugh, as if trying to shake off the least remains of her sadness: "It seems strange that we should have grown to know each other so well after only six months' acquaintance, when for five years we have been living with only this narrow street between us, and never even dreaming of each other's existence. Why, the one thing I knew of your house was that it had a brass plate on the door, and I don't once recollect taking the trouble to look across, or to ask whether it belonged to a doctor or a dancing-mistress, until the day papa had that fit."

Not once! And all those five years her house had been the one home-spot in my toilsome life! Yet, after all, it was only natural. What was there on my side of the way? An ugly, middle-aged man and a dingy house. It was she who made her side what it was to me. For the rest, I was content enough at learning from her own lips that she was as happy as she looked, and would not change her lot for that which had once been offered her, if she had had the opportunity.

"Poor lad! But I daresay he, too, has consoled himself," I said to myself as I went away.

CHAPTER II.

It was early spring. There was a soft, balmy feeling in the air. The bare branch-

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es of the almond-trees were dotted over with tiny, rose-colored buds, a few brave primroses were thrusting up their pale yellow blossoms out of the dark-brown mould. Women were crying "Hyacinths!" in the street, and tempting passers-by with baskets heaped with their tall odorous clumps of white and pink and creamy bells. There were birds twittering in the square, and a stir of new life and freshness all through the world; but Mr. Robarts was not so well. He had been confined to the house for several days; and I went over to sit with him one afternoon, so that Magdalen might get out for a little fresh air.

"You won't leave him till I do come back," she said, lingering even after her bonnet was on. "Promise me, doctor. He is so disobedient to orders that he is not to be trusted by himself; but if you ——"

"Yes," I said, "I will stay, don't be afraid. I can promise you that or — anything else that you ask." The exceeding loveliness of her face had struck me even more that day than usual. I could not take my eyes off it till she was gone; and then, as I turned back to her father, I met his fixed on me. They were keen grey eyes; and in their hard scrutiny I read that which told me without any words that something in my face or tone had betrayed me, and that my secret was no longer my own. Well, I had naught to be ashamed of, and after the moment's shock I was man enough to meet his gaze fully and calmly. He was silent for a little; and then said, —

"I have just found out something. Do you know what it is, Dr. Elliot?"

"I think so. Isn't it that there are more fools in the world than you were aware of a few moments back? You have discovered that I care for your daughter. I have known it myself for some time back; but what does it matter? I hoped no one would ever guess it; and, after all, it is not my fault."

To my unutterable surprise he put out his hand to me, smiling.

"What is not your fault? To tell you the truth, I have once or twice before suspected your feelings for Magdalen; and I am glad you have owned it. You call it a folly, though. In what way?"

"Only that it is a folly for any man to stake his whole heart on something he has no hopes of winning."

"Hem! You are modest; or — may I ask if Magdalen has already convinced you of the hopelessness of your affection?"

"I have never so much as hinted at its existence to her. I should have thought you knew me well enough for that, Mr. Robarts. Indeed, I fancied that you ——"

"Wouldn't have heard of it? Well, to be frank with you, when the idea first flashed across my mind, it did startle me; but I have thought over it since then; and I don't mind telling you that, if I were to give my child to any man, I would rather it were you than another."

I was struck dumb with astonishment. He smiled again and went on.

"It is simply this — I know you. You are an honorable and kind-hearted man. I believe you are in a position to keep her in the style she has been accustomed to; and also that, if she were your wife, you would be good and faithful to her. Am I right, or not?"

I rose and answered —— Well, well, what do the words matter now? But I must have made my meaning plain at any rate; for he pressed my hand kindly.

"There! you are a good fellow, doctor, and I believe you. There is one stipulation, however, which I must make. Will you agree to it?"

"You have been so wonderfully generous to me, Mr. Robarts, it would be hard if I did not agree to anything you asked."

"Don't take my child from me, then. I have a fancy I am not here for very long; but I could not live without her. You will promise me."

I knew she would not have left him; but I promised notwithstanding.

"Thank you; and — don't say anything to her yet awhile. I do not believe that she cares for you at present, or guesses at your caring for her, or I would not ask it; but overhastiness might only upset her peace and damage your own cause. Leave her alone for a while."

I assented; and meanwhile I will tell you what I did. I set to work to beautify and refurnish my ugly old house from garret to cellar; and I got together pictures, and old china, and quaint brasses, and I cunningly persuaded Magdalen — old Robarts laughing in his sleeve at us all the while — that I had little taste and less time of my own for such things; and so won her to lend me hers in the choice of nearly all I purchased; being wishful that they should be all according to her own taste, so that the home, to which one day I hoped to bring my darling, should not repel her by its unlikeness to that she left. I remember her saying to me one day that she should quite look on it as her house when it was finished; and I hardly know wheth-

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er the words gave me most pain or pleasure. Would she have said it if there had been any feeling in her heart akin to that in mine for her? And yet she took such a frank and eager interest in it all; and was so warmly cordial and trustful with me! I knew at least that she liked me, and how often is not liking only love's prelude? I had much secret doubt and fear and anxiety about that time; but I look back on it now, and know that I was very happy in it all the same.

The end came sooner than any of us expected. Mr. Robarts was taken suddenly worse one evening in early May. A succession of fainting fits followed; and though he rallied from them, it was only to pain too keen for his exhausted frame to bear. Before midday on the morrow he was dead; and Magdalen knelt weeping by the bed where a few moments back he had tried to clasp our two hands in his dying fingers, and had whispered in hoarse, gasping tones, —

"Take care of her, Elliot. I trust her to you. Magdalen, remember, I — leave — you — to his care."

Ah me! it was more than "care" that I longed to give her then, my poor darling, in the first hour of her desolation; but no one save an utterly self-engrossed coward would have spoken to her of love and marriage at such a time; and it was enough that she did not repel the affectionate authority which, for her own good, I felt bound to use to her; and submitted to be ruled and tended by me with a meek, childlike passivity which made her more than ever dear and precious to me.

"I will wait a week," I said to myself. "One week more, and then, after the funeral, I will speak to her. I do not think she will send me away," and I did not. There was something in the look of her eyes when she thanked me, in the clinging touch of her fingers when they rested in mine, which, through all sense of my unworthiness, made me hope at last.

Mr. Robarts had few relations, and no near or trusted ones. He had left a written request that I would take charge of his papers, burn all that were not of importance, and arrange the funeral and legal matters. It would spare Magdalen somewhat; and she was to write to an elderly cousin in Scotland, who had long ago agreed to come to her in the event of such a contingency; but her letter found the elderly cousin ill and unfit to travel for several days, and Magdalen would not go to her or leave the house till after the funeral; neither had I the heart to urge it.

"You are here, and you do all that I want, or that any one could do for me. I am much happier alone," she had said, with a pitiful quiver about her beautiful mouth; and I took her hands in mine and answered,—

"My dear, you shall do just as you like. If being alone is a comfort to you, no one shall disturb you," and certainly I did not. I had to be there every day on business; but very often I did not see her at all. I was busy with the papers I have mentioned; and she rarely left her own room. The little garden on the leads was gay with spring flowers, and the ivy was putting forth all its fresh green shoots; but she never went into it now, and it had lost all its beauty for me.

I was over at the house one evening turning out the old oak cabinet, where her father had once told me he kept most of his private letters. It was a wearisome task enough, for they had all to be looked through before being destroyed; but I was glad to do it, for I knew that many would have pained Magdalen sadly; and in course of time came to one, set aside in an old pocket-book by itself, and without an envelope. I had glanced through it and had seen the signature before I realized that it was not written to Mr. Robarts at all, but to his daughter, from one Guy Latham — the letter written by Magdalen's lover, which had never been suffered to reach her. I don't know much about love-letters, and I suppose this was not different to the generality; yet I felt that I would rather die than that she should see this, the passionate appeal of a young man desperately in love, and furious at the cruelty which had separated him from its object. "I know you love me," he wrote. "Be true to me; and neither time nor absence shall shake my fidelity. Your father has behaved like a brute and a tyrant to us; but only wait for me, my angel, till I can make a home for you, and we shall be happy in spite of him," and I, reading it, wondered whether, if she had seen it, she would have granted the prayer, and gone on waiting for him till then. It was a question which was very terrible to me, and I shut the cabinet, and sat down to ponder over the letter. The doubt was what I should do about it even now.

Her father had kept it from her, and had never intended it to reach her eyes. It had been written six years ago, when she was only a young girl. The young man had never been seen or heard of since. The probability was that he had

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long since forgotten her, and she — well, she had wept for him, and had dried her tears and grown happy again as she had been before he crossed her path. What earthly end could showing her this letter serve now, save to upset her peace of mind, add a cruel tinge of bitterness to her grief for her father, and perhaps stir up some morbid scruple as to her right to accept the new love which was waiting to be offered to her? I thought of it all night and all the next day, and in all ways and lights, but this was the result to which I invariably came; and in the end I resolved to abide by it. I did not destroy the letter, however; something within me made me averse to doing so; and I locked it up again with other papers which were to remain in my keeping.

The funeral was on the following day. Magdalen would go, though I tried to persuade her to the contrary, for it was a cold, raw day, and I was afraid for her health; but, though pale as death, she was very calm, and even at the graveside made no moan or crying; but stood there with locked hands and head a little bent, a tall, slender figure, all black from head to foot, cut out against the faint red color of an afternoon sky — a figure so solitary and pathetic in its voiceless bereavement, that it comes back to me even now with the longing I had then to take her in my arms, and so show her that love had not left her alone in the world after all.

"But to-morrow," I said to myself, as I put her and Cousin Jane, who had arrived in time for the ceremony, into the carriage. "Only till to-morrow! We shall both know then." Was it some mocking fiend which whispered to me that if she cared for me she would never have kept her face so steadily averted from mine, and answered me as briefly and coldly as I fancied she had done all that day — the day which saw the completion of the last services I could do for her? But what did it matter? I would have served her all my life long, even if I had known I could never have so much reward as a smile from her. Young men, when they make love, do it as they run and leap, for the prize they hope to win. With men of my age it is different. When we love a woman, it is not what we can get from her, but what we can do for her that we think about.

I went to see her on the following day. She was in the dining-room, the servant said, and alone; and there I found her. I had gone in unannounced, and I must have startled her, for a deep crimson spot came into her cheek as she rose to greet me, and I felt her hand tremble in mine. It had never done so before.

"I did not expect you," she said, a little formally. "It is kind of you to come, when I have been taking up so much of your time of late. Cousin Jane has only just gone up-stairs. I will ring for her," and she was reaching out her hand to the bell when I stopped her.

"Do not ring just yet," I said. "I have something I want to say to you first. Do you mind? It is not a good time, perhaps, but I will not keep you long, and I have waited ——" My voice was husky, and I broke off. I did not tell her how long I had waited. Her sweet, soft eyes met mine with a questioning glance. Somehow she must have guessed that it was no trifle I had come about, for her face had grown very white again; yet even then the trouble and yearning which I could not keep out of mine touched her. She answered very gently, —

"You may keep me as long as you like. Do you think I have forgotten what you were to papa, and that he left me to your care? What is it you want to say to me?"

She was still looking up at me. The late coldness which had so distressed me had quite gone from her manner. It was grave and full of trust. I had got my opportunity at last, and how did I use it? Why, I let go her hand, turned away from her sweet eyes, and, crossing the room, unlocked the oak cabinet in the corner, and took out Guy Latham's letter. I had decided that it ought never to be shown her. My mind was quite clear on the subject. My reason and my conscience were alike convinced, and —— Well, well, I daresay I am a blundering, inconsistent fellow; but I couldn't help it. I could not take advantage of an absent man when it came to the point, no, not even if I were to win Magdalen by so doing; and so I just put the letter in her hand and said, —

"I have something to show you first. I found this among your father's papers. It was written over six years ago; but he thought it better not to give it you then. You will not blame him even if he was wrong; for he meant it for your good. Do you know the handwriting?"

For the moment — one glad moment — I hardly thought she did; for she looked up at me, and then at the paper with a puzzled, wondering glance. Then I, looking on with what a sore-wrung heart no man can know, saw the blood suddenly rush up into her face, dyeing throat and cheeks and brow with one vivid crimson glow. Her lips parted with a quick, shiv-

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ering gasp, her great eyes dilated with a look half fierce, half tender and yearning; and then a cloud came over them, "there came a mist and a driving rain," and down came the tears in a blinding torrent, bowing the fair head, and shaking the slender figure, and blotting all the faded words with their passionate drops, as she hid her face above them, murmuring the name which I had read at the bottom of the letter; but which none had heard cross her lips for many a weary year.

"Guy! My Guy! Oh! why did I never see it!"

I said nothing. What could I say — ay, or do either, in such a case? When wife and home, and all that this world holds for a man has just been swept away by a mountain avalanche, it is not words that you expect from him. He may know that in that one moment his heart has broken; but what of that? Hearts break every day; and mine — even then the worst ache in it was to see her grief and be so impotent to heal it. Yes, that was the worst of it; that passion of sorrow told me that my hope was vain; I should never now have the right to comfort and protect her as I had prayed I might; and I turned my face away, and crushed my hands together with a stifled groan for the vanishing of my foolish dream.

It was she who recalled me. Far more quickly than I had thought for she checked her grief, brushing the tears from her eyes with the air of one long used to repression, and touched me half timidly on the arm, as though she feared I was displeased with her.

"I am so sorry," she said gently. "Dr. Elliot, I do not know what you are thinking of me; but it was the sudden shock; and it is so long since ——" Her voice broke, and her eyes wandered to the letter which her other hand held pressed gently against her bosom. "I loved him," she said, looking up at me again with a sweet simplicity that was above all disguise, "and we were parted. I do not blame my dear father; and it is all over now. I ought not to have given way so, and before you. What was it that you wanted to say to me?"

Wanted! Ah, but the want was past now. I too could have said, "It is all over," but looking at the gentle courage in her fair, pale face, I could not but be brave myself.

"Nothing of any importance," I answered, taking her hands in mine. It was to be for the last time; though she did not know it. "I had meant to ask you something; but it does not matter, and you have answered it, not knowing, already. Let me speak of this letter instead. You will know I did not mean to grieve you when I showed it you. What I want is to see you happy, my child. Only be frank with me; and do not forget that you are in my care. I will not fail you. You love this — this young man. Do you know if he is true to you; or where we can find him?"

The red firelight was on her face, but I saw it whiten through all the ruddy glow; and felt her hands tremble. Yet her pathetic eyes never wavered in their straightforward glance.

"Do you not know?" she said. "Dr. Elliot, you are very good. I never knew how good till to-day; but you cannot help me in the way you think. There is nothing now of Guy to find but his grave. He died five years ago, just before we came to this house."

"Died!" I must have said it; but it did not sound like my voice, and the room seemed reeling with me. "Yes," she said softly, the tears brimming up into her eyes again, "it was barely twelve months after — after papa sent him away. He went to Australia. The friends where we first met gave me news of him two or three times; but it was not good news — there was no good news to hear." Her lip quivered even now at the remembrance; but she went on. "I suppose papa was right; he was not steady, my poor Guy, and he grew less so after we parted. At first I hoped that my love might help him; for he knew I would be true and wait until he had got on, and won papa's consent. And papa was not unjust, doctor; he would have given it if —— Please do not mind my crying; but I can't talk about that time. I don't think my poor Guy could work or keep to anything for long, and I daresay he had many temptations; but oh! even when I heard it, I knew God had never been so merciful as when he took him away. Poor Guy is safe now. It is better so, far."

There was a dead silence in the room. Only the ashes fell with a soft rustling sound into the hearth, and the flames leaped up and threw a warm glare over the dim green walls, the slender figure in its black robes, and tender, wistful face. A little small rain was pattering against the window-pane; and in the corner of the room a great basket of hyacinths gave out a sweet, faint fragrance. Magdalen remembered herself with a start, and our eyes met.

"I have pained you," she said sorrowfully. "Dr. Elliot, I am so sorry. For-

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give me. Indeed, I never meant to do so. I who owe you so much, and would give so much to be able to repay you, even in the least, for all you have done for me."

"My dear," I answered, lifting her pretty, clinging fingers to my lips, "love does not want repaying. I love you, Magdalen. Did not your father tell you? There is only one thing you can do for me; but I would not have it, though it has been the one hope of my life all these years I have known you, except you can give it me freely — of your own will — my love."

And then I stopped for an answer. What it was I will not tell you. Only, if you think it wrong that she, so fair and beautiful, should have given herself to a dull, middle-aged man like me, I cannot say anything. She will tell you if she has ever repented it — she, my wife, and the mother of my children, sitting with her hand in mine while I say this.

And the house across the street has had other tenants for more than ten years now.

From Good Words.

HOW TO LIVE ON A REDUCED INCOME.

[This paper contains the experiences of an English lady reduced in circumstances, who with two daughters is residing in a town in the neighborhood of Paris. Although the circumstances in detail are applicable to English persons who have settled on the Continent, it is believed that *mutatis mutandis* they might be usefully considered by Englishmen or Englishwomen in like circumstances at home. — A. P. S.]

THE conditions of modern life are changing so rapidly that the old-fashioned notion of living respectably "all round" is being rudely shattered among us folk of small, or even moderate incomes, the increase of which does not correspond to the requirements of the day. In the struggle to keep even with the times one family drops one thing, one another, according to their several or individual gains, but we all leave some of our feathers on the road, and they bear testimony to the pace being too much for us. Here we see home comfort erected as the household god. The traditional three women-servants — cook, housemaid, and parlor-maid, with a background of invisible "boy," and "charwoman" on occasions, make the machinery of housekeeping work easily, and a friend or two may drop in at meal-time without giving the mistress of the house a care. But there would seem to be a veiled sort of narrow self-sufficiency in this all-inside life; there is no margin for anything else — no travelling, no outside interests — and life is materialized into "living by bread alone." In another house the family evaporate continually; the money is spent in dress and locomotion; and considered as a social investment, if the people are pleasant and amusing it may pay, and start all the sons and daughters in the world; but then the home is a myth, representing only a shifting scene of discomfort, out of which all the members are continually escaping as fast as they can. Others — the most sensible, perhaps — are all for intellectual, or artistic, or literary pursuits; but the mistake is, that you must on a limited income take from Peter to pay Paul. One stints on fire, one on attendance, one on table; but the contrivances are still behind the ever-increasing necessities, till we come to the families at the opposite pole, who have not even a hobby, and live in a scramble all round without compensation.

The fact is that, whatever way the money goes, ninety-nine families out of a hundred are living up to the extreme edge of their income — and often beyond it — trusting in that case to some happy chance to be able to square accounts. And wives look harassed and husbands are cross, and the children come to feel that they are considered specially, if not exclusively, as so many items of expenditure; and family love, and kindly feeling, and all home affections are battered about from post to pillar till they are pretty well knocked to pieces in the daily struggle to appear what we are not. How much more of all this is to be endured? The relief must soon come somehow or other — by fair means or by foul. The truth is, that the drones are being squeezed away out of modern life, and that we, the middle-class people with fixed incomes, which are diminishing yearly and becoming "small by degrees and beautifully less," are being cleared off from the body social as surely as the Maories out of New Zealand. There is no room at all for us in the new distribution of parts, and, as money is daily losing its value, those who will not work must starve, and the sooner we realize this fact the better for our children, whose inheritance is always tending to melt away like snowballs in a thaw. I being a woman write specially for women, and would earnestly implore all parents of what is conventionally called good position and moderate means to bring up their daughters, as they do their sons, to some honorable employment. Means of occupation for ladies are opening out on all sides, and corresponding channels of instruction and

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education are ready to their hands to prepare them for a career of honest work and usefulness. To me it appears to be positive cruelty in the face of increasing difficulties to leave girls helpless and incapable. But this is provision for the future, and meanwhile we require immediate relief in the present. It is to be found, I believe, in a more simple mode of life — in the not trying to keep up to the mark in one particular to the neglect of all the rest. Let us renounce at once the senseless struggle to appear richer than we are — this money pride — this Moloch on whose altar the well-being of so many families is offered up. It is the peculiar English weakness — the modern equivalent of the tax of blood on our scanty incomes. Let us shake it off bravely, fearlessly, and an untold relief will be the first and immediate consequence.

It is not a pleasant feeling to combine a sad consciousness of the incapacity to fight one's own battle in the world with the conviction that you are being "improved" off the surface of the earth on account of it, or, at least, as a consequence of it, and yet such is the fate of the greater number of us women who were educated under the old negative dispensation of the "Thou shalt not." That is, thou shalt not help thyself.

I have already said that we may ease ourselves in two ways — by making money, and by saving money. The former should be placed within the reach of the younger generation; the latter, which all, however, may practise, remains, I fear, the sole refuge of many of us in ripe middle age. It is at best but a transitory expedient; still it may do our day and see us through our time. It is, therefore, on "economy" that I would speak more especially to-day.

We often hear it said "You can live so much cheaper abroad;" but I doubt whether English families, even those who are accustomed to travel on the Continent, really know much about it. Circumstances have accelerated my descent personally, not merely by the sliding scale which is carrying us all along together more or less consciously, but with a sudden plunge, a small avalanche in private life, which has landed me from the moderate altitude of a cosy £500 a year down on an insecure ledge of £250, and I have thought it might not be without interest to show how "we do these things" abroad.

To begin with, there is the blessedness of "flats" instead of houses. Mine was rather small for my income, but being south (saving in fuel), pretty, healthy, and well situated, I had not cared to change, and so now can remain in it. We had two women-servants — equal to three in a house. These have been dispensed with, and I have in their place a woman who comes for three parts of the day. We now dine at one, and as soon as the washing-up is over, my *femme de journée* goes away, leaving the bright, cheery little kitchen free to us, if wanted. It is a notable economy not having a servant to sleep — in rent of sleeping-room, in washing, in house-linen, in lighting, and in warming. We consist of self and two daughters just growing up and still educating with a view to independence. I should mention that masters are paid for out of a small fund laid by for the purpose. Now to items: —

	£	s.	d.
Table (a month)	6	0	0
House expenses	6	0	0
Rent (unfurnished)	3	0	0
Clothes and private expenses	5	0	0
	£20	0	0

And we really do not live uncomfortably or discreditably, by which I mean that we do not in the slightest degree make our house a "pigsty" — an idea generally connected with tight quarters by those who enjoy plenty of room and attendance, and whom I am quite ready to challenge to a domiciliary visit — reciprocally! If travelling friends pass our way, we are ready to offer them lunch any day; and go the lengths of asking in a dozen or so friends of an evening sometimes for a cup of tea and music, and very good music too! Everything comes so handy in an apartment that "self-help" is scarcely apparent, and but a small infliction. Perhaps you would like to know how it all works and fits in. During these short winter days the servant does not come till seven, and as the breakfast is at eight, at that time it leaves a scanty margin. We help in the easy morning work, and as we still allow ourselves good light in an evening, I trim three small lamps, which we either unite on one table to work and read together or disperse at will. Breakfast consists of tea or milk, or some sort of porridge, as our tastes differ, bread and butter, and always a dish of raw fruit — just at present apples. Immediately afterwards I go down to the cellar, keys in hand, and give out so many logs of wood for the rooms and coals for the kitchen stove. The porter is enlisted for this service at the rate of five francs a month. It may be worth while to mention that a coal-scuttle full, weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds, is the allow-

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ance for two days, with two scuttles a week of "slack" to bank up the fire after dinner, which keeps up a gentle warmth and hot water in the boiler till quite into the night. Coals being here £2 5*s.* a ton, and wood almost dearer in proportion, fuel is a serious consideration. Gas is laid on in the kitchen, and we cook entirely by it in summer. In winter I keep one small furnace burning to boil water or cook one dish at the hours when the stove is not available. All *our* early work is done by nine; indeed, three times a week there is a master who comes at ten. At dinner we have, — vegetable soup, one of the many sorts so well made in France; one dish of meat (prime joint from best butcher); potatoes; one dish of dry and one dish of green vegetables dressed in the foreign way. Tea or supper at half past six or seven — for this meal we are left to our own devices — a dish of stewed fruit being always ready, to which we add rice-milk or stewed maccaroni or a blancmange turn-out. We often come home late, and so have nothing which takes much time, if hot. Cold things are done in the morning by the servant. Sometimes we have hot roast chestnuts from round the corner, and altogether the reform of no late dinner has been welcomed not unkindly. At this hour I cook, and the girls lay the cloth and take away. The dirty crockery is put into the pantry for poor "Smudgy," as we call her, to wash up next morning, and before half past seven we are settled in the drawing-room without a household care on our minds, feeling that the little apartment is spick and span in every nook and cranny.

Every other Monday — it used to be once a week — comes the *frotteur*, by "peep o' day;" the man who rubs and polishes the floors, or gives the rooms, carpeted in winter, a thorough good routing and sweeping, to the tune of half a franc a room. He puts up all my winter curtains for one franc, and cleans all my windows for another — which in this unsmoked atmosphere is only necessary twice a year. Needlework is kept in check by a workwoman who comes two days in the week, at the cost of two francs or less a day, not fed. One of her days is my "at home," and I thus have a tidy girl to answer the door. When we give a "tomasha," *i.e.* an evening party, she comes for the occasion, which costs me another franc. By eight o'clock tea and cakes are set out in the dining-room. We have thus our three rooms lighted up, the piano being at the opposite end, and my "parties" do not cost me more than five francs.

What I want to impress on my readers by all these particulars is that we do not, we need not, sacrifice all the graces and amenities of civilized and social life any more than intellectual pursuits. We *must* dress very plainly, but we have good patterns and are handy with our needle. We *cannot* afford any extra expenses, and must practise a good deal of self-denial in that respect, for sheer want of margin; but we are *not* compelled to adopt any habits repugnant to gentlefolk, or that we should wish to unlearn under better circumstances. How much of this plan of life would be possible in England I cannot judge, not having tried: but surely much might be done. To small parties we go on foot in summer, in winter in a cab; the cost, there and back, is 2*s.* 6*d.* For large parties we order, on rare occasions, a *remise* carriage — a large landau with two horses, very roomy inside and perfectly clean; five francs, both ways. Our porter goes a message all over the town for five sous.

Under the rather comprehensive item of "house," £6 a month, I include fuel, fifty francs; wages of servant, forty francs; *frotteur*, or the "trotter," as my English cook would insist on calling him all the five years she was with me, five francs; workwoman, eight or nine francs; porter, five francs; soap, oil, candles, gas, washing, general wear and tear, breakages, and that ever-encroaching list of unclassable nothings that go under no particular heading, that are the *enfants terribles* of housekeeping, and require a very firm hand.

As for postages and locomotion, they go on the private expense-book. The fact is I have never had such a wonderful array of little account-books, or dealt so much in figures, or divided and subdivided to such an extent, as since there has been so little to operate upon! And I do not mean to say that all is *couleur de rose*, and that things are always quite easy, or even pleasant. Human beings, drill as you will, are not machines; and yet we must submit to the most orderly and tidy habits, and to the most extreme exactitude, as every one's occupations dovetail one into the other, and any irregularity translates itself into mutual obstruction, and often into expense, the ultimate consideration of all. Indeed, if things were not made easy to her we should soon have "Smudgy" in a highly excited state of mind, throwing up her arms wildly, and exclaiming in no dulcet tones — more, however, in despair than in anger — that she cannot overtake the work. Now Catherine, commonly called "Smudgy," is a sort of character in her

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way — a legacy left me by the cook when we parted last year. She used to come in for odd jobs, and so learnt the ways of the house, and was altogether pleasanter to deal with than a stranger. "I assure you, ma'am," quoth cook, "you might go farther and fare worse than with Smudgy. I certainly do wish she would take more pride in herself, but that's just the worst that can be said about her. She is a good soul if you don't rough her, and speak kindly; and capital at cleaning, which many of them French are not; and she is daintily clean in her cooking, and really truly honest."

So Catherine was duly inducted into the cook's vacant place, but on her own express stipulation that she *must* have her evenings free to — go to school; and this she does with the utmost perseverance, notwithstanding that she is "fat, *dark*, and forty." She has a pleasant face, very soft pretty eyes, and a bright smile. There was a sort of winning *naïveté* in the way in which this stout rolly-poly woman said to me one day, "I was so pleased last night, I did not make a single fault in my dictation." Poor Catherine, why does she go about so unkempt? The coarse frieze peasant skirt, and woollen jacket hanging loosely from the shoulders, a capital working-dress, and which manages to look so thoroughly to the purpose, and yet tidy and appropriate on so many, seems to tell of neglect and want of honest pride in her, while her head is wild and bushy like that of a Shetland pony. The little I know of her past is but a shadowy outline. She was once in Algeria, as I learnt from the exclamation, "Oh, madame, always wash those little cheap figs! I have seen them prepared *en Afrique;* they powder them over with flour for it to look like the sugar come out in the drying, and altogether — it's better to wash them." She also made with me the bargain of one day free in the month to go to Paris "on business." She prepares the dinner for two days, and on the Paris morning only comes to do out the rooms, leaving us to warm up and serve, which makes it rather a black-letter day as far as we are concerned. I have found out that she goes to receive a monthly allowance, and that she has a boy educating somewhere, who is now twelve years old. And this information has given quite a new coloring to her desire to pick up a little instruction, her anxiety to have a little knowledge of things. It has appeared to me that she is possibly trying in her humble way to bridge over a chasm between herself and her child, that she may not be utterly abased before him. I respect her reticence, asking no questions; but to me it lends a touching pathos to the evening schooling. She is quiet and well-conducted enough now, poor thing! and I can fancy her steadied by that one pure and true love for a son who will perhaps be always far removed from her sphere. I have evolved a story out of these slight hints that he is being educated above her station, and that his father may be a sort of a gentleman intending his son to be on his own plane in life, which I have made up my mind probably is that of a small government *employé*, of which there are a good many thousands.

Left-handed connections are, alas! more than common in that world, because they are forbidden to marry under a certain *dot* or portion; the higher the grade the larger the sum. This is a wide and sore subject on which much might be said; for the present it is enough to state that, in consequence of these stringent requisitions, this whole class of men look upon such connections as perfectly justifiable. They may or may not end in marriage when the man takes his retirement and recovers his liberty. As a rule, the children are educated, and the father owns his responsibilities. I would fain have touched a tender corner in your heart for poor, willing, faithful "Smudgy," with her shock-head, soft, kindly eyes, and pleasant countenance, going after a hard day's work to her evening school to learn even as a little child. Poor she is not in the money sense of the word; like all the working-people in this country, she hoards penny upon penny, and then invests. She had an *obligation de la Ville de Paris* that was drawn with a premium the other day, on which occasion she, of course, took an extra jaunt into Paris to receive her money, which she re-invested forthwith; but she goes on toiling and moiling as if she possessed never a farthing. Surely the working-people, by which is understood the manual-labor class, have an enviable start of us, and are in more normal conditions of existence. That woman holds her livelihood in her own hand, and can earn her bread in a manner congenial to her habits and capacity. *We* ought to be able to do as much; failing which we stand at a clear disadvantage; and that is why some of our money goes to her direct, and none of anybody else comes to us through any exertion of our own. It is for this that our daughters must train to be workers in their sphere; it is the keystone to the arch of the nineteenth century. Let the young generation go forth on its way re-

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joicing in the new commandment, "Thou shalt" — in the glory of the affirmative principle which teaches that life is action, and that when we cease to *do* we begin to die. Let it abandon the leaky and sinking craft of idle poor gentility to join the goodly company of those who have realized that "work" in its noblest sense is our highest privilege — the most elevated point of contact of mortal humanity with the Divine: "My father worketh, and I work." All honor to the leaders of men, the great thinkers of the age, who elaborate the form in which it shall be cast, who mould or reflect the times. All honor to the workers above, and also to the workers below us, though they should join hands over our heads. Let those who can, make good their claim to enter the ranks on either side, and spring into renovated life and action. Let those who cannot, humbly bow their heads, and submit to their fate with, at least, the final and supreme grace of quiet dignity and patient resignation.

From The Examiner.

THE LETTER "H": A HISTORICAL CONJECTURE.

THE inquiring like the contented mind is a continual feast. It carries its banquet with it wherever it goes. But, though some problem or other, go where it will, is always offered to it, there is one set of problems which is always and everywhere suggested, except in solitude, namely, those afforded by the speech of others. Peculiarities of accent, curious grammatical constructions, the choice of words in different people, the cast of their sentences, the extension and intension, so to speak, of their style, from the vituperative volubility of an Irishwoman at Seven Dials to the laconic conciseness of the English laborer to whom the whole world is wrapped up in one highly-colored epithet, all furnish food for meditation.

Our Teuton ancestors, when they crossed the sea from Germany and settled in England, brought with them the same habit of aspiration which is common to the whole Teutonic stock; and, had they been suffered to live on unmolested in the lands which they had conquered from the Celts who went before them, the letter "H" would be this day as much respected on the banks of the Thames as it is at Washington and Leipzig. But fate willed otherwise. And if ever the truth of the maxim that evil communications corrupt good manners has received a solemn, indeed one may say a world-historical confirmation, it is in the process by which the slighting of the letter in question was introduced into this country. The Scandinavian Normans, allied to us in no small degree by blood and speech, had established themselves in northern France, and it cannot be doubted that Rolf and all the early comers from Norway were as blameless in the matter of the aspirate as are all the readers of this paper. But their numbers were comparatively few; the material civilization which they found in France was ahead of what they had left at home; and gradually, as was only natural, they put off the old Norman man, and adopted the customs and the language of France. And in this language the letter "H" is wanting. When the Saxon and the Norman armies stood face to face on the battlefield of Senlac, the Norman knight found it easier to spear his Saxon antagonist than to pronounce correctly the name of the Saxon king. And thus by the victory of William the Conqueror a ruling class was established in England which, whatever virtues and graces it may have possessed, was innocent of the aspirate. So long as Norman-French continued to be the language of the court and the upper classes this was of little consequence. But when the fusion of the two peoples began, and, as its basis and guarantee, the new English language was developed, the incapacity of the feudal lords to sound a letter which the popular ear felt to be indispensable must have been keenly recognized. It cannot be doubted that Brian de Bois-Guilbert said "'orse" and "'ouse" when he spoke to Rebecca of York, and it is likely that the repugnance which she showed to his love was as much due to this failing of his as to the faithlessness and barbarity which disfigured his character. Thus, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, it was the Norman nobility who were unable to utter the aspirate, and the mass of the people whose ears they offended thereby.

As time went on, and as the fusion of classes became more and more complete, it was natural that, by the working of laws which hold good everywhere, many of the upper classes sank to the general level of the people, and many of the people made themselves a name and founded a family; and in the fifteenth century two memorable changes were accomplished. In the first place, England lost her possessions in France, the close connection between the two countries was severed, and the

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steady stream of "H"-less foreigners into our island was thus cut off. In the second place, the Wars of the Roses were fatal to a great part of the nobility, and were directly or indirectly the cause why the vacant places were taken by new men who rose from the people. This accelerated that shifting process which is always going on in every country that is not under the spell of a social or religious caste-doctrine. There has been for centuries a twofold current, upwards and downwards, between the people and the aristocracy, like that between the oxygen and carbonic acid in a dwelling-house. But the remarkable fact, which it is now our task to explain, is that the people converted the upper classes to the use of the "H," while the upper classes infected the people with that grieving of the spirit which is involved in a contempt for this symbol.

And here the laws of philology and psychology come in to help us. In the first place, we all know what the contagious influence of a bad example is, even upon those who make an effort to resist it. The imitative instinct in man is largely unconscious, and is only partly under the control of the will. Some of us may have been shut up by bad weather in a country inn with people who despise, as is paradoxically said, "*their* H's." And those who all their life long have never sinned in this way will find, after a day or two of such association, that in certain words, such as "adhere" or "Alhambra," they do not indeed miss the "H," but the letter somehow becomes muffled; a kind of creeping paralysis seems to lay hold upon it; it ceases to be brought out with the full force and distinctness which are its due; and one flees as if the avenger of blood were behind. And the law of imitation is here backed up by a well-known philological law, which lies at the root of the growth and decay of language, the law, of which we are mostly unconscious while we illustrate it, according to which we spare ourselves effort in our speech up to the point where the saving of effort is more than counterbalanced by a loss of clearness. Now, it is undoubtedly an effort to sound the "H;" and there are whole nations which find the exertion more than it is worth, and therefore decline to undergo it. Thus the Norman example, helped on by the disinclination natural in all men to take trouble, prevailed in many cases over the long-established Germanic practice, and in some instances, as in the word "honor" and the like, prevails to this day in the speech of all instructed persons. The case quoted is, however, rather a survival of French usage than an invasion upon the Saxon.

It remains to be considered why this process, having gone so far, did not become general; why only part of the Saxons caught the trick, and why the remaining Normans in the upper classes were led to adopt the Germanic "H." A variety of causes seem to have worked together for this result. The force of example, to begin, tells both ways, and must have told very powerfully when the Norman population, small in number compared with the Saxon mass they ruled over, became freely mixed and distributed among it. In the next place, among those Normans who were of genuine Scandinavian descent, there would probably be a physical predisposition to recur to old usage, a predisposition which the stay of a century or two in France cannot have obliterated. Their return to the use of the letter, when they found the majority of those around them using it, would be at least as natural as the reappearance of ancestral habits in descendants who have never seen the ancestors whose ways and tricks they reproduce. Further, the learned class — that is to say, the clergy, whose influence on national speech has always been considerable — were drawn in England, as in all Catholic countries, largely from the people; and that respect for language and conservatism in language which are among the first results of scholarship cannot but have told upon them. And, finally, the impoverishment of language which comes from dropping a letter, the confusion and ambiguity which the habit is apt to produce, the ludicrous effects which it sometimes has, and its contradiction to the genius of our own and to the analogy of allied languages, would be felt by all who had an instinct for pure and correct speech, and especially felt by those whose position required pure and correct speech as a matter essential to personal dignity.

But these hints, to which it would be premature to assign the place of a scientifically proved theory, are not intended to weaken that respect for long descent and for all its outward symbols which is one of the most pleasing features in the English character. A physiological radicalism may assert that the farther we go back on the ancestral line the nearer we approach to our common forefather, the short-tailed monkey. Social enthusiasts may descant on the disastrous results of feudalism, with its exaggerated sense of claims and lax feeling for duties. But these few remarks are made only to serve the cause of pure reason.

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ADIEU, MON CŒUR!

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

SPRING.

How gracefully the young Bertine
  With Jaques, her lover, dances!
See how like sunbeams 'neath the trees
  She flies, and then advances;
And yet she sings in a minor key
The old Provençal melody,
"Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!"
As if some sadness came to her
  With love's dear smiles and glances.

The Sieur de Courcy comes that way
  And 'neath the walnut lingers,
He marks her instep clean and high,
  Her white and dainty fingers;
He hears her sing in a minor key
The old Provençal melody,
"Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!"
And thinks, as he fondly looks at her,
  Of the lays of the Minnesingers.

But hark the call! the conscript drum!
  And Jaques, the number chosen;
No wonder that Bertine is dumb,
  The blood in her bosom frozen.
Brave Jaques strikes up in a stronger key
The old Provençal melody,
"Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!"
And looking fondly back at her
  He said, "Dear love, be true to me!"

SUMMER.

The king said gayly, "*Je m'ennuie*,"
  Nor heard if the people grumbled;
What cared that gallant Majesty
  If some plain lives were humbled?
The next age sang in a different key,
"Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!"
Of Pompadour and the Parc aux Cerfs,
And greeted the great with a bitter laugh
  When heads in the basket tumbled.

For when the sun lay on the vines
  Bertine the grapes was tying,
The tendril round her brow entwines,
  The summer days were flying!
Well may she sing in a minor key
The old Provençal melody,
"Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!"
For the news was coming back to her
  Of the field where Jaques lay dying.

What, then, was history but a page
  Of romance, love, and glory?
Chimeras of the golden age
  When life was worth the story!
Woman still sings in a minor key
The old Provençal melody,
"Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!"
That is the tale Time tells to her,
  And will till he is hoary.

AUTUMN.

The Sieur de Courcy came to woo,
  His voice was low and tender;
He drove the wolf and the king away—
  "Let me be thy defender!"
And when she sang in a minor key
The old Provençal melody,
"Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!"
The gentleman knelt down to her
  And kissed her fingers slender.

"Who is my rival?" laughed the king,
  His gallant, gay eyes lighting;
"Now I will do a graceful thing
  To show I bear her slighting!
We'll change that mournful monody,
The old Provençal melody,
'Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!'
And life shall not be spoiled for her
  Because my love is blighting!"

So went he forth to take the air,
  His perfumed locks were streaming,
His brow was gay, as if no care
  Could blight that face so beaming.
He sang as he rode, in a minor key,
The old Provençal melody,
"Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!"
But took the road which led to her—
  The courtiers guessed his seeming.

"I came," said he, as they bent the knee,
  "All doubts and cares to banish;
Leave chains of rank and cares of state—
  For one day—let them vanish!
And, dear Bertine, sing now for me
The old Provençal melody,
'Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!'"
And then he lightly told to her
  A drama from the Spanish.

"Rise! my proud subject," said the king,
  "Rise! Marquise St. Aulaire!
I give the title and the ring
  To this thy consort fair.
Now all my courtiers sound the key
Of the old Provençal melody,
'Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!'"
And one and all bow down to her,
  The new court lady there.

All gratefully the sad Bertine
  'Neath her long lashes glances.
How much the tear that steals between
  The eyes' dark gleam enhances!
And yet she sings in a minor key
The old Provençal melody,
"Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!"
The king gave Courcy's hand to her,
  Who, lover-like, advances.

WINTER.

O'er castle walls, with banners hung,
  The crescent moon is peeping,
And on the ground, in sadness flung,
  A mournful man is weeping.
On a white cross—what words to see!—
He reads the sad, old monody,
"Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!"
He breathes his last farewell to her,
  For there Bertine lies, sleeping.

Sunday World. M. E. W. S.

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From The Edinburgh Review.

SCEPTICISM IN GEOLOGY.*

THE advance of positive science up to the present time is mainly due to the collection, analysis, and decipherment of facts. The attention of students was formerly directed to what, it was assumed, must be. Certain postulates were laid down; and on them the blank skeleton of science was supposed to rest. Anything that fell without this arbitrary scheme was summarily rejected. It is almost a matter of wonder how, under such a system, the human mind could have advanced to the point of questioning the verity of the system itself. That once done, the whole artificial structure collapsed. Ceasing to study what must be, men began to observe what is. By the rise of one of those great waves of thought which have so often surged over the intellectual world, facts long unknown, obscure, or misunderstood came almost simultaneously into view in nearly every portion of the field of human survey. Chemistry yielded a knowledge of its elements to those who sought it by the test-tube and the scales. Physical law became unveiled in its majestic simplicity. The acquisition of power over nature followed or accompanied the acquisition of knowledge of her laws. Watt and Stephenson had yoked the steam-spirit to the pump, the ship, and the car, before Grove had illustrated the correlation of physical forces, or Joule had determined the mechanical equivalent of heat. Advance and victory, all along the line, crowned every persevering effort. The accurate osteological knowledge which Cuvier first obtained from comparative study, enabled that great student of nature to lay the bases of palæontology. To the mighty sounding-line thus let down into the darkness of the past was added the second means of discovery afforded by lithological analysis. A pebble, intelligently interrogated, was found to bear a long record inscribed on its face. It yielded to the enquirer information as to whence it came; of what primary or later rock it had once formed a portion; whence and to what distance it had been transported by the motion of ice or of water; and by what currents, eddies, and waves, it had been ground into shape. While entirely unexpected light was thus streaming in upon the student, human history recovered much of her lost speech. The hieroglyphics of Egypt, and the yet quainter characters in which Assyrian, and, before them, Accadian, scribes had indented history, chronology, grammar, political apophthegms, memoranda of purchase and sale, and records illustrating the whole course of daily life, on the humble but durable material, clay, became vocal. Much that had been vague in past history started at once into exact and definite order. It may perhaps be said that in the same way in which written records are more reliable than oral tradition, sculptured and graven inscriptions are at once more durable and more authentic than those committed to the perishable keeping of papyrus or of parchment. But still more exempt from error than the most elaborate tablets of the hieroglyphic sculptor, or the *terra-cotta* scribe, are the notes graven by the hand of nature herself on cliff, and boulder, and pebble — the records of past events which bear the very autoglyphs of terrestrial change.

In the pursuit of a study so new, so fascinating, and so positive in its basis, it it was to be expected that error and extravagances should at first occur. It is in physical research alone that the elements of knowledge are absolutely true. Any error or falsification must be in the reader. We may authenticate an inscription as that of a great monarch. Past doubt we may have it as he uttered or authorized it. But who shall say how far he colored the facts — how far, consciously or unconsciously, he ordered the graving of something more like a bulletin of Napoleon than a true military or political chronicle? But the *striæ* on the face of a cliff, or the teeth in

* 1. *Scepticism in Geology and the Reasons for it.* By VERIFIER. London: 1877.

2. *The Freedom of Science in the modern State.* By RUDOLF VIRCHOW, M.D. London: 1878.

3. *Geology for Students and General Readers.* By A. H. GREEN, F.R.S., etc. 2nd Edition. London: 1877.

4. *Manual of Geology.* By the Rev. S. HAUGHTON, M.D., D.C.L., etc. 4th Edition. London: 1876.

5. *Manuals of Elementary Science. Geology.* By T. G. BONNEY, M.A., F.G.S. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge: 1874.

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some archaic form of jaw-bone, are free from any possible error as records. The only misguidance of which they can be accused is due to the ignorance, the haste, or the prejudice of the student. Hence we can afford to look with patience on such errors, assured that, in due course of study, the true testimony of the primeval archives will be disentangled, and the message of nature, telling of her past revolutions, will fall plainly and intelligibly on our ears.

In the contest and struggle attendant on the introduction of the new order of study, it is natural that much should occur to shock venerable prejudices. We use the word in its proper meaning — not as a term of contempt or abuse, but as expressing an unquestionable fact. Fore-judgments are necessarily made, by those who attempt to decide at all, upon imperfect data. When these fore-judgments are the simple outcome of the facts, as far as they are known, they perform the important function of scientific hypothesis.

It will be at once admitted by all those who are familiar with the subject that nothing, since the time of the re-promulgation of the physical, or Pythagorean, view of the solar system by Galileo, has raised a fiercer contest between what were asserted to be old truths, and what were brought forward as new discoveries, than the facts brought to light by the progress of geology. The first shock of that contest is now over. It was never comparable in its intensity to the effect produced on men's minds by the announcement of the motion of the earth, although it has proved more disturbing than the results of any subsequent advance in human knowledge. But as we are now perfectly content to use the terms "sunrise" and "sunset," while we know that they are only apparently, not physically true, so we find many of those who once frantically denounced the opposition of the views of Cuvier and his followers to what they held to be the revealed statements of Moses, or at least many of those on whom the hoods and gowns of the old assailants of the geologist have descended, ready to admit that they may too hastily have adopted a servile and puerile interpretation of Semitic language; and that history written on papyrus may perhaps best be understood by the aid of history written on the very surface of the earth herself.

It is as a volunteer in this contest that the author of "Scepticism in Geology" has made a spirited and well-executed attack on what he terms "certain excrescences on the great and incontrovertible truths of geology, which aim at proving the earth to have been fashioned by mechanical processes still going on." Interesting in its argument, the book is illustrated by cuts, one or two of which are so apt in their elucidation of the author's views as to approach ocular demonstration. Although to some extent the actual energy of recent geological phenomena is undervalued, and although the most authoritative utterances of modern geology must be taken to be rather more in harmony with some of the views supported, than with those most successfully attacked, by "Verifier," we have no hesitation in characterizing the book as one calculated to advance the aim of the writer, namely, "to sift the truth." But the questions which underlie the subject are of far deeper moment than the enquiry how far any geological writer may have caricatured a tentative theory. We fear that the unrivalled popularity that has hailed the appearance of certain works, which have propounded new theories or carried old theories to new results, with reference to the organized species of the natural kingdoms, has not been due, in the main, to a genuine interest in natural science. It is idle to disguise the fact that the contest in its present phase, although it may be unfair to say that it is carried on under false colors, is one which concerns the safety of positions of a very different importance from the outposts around which the skirmish as yet rages. The "uniformitarian" doctrine of geology, or the perfect explanation afforded to all the half-read mysteries of the bygone course of organic life on the globe by the doctrine of natural selection, are subjects as to which comparatively few persons are sufficiently educated to form an opinion which is worth consulting. Yet it is to such persons alone that the purely scientific inter-

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est of the questions is limited. Popular attention is commanded, not by the direct, but by the indirect, results of the debate. There can be no doubt that, on the one hand, there is an uneasy, and but half-confessed fear, and on the other hand an eager and hostile expectancy, that the progress of science, or the definitive statement of the positive knowledge at which the most cultivated students of the day are gradually arriving, will prove absolutely inconsistent with the maintenance of certain religious tenets very dear to the former, and very obnoxious to the latter, disputants. It is not as affecting the authority of Cuvier, but as impairing or maintaining traditions which were supposed to have the positive sanction of religious authority, that such a doctrine as that of development rivets the attention of the great mass of readers.

It is idle to bewail the existence of a tendency which, however strong it may be at the present time, had tenfold power in the time of Galileo. But when the student is beset by the din of conflict from without — when eager hands are outstretched to snatch the result of each new experience, in order to use it, not for scientific, but for polemical, purposes — the most honest searcher for truth is liable to become heated and hurried. The clear light of intelligence is troubled by the hot breath of debate. Thus, for example, the enquiry as to whether certain Egyptian dynasties were contemporary or successive is a purely historical question, for the solution of which certain data exist, more are in course of collection, and as to which the attainment of ultimate certitude may be confidently expected. But there is an incompatibility between the attribution of such a date as most Egyptologists assign to the fifth Egyptian dynasty, and — not the book of Genesis, but the ordinary interpretation of the book of Genesis. The builder of the great pyramid lived, there is little room to doubt, six hundred years before the date usually assigned as that of an universal deluge. There are three parties, or three propositions, to be reconciled. The position which should be most readily given up is that of the comparatively unsettled enquirer, who is shocked by a discrepancy which after all may only appear to exist owing to his own ignorance. But this is usually the last explanation thought available. That the discoveries of Mariette and of Brugsch and the statements of the book of Genesis are irreconcilable is at once taken as a fact; and thereupon one disputant proceeds to revile Brugsch as an infidel, and the other to vilify the Pentateuch as a fable. That the two records are, in point of fact, both veritable, and that the apparent discrepancy is due to an over-hasty interpretation, is a simple issue from the difficulty which is ever the last to find favor with the ordinary disputant.

The effect of this oblique disturbing force becomes evident in the unduly positive terms in which writers of admitted eminence maintain statements as to which the utmost that can be said is, that, in our present imperfect knowledge, they are not facts or truths, but conceivable hypotheses. Thus we find one writer, distinguished for an erudition in natural history of a high order, bringing forward all his learning, and taxing all his reasoning powers, to support the assertion that "the most distinct genera and orders within the same great class — for instance, whales, mice, birds, and fishes — are all the descendants of one common progenitor, and we must admit that the whole vast amount of difference between these forms of life has primarily arisen from simple variability." The truth which underlies this ridiculous over-statement is, that a certain general type, platform, or design may be recognized as underlying the vertebrated form of life, and as developed with wonderful diversity, so as to suit different conditions of abode, of food, and even of medium of life. The idea of the "common progenitor" is not only purely gratuitous, but is one so opposed to all the phenomena of the distribution of animal life, and indeed so far transcending the limits which physical science imposes on the conceivable duration of life on our planet, that it is difficult to imagine why a writer should have weighted his argument with so unnecessary an approach to a mathematical absurdity. In such a sentence as we have quoted the term "varia-

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bility" ceases to have any scientific meaning. As to the object with which it was introduced, however, we are not left in doubt. "No shadow of reason," Mr. Darwin continues, "can be assigned for the belief that variations, alike in nature, and the result of the same general laws which have been the groundwork, through natural selection, of the formation of the most perfectly adapted animals in the world, man included, were intentionally and specially guided." We think that it is tolerably evident that the interest excited by the desire to justify or to condemn such an utterance as the above, has little claim to the title of scientific interest.

It is plain that two entirely distinct issues are raised in the words which we have quoted from one of the later works of Mr. Darwin,* in language which has, at all events, the rare merit of being both intelligible and precise. The first (and, as we have said, gratuitously conditioned) demand on our assent is the thesis that all forms of animal life, as far at least as the vertebrata are concerned, have been derived, by the ordinary process of descent, from a common ancestor. The second, and no less gratuitous, proposition is, that during the long descent, through a series of transformations which could only have been possible in consequence of the primary provision of adaptability, no direct, creative, providential, or divine design has been kept in view; that no controlling wisdom has directed, or rendered possible, the course of development; but that man has been evolved out of a fish, a sponge, or a speck of jelly, by the preservation, during the battle for life, of varieties which possess any advantage in structure, constitution, or instinct. It is important, as giving the fullest exposition of this view, to cite the words of Mr. Huxley: "A nucleated mass of protoplasm turns out to be what may be termed the structural unit of the human body. As a matter of fact, the body, in its earliest state, is a mere multiple of such units; and in its perfect condition it is a multiple of such units variously modified." "All vital action may, with equal propriety, be said to be the result of the molecular forces of the protoplasm which displays it. What justification is there, then, for the assumption of the existence in the living matter of a something which has no representative or correlative in the not-living matter which gives rise to it?"

* Animals and Plants under Domestication, vol. ii., pp. 430, 432.

When we find writers thus laboriously go out of their way, content to part company with the sobriety of reason, so that they may administer a slap in the face to what they may regard as an inconvenient superstition, are we not fully justified in the statement that the popularity their works have attained is mainly due to something very different from the desire of the mass of their readers to be enlightened in the truths of physical science? Nothing is more contrary to true scientific method than the confusion of theory and of facts, or the transplanting, to one order of investigation, of details appertaining to a totally different field of research. Thus it may be possible to state in terms, or perhaps even in some queer sense to hold, the low and semi-brutal theory that no proofs of wise purpose and design are to be drawn from that perfect adaptation of type to conditions of existence which forms the general law of organic nature. But we might expect that a student afflicted with so unfortunate a form of intellectual color-blindness would be careful, by a judicious silence, not to draw attention to his damaging deficiency. When, on the contrary, we find him volunteer a statement so wide of the mark as to say that not "a shadow of reason can be assigned" for a more symmetric and more complete view of nature, we feel at once that we can accept no statement at his hands without control or verification. Again, we might expect that a man sufficiently familiar with the rudiments of chemistry to be able to describe, in terms of scientific notation, the chemical elements of protoplasm, would be one of the first to be aware that there was a something in living matter which is not to be found in the carbon, and oxygen, and hydrogen, and nitrogen, of which he tells us that such matter consists. It is a something which he cannot by any means detect in non-living matter. He is unable to put it into any similar mixture, with whatever accuracy he may compound it. It is precisely the presence of "a something which has no representative or correlative in the not-living matter" which composes the contents of an egg, that makes the difference between an addled and a good egg — a difference which, on the argument of Mr. Huxley, would be altogether imaginary, or at all events entirely unaccountable.

It is impossible to appreciate the true bearing and import of such questions as those raised by "Verifier," if we regard them as casual or isolated subjects of enquiry. While we deprecate, with the

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utmost earnestness, any attempt to decide a question appertaining to one department of enquiry on grounds drawn from a different province of thought, we hail any symptom that those who believe the asserted discoveries of scientific enquiry in any branch or portion to be false, are addressing themselves to grapple with such errors on scientific grounds. If "Verifier" opposed to the demands of the geologist for an immeasurable period of past time such arguments as those with which the early geologists were encountered, we should take but little interest in his work, whatever the ability which it might display. But when a writer who, whether rightly or wrongly, opposes the teaching of any school, abandons the ground of its questionable tendency, and directly attacks the accuracy of the asserted scientific basis, he does good service to the cause of truth. The weapons of scepticism are used in our times with great effect to assail and shake some of the fundamental principles of morality and religion. We must say that we feel at least an equal amount of scepticism in relation to many of the dogmas of modern science. They are, many of them, as we have said, mere hypotheses; there is an admitted failure of evidence to raise them to the rank of demonstrated truths; but they are promulgated and proclaimed with an arrogance and intolerance worthy of the infallible priesthood of an absolute creed. There is in truth more reason in these days to complain of the intolerance of science than of the intolerance of religion. Few names in science are more illustrious than that of Dr. Virchow, but the services he has rendered to his art are in our judgment surpassed by the service he has rendered to truth in the vigorous protest delivered by him at Munich last autumn against "the tyranny of dogmatism which undertakes to master the whole view of nature by the premature generalizing of theoretical combinations." A very large proportion of these daring hypotheses are literally unsupported by facts, and even opposed to facts; and we cannot sufficiently applaud the manly and independent spirit in which Dr. Virchow rejects the attempt to inculcate these unsettled opinions as fundamental truths. His discourse well deserves the honor of translation, and we hope it will be generally read.

The great battle of which the question of the truth or falsehood of what are called uniformitarian views in geology is one of the incidents, began with the discovery of the telescope and the true laws of planetary motion. It is not easy to conceive that any discovery remaining to be made can produce so violent a moral and intellectual earthquake as did that of Galileo. Those who are familiar with the literature of his day are aware how thoroughly men's minds were stirred. The Church did not fear to nail her colors to the mast, and to declare that the central position and immobility of the earth were articles of the Christian faith. How that faith has maintained its hold on the world unimpaired, while men have gradually become aware that it is not the sun but the earth that moves, we have ceased to wonder or to enquire. We are content to remember that the advisers of the papacy took much for granted which turns out to be incorrect. A similar though a very much less violent shock attended on the first promulgation of geological discovery in our own time. The point which here was in question was more narrow than that which physical astronomy had raised and decided. It was taken for granted, before the time of Cuvier, that the earth was only about some six thousand years old, and that the Bible taught us that such was the case. No person of any claim to be considered as educated is now unaware that the antiquity of the earth is not to be measured by a few thousands of years; nor does it now appear that the Bible, read by itself, was ever intended to throw any light on the question of the earth's age. We enquire into the evidences of telluric and organic changes and periods of existence with as much calm as we evince in listening to the demonstration of Newton as to orbitual motion. We simply note that a connection was imagined to exist between the sacred records and the history of physical events, which never really existed or was intended to exist. It is true that the same kind of discomfort which was first awakened by the discoveries of Galileo, and then reawakened by the march of geology, now attends the discussion of the questions of descent, of evolution, and of specific change. But a calm appreciation of the nature of the enquiry leads to the same conclusion as in the former cases. Geologic action, specific history, evolution, are all subjects to be studied apart, on their own foundations, and by their several proper methods. The moralist or the theologian may await with perfect calm the outcome of scientific enquiry.

In the vast field of intellectual contest, which ranges from the facts of physical astronomy to the profoundest investigations

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of physiology, and to the decipherment of the long-hidden records of a history earlier than that of Rome, of Athens, or of Jerusalem, is to be observed as confused an association of heterogeneous allies as can be found on any battle-field of the day, whether military or political. Viewed abstractedly, the contest is between ignorance and knowledge — between the spirit of authority resting upon assumption, and the spirit of doubt, which proposes to test the solidity of the ground for every fresh step with the sagacity of the elephant. But on the side — fated as it is to lose — of the defence are ranked some of the most venerable and most conservative of influences, and even of institutions. On the part of the attack we too often witness that insolence which is irreconcilable with real reverence for truth. There is a dissociation and counterchange between the parties. Moral beauty is opposed to intellectual light. Real advance, profound culture, the religious spirit, and the scientific method, instead of being united, are forced into mutually damaging opposition. The man who has the opportunity to look most closely into the work of God is heard to declare, with the loudest vulgarity, that such workmanship made itself. The man whose graceful fancy might have fitted him sooner than any other to accomplish the task left to his successors by Linnæus, and to limn out, with intelligent sense, the true order of organic life, is the first to declare the inversion of all that can be shown to be historic, to be the true and necessary course of nature. For this reason, among others, we welcome any effort to unite religious sentiment with scientific boldness, and to apply the methods by which truth may be discovered to the service of that party which is chiefly anxious that truth should be respected and maintained.

The geological enquiry, apart from palæontology, occupies so small a portion of this great field of contest, that the positions contested by the author of "Scepticism in Geology" may be described in comparatively few words. The writer — we wish that he had allowed us to designate him by his real name — commences his first chapter with the remark that "of all the sciences the most rapid in its rise and general popularity has been geology. Since the beginning of the present century a band of illustrious men, contemporaries in this and other countries, all striving with one aim, and reminding us of the group of authors in the time of Queen Anne, and of artists in that of Leo X., have developed this branch of learning, and rendered it perhaps the most attractive of the natural sciences. . . . To have recovered so many records of the past existence of our globe, and of its inhabitants, was a precious addition to the book of knowledge." The objections which are urged by the writer are thus confined to the region of speculative geology. This, confessedly the least advanced and most uncertain portion of the study, can hardly yet be said to have crystallized into any accepted form. Theories are almost as numerous as writers. As the works of such a student as Sir C. Lyell pass through edition after edition, while the purely descriptive portions of the book are enlarged by continued observation, the floating sequel of the speculative doctrine undergoes constant modification. The difficulties which are regarded as especially obnoxious by the author of "Scepticism in Geology" are those "which environ the doctrine of uniformity, or the operation of modern causes; the elevating power of earthquakes, erosion of rocks by rivers, and the antiquity of man upon earth."

It is the opinion of "Verifier" that the elevating influence of earthquakes has been much overrated. If any geologist should now attempt to account for the elevation of great mountain chains by any such action of earthquake as has been known to occur in historic times, he would find it difficult to hold his own against our author. And the expression, so constantly used that we shall hardly be able to avoid adopting it, of the "upheaval" of mountain chains, may certainly be regarded as objectionable, if it be taken to imply the protrusion of these chains above the ordinary sea or land level by such forces as are now known to be active. But that permanent elevation of large areas of land does occur in our own time has been distinctly witnessed in 1858. The earthquake of that year was most intense in its energy in Calabria and Basilicata, where many lives were lost, and many buildings overthrown. In Naples the principal shock was so severe, and caused so much alarm, that almost the whole population of that city passed the night in the open air, in fear of being buried in their own houses by a return of the shock. In point of fact, however, not a house was thrown down in Naples, and very few were appreciably injured. But the entire circumference of the Bay of Naples, from Sorrento to Baiæ and Misenum, rose during that night from six to eight inches above its former level, as was apparent by the marks of animal

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and vegetable life on the rocks that lined the bay. Nor did the ground thus elevated return to its former level, certainly for six years, or, we apprehend, up to the present time. The doubts thrown by "Verifier" on the famous phenomena of the elevation and depression of the Temple of Serapis at Puzzuoli would have been removed by familiarity with the spot. Granting the improbable theory, which would not have commended itself to a visitor of the locality, that "the site of the temple was originally gained from the sea by artificial means," the question of level would by no means be thus simplified. The admirable chapter in the "Principles of Geology," which describes the evidence existing for the alternate depression and elevation of the site of this famous temple, has neither needed nor received any correction in the tenth edition of that work. Its great accuracy will only be confirmed by local research; and there are facts connected with the advance of the shore line at Ostia which have not hitherto been collated with the phenomena of the Bay of Naples, which show that what we may term a pulsatory motion on the seaboard of this part of Italy has not been limited to the immediate vicinity of Vesuvius.

It must be said that the statement of "Verifier" (p. 17) — "From all these circumstances, recited by Lyell himself, and from others which it would be tedious to quote, the permanent effects of earthquakes are discredited" — is altogether erroneous. But we can only blame the author of "Scepticism in Geology" for having done, on one side of the case, what he shows that Professor Geikie has done on the other — that is, so overstated views, in themselves correct, as to present them under the form of caricature. The true argument — as to which the difference between "Verifier" on the one hand, and the most careful and authoritative geological writers on the other, is one only of detail and degree — is this. Earthquakes within the historic time, and even in the memory of living witnesses, have effected changes in elevation of considerable districts of country which, regarded in themselves, are very notable. But if compared with such phenomena as the elevation (supposing it to have occurred) of such districts as the Alpine range or any other mountain nucleus, the evidences of any recent action are almost inappreciably small. What may follow from this argument is another question; but that its outcome is thus correctly stated, we think few impartial students of fact will deny.

The second point urged by the author of "Scepticism in Geology" is thus stated by him: "Among assertions which have been accepted as facts, and assumed to be verities by geologists, is the theory of the erosive power of running water, and the conclusion that the valleys, gorges, and beds of rivers, many of them composed of the hardest and most indestructible of rocks, in all parts of the world, have been cut by the streams now running through them, however inconsiderable." The only evidence brought forward to show that the above is a correct representation of accepted geological theory is taken from the works of Mr. Geikie, with one additional quotation from M. Lartet. To that part of the question, therefore, we must return. But taking the argument of "Verifier" as presented both in his text and in four very aptly selected woodcuts, there can be no doubt of its truth and weight. Mechanically regarded, we question the propriety of the phrase "erosive power" as applied to water at all, if the substance cut through be of the nature of solid rock. There is no doubt that water occasionally contains chemical elements which attack and eat away certain rocks; as, on the other hand, other streams contain elements which deposit in crystalline form beneath our very eyes. Such is the case in the dropping well at Knaresborough, and in several travertine-forming streams of southern Italy. The action of drip on paving stones under the eaves of houses is, perhaps, mainly of a chemical nature. Again, water has an enormous battering power, especially if it be exerted in the way of lifting masses of stone under which a wave strikes. Yet again, the action of water removes friable materials, particle by particle, and thus eats away a channel or undermines a cliff. When whirling along in its course pebbles or sharp sand, water communicates a grinding movement to these bodies, and also directly assists their action by the removal of the particles ground off, which otherwise would deaden the abrading force. Apart from these modes of action, we must be permitted to disbelieve that water has any cutting power. We see rocks exposed to the fury of the waves, or to the force of rapid currents, covered with the humbler forms of vegetable and of animal life. It is idle to pretend that the force of water, which cannot wash a limpet or an alga from a rock, can cut through the solid material of which that rock is composed. Thus in the view of the gorge of the Danube below Belgrade ("Scepticism in Geology," p. 62),

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where the vertical cliffs, two thousand feet high, are represented as an example of geological erosion by running water, "Verifier" clearly exposes the ridiculous absurdity of such an assumption. The same remark applies to the cut on page 63, the *Via Mala*, with its sarcastic little note — "according to geologists, scooped out by rain, frost, and running water." The bird's-eye view of the falls of the Zambesi is, if possible, yet more conclusive as an argument against any such unmechanical theory of erosion.

The fall [says the author] is twice as high and twice as wide as Niagara; but differs from it in that, immediately opposite to the fall, rise three successsive natural walls of rock of the same height as that over which the river leaps, separated from one another by narrow rifts. These triple barriers consist of wedge-shaped promontories of rock, with vertical sides, projecting alternately from the right bank and from the left, like side scenes in a theatre, but entirely overlapping one another. Out of the first deep trough the river, after its descent, is compelled to find its way through a gap only eighty yards wide in the first opposing rock wall. A second wall here confronts it, by which the stream is turned at an acute angle to the right. It is next forced round the second promontory; then, reversing its course, round a third, and before it is allowed to escape to the sea it is compelled to double round a fourth wider headland.*

We freely give up to the deserved sarcasm of "Verifier" the unlucky remark of the writer who observes as to this doubling and redoubling of a stream through rifts and fractures of basaltic rocks, such as may be seen to be produced by cooling in the lava of Vesuvius or of Ætna at almost any eruption: "The stream seems to have cut its way backwards through this winding ravine." "The discovery of the Zambesi Falls," our author, with more justice, says, "would seem to have been reserved until the present time in order to refute a leading tenet of modern geology, and to prove the utter impotence of water to cut through hard rock." Mechanical science is so thoroughly at one with those who denounce the absurdity of a belief in such kind of aqueous action, that the only weak point in the attack is the question how far the writer is justified in calling the expressions which he so justly ridicules the authoritative utterances of geologists.

The third *bête noire* of the author of "Scepticism in Geology" is the part which he states that geologists assign to subaerial denudation in modifying the surface of our planet. "It surpasses all other modern causes in the power that it is said to be still exerting, and in the effects it produces. The wonders which it has performed, and is performing, are best set forth in the very words of its advocates. 'Mountains and valleys are due to it; it has carved them out of the solid rock. The great river systems are excavated by it.'" It is true that "Verifier" is, to some extent, justified in relying on this quotation, for even in the last edition of "Principles of Geology" the illustrious author uses the expression, "the uniform nature and energy of the causes which have worked successive changes in the crust of the earth and in the condition of its living inhabitants." But it should be borne in mind that even in this phrase, which may be taken as a dogmatic statement of uniformitarian hypothesis, the period during which existing causes are said to have operated with unchanged energy is limited to that of the presence of animal life upon earth. The sixth chapter of the "Principles of Geology" is, in point of fact, a protest against the introduction, into geological theory, of the action of imaginary causes. As such there is no doubt that the object, if not the basis, of the hypotheses of Lyell is philosophically true. We must regard the argument as critical and controversial rather than as constructive; and thus as liable to be driven, by the impetus of controversy, not only beyond the true mean, but even beyond the position which the author, if undisturbed by contest, would himself have chosen. M. Elie de Beaumont postulated the recurrence of long periods of repose, interspersed with brief periods of paroxysmal violence, from the earliest geological periods. This assumption was peculiarly repugnant to a mind that had a philosophical abhorrence of the jumbling up of observations and imaginations. Impartially regarded, the question of uniformity of action must necessarily become subordinate to those of time and of degree. Any speculative geologist who regards an earlier condition of planetary existence than that which now prevails, whether he assumes the nebular hypothesis or any other theory, admits by that very assumption the occurrence of change in energy of action. Good service is done to science by bringing this fact distinctly forward. But we do not admit that the leading geologists of the day are so far removed from the views of "Verifier" as he considers to be the case.

"The doctrine," writes one of the authors whose works we have enumerated at

* Scepticism in Geology, p. 67.

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the head of the present article, "that the forces which have produced geological changes have been practically the same, both in kind and degree, during the whole of that portion of the earth's past lifetime of which a record has come down to us, is one not much touched on in most of the text-books. Judging by the rate at which changes are going on now, the time required to bring about past geological changes, if the rate were unaltered, would have been very great indeed. Physicists, guided by the doctrine of the dissipation of energy, are not disposed to allow as much time as geologists were at one time disposed to demand. It is very possible, however, that the limitation of the physicist may be as much too stringent as the demands of the geologist are excessive." In these candid and moderate words the actual state of the question, in so far as the demand for past time is concerned, is fairly represented. The energy required to effect certain changes would, of course, be a function of the time occupied in their production. This simple mechanical relation, however, is obscured by the language of too eager theorists. It is impossible to put the erroneous views, which have been thus allowed to distort speculative geology, more strongly than in the language quoted from Mr. Geikie's "Scenery of Scotland" by our author: "We make the fatal error of forgetting that, in the geological history of our globe, time is power." It would be as correct to say time is space. But we can only regard such an expression as a too hasty metaphor, used by a laborious student and powerful writer, which he would be one of the first to wish to qualify or to withdraw. If we turn to the account given by Mr. Geikie in "The Great Ice Age" of the action of the weather on rocks, erosion by running water, and denudation, during the last inter-glacial period, we shall find that, while his language is graphic, his reasoning is close.

Let us recall [says Mr. Geikie] the appearance presented by the Scottish mountains — bold hummocky masses of rock, for the most part, but often bristling with splintered crags and shattered precipices. See how frequently the hilltops are buried in their own ruins, and how the flanks are in many places curtained with long sweeps of loose angular blocks and rubbish, that shoot down from the base of cliff and scaur to the dark glens below. All this is the work of rain and frost. . . . Under the influence of rain, soil is continually trickling down from higher to lower levels; rills and brooklets are gouging out deep trenches in the subsoils and solid rocks, — streams and rivers are constantly wearing away their banks, and transporting sediment to the sea. The gravel and sand and silt that pave the numerous watercourses are but the wreck and ruin of the land; and it is easy to see that, since the close of the glacial epoch, immense quantities of material have been thus abstracted from the country. The streams and rivers have been working deeper and deeper into the bottoms of the valleys, and leaving behind them terrace after terrace of alluvial detritus to mark the different levels at which they formerly flowed. And if we tried to estimate the amount of material which has been thus cut out of the valleys and carried seawards, we should no longer feel inclined to undervalue the erosive power of running water.*

With the exception of the adjective "solid," the use of which requires some qualification, there is nothing in the above quotation with which we are able to find fault. The existence of gravel and detritus, the lithological origin of which can be traced, in the delta of a river which descends from the abraded hills, is a piece of material evidence which it is hard to misapprehend. We have to remember that the question of slope is one which is of primary importance in the case. It is only when descending with a certain velocity that water exercises a great transporting power. The bed of a river running through a plain or down a very gentle slope has rather a liability to silt up than to cut a deeper channel. We are unable, indeed, to resolve the compound expression, and to say how much of the deposit is due to time, and how much to greater intensity of energy in the transporting element. A certain velocity of stream can be shown to have been requisite for the transport of gravels or boulders of a given size — a velocity for the most part greater than that of to-day. We are driven to suppose either that rainfall was formerly much more abundant, or that the slopes were formerly steeper, than at present. Mechanical laws, we cannot doubt, are unchanging, but we can only point to the gross results. We cannot exactly measure either the time during which they were produced or the intensity of the transporting forces. They are functions of one another. But that the periods of formation have been very long, and that the transporting forces have gradually diminished in intensity, are facts which it is very difficult to deny.

It is, however, undoubtedly the case that the knife of the critic should be boldly and freely applied to remove many of

* The Great Ice Age, 3rd edition, p. 321.

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those expressions which are yet left to disfigure our text-books, and which, however rhetorical they may be in form, lack the essence of rhetoric, the power of persuasion. Thus, in the careful and practical "Geology for Students and General Readers," by Mr. A. H. Green, we find a quotation from Playfair, which, when read by the light of the recent quotation as to the course of the Zambesi, can only be called absurd.

On observing the Potomac, where it penetrates the ridge of the Alleghany Mountains, or the Irtish, as it issues from the defiles of Altai, there is no man, however little addicted to geological speculations, who does not immediately acknowledge that the mountain was once continued quite across the space in which the river now flows; and, if he ventures to reason concerning the cause of so wonderful a change, he ascribes it to some great convulsion of nature, which has torn the mountain asunder, and opened a passage for the waters. It is only the philosopher, who has deeply meditated on the effects which action long continued is able to produce, and on the simplicity of means which nature employs in all her operations, who sees in this nothing but the gradual working of a stream which once flowed over the top of the ridge which it now so deeply intersects, and has cut its course through the rock in the same way, and almost with the same instrument, by which a lapidary divides a block of marble or granite.

The philosopher, in this case, has drawn, in our opinion, far more unwarrantably upon his own imagination than the man "little addicted to geological speculations," whom he despises.

But while we agree with the author of "Scepticism in Geology" in disbelief of the statement that the zigzag course of the Zambesi, or the profound and branching cañons of the Colorado River, have been cut by the action of running water, we have no sympathy with his alarm at the tendency of that action of degradation and transport which the rivers of the world are constantly exerting. What may have occurred in past time is matter of speculation; what is now occurring is question of measurement. The degrading or denuding effects of rivers are measured by the annual growth of their deltas. We know enough of the operations of the Nile, the Danube, the Rhone, the Brenta, the Ganges, the Godaveri, and many other rivers to trace the constant annual action of degradation, transport, and deposit, and even to obtain some approximate figures as to the relations of rainfall, slope of descent, and amount of detritus. In a recent number of the *Edinburgh Review* we gave some particulars as to the growth of the delta of the Nile. The result of actual measurements gives an annual deposit of two hundred and forty million cubic yards, a rate of increment which solved the difficulty formerly existing as to the statement of Herodotus. Even the comparatively small stream of the Brenta, since, in 1839, it made its way into the lagoon of Chioggia, has reduced by its deposits the water-surface of that basin by one hundred and thirty-eight acres annually from 1839 to 1871, and by one hundred and fifty-three acres per annum from 1871 to 1874. It is the opinion of the Italian engineers that, unless the course of the Brenta be diverted, the lagoon will be irretrievably ruined within thirty-eight years.

The result then [says "Verifier"] of the most approved geological philosophy is to reduce the great globe, and all that it inherit, to a DEAD LEVEL!!* The theory of natural development applied to geology ends in deterioration, monotony, and stagnation. According to it the earth is to be planed smooth and bare, deprived of all that makes it beautiful, useful, and habitable; converted into one monotonous plain, barely capable of keeping its head above water, save by the aid of occasional earthquakes.

The author mistakes. This cannot properly be said to be a matter of geological theory. That all the loftier and more exposed portions of the earth are in the course of slow disintegration and degradation, and that the spoils of the winter frosts are borne seaward by torrents and floods year after year, is not theory, but fact. The rate of such degradation can in many cases be measured. In some districts it has been actually measured. Whatever be the rate of denudation, whether that which our author thinks so incredible — a foot over the entire surface of a continent in six thousand years, or more or less — as to the fact of the continued action there is no doubt. The theorist is the man who says: "That the work of the creation of the earth was one of perfection defies all disproof." The word "perfection" is vague. But that rain and frost, dew and vapors, storms and floods, rivers and torrents, summer and winter, have been, and still are, changing the surface of the earth year by year, from the first epoch which has left any monument, is not a question of opinion. It is a matter as to which ignorance is possible, or knowledge; but which admits of intelligent doubt only as question of dogma.

* The capitals and notes of admiration are in the text.

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In this little burst of genuine but misdirected indignation, the author of "Scepticism in Geology" forgets the implied promise of his opening chapter to expose the errors of geologists as to the antiquity of man upon the earth. Under the influence of the sympathy which we feel for the aim of the writer, and of our respect for the ability with which he has handled certain portions of his theme, we can hardly regret that this is the case. Unconsciously, but very decidedly, as he has approached this portion of the subject, "Verifier" has edged off from the safe ground of enquiry into fact into the perilous bog of assumption of what must have been. "The hunger of the mind to see every natural occurrence resting on a cause, and the vanity of believing that modern science can account for and explain everything, appear to create in the scientific mind a stubborn resistance to the belief in a first cause." Entertaining this view, the author opposes to it his own hypothesis in the words: "Is there any inconsistency in supposing that when a potter moulds a vase out of a lump of clay, he should put forth his greatest energy, and exert his utmost skill, to finish and turn it out perfect? That achieved, would there be any reason for his continuing to revolve his wheel slowly for an indefinite time?" The author is, as is but natural, misled by an inappropriate metaphor, as well as by inexact use of terms. If perfection be the adaptation of structure to condition, it would be impossible to deny that the mail-clad ganoids of the old red sandstone, or the gigantic reptiles of the neocomian series, were as perfect as any fish, lizard, or beast of the present age. We may here contrast the undisputed range of the earlier tyrants of the seas or the shores with the failing resistance of the red races of mankind to the firewater and the rifles of the American settler, or with the depopulation of central Africa before the slave-trader. Our duty is not to predicate what we imagine that a great First Cause ought to have done, but to trace, as far as we are able, the course of the historic revolutions of our planet, as indicated by the changing forms of palæontological life and the evidence of lithological degradation or deposit. It is possible to do this with as reverent a spirit and as profound a recognition of the action of Almighty Wisdom as it is to assume as inadmissible "a solution of the problem of cosmogony involving the absurdity that the work was left unfinished, and needs constant alteration by means of certain mechanical self-acting operations." As far as the inorganic world is concerned there is no doubt that a constant change is in actual progress, of which the details are minute and often unobserved, but of which the aggregate is enormous. "Verifier" allows himself to prophesy: "It will eventually be acknowledged that, at the time and in the process of fashioning the globe, a power was "exerted totally different from the present course of nature." Perhaps it will; but we prefer taking no such leap into the dark. That mighty changes have occurred, for example, in the adaptation of the state of great districts of the earth to the support of different forms of life, or to the support of life at all, is one of the earliest discoveries of geology. No more lofty or truthful idea of a divine cause is formed by supposing changes in the method of its operation. If such changes have occurred, we shall no doubt in course of time become aware of the fact; and it will then be our duty to endeavor to understand the mode, and to ascertain the reason, of such change. For a longer or a shorter duration, with equal or with varying intensity, as the old order has changed, giving place to new, it has still been true that

> God fulfils himself in many ways.

A word must be said as to the sudden and unexpected outburst of unnecessary indignation poured out by a nobleman, of whose motives all must speak with respect, on Mr. Bonney's most modest and inoffensive "Manual of Geology." In simple language Mr. Bonney has stated the main facts which have been ascertained as to the past history of the earth, and the inferences on which the students of those facts are in the main agreed. "It was long believed," he says, "that the human race did not appear upon the globe till a comparatively short period before written history began. . . . Numerous facts, however, oppose themselves to this belief, of which the following are too brief a sketch." The faith which is staggered by such a plain statement of truth as this is certainly not of the kind that removes mountains, unless they be mountains of evidence. It is painful to have to refer to such intolerant impatience of the light.

The assertion of Professor Huxley, made on the authority of the survey of the Dead Sea by M. Lartet, that "rain and running water, working along the old line of fracture, ultimately hollowed out the valley of the Jordan," is contrasted by "Verifier" with the evidence of a section

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across the valley in question, copied from M. Lartet's work. "Just as plausibly and with as much probability," is the comment, Mr. Huxley "might attribute the image on a rusty bronze medal to the rust which corrodes it, and not to the die which stamped it." We are in possession, however, of more information on this subject than was collected by M. Lartet. A paper drawn up by Lieutenant Conder, R.E., the officer in command of the ordnance survey of Palestine, was read before the British Association in 1874, which throws an entirely new light on the geology of Syria. Bearing testimony to the minute accuracy of the study given by M. Lartet to those parts of Palestine which he visited personally, Lieutenant Conder remarks that the map of that explorer, which in many parts is an absolute blank, in others is disfigured by false conclusions, drawn apparently from hearsay evidence. After mentioning the extent of country covered by black basalt, south of the Sea of Galilee, before undescribed, the trappean outbreak on Carmel, and the evidence of the former existence of a tertiary volcanic lake south-west of that mountain, Lieutenant Conder says:—

The western shore of the Dead Sea is bounded by steep, precipitous cliffs, at the foot of which are marls and conglomerates belonging to an ancient sea-level. At the top of these cliffs are marls of a similar character, giving a second level; and from these the marl hills rise rapidly to a third level, that of the Bukeya, or raised plain, situate at the foot of the main chain of hills, and below the Convent of Mar Saba. This gives a series of three successive steps, each of which seems at some period to have formed the bed of a lake, under conditions similar to those of the present sea. There is, however, a very curious feature observable, the narrow valley running north and south, and separating a line of chalk cliffs immediately adjoining the Bukeya from the hard dolomite beds of the main chain. It is, in fact, evidence of a fault or sudden fold in the strata, the existence of which seems to have been hitherto unsuspected. Advancing north, we find a broad basin north of the Dead Sea, in which Jericho stands; which has an exact counterpart on the east side of the valley. The same contortion of strata is remarkable, and the higher level is occupied by beds of a reddish marl, and of the famous stink-stone or bituminous limestone; evidence that at this early geological period a lake existed under conditions similar to those of the present Dead Sea. From this point we succeeded in tracing an ancient shore line at a level equal to the second step on the west shore for a distance of over twenty miles up the valley. Thence a narrow gorge, with strata less violently contorted, extends for some ten miles. The valley then broadens again; and the shore deposits and red marl reappear and extend along the side of the upper basin south of the Sea of Galilee. I have submitted these observations to professional geologists; and their opinion confirms that which I formed upon the spot — that the Jordan valley was caused by a sudden and probably violent depression in times subsequent to the late cretaceous period; that it presented at first a chain of great lakes; and that no less than three levels for these lakes are to be found, the area of the most ancient being the greatest.

It is highly probable that the depression of the Jordan valley, which is such that the level of the surface of the Dead Sea is thirteen hundred feet below that of the Mediterranean, and which, there is much reason to believe, is still slowly increasing, may be due to volcanic action in Galilee and the Lejja. The date of activity in this district is not accurately known. It is, at all events, as late as the tertiary age. It is interesting to see how one of the latest contributions to our knowledge of physical geology bears witness to the comparatively recent operation of forces on a scale now unusual, although probably by no means rare in earlier geologic time.

In Mr. Haughton's little book, which bears the same relation to some other text-books that wax bears to honey, or the work of the bee to that of the ant, all the collected store having passed through the alembic of a reflective mind, the question of geological time is thus stated:—

Any person who has paid even the slightest attention to the science of geology must be aware of the fact, that the whole of our knowledge with regard to age in this science is confined to relative age, and that with respect to absolute age we have little or no real information; and in this absence of positive knowledge as to the absolute age of rocks, geologists have sometimes indulged in the wildest and most extraordinary statements and speculations (p. 79).

That the advent of man [says Mr. Woodward] took place very much earlier than our forefathers imagined, is a point about which there can be no question whatever; and although this conclusion is repugnant to many minds of a conservative nature who are unable to receive the facts upon which it is founded, it is nevertheless a conclusion which is fully established as true. . . . This we do know, that man lived in this country and throughout western Europe with the lion and hairy elephant, the hyæna and woolly rhinoceros. . . . In his weapons of warfare and of the chase he resembled the dwellers on the shores of Arctic seas; and, judging from the

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associated animals, he probably lived in an age when continental conditions and higher mountains produced much greater extremes of climate than are found in the same countries now. . . . Although we cannot assign a date to his first appearance, we must refer him to a period sc remote that wide valleys have been scooped out, and whole races of animals exterminated, since his time; but how long it took to bring this about we cannot yet tell.*

In fact, as part of a view at once modest and profound, of the great series of authentic monumental records which are inscribed on the stony leaves of the successive strata of the earth's surface, the question of longer or shorter time becomes comparatively unimportant. We have not, at present, at least, the means of translating geological into astronomical time. We ought not to undervalue the importance of such a relation, a key to which we may perhaps hereafter discover; but at all events such value is but small, in comparison with that of the main features of the teaching of the rocks. While one school of naturalists is very anxious to convince the world that everything is as it must have unavoidably been, and that organic nature has organized itself, we must confess that a loftier conception of the order and sequence of the palæontologic record seems to us both more rational and more noble. That the mighty maze is not without a plan, can only be denied by those who lose their way in the labyrinth. That the plan made itself is not, to our view, a very rational theory. The greater the delicacy of self-adaptation, as evinced in the history of any specific form, to changing conditions, the higher, it seems to us, must be the idea formed of the power and wisdom under the exercise of which the parent form first had being, and the steady progress was effected. In our limited capacity for knowledge it may seem less wonderful that a man should be the descendant of a fish or of a sponge than that his first parent should have stood upright and conversed with his Maker. But the incapacity for self-origination is not more obvious in the one case than in the other; and if we look at the formative power as exterior to the living form, the humbler the first nucleus of life, the more prescient and potent must the exercise of that formative power appear to the imagination.

It is true that the efficacy of the principle of natural selection, as the law accounting for the development of all existing forms of life, has been implicitly abandoned by the author of the theory. The admission of the power of sexual selection, as some of Mr. Darwin's disciples have more or less dimly perceived, is fatal to the unity of the former theory. If an organ or a quality be of use to the animal, as the trunk to the elephant, it is due, we are told, to the gradual growth of the snouts of successive elephants, because such growth was a convenience, and the longer-snouted creature obtained food with more ease than the shorter-snouted one. Were this the case we should expect that, instead of finding at this period of time the varied lips of the elephant, the peccary, the horse, and even the hog, we should find the most useful general type to have been attained by a common pachyderm snout. The result of natural selection, if it were so potent an influence as its believers urge, would be, in our opinion, to produce unity rather than diversity of type. The whole order of palæontological development evinces an increase in diversity of form and in specialization of function. Natural selection, we apprehend, would be a more tenable hypothesis if the order of succession were absolutely inverted. However that may be, when the action of a second independent principle is introduced, the value of the first, as a sole or even as a controlling element, is destroyed. The tail of the humming-bird or of the peacock has been of no advantage to the creature in procuring food. It must rather have been an obstacle than otherwise to its pursuit of sustenance, or to its care of its young. When asked how this, and other useless beauties of the organic world, have come into being, we are therefore referred to the principle of "sexual selection." Hen humming-birds and hen pea-fowl have so long and so steadfastly admired tufted and ocellated tails in their mates, that the birds better provided in this way than their fellows have always had the choice of the strongest hens; and thus, in the succession of ages, have grown their tails to their actual development.

With regard to this, however, the same doubt occurs about the major proposition that arose in the former case. Is it likely that there should have been such a steady sexual taste? All our experience, whether of the human race or of the animal tribes, points in the opposite direction. What care the breeders of pigeons have to take to provide against an aberrant sexual selection in the hen-birds of valuable varieties! How often a pure-bred tumbler, or pouter or fantail will select some absolute

* Geology of England and Wales, p. 432.

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mongrel for a mate, rather than delight in the nobility of her own blood, if the chance be possible! Do we find that black beards, or brown beards, or red beards, are developed amongst ourselves by the steady effect of feminine admiration? Do we find, as a rule, that like does select like? Are not the majority of instances just the reverse? Does not the small man admire the stately woman, the dark man admire the golden or flaxen blonde, the negro worship the white woman? Sexual taste, so far as we know, if not absolutely capricious, is rather awakened by unlikeness than by likeness. Its tendency, so far as we can see, is therefore not to form permanent varieties, but to obliterate them.

Let us suppose, however, that this view is erroneous. Let us admit, as matter of hypothesis, that the secular development of the most useful structure, from the very fact of its utility, tends to produce, and not to diminish variety. Let us admit, also, under the same reserve, that the tendency of the mutual admiration of the sexes is in the direction of the production and maintenance of distinct varieties of form, and not in that of rendering permanent an average or common type. How do these opposite laws accord in their operation? Two primary influences are said to be at work; the one is utility, the other caprice. To ascertain the working of the first, we have only to discover what is actually useful for the maintenance of animal life, but to the second we have no key. The origin of the sexual admiration, leading to sexual selection, is absolutely obscure. Utility it is not, for in that case the hypothesis of natural selection would be brought into play. Whence does this useless emotion, which plays so powerful and so perplexing a part in the formation of varieties, spring? To say that it is pure caprice does not mend the matter much. A personal, automatic, incalculable element is admitted to exist alongside of the rational, calculable, iron force of utility. What is this but to destroy the whole logical value of the theory of natural selection?

One thing is certain, namely, that if these two forces, the certain and the uncertain, the calculable and the incalculable, do coexist and interfere, the problem of the resolution of such forces is utterly insoluble. The eye is struck by a graceful form or by a brilliant color. The old-fashioned philosopher recognizes in this one of the countless embodiments of those ideas of grace and of beauty which he believes to be part of a certain ideal excellence, after which the order of nature has been framed. The philosopher of the new school quietly tells him that such a notion is nonsense. "No shadow of reason can be assigned for the belief that variations were intentionally and specially guided." Necessity, or survival of the fittest, caused all variations, except those which were due to the fancy of the variants. If you ask how that fancy arose, there is no reply. Thus, if an organ or a development be of utility, it is due to natural selection; otherwise it is due to sexual selection. If it be doubtful how far it is useful, and how far only beautiful or quaint, it is doubtful to which cause it is due. It is also altogether unknown what is the origin of the second asserted cause of modification. And this is called a philosophic view of the automatic development of the organic world!

The author of "Scepticism in Geology" has not referred to the most powerful arguments yet adduced against what is called the uniformitarian theory. Geology, whatever be its actual advance, is but one branch of natural science. Not only must any sound geological theory, therefore, be in accordance with the ascertained truths of natural philosophy, but it must be controlled by those more general and more certain data which are to be obtained by the physicist and by the physical astronomer. The address delivered to the Geological Society of Glasgow (Feb. 27, 1868), by Sir W. Thomson, "On Geological Time," has laid down certain lines and limits which no reasonable speculator can attempt to overstep. By reasoning as lucid as that of the "*Principia*" itself, Sir William has demonstrated the fact that a secular retardation of the rotation of the earth is caused by the tides. A second and independent proof that geological time is limited, deduced from the laws of heat, is to be found in the paper "On Geological Dynamics," by the same author, read to the same audience on February 19, 1869. In this, Professor Huxley's address to the Geological Society of London (Feb. 19, 1869) is submitted to a damaging, or rather totally destructive, criticism. From these masterly papers it is clearly evident that the enormous demands on time made by the uniformitarian geologists, so far from being based on any observed phenomena, are irreconcilable with an intelligent consideration of physical law. Almost everything, in fact, points to the conclusion that the erosive, transporting, and upheaving actions of nature were formerly far more active than is now the case. One thing alone

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stands on the opposite side of the question. The contrast is thus stated by Sir W. Thomson: "The limitation of geological periods imposed by physical science, cannot, of course, disprove the hypothesis of transmutation of species. But it does seem sufficient to disprove the doctrine that transmutation has taken place through 'descent with modification by natural selection.'" The only necessity for the assumption that "a far longer period than three hundred million years has elapsed since the latter part of the secondary period"* is to give time for the operation of that law, which has been invented by Mr. Darwin, and which is thus proved to be inconsistent with well-known and established principles of natural science.

We take leave of the theory of self-creation. It is not by the insertion, three or four times in every page, of the words, "by the process of natural selection," that the existence of any such process can be proved. But it is difficult to see what better proof has been adduced. Confessedly, not a single pertinent observation can be cited in behalf of the fantasy. Variations, where their history is known, have been due to the action of controlling will. The deduction made from the fact is, that variability proves the absence of controlling will. There is good reason to hold that the action of such a law as that of selection, if it existed, would be the reverse of that which is known to have occurred — that is to say, that it would have tended to diminish, instead of to produce, differences. The only assumed advantage of the imaginary law, its aptness to account for facts, is rendered nugatory by the enforced supplement of the equally imaginary law of sexual selection, which is also supposed to have worked in a direction contrary to observation. Finally, the attempt to obtain elbow-room for the operation of natural selection has driven its supporters to assume an invariability in cosmical action, and a secular permanence of existing conditions, which are inconsistent with known data of natural science, and are pronounced impossible alike by the astronomer and the physicist.

Space now fails for the pursuit of an investigation to which the utterances of the geologist and of the naturalist equally invite. A sketch of the order of nature, not in the organic world alone, but exhibiting how, so far back as the stony records of the past have been deciphered, certain great laws of fitness and of progress have operated with unvarying force, demands more room than remains now available even for the most elementary outline. The general thesis, that as far back as organic relics can be identified there has been a perfect adaptation of type or form of being to habitat and to condition, will not be disputed by the palæontologist. Neither will he deny that, during a succession of changes which cannot be as yet in any way measured by astronomic time, there has prevailed the same law of increase in specialization of function. The earlier animals were at once more complex and more simple than the later tribes. They were more complex, inasmuch as they contained the germs or indications of organs, of which the developments have been wrought out, in fuller detail, in particular tribes of later origin. They were more simple, inasmuch as they possessed no organ so specially fitted for one sole function as is the case in many of the later births of time. Thus the fish of the old red sandstone foreshadowed, and may perhaps have been the ancestors of, not only the bony fish of modern seas, but of the reptiles of the permian and lias rocks, and perhaps of the two great subclasses of air-breathing quadrupeds that now inhabit the old and the new worlds. Mr. Darwin will not be the last to admit that anatomical research has traced forecasts of the structure of the whale, of the crocodile, of the salmon, of the platypus, and even of the kangaroo, in the cartilaginous masters of the ancient deep. From our point of view it would have been to be expected that the principle of natural selection would have tended rather to maintain, and perhaps to intensify, the general faculties of the cartilaginous fish, than to split up its descendants into the various tribes we have named; to say nothing of sub-divisions ranging to an almost infinite degree of variation. It will be replied that the latter has been the course that has actually occurred. That is so, no doubt. But it does not follow that it has occurred in consequence of the action of the principle of natural selection. To many persons it will appear more correct to say that the actual history of organic forms is the negation of the action of any such principle, at all events as a controlling law.

It is not, however, foreign to the considerations which led us to direct the attention of our readers to the arguments of the author of "Scepticism in Geology," to point out the remarkable coincidence — hitherto, we apprehend, by no means

* Origin of Species, ed. 1859, p. 287.

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duly described — between the succession of conditions through which our planet has passed since it was tenanted by living beings, and those ancient and venerable Hebrew records which, at a time when geology was undreamed of, mapped out the sequence of the days of creation. The geological record, as usually studied, ascends like a pedigree. We commence with the organic forms of to-day, and go back to those of yesterday, and then to those of the remoter past. For our present object we must reverse this order, and, giving only the heading of the successive chapters, begin at the beginning.

The first chapter of the self-recorded history of the planet earth comprises a long period to which the name, now known to be by no means accurate, of the azoic period has been given. The solid surface of the earth then presented a crystalline nucleus. From the primary and unstratified materials of the granite, syenite, porphyry, greenstone, and trappean rocks — substances closely akin to the lava of to-day — the successive layers of gneiss, mica schist, slates, sands, and conglomerates were formed by the conflicting forces of nature. If we use the language of D'Orbigny and the French geologists, it must be remembered that the term "upheaval" may be relative, and may denote such action as is now going on, or at all events has comparatively recently taken place, in the valley of the Jordan, as well as that of which Monte Nuovo gives us an example, within late historic times, on the shores of the Bay of Naples. At the time of which we speak, then, the mountain range of La Vendée was upheaved. Ten thousand feet of thickness attained by the Cambrian beds attest the immense duration of this first, comparatively lifeless, period. The astronomical elements of form and movement seem to have been almost the only features that were common to the earth of this first day and that of our own time. Volcanic and thermic, rather than organic, agency, came into energetic play when the light was first divided from the darkness.

A vast oceanic period succeeds. An aerial atmosphere and an aqueous robe surrounded the no longer lifeless earth. The great groups of the placoid and ganoid fishes ranged the seas which deposited the Silurian and Devonian rocks. Together with animal forms of aquatic respiration and primary simplicity, existed large and heavily armed fishes, creatures of which the reptile affinities were so apparent to Linnæus that he classed the few remaining species as *Amphibia nantia*, animals which afforded in their structure the promise of future forms of a higher and more varied life. Such as they were, they were the fit lords of the earth, or rather of the ocean, of their day. Plinlimmon and Snowdon rocks; sands, limes, and conglomerates; siliceous, quartzose, and slaty strata; sands, marls, and tilestones, forming the old red sandstone of the Devonian series, mark the dividing of the waters from the waters of the terrestrial and the aerial oceans.

The third period, divided from the preceding by the upheaval of the Ballons, witnessed the deposit of the mountain limestone, of the millstone grit, and of the coal measures. The latter were the scene of a rich and fertile vegetation. The labor of the miner has brought to light ample evidence that the dry land had appeared and brought forth grass, and herb, and tree. Animal life, of air-breathing structure, was not wanting amid the giant forests. Insects flitted beneath their shade. A terrestrial fauna, as well as a terrestrial flora — if the term may include cryptogamic vegetation — testifies to the activity of terrestrial life during the great carboniferous period of the earth's history.

A new series of organic forms is introduced in the fourth great geological day, separated from the preceding period by the upheaval of the north of England range of mountains. Climates, and seasons, and tides, and winds, to some extent resembling those of our own time, have left marks of their course during this long herpetiferous period. The permian and triassic rocks, the lias, and the oolite, are all characterized by the predominance of reptile forms. Gigantic saurians swam, and waded, and crawled, and walked, and even flew. Forms which now defy the anatomist to rank in existing classes — feathered reptiles, birds with tails like squirrels — marked this stage of protochthonic existence. Insect life was busy. Probably at no geologic epoch were the ideas of change, of progress, of development, and of an immense, and not very dimly indicated, future, so distinctly wrought out in the fauna of our planet. Reptile life, the animal life which of all kinds is most directly dependent on the sun, active in his rays, and torpid in his absence, reigned over earth on the fourth day.

The upheaval of the Côte d'Or ushers in the fifth great day. The most striking characteristic of the epoch has not hitherto been pointed out. It was a second oceanic

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period. It comprised the time of the deposit of the chalk, of the Purbeck and Hastings beds, of the Weald clay, the gault, and the green sand. During this epoch the waters brought forth abundantly. The characteristic inhabitants of the modern seas and rivers, the cycloid and ctenoid fish — the bony fishes, quite distinct in their anatomy from the cartilaginous fishes, such as the sharks and rays, which were the children of an older ocean — now first appeared. Remains of birds occur in the chalk, although they are, as is natural in marine deposits, rare. Great fish moved in the waters, and fowl flew above the earth in the open firmament of heaven.

The Pyrenees form the mountain barrier, the upheaval of which marks the limit between the fifth and the sixth day. We have now reached the kainozoic strata. Mammalia appear on the scene. Cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind, herald the advent of man. We can now trace step by step the progress of that well-ordered development of which we have only collected few and distant relics in the earlier portions of the scene. The action of the same law, however, is perceptible. Permanence of type, coexisting with modification of detail, appears to be the central rule of organic development. That modification of detail is continually in the direction of increased specialization of function. Forms and organs of general, are replaced by those of special, utility. That this should be the case during any great inorganic revolution in the condition of the earth is not matter of wonder. As the amphibious and lacertine forms of life delight in the muddy confines of land and water, so we can imagine that a period of vast paludic life, when the dry land was only commencing its consolidation, and marsh and swamp, covered with cryptogamic vegetation, spread over vast areas of the surface of our planet, were especially suitable for that vigorous activity of lacertine forms which we know to have then existed. But it should be needless to point out the old fallacy of *post hoc ergo propter hoc*. With the drying of the earth, and the gradual attainment of its actual physical condition, the increase in detail and speciality of function of its animal inhabitants has, in point of fact, coexisted. It does not follow that it was thus produced; and many of the later phenomena of the varieties of species are not altogether consistent with such an hypothesis.

If the strata of which we have spoken as naturally divided into six great systems, or days, be graphically arranged and drawn to scale, an approach to the exhibition of a remarkable law of sequence will at once catch the eye. It is one of the same kind as that which is well known as Bode's law of planetary distances. We desire to speak with all due reserve. We are hardly in a position to catch more than a glimpse of the truth; for our measurements of the different strata are as yet so few, and so strictly local, that no geologist can give a reliable section of the crust of the earth as a whole, showing the average thickness of the successive strata of deposit. But with this caution it may be remarked that there is an approach to the diminution of deposit, and thus, probably, to that of lapse of time, somewhat approaching to the rate at which the spaces between the planets diminish as they approach the sun. The strata of the first system before described afford a known depth of fifty-two thousand eight hundred feet. Those of the second have been estimated at a little over twenty-seven thousand feet. The carboniferous systems, as before limited, have a total depth of thirteen thousand six hundred and fifty feet. The herpetiferous group of rocks is more than eight thousand feet in thickness. The cretaceous system has been measured at three thousand three hundred and fifty feet. As to this it should be remarked that a deposit of the nature of the chalk, which modern research has shown to be at this moment going on at the bottom of the sea in some regions, will be far slower in its accretion than mechanical deposits, such as those of sands, limes, and clays. The tertiary strata have been measured at one thousand three hundred and fifty feet in depth. We must repeat the caution that these measurements are not offered as a true average of the depths of the successive systems mentioned. But they are figures taken without alteration from the best estimates and measurements as yet published. It is possible that more extended information may show that no such regular decrease as is intimated actually prevails. But the subject is not unworthy of attention, and, whether such a relation hereafter prove to hold good or not, it will have been no waste of time to enquire into the actual sequence, and into the approach to an estimate of time which may be based on the measurement of depths.

As to the general theory of the advance in development of animal life, from creatures not only inhabiting but breathing water, through those of mixed abode and double respiration, to land-walking, air-

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breathing quadrupeds and bipeds, and to the tribes that sport in the air itself, there is no room for doubt or question. The one point to which it is most important to call attention is, that the progress of development has not been what may be called purely mechanical. It has been in waves or bounds. In the very earliest times, when, as far as we can tell, no air-breathing creature existed on our planet, and when most of the water-breathing tribes were of very low and simple organization, the cartilaginous fish showed a complexity and perfection of structure which is quite incompatible with the idea that a general self-development was the law of nature. So again in the herpetiferous period. The swimming, wading, and flying dragons of the fourth geologic day — the ichthyosaurs, plesiosaurs, and pterodactyls of the trias, lias, and oolite seas and marshes, contain developments of the reptile type far higher than any now existing in life. In families as well as in classes, the geological record shows, even from its present imperfectly collected data, that growth, progress, culmination, and decay have been the general law which each group of animal forms has successively obeyed. Perhaps, as we have heard it suggested by an ingenious friend, we are ourselves living in the seventh day or period of the creation, the evening of which has not yet closed on the destinies of the globe.

The more patient, exhaustive, and profound the study given to these records of nature, the more fully may we expect to understand the great secular and structural laws under which the development of organic life has taken place. So sensible are we of the enormous disproportion between the positive geological knowledge already attained, and that which we may hope hereafter to grasp, that we had some hesitation in calling attention to a parallel, which is certainly very striking, between the book of nature and another record of primitive tradition. We can only submit it for further illustration and verification. But even in this hypothetical form it is not without a certain value. It may serve to quiet the apprehensions of those who fear the progress of scientific research. Truth is one, although truths and facts are innumerable. He is not only a bold but a foolish man who thinks that he has grasped so central a truth that all other knowledge must group itself around, and in subservience to, his theory. If anything be known, really and fully appreciated, no freshly acquired portion of knowledge can disturb or invalidate that treasured verity. When contradiction seems to arise, the cause is not that the facts observed are delusive, but that our observation of those facts is imperfect. Even if a truth be held, after long research, with a grasp which seems indisputable, a new discovery, without discrediting the former study, may show how far it was from being exhaustive. The colors of the rainbow, and the different refractive powers of various transparent bodies, were patiently investigated by Newton. His was a theory of light founded on true observations, before the dark lines of Fraunhofer were detected in the spectrum. Who could have dreamed of the probability of the latter discovery? Still more, who could have dreamed of its results? To the investigation of these lines of no light we owe our possession of a knowledge which Auguste Comte declared to be unattainable by man, and which it was therefore a waste of time to pursue — a knowledge of definite facts of sidereal astronomy. We now know something, thanks to the spectroscope, even of the chemical constitution of some of the fixed stars, as well as of the speed and the direction of their secular motion in space. Would Newton have dreaded this discovery lest it should have interfered with his views as to light, or with his fame as the analyst of the spectrum? If the religious man fails to sympathize with those who labor to promote the advance of positive science, it is not because he is religious, but because he is unscientific. His fear, in inner truth, must arise, not from the force, but from the half-unconscious weakness, of his religious convictions.

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MACLEOD OF DARE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XXII.

DECLARATION.

NOVEMBER though it was, next morning broke brilliantly over London. There was a fresh west wind blowing; there was a clear sunshine filling the thoroughfares; if one were on the lookout for picturesqueness even in Bury Street, was there not a fine touch of color where the softly red chimney-pots rose far away into the blue?

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It was not possible to have always around one the splendor of the northern sea.

And Macleod would not listen to a word his friend had to say concerning the important business that had brought them both to London.

"To-night, man — to-night; we will arrange it all to-night," he would say; and there was a nervous excitement about his manner for which the major could not at all account.

"Sha'n't I see you till the evening, then?" he asked.

"No," Macleod said, looking anxiously out of the window, as if he feared some thunderstorm would suddenly shut out the clear light of this beautiful morning. "I don't know — perhaps I may be back before — but at any rate we meet at seven. You will remember seven?"

"Indeed I am not likely to forget it," his companion said; for he had been told about five-and-thirty times.

It was about eleven o'clock when Macleod left the house. There was a grateful freshness about the morning even here in the middle of London. People looked cheerful; Piccadilly was thronged with idlers come out to enjoy the sunshine; there was still a leaf or two fluttering on the trees in the squares. Why should this man go eagerly tearing away northward in a hansom, with an anxious and absorbed look on his face, when everybody seemed inclined to saunter leisurely along, breathing the sweet wind, and feeling the sunlight on their cheek?

It was scarcely half past eleven when Macleod got out of the hansom, and opened a small gate, and walked up to the door of a certain house. He was afraid she had already gone. He was afraid she might resent his calling at so unusual an hour. He was afraid — of a thousand things. And when, at last, the trim maidservant told him that Miss White was within, and asked him to step into the drawing-room, it was almost as one in a dream that he followed her. As one in a dream, truly; but nevertheless he saw every object around him with a marvellous vividness. Next day he could recollect every feature of the room — the empty fireplace, the black-framed mirror, the Chinese fans, the small cabinets with their shelves of blue and white, and the large open book on the table, with a bit of tartan lying on it. These things seemed to impress themselves on his eyesight involuntarily; for he was in reality intently listening for a soft footfall outside the door. He went forward to this open book. It was a volume of a work on the Highland clans — a large and expensive work that was not likely to belong to Mr. White. And this colored figure? It was the representative of the Clan Macleod; and this bit of cloth that lay on the open book was of the Macleod tartan. He withdrew quickly, as though he had stumbled on some dire secret. He went to the window. He saw only leafless trees now, and withered flowers, with the clear sunshine touching the sides of houses and walls that had in the summer months been quite invisible.

There was a slight noise behind him; he turned, and all the room seemed filled with a splendor of light and of life as she advanced to him — the clear, beautiful eyes full of gladness, the lips smiling, the hand frankly extended. And of a sudden his heart sank. Was it indeed of her,

> The glory of life, the beauty of the world,

that he had dared to dream wild and impossible dreams? He had set out that morning with a certain masterful sense that he would face his fate. He had "taken the world for his pillow," as the Gaelic stories say. But at this sudden revelation of the incomparable grace, and self-possession, and high loveliness of this beautiful creature, all his courage and hopes fled instantly, and he could only stammer out excuses for his calling so early. He was eagerly trying to make himself out an ordinary visitor. He explained that he did not know but that she might be going to the theatre during the day. He was in London for a short time on business. It was an unconscionable hour.

"But I am so glad to see you," she said, with a perfect sweetness, and her eyes said more than her words. "I should have been really vexed if I had heard you had passed through London without calling on us. Won't you sit down?"

As he sat down, she turned for a second, and, without any embarrassment, shut the big book that had been lying open on the table.

"It is very beautiful weather," she remarked — there was no tremor about *her* fingers, at all events, as she made secure the brooch that fastened the simple morning dress at the neck — "only it seems a pity to throw away such beautiful sunshine on withered gardens and bare trees. We have some fine chrysanthemums, though; but I confess I don't like chrysanthemums myself. They come at a wrong time. They look unnatural. They only remind one of what is gone. If we are to have

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winter, we ought to have it out and out; the chrysanthemums always seem to me as if they were making a pretence — trying to make you believe that there was still some life in the dead garden."

It was very pretty talk all this about chrysanthemums, uttered in the low-toned and gentle and musical voice; but somehow there was a burning impatience in his heart, and a bitter sense of hopelessness; and he felt as though he would cry out in his despair. How could he sit there and listen to talk about chrysanthemums? His hands were tightly clasped together; his heart was throbbing quickly; there was a humming in his ears as though something there refused to hear about chrysanthemums.

"I — I saw you at the theatre last night," said he.

Perhaps it was the abruptness of the remark that caused the quick blush. She lowered her eyes. But all the same she said, with perfect self-possession, —

"Did you like the piece?"

And he, too: was he not determined to play the part of an ordinary visitor?

"I am not much of a judge," said he lightly. "The drawing-room scene is very pretty. It is very like a drawing-room. I suppose those are real curtains, and real pictures?"

"Oh yes, it is all real furniture," said she.

Thereafter, for a second, blank silence. Neither dared to touch that deeper stage question that lay next their hearts. But when Keith Macleod, in many a word of timid suggestion, and in the jesting letter he sent her from Castle Dare, had ventured upon that dangerous ground, it was not to talk about the real furniture of a stage drawing-room. However, was not this an ordinary morning call? His manner — his speech — everything said so but the tightly clasped hands, and perhaps, too, a certain intensity of look in the eyes, which seemed anxious and constrained.

"Papa, at least, is proud of our chrysanthemums," said Miss White, quickly getting away from the stage question. "He is in the garden now. Will you go out and see him? I am sorry Carry has gone to school."

She rose. He rose also, and he was about to lift his hat from the table, when he suddenly turned to her.

"A drowning man will cry out — how can you prevent his crying out?"

She was startled by the change in the sound of his voice, and still more by the almost haggard look of pain and entreaty in his eyes. He seized her hand; she would have withdrawn it, but she could not.

"You will listen. It is no harm to you. I must speak now, or I will die," said he, quite wildly, "and if you think I am mad, perhaps you are right, but people have pity for a madman. Do you know why I have come to London? It is to see you. I could bear it no longer — the fire that was burning and killing me. Oh, it is no use my saying that it is love for you — I do not know what it is, but only that I must tell you, and you cannot be angry with me — you can only pity me and go away. That is it — it is nothing to you — you can go away."

She burst into tears, and snatched her hand from him, and with both hands covered her face.

"Ah!" said he, "is it pain to you that I should tell you of this madness? But you will forgive me — and you will forget it — and it will not pain you to-morrow or any other day. Surely you are not to blame! Do you remember the days when we became friends — it seems a long time ago; but they were beautiful days, and you were very kind to me, and I was glad I had come to London to make so kind a friend. And it was no fault of yours that I went away with that sickness of the heart; and how could you know about the burning fire, and the feeling that if I did not see you I might as well be dead? And I am come — and I see you — and now I know no more what is to happen when I go away. And I will call you Gertrude for once only. Gertrude, sit down now — for a moment or two — and do not grieve any more over what is only a misfortune. I want to tell you. After I have spoken, I will go away, and there will be an end of the trouble."

She did sit down; her hands were clasped in piteous despair; he saw the teardrops on the long beautiful lashes.

"And if the drowning man cries?" said he. "It is only a breath. The waves go over him, and the world is at peace. And oh! do you know that I have taken a strange fancy of late —— But I will not trouble you with that; you may hear of it afterward; you will understand, and know you have no blame, and there is an end of trouble. It is quite strange what fancies get into one's head when one is — sick — heart-sick. Do you know what I thought this morning? Will you believe it? Will you let the drowning man cry out in his madness? Why, I said to myself, 'Up, now, and have courage!

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Up, now, and be brave, and win a bride as they used to do in the old stories.' And it was you — it was you my madness thought of. 'You will tell her,' I said to myself, 'of all the love and the worship you have for her, and your thinking of her by day and by night; and she is a woman, and she will have pity. And then in her surprise, why ——' But then you came into the room: it is only a little while ago, but it seems for ever and ever away now — and I have only pained you ——"

She sprang to her feet, her face white, her lips proud and determined. And for a second she put her hands on his shoulders, and the wet, full, piteous eyes met his. But as rapidly she withdrew them — almost shuddering — and turned away; and her hands were apart, each clasped, and she bowed her head. Gertrude White had never acted like that on any stage.

And as for him, he stood absolutely dazed for a moment, not daring to think what that involuntary action might mean. He stepped forward, with a pale face and a bewildered air, and caught her hand. Her face she sheltered with the other, and she was sobbing bitterly.

"Gertrude," he said, "what is it? What do you mean?"

The broken voice answered, though her face was turned aside.

"It is I who am miserable."

"You who are miserable?"

She turned and looked fair into his face, with her eyes all wet, and beautiful, and piteous.

"Can't you see? Don't you understand?" she said. "Oh, my good friend! of all the men in the world, you are the very last I would bring trouble to. And I cannot be a hypocrite with you. I feared something of this; and now the misery is that I cannot say to you, 'Here, take my hand; it is yours; you have won your bride.' I cannot do it. If we were both differently situated, it might be otherwise."

"It might be otherwise!" he exclaimed, with a sudden wonder. "Gertrude, what do you mean? Situated? Is it only that? Look me in the face, now, and as you are a true woman tell me — if we were both free from all situation — if there were no difficulties — nothing to be thought of — could you give yourself to me? Would you really become my wife — you who have all the world flattering you?"

She dared not look him in the face. There was something about the vehemence of his manner that almost terrified her. But she answered bravely, in the sweet, low, trembling voice, and with downcast eyes.

"If I were to become the wife of any one, it is your wife I would like to be; and I have thought of it. Oh, I cannot be a hypocrite with you when I see the misery I have brought you! And I have thought of giving up all my present life, and all the wishes and dreams I have cherished, and going away and living the simple life of a woman. And under whose guidance would I try that rather than yours? You made me think. But it is all a dream — a fancy. It is impossible. It would only bring misery to you and to me."

"But why — but why?" he eagerly exclaimed; and there was a new light in his face. "Gertrude, if you can say so much, why not say all? What are obstacles? There can be none if you have the fiftieth part of the love for me that I have for you. Obstacles!" — and he laughed with a strange laugh.

She looked up in his face.

"And would it be so great a happiness for you? that would make up for all the trouble I have brought you?" she said wistfully; and his answer was to take both her hands in his, and there was such a joy in his heart that he could not speak at all. But she only shook her head, somewhat sadly, and withdrew her hands, and sat down again by the table.

"It is wrong of me even to think of it," she said. "To-day I might say 'yes,' and to-morrow? You might inspire me with courage now, and afterward — I should only bring you further pain. I do not know myself. I could not be sure of myself. How could I dare drag you into such a terrible risk? It is better as it is. The pain you are suffering will go. You will come to call me your friend; and you will thank me that I refused. Perhaps I shall suffer a little too," she added, and once more she rather timidly looked up into his face. "You do not know the fascination of seeing your scheme of life, that you have been dreaming about, just suddenly put before you for acceptance; and you want all your common sense to hold back. But I know it will be better — better for both of us. You must believe me."

"I do not believe you, and I will not believe you," said he, with a proud light in his eyes; "and now you have said so much, I am not going to take any refusal at all. Not now. Gertrude, I have courage for both of us; when you are timid you will take my hand. Say it, then!

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A word only! You have already said all but that!"

He seemed scarcely the same man who had appealed to her with the wild eyes and the haggard face. His look was radiant and proud. He spoke with a firm voice; and yet there was a great tenderness in his tone.

"I am sure you love me," she said, in a low voice.

"You will see," he rejoined, with a firm confidence.

"And I am not going to requite your love ill. You are too vehement. You think of nothing but the one end to it all. But I am a woman, and women are taught to be patient. Now you must let me think about all you have said."

"And you do not quite refuse?" said he.

She hesitated for a moment or two.

"I must think for you as well as for myself," she said, in a scarcely audible voice. "Give me time. Give me till the end of the week."

"At this hour I will come."

"And you will believe I have decided for the best — that I have tried hard to be fair to you as well as myself?"

"I know you are too true a woman for anything else," he said; and then he added: "Ah, well, now, you have had enough misery for one morning; you must dry your eyes now and we will go out into the garden; and if I am not to say any thing of all my gratitude to you — why? Because I hope there will be many a year to do that in, my angel of goodness."

She went to fetch a light shawl and a hat; he kept turning over the things on the table, his fingers trembling, his eyes seeing nothing. If they did see anything, it was a vision of the brown moors near Castle Dare, and a beautiful creature, clad all in cream-color and scarlet drawing near the great gray stone house.

She came into the room again; joy leaped to his eyes.

"Will you follow me?"

There was a strangely subdued air about her manner as she led him to where her father was; perhaps she was rather tired after the varied emotions she had experienced; perhaps she was still anxious. He was not anxious. It was in a glad way that he addressed the old gentleman who stood there with a spade in his hand.

"It is indeed a beautiful garden," Macleod said, looking round on the withered leaves and damp soil: "no wonder you look after it yourself."

"I am not gardening," the old man said peevishly. "I have been putting a knife in the ground — burying the hatchet, you might call it. Fancy! A man sees an old hunting-knife in a shop in Gloucester — a hunting-knife of the time of Charles I., with a beautifully carved ivory handle — and he thinks he will make a present of it to me. What does he do but go and have it ground and sharpened and polished until it looks like something sent from Sheffield the day before yesterday!"

"You ought to be very pleased, pappy, you got it at all," said Gertrude White; but she was looking elsewhere — and rather absently, too.

"And so you have buried it to restore the tone?"

"I have," said the old gentleman, marching off with the shovel to a sort of outhouse.

Macleod speedily took his leave.

"Saturday next at noon," said he to her, with no timidity in his voice.

"Yes," said she, more gently, and with downcast eyes.

He walked away from the house — he knew not whither. He saw nothing around him. He walked hard, sometimes talking to himself. In the afternoon he found himself in a village in Berkshire, close by which, fortunately, there was a railway station; and he had just time to get back to keep his appointment with Major Stuart.

They sat down to dinner.

"Come now, Macleod, tell me where you have been all day," said the rosy-faced soldier, carefully tucking his napkin under his chin.

Macleod burst out laughing.

"Another day — another day, Stuart, I will tell you all about it. It is the most ridiculous story you ever heard in your life!"

It was a strange sort of laughing, for there were tears in the younger man's eyes. But Major Stuart was too busy to notice; and presently they began to talk about the real and serious object of their expedition to London.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A RED ROSE.

From nervous and unreasoning dread to overweening and extravagant confidence there was but a single bound. After the timid confession she had made, how could he have any further fear? He knew now the answer she must certainly give

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him. What but the one word "*yes*" — musical as the sound of summer seas — could fitly close and atone for all that long period of doubt and despair? And would she murmur it with the low, sweet voice, or only look it with the clear and lambent eyes? Once uttered, anyhow, surely the glad message would instantly wing its flight away to the far north, and Colonsay would hear, and the green shores of Ulva would laugh, and through all the wild dashing and roaring of the seas there would be a soft ringing as of wedding bells. The Gometra men will have a good glass that night; and who will take the news to distant Fladda, and rouse the lonely Dutchman from his winter sleep? There is a bride coming to Castle Dare!

When Norman Ogilvie had even mentioned marriage, Macleod had merely shaken his head and turned away. There was no issue that way from the wilderness of pain and trouble into which he had strayed. She was already wedded — to that cruel art that was crushing the woman within her. Her ways of life and his were separated as though by unknown oceans. And how was it possible that so beautiful a woman, surrounded by people who petted and flattered her, should not already have her heart engaged? Even if she were free, how could she have bestowed a thought on him — a passing stranger, a summer visitor, the acquaintance of an hour?

But no sooner had Gertrude White, to his sudden wonder and joy and gratitude, made that stammering confession, than the impetuosity of his passion leaped at once to the goal. He would not hear of any obstacles. He would not look at them. If she would but take his hand, he would lead her and guard her, and all would go well. And it was to this effect that he wrote to her day after day, pouring out all the confidences of his heart to her, appealing to her, striving to convey to her something of his own high courage and hope. Strictly speaking, perhaps, it was not quite fair that he should thus have disturbed the calm of her deliberation. Had he not given her till the end of the week to come to a decision? But when in his eagerness he thought of some further reason, some further appeal, how could he remain silent? With the prize so near, he could not let it slip from his grasp through the consideration of niceties of conduct. By rights he ought to have gone up to Mr. White and begged for permission to pay his addresses to the old gentleman's daughter. He forgot all about that. He forgot that Mr. White was in existence. All his thinking from morning till night — and through much of the night too — was directed on her answer, the one small word filled with a whole worldful of light and joy.

"If you will only say that one little word," he wrote to her, "then everything else becomes a mere trifle. If there are obstacles and troubles and what not, we will meet them one by one, and dispose of them. There can be no obstacles if we are of one mind; and we shall be of one mind, sure enough, if you will say you will become my wife; for there is nothing I will not consent to; and I shall only be too glad to have opportunities of showing my great gratitude to you for the sacrifice you must make. I speak of it as a sacrifice; but I do not believe it is one: whatever you may think now, and whatever natural regret you may feel, you will grow to feel there was no evil done you when you were drawn away from the life that now surrounds you. And if you were to say, 'I will become your wife only on one condition — that I am not asked to abandon my career as an actress' — still I would say, 'Become my wife.' Surely matters of arrangement are mere trifles — after you have given me your promise. And when you have placed your hand in mine (and the motto of the Macleods is *Hold fast*) we can study conditions and obstacles, and the other nonsense that our friends are sure to suggest, at our leisure. I think I already hear you say 'Yes;' I listen and listen until I almost hear your voice. And if it is to be 'Yes,' will you wear a red rose in your dress on Saturday? I shall see that before you speak. I will know what your message is, even if there are people about. One red rose only."

"Macleod," said Major Stuart to him, "did you come to London to write love-letters?"

"Love-letters!" he said angrily; but then he laughed. "And what did you come to London for?"

"On a highly philanthropic errand," said the other gravely, "which I hope to see fulfilled to-morrow. And if we have a day or two to spare, that is well enough, for one cannot be always at work; but I did not expect to take a holiday in the company of a man who spends three-fourths of the day at a writing-desk."

"Nonsense!" said Macleod, though there was some telltale color in his face. "All the writing I have done to-day would not fill up twenty minutes. And if I am a

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dull companion, is not Norman Ogilvie coming to dinner to-night to amuse you ?"

While they were speaking a servant brought in a card.

"Ask the gentleman to come up," Macleod said, and then he turned to his companion. "What an odd thing! I was speaking to you a minute ago about that drag accident. And here is Beauregard himself."

The tall, rough-visaged man — stooping slightly as though he thought the doorway was a trifle low — came forward and shook hands with Macleod, and was understood to inquire about his health, though what he literally said was, "Hawya, Macleod, hawya?"

"I heard you were in town from Paulton — you remember Paulton who dined with you at Richmond? He saw you in a hansom yesterday; and I took my chance of finding you in your old quarters. What are you doing in London?"

Macleod briefly explained.

"And you?" he asked, "what has brought you to London? I thought you and Lady Beauregard were in Ireland."

"We have just come over, and go down to Weatherill to-morrow. Won't you come down and shoot a pheasant or two before you return to the Highlands?"

"Well, the fact is," Macleod said, hesitatingly, "my friend and I — by the way, let me introduce you — Lord Beauregard, Major Stuart — the fact is, we ought to go back directly after we have settled this business."

"But a day or two won't matter. Now let me see. Plymley comes to us on Monday next, I think. We could get up a party for you on the Tuesday; and if your friend will come with you, we shall be six guns, which I always think the best number."

The gallant major showed no hesitation whatever. The chance of blazing away at a whole atmosphereful of pheasants — for so he construed the invitation — did not often come in his way.

"I am quite sure a day or two won't make any difference," said he quickly. "In any case, we were not thinking of going till Monday, and that would only mean an extra day."

"Very well," Macleod said.

"Then you will come down to dinner on the Monday evening. I will see if there is no alteration in the trains, and drop you a note with full instructions. Is it a bargain?"

"It is."

"All right. I must be off now. Good-by."

Major Stuart jumped to his feet with great alacrity, and warmly shook hands with the departing stranger. Then, when the door was shut, he went through a pantomimic expression of bringing down innumerable pheasants from every corner of the ceiling, with an occasional aim at the floor, where an imaginary hare was scurrying by.

"Macleod, Macleod," said he, "you are a trump. You may go on writing love-letters from now till next Monday afternoon. I suppose we shall have a good dinner, too?"

"Beauregard is said to have the best *chef* in London; and I don't suppose they would leave so important a person in Ireland."

"You have my gratitude, Macleod — eternal, sincere, unbounded," the major said seriously.

"But it is not I who am asking you to go and massacre a lot of pheasants," said Macleod; and he spoke rather absently, for he was thinking of the probable mood in which he would go down to Weatherill. One of a generous gladness and joy, the outward expression of an eager and secret happiness to be known by none? Or what if there were no red rose at all on her bosom when she advanced to meet him with sad eyes?

They went down into Essex next day. Major Stuart was surprised to find that his companion talked not so much about the price of machines for drying saturated crops as about the conjectural cost of living in the various houses they saw from afar, set amid the leafless trees of November.

"You don't think of coming to live in England, do you?" said he.

"No — at least not at present," Macleod said. "Of course one never knows what may turn up. I don't propose to live at Dare all my life."

"Your wife might want to live in England," the major said coolly.

Macleod started and stared.

"You have been writing a good many letters of late," said his companion.

"And is that all?" said Macleod, answering him in the Gaelic. "You know the proverb — *Tossing the head will not make the boat row*. I am not married yet."

The result of this journey was that they agreed to purchase one of the machines for transference to the rainy regions of Mull; and then they returned to London. This was on a Wednesday. Major Stuart considered they had a few days to idle by be-

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fore the *battue;* Macleod was only excitedly aware that Thursday and Friday — two short November days — came between him and that decision which he regarded with an anxious joy.

The two days went by in a sort of dream. A pale fog hung over London; and as he wandered about he saw the tall houses rise faintly blue into the gray mist; and the great coffee-colored river, flushed with recent rains, rolled down between the pale embankments; and the golden-red globe of the sun, occasionally becoming visible through the mottled clouds, sent a ray of fire here and there on some window-pane or lamp.

In the course of his devious wanderings — for he mostly went about alone — he made his way, with great trouble and perplexity, to the court in which the mother of Johnny Wickes lived; and he betrayed no shame at all in confronting the poor woman — half starved and pale and emaciated as she was — whose child he had stolen. It was in a tone of quite gratuitous pleasantry that he described to her how the small lad was growing brown and fat; and he had the audacity to declare to her that as he proposed to pay the boy the sum of one shilling per week at present, he might as well hand over to her the three months' pay which he had already earned. And the woman was so amused at the notion of little Johnny Wickes being able to earn any thing at all, that, when she received the money, and looked at it, she burst out crying; and she had so little of the spirit of the British matron, and so little regard for the laws of her country, that she invoked Heaven knows what — Heaven does know what — blessings on the head of the very man who had carried her child into slavery.

"And the first time I am going over to Oban," said he, "I will take him with me, and I will get a photograph of him made, and I will send you the photograph. And did you get the rabbits?" said he.

"Yes, indeed, sir, I got the rabbits."

"And it is a very fine poacher your son promises to be, for he got every one of the rabbits with his own snare, though I am thinking it was old Hamish was showing him how to use it. And I will say good-by to you now."

The poor woman seemed to hesitate for a second.

"If there was any sewing, sir," said she, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, "that I could do for your good lady, sir ——"

"But I am not married," said he quickly.

"Ah, well, indeed, sir," she said, with a sigh.

"But if there is any lace, or sewing, or anything like that you can send to my mother, I have no doubt she will pay you for it as well as any one else ——"

"I was not thinking of paying, sir, but to show you I am not ungrateful," was the answer — and if she said *hungrateful*, what matter? She was a woman without spirit: she had sold away her son.

From this dingy court he made his way round to Covent Garden Market, and he went into a florist's shop there.

"I want a bouquet," said he to the neat-handed maiden who looked up at him.

"Yes, sir," said she; "will you look at those in the window?"

"But I want one," said he, "with a single rose — a red rose — in the centre."

This proposition did not find favor in the eyes of the mild-mannered artist, who explained to him that something more important and ornate was necessary in the middle of a bouquet. He could have a circle of rosebuds, if he liked, outside; and a great white lily or camellia in the centre. He could have — this thing and the next. She showed him how she could combine the features of this bouquet with those of the next. But the tall Highlander remained obdurate.

"Yes," said he, "I think you are quite right. You are quite right, I am sure. But it is this that I would rather have — only one red rose in the centre, and you can make the rest what you like, only I think if they were smaller flowers, and all white, that would be better."

"Very well," said the young lady, with a pleasing smile (she was rather good-looking herself), "I will try what I can do for you if you don't mind waiting. Will you take a chair?"

He was quite amazed by the dexterity with which those nimble fingers took from one cluster and another cluster the very flowers he would himself have chosen, and by the rapid fashion in which they were dressed, fitted, and arranged. The work of art grew apace.

"But you must have something to break the white," said she, smiling, "or it will look too like a bride's bouquet;" and with that — almost in the twinkling of an eye — she had put a circular line of dark purple-blue through the cream-white blossoms. It was a splendid rose that lay in the midst of all that beauty.

"What price would you like to give, sir?" the gentle Phillis had said at the very outset. "Half a guinea—fifteen shillings?"

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"Give me a beautiful rose," said he, "and I do not mind what the price is."

And at last the lace paper was put round; and a little further trimming and setting took place; and finally the bouquet was swathed in soft white wool and put into a basket.

"Shall I take the address?" said the young lady, no doubt expecting that he would write it on the back of one of his cards. But no. He dictated the address; and then laid down the money. The astute young person was puzzled — perhaps disappointed.

"Is there no message, sir?" said she; "no card?"

"No; but you must be sure to have it delivered to-night."

"It shall be sent off at once," said she, probably thinking that this was a very foolish young man who did not know the ways of the world. The only persons of whom she had any experience who sent bouquets without a note or a letter were husbands, who were either making up a quarrel with their wives or going to the opera, and she had observed that on such occasions the difference between twelve and sixpence and fifteen shillings was regarded and considered.

He slept but little that night; and next morning he got up nervous and trembling — like a drunken man — with half the courage and confidence that had so long sustained him gone. Major Stuart went out early. He kept pacing about the room until the frightfully slow half-hours went by; he hated the clock on the mantelpiece. And then, by a strong effort of will, he delayed starting until he should barely have time to reach her house by twelve o'clock, so that he should have the mad delight of eagerly wishing the hansom had a still more furious speed. He had chosen his horse well. It wanted five minutes to the appointed hour when he arrived at the house.

Did this trim maidservant know? Was there anything of welcome in the demure smile? He followed her; his face was pale, though he knew it not; in the dusk of the room he was left alone.

But what was this, on the table? He almost uttered a cry as his bewildered eyes fixed themselves on it. The very bouquet he had sent the previous evening; and behold! — behold! — the red rose wanting! And then, at the same moment, he turned; and there was a vision of something all in white — that came to him timidly — all in white but for the red star of love shining there. And she did not speak at all; but she buried her head in his bosom; and he held her hands tight.

And now what will Ulva say; and the lonely shores of Fladda; and the distant Dutchman, roused from his wintry sleep amid the wild waves? Far away over the white sands of Iona — and the sunlight must be shining there now — there is many a sacred spot fit for the solemn plighting of lovers' vows; and if there is any organ wanted, what more noble than the vast Atlantic rollers booming into the Bourg and Gribun caves? Surely they must know already; for the sea-birds have caught the cry; and there is a sound all through the glad rushing of the morning seas like the sound of wedding bells. *There is a bride coming to Castle Dare.* The islands listen; and the wild sea calls again; and the green shores of Ulva grow greener still in the sunlight. There is a bride coming to Castle Dare; and the bride is dressed all in white — only she wears a red rose.

From The Fortnightly Review.

DIDEROT AT SAINT PETERSBURG.*

"What would you say of the owner of an immense palace, who should spend all his life in going up from the cellars to the attics, and going down from attics to cellar, instead of sitting quietly in the midst of his family? That is the image of the traveller." Yet Diderot, whose words these are, resolved at the age of sixty to undertake no less formidable a journey than to the remote capital on the shores of the Neva. It had come into his head, or perhaps others had put it into his head, that he owed a visit to his imperial benefactress, whose bounty had made life easier to him. He had recently made the acquaintance of two Russian personages of consideration. One of them was the Princess Dashkow, who was believed to have taken a prominent part in the confused conspiracy of 1762 which ended in the murder of Peter III. by Alexis Orloff, and the elevation of Catherine II. to the throne. Her services at that critical moment had not prevented her disgrace, if indeed they were not its cause, and in 1770 the princess set out on her travels. Horace Walpole has described the curiosity of the London world to see the Muscovite Alecto, the accomplice of the northern Athaliah, the amazon who had

* A chapter from a forthcoming work.

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taken part in a revolution when she was only nineteen. In England she made a pleasant impression, in spite of eyes of "a very Catiline fierceness." She was equally delighted with England, and when she went on from London to Paris, she took very little trouble to make friends in the capital of the rival nation. Diderot seems to have been her only intimate. The princess called nearly every afternoon at his door, carried him off to dinner and kept him talking and declaiming until the early hours of the next morning. The "hurricanes of his enthusiastic nature" delighted her, and she remembered for years afterwards how on one occasion she excited him to such a pitch that he sprang from his chair as if by machinery, strode rapidly up and down the room, and spat upon the floor with passion.

The Prince Galitzin was a Russian friend of greater importance. Prince Galitzin was one of those foreigners, like Holbach, Grimm, Galiani, who found themselves more at home in Paris than anywhere else in the world. Living mostly among artists and men of letters, he became an established favorite. With Diderot's assistance (1767) he acquired for the empress many of the pictures that adorn the great gallery at St. Petersburg, and Diderot praises his knowledge of the fine arts, the reason being that he has that great principle of true taste, the *belle âme*. "One must have soul," as Vauvenargues said, "in order to have taste." He wrote eclogues in French, and he attempted the more useful but more difficult task of writing in the half-formed tongue of his own country an account of the great painters of Italy and Holland. Diderot makes the pointed remark about him that he believed in equality of ranks by instinct, which is better than believing in it by reflection. It was through the medium of this friendly and intelligent man that the empress had acted in the purchase of Diderot's library. In 1769 he was appointed Russian minister at the Hague, and his chief ground for delight at the appointment was that it brought him within reach of his friends in Paris.

Diderot set out on his expedition some time in the summer of 1773 — the date also of Johnson's memorable tour to the Hebrides — and his first halt was at the Dutch capital, then at the distance of a four days' journey from Paris. Here he remained for many weeks, in some doubt whether or not to persist in the project of a more immense journey. He passed most of his time with the Prince and Princess Galitzin, as between a good brother and a good sister. Their house, he notices, had once been the residence of Barneveldt. Men like Diderot are the last persons to think of their own historic position, else we might have expected to find him musing on the saving shelter which this land of freedom and tolerance had given to more than one of his great precursors in the literature of emancipation. Descartes had found twenty years of priceless freedom (1629–1649) among the Dutch burghers. The ruling ideas of the encyclopædia came in direct line from Bayle (d. 1706) and Locke (d. 1704), and both Bayle and Locke, though in different measures, owed their security to the stout valor with which the Dutch defended their own land, and taught the English how to defend theirs against the destructive pretensions of Catholic absolutism. Of these memories Diderot probably thought no more than Descartes thought about the learning of Grotius or the art of Rembrandt. It was not the age, nor was his the mind, for historic sentimentalism. "The more I see of this country," he wrote to his good friends in Paris, "the more I feel at home in it. The soles, fresh herrings, turbot, perch, are all the best people in the world. The walks are charming; I do not know whether the women are all very sage, but with their great straw hats, their eyes fixed on the ground, and the enormous fichus spread over their bosoms, they have the air of coming back from prayers or going to confession." Diderot did not fail to notice more serious things than this. His remarks on the means of travelling with most profit are full of sense, and the account which he wrote of Holland shows him to have been as widely reflective and observant as we should have expected him to be. It will be more convenient to say something on this, in connection with the stay which he again made at the Hague on his return from his pilgrimage to Russia.

After many hesitations the die was cast. Nariskin, a court chamberlain, took charge of the philosopher, and escorted him in an excellent carriage along the dreary road that ended in the capital reared by Peter the Great among the northern floods. It is worth while to digress for a few moments, to mark shortly the difference in social and intellectual conditions between the philosopher's own city and the city for which he was bound, and to touch on the significance of his journey. We can only in this way understand the position of the

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encyclopædists in Europe, and see why it is interesting to the student of the history of Western civilization to know something about them. It is impossible to have a clear idea of the scope of the revolutionary philosophy, as well as of the singular pre-eminence of Paris over the Western world, until we have placed ourselves not only at Ferney and Grandval, and in the parlors of Madame Geoffrin and Mademoiselle Lespinasse, but also in palaces at Florence, Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg.

From Holland with its free institutions, its peaceful industry, its husbanded wealth, its rich and original art, its great political and literary tradition, to go to Russia was to take a measure of a great arc of Western progress. It was to retrace the steps of the genius of civilization. The political capital of Russia represented a forced and artificial union between old and new conditions. In St. Petersburg were united the age of barbarism and the age of civilization, the tenth century and the eighteenth, the manners of Asia and the manners of Europe, the rudest Scythians and the most polished Europeans, a brilliant and proud aristocracy and a people sunk in servitude. On one side wére elegant fashions, magnificent dresses, sumptuous repasts, splendid feasts, theatres like those which gave grace and animation to the select circles of London or Paris: on the other side, shopkeepers in Asiatic dress, coachmen, servants, and peasants clad in sheepskins, wearing long beards, fur caps, and long fingerless gloves of skin, with short axes hanging from their leathern girdles. The thick woollen bands round their feet and legs resembled a rude cothurnus, and the sight of these uncouth figures reminded one who had seen the bas-reliefs on Trajan's column at Rome, of the Scythians, the Dacians, the Goths, the Roxolani, who had been the terror of the empire.* Literary cultivation was confined to almost the smallest possible area. Oriental as Russia was in many respects, it was the opposite of Oriental in one: women were then, as they are still sometimes said to be in Russia, more cultivated and advanced than men. Many of them could speak half-a-dozen languages, could play on several instruments, and were familiar with the works of the famous poets of France, Italy, and England. Among the men, on the contrary, outside of a few exceptional families about the court, the vast majority were strangers to all that was passing beyond the limits of their own country. The few who had travelled and were on an intellectual level with their century, were as far removed from the rest of their countrymen as Englishmen are removed from Iroquois.

* Ségur's *Mém.*, ii. 230.

To paint the court of Catherine in its true colors, it has been said that one ought to have the pen of Procopius. It was a hotbed of corruption, intrigue, jealousy, violence, hatred. One day, surrounded by twenty-seven of her courtiers, Catherine said: "If I were to believe what you all say about one another, there is not one of you who does not richly deserve to have his head cut off." A certain princess was notorious for her inhuman barbarity. One day she discovered that one of her attendants was with child; in a frenzy she pursued the hapless Callisto from chamber to chamber, came up with her, dashed in her skull with a heavy weapon, and finally in a delirium of passion ripped up her body. When two nobles had a quarrel, they fell upon one another then and there like tipsy navvies, and Potemkin had an eye gouged out in a court brawl. Such horrors give us a measure of the superior humanity of Versailles, and enable us also in passing to see how duelling could be a sign of a higher civilization. The reigning passions were love of money and the gratification of a coarse vanity. Friendship, virtue, manners, delicacy, probity, said one witness, are here merely words, void of all meaning. The tone in public affairs was as low as in those of private conduct. I might as well, says Sir G. Macartney, quote Clarke and Tillotson at the Divan of Constantinople, as invoke the authority of Puffendorf and Grotius here.

The character of the empress herself has been more disputed than that of the society in which she was the one imposing personage. She stands in history with Elizabeth of England, with Catherine de' Medici, with Maria Theresa, among the women who have been like great men. Of her place in the record of the creation of that vast empire which begins with Prussia and ends with China, we have not here to speak. The materials for knowing her and judging her are only in our own time becoming accessible.* As usual, the

* The Imperial Historical Society are publishing a *recueil général* of documents, many of which shed an interesting light on Catherine's intercourse with the men of letters. In the archives of the house of Woronzow (especially vol. xii.), amid much of what for our purpose is chaff, are a few grains of what is inter-

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mythic elements that surrounded her like a white fog from her northern seas, from which she loomed like a portent, are rapidly disappearing, and are replaced by the outlines of ordinary humanity, but with more than the ordinary human measure of firmness, resolution, and energetic grasp of the facts of her position in the world.

We must go from the philosophers to the men of affairs for a true picture. These tell us that she offered an unprecedented mixture of courage and weakness, of knowledge and incompetence, of firmness and irresolution; passing in turn from the most opposite extremes, she presented a thousand diverse surfaces, until at last the observer had to content himself with putting her down as a consummate comedian. She had no ready apprehension. Too refined a pleasantry was thrown away upon her, and there was always a chance of her reversing its drift. No playful reference to the finances or the military force, or even to the climate of her empire, was ever taken in good part. The political part of her nature was the serious part. Catherine had the literary tastes, but not the literary skill of Frederick. She is believed on good evidence to have written for the use of her grandsons not only an "Abridgment of Russian History," but a volume of "Moral Tales." The composition of moral tales was entirely independent of morality. Just as Lewis XV. had a long series of Chateauroux, Pompadours, Dubarrys, so Catherine had her Orloffs and Potemkins, and a countless host of obscure and miscellaneous Wassiltchikows, Zavadowskys, Zoriczes, Korsaks. On the serious side, Lewis XIV. was her great pattern and idol. She resented criticism on the *grand monarque* as something personal to herself. To her business as sovereign — *mon petit ménage*, as she called the control of her huge formless empire — she devoted as much indefatigable industry as Lewis himself had done in his best days. Notwithstanding all her efforts to improve her country, she was not popular and never won the affection of her subjects, but she probably cared less for the opinion and sentiment of Russia than for the applause of Europe. Tragedy displeases her, writes the French minister, and comedy wearies her; she does not like music; her table is without any sort of exquisiteness; in a garden she cares only for roses; her only taste is to build and to drill her court, for the turn that she has for reigning and for making a great figure in the universe is really not so much taste as a downright absorbing passion.

Gunning, the English *chargé d'affaires*, insists that the motive of all her patriotic labors was not benevolence, but an insatiable and unbounded thirst for fame. "If it were not so, we must charge her with an inconsistency amounting to madness, for undertaking so many immense works of public utility, such as the foundation of colleges and academies on a most extensive plan and at an enormous outlay, and then leaving them incomplete, not even finishing the buildings for them." They had served the purpose of making foreigners laud the glory of the Semiramis of the north, and that was enough. The arts and sciences, said the French minister, have plenty of academies here, but the academies have few subjects and fewer pupils. How could there be pupils in a country where there was nobody who was not either a courtier, a soldier, or a slave? The princess Sophie of Anhalt, long before she dreamed of becoming the czarina Catherine II., had been brought up by a French governess, and the tastes that her governess had implanted grew into a passion for French literature, which can only be compared to the same passion in Frederick the Great. Catherine only continued a movement that had already in the reign of her predecessor gone to a considerable length. The social reaction against German predominance had been accompanied by a leaning towards France. French professors in art and literature had been tempted to Moscow; the nobles sent to Paris for their clothes and their furniture; and a French theatre was set up in St. Petersburg, where the nobles were forced to attend the performances under pain of a fine. Absentees and loiterers were brought to their boxes by horse-patrols.

Catherine was more serious and intelligent than this in her pursuit of French culture. She had begun with the books in which most of the salt of old France was to be found, with Rabelais, Scarron, Montaigne; she cherished Molière and

esting. M. Rambaud, the author of the learned work on "The Greek Empire in the Tenth Century," gave interesting selections from these sources in two articles in the *Revue des deux Mondes* for February and April, 1877. Besides what is to be gathered from such well-known authorities as William Tooke, Ségur, Dashkow, there are many interesting pages in the memoirs of that attractive and interesting person, the Prince de Ligne. The passages from English and French despatches, I have taken from an anonymous but authentic work published at Berlin in 1858, "*La Cour de la Russie il y a cent ans: 1725–1783: Extraits des Dépêches des Ambassadeurs anglais et français.*" Catherine's own memoirs, published in London in 1859 by Alexander Herzen, are perhaps of too doubtful authority.

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Corneille; and of the writers of the eighteenth century, apart from Voltaire, the author of Gil Blas was her favorite. Such a list tells its own tale of a mind turned to what is masculine, racy, pungent, lively, and sapid. "I am a Gauloise of the north," she said, "I only understand the old French; I do not understand the new. I made up my mind to get something out of your gentry, the learned men in *iste:* I tried them; I made some of them come here; I occasionally wrote to them; they wearied me to death, and never understood me; there was only my good protector Voltaire. Do you know it was Voltaire who made me the fashion?"* This was a confidential revelation, made long after most of the philosophers were dead. We might have penetrated the secret of her friendship for such a man as Diderot, even with less direct evidence than this. It was the vogue of the philosophers, and not their philosophy, that made Catherine their friend. They were the great interest of Europe at this time, just as Greek scholars had been its interest in one century, painters in another, great masters of religious controversy in a third. "What makes the great merit of France," said Voltaire, "what makes its unique superiority, is a small number of sublime or delightful men of genius, who cause French to be spoken at Vienna, at Stockholm, and at Moscow. Your ministers, your intendants, your chief secretaries, have no part in all this glory." This vogue of the philosophers brought the whole literature of their country into universal repute. In the depths of the Crimea a khan of the Tartars took a delight in having "*Tartufe*" and the "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*" read aloud to him.†

As soon as Catherine came into power (1762), she at once applied herself to make friends in this high region. It was a matter of course that she should begin with the omnipotent monarch at Ferney. Graceful verses from Voltaire were as indispensable an ornament to a crowned head as a diadem, and Catherine answered with compliments that were perhaps more sincere than his verses. She wonders how she can repay him for a bundle of books that he had sent to her, and at last bethinks herself that nothing will please the lover of mankind so much as the introduction of inoculation into the great empire; so she has sent for Dr. Dimsdale from England and submitted to the unfamiliar rite in her own sacred person. Presents of furs are sent to the hermit of the Alps, and he is told how fortunate the imperial messenger counts himself in being dispatched to Ferney. What flattered Voltaire more than furs, was Catherine's promptitude and exactness in keeping him informed of her military and political movements against Turkey. It made him a centre of European intelligence in more senses than one, and helped him in his lifelong battle to pose in his letters as at least the equal of his friend, the king of Prussia. For D'Alembert the empress professed an admiration only less than that she felt for Voltaire. She was eager that he should come to Russia to superintend the instruction of the young grand-duke. But D'Alembert was too prudent to go to St. Petersburg, as he was too prudent to go to Berlin. Montesquieu had died five years before her accession, but his influence remained. She habitually called "The Spirit of Laws" the breviary of kings, and when she drew up her instruction for a new code, she acknowledged how much she had pillaged from Montesquieu. "I hope," she said, "that if from the other world he sees me at work, he will forgive my plagiarism for the sake of the twenty millions of men who will benefit by it." In truth the twenty millions of men got very little benefit indeed by the code. Montesquieu's own method might have taught her that not even absolute power can force the civil system of free labor into a society resting on serfdom. But it is not surprising that Catherine was no wiser than more democratic reformers who had drunk from the French springs. Or possibly she had a lower estimate in her own heart of the value of her code for practical purposes, than it suited her to disclose to a Parisian philosopher.

Catherine did not forget that, though the French at this time were pre-eminent in the literature of new ideas, yet there were meritorious and useful men in other countries. One of her correspondents was Zimmermann, of Hanover, whose essay on "Solitude" no second-hand bookseller's library is ever without. She tried hard to bribe Beccaria to leave Florence for St. Petersburg. She succeeded in persuading Euler to return to a capital whither he had been invited many years before by the first Catherine, and where he now remained.

Both Catherine's position and her temperament made the society of her own sex of little use or interest to her. "I don't know whether it is custom or inclination,"

* To the Prince de Ligne.
† Rambaud, p. 573.

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she wrote, "but somehow I can never carry on conversation except with men. There are only two women in the world with whom I can talk for half an hour at once." Yet among her most intimate correspondents was one woman well known in the encyclopædic circle. She kept up an active exchange of letters with Madame Geoffrin — that interesting personage who though belonging to the *bourgeoisie* and possessing not a trace of literary genius, yet was respectfully courted not only by Catherine, but by Stanislas, Gustavus, and Joseph II.*

On the whole, then, we must regard Catherine's European correspondence as at least in some measure the result of political calculation. Its purposes, as has been said, were partly those to which in our own time some governments devote a reptile fund. There is a letter from the Duchesse de Choiseul to Madame du Deffand, her intimate friend and the friend of so many of the literary circle, in which the secret of the relations between Catherine and the men of letters is very plainly told. "All that," she writes, "— protection of arts and sciences — is mere luxury and a caprice of fashion in our age. All such pompous jargon is the product of vanity, not of principles or of reflection. . . . The empress of Russia has another object in protecting literature; she has had sense enough to feel that she had need of the protection of the men of letters. She has flattered herself that their base praise would cover with an impenetrable veil, in the eyes of her contemporaries and of posterity, the crimes with which she has astonished the universe and revolted humanity. . . . The men of letters, on the other hand, flattered, cajoled, caressed by her, are vain of the protection that they are able to throw over her, and dupes of the coquetries that she lavishes on them. These people, who say and believe that they are the instructors of the masters of the world, sink so low as actually to take a pride in the protection that this monster, in her turn, seems to accord to them, simply because she sits on a throne." †

In short the monarchs of the north understood and used the new forces of the men of letters, whom their own sovereign only recognized to oppress. The contrast between the liberalism of the northern sovereigns, and the obscurantism of the court of France, was never lost from sight. Marmontel's "*Belisarius*" was condemned by the Sorbonne, and burnt at the foot of the great staircase of the Palace of Justice, but in Russia a group of courtiers hastened to translate it, and the empress herself undertook one chapter of the work. Diderot, who was not allowed to enter the French Academy, was an honored guest at the Russian palace. For all this Catherine was handsomely repaid. When Diderot visited St. Petersburg, Voltaire congratulated the empress on seeing that unique man; but Diderot is not, he added, "the only Frenchman who is an enthusiast for your glory. We are all lay missionaries who preach the religion of Saint Catherine, and we can boast that our church is tolerably universal." * We have already seen Catherine's generosity in buying Diderot's books, and paying him for guarding them as her librarian. "I should never have expected," she says, "that the purchase of a library would bring me so many fine compliments; all the world is offering them to me about M. Diderot's library. But now confess, you to whom humanity is indebted for the strong support that you have given to innocence and virtue in the person of Calas, that it would have been cruel and unjust to separate a student from his books." † "Ah, madame," replies the most graceful of all courtiers, "let your imperial majesty forgive me; no, you are not the aurora borealis; you are assuredly the most brilliant star of the north, and never was there one so beneficent as you. Andromeda, Perseus, Callisto, are not your equals. All these stars would have left Diderot to die of starvation. He was persecuted in his own country, and your benefactions came thither to seek him! Lewis XIV. was less munificent than your Majesty: he rewarded merit in foreign countries, but other people pointed it out to him, whereas you, madame, go in search of it and find it for yourself. Your generous pains to establish freedom of conscience in Poland are a piece of beneficence that the human race must ever celebrate." ‡

When the first partition of Poland took place seven years later, Catherine found that she had not cultivated the friendship of the French philosophers to no purpose. The action of the dominant party in Poland enabled Catherine to take up a line which touched the French philosophers in their tenderest part. The Polish oligarchy was Catholic, and imposed crushing dis-

* See M. Mouy's introduction to her correspondence with Stanislas.

† *Corresp. Complète de Mme. du Deffand* (Ed. 1877), i. 115. June, 1767.

* November 1, 1773.

† November, 1766.

‡ December 22, 1766.

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abilities on the non-Catholic part of the population. "At the slightest attempt in favor of the non-Catholics," King Stanislas writes to Madame Geoffrin, of the Diet of 1764, "there arose such a cry of fanaticism! The difficulty as to the naturalization of foreigners, the contempt for *roturiers* and the oppression of them, and Catholic intolerance, are the three strongest national prejudices that I have to fight against in my countrymen, who are at bottom good folk, but whom their education and ignorance render excessively stubborn on these three heads."* Poland in short reproduced, in an aggravated and more barbaric form, those evils of Catholic feudalism in which the philosophers saw the arch curse of their own country. Catherine took the side of the dissidents, and figured as the champion of religious toleration. Toleration was chief among the philosophic watchwords, and seeing that great device on her banners, the encyclopædic party asked no further questions. So, with the significant exception of Rousseau, they all abstained from that cant about the partition which has so often been heard from European liberals in later days. And so with reference to more questionable transactions of an earlier date, no one could guess from the writings of the philosophers that Catherine had ever been suspected of uniting with her husband in a plot to poison the empress Elizabeth, and then uniting with her lover in a plot to strangle her husband. "I am quite aware," said Voltaire, "that she is reproached with some bagatelles in the matter of her husband, but these are little family affairs with which I cannot possibly think of meddling."

One curious instance of Catherine's sensibility to European opinion is connected with her relations to Diderot. Rulhière, afterwards well known in literature as a historian, began life as secretary to Breteuil, in the French embassy at St. Petersburg. An eye-witness of the tragedy which seated Catherine on the throne, he wrote an account of the events of the revolution of 1762. This piquant narrative, composed by a young man who had read Tacitus and Sallust, was circulated in manuscript among the *salons* of Paris (1768). Diderot had warned Rulhière that it was infinitely dangerous to speak about princes, that not everything that is true is fit to be told, that he could not be too careful of the feelings of a great sovereign who was the admiration and delight of her people. Catherine pretended that a mere secretary of an embassy could know very little about the real springs and motives of the conspiracy. Diderot had described the manuscript as painting her in a commanding and imperious attitude. "There was nothing of that sort," she said; "it was only a question of perishing with a madman, or saving one's self with the multitude who insisted on coming to the rescue." What she saw was that the manuscript must be bought, and she did her best first to buy the author, and then, when this failed, to have him locked up in the Bastille. She succeeded in neither. The French government were not sorry to have a scourge to their hands. All that Diderot could procure from Rulhière was a promise that the work should not be published during the empress's lifetime, and it was not actually given to the world until 1797. When Diderot was at St. Petersburg, the empress was importunate to know the contents of the manuscript, which he had seen, but of which she was unable to procure a copy. "As far as you are concerned," he said, "if you attach great importance, madame, to the decencies and virtues, the worn-out rags of your sex, this work is a satire against you; but if great views and masculine and patriotic designs concern you more, the author depicts you as a great princess." The empress answered that this only increased her desire to read the book. Diderot himself truly enough described it as a historic romance, containing a mixed tissue of lies and truths that posterity would compare to a chapter of Tacitus.* Perhaps the only piece of it that posterity will really value is the page in which the writer describes Catherine's personal appearance; her broad and open brow, her large and slightly double chin, her hair of resplendent chestnut, her eyes of a brilliant brown into which the reflections of the light brought shades of blue. "Pride," he says, "is the true characteristic of her physiognomy. The amiability and grace which are there too, only seem to penetrating eyes to be the effect of an extreme desire to please, and these seductive expressions somehow let the design of seducing be rather too clearly seen."

The first Frenchman whom Catherine welcomed in person to her court was Falconet. His introduction to her was due to Diderot. She had entreated him to find for her a sculptor who would undertake a colossal statue of Peter the Great. Fal-

* *Corresp.*, pp. 135, 144, etc.

* *Satire I. sur les Caractères, etc. Œuv.* vi. 313.

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conet was at the height of his reputation in his own country; he seems to have been actuated by no other motive than the desire to seize the opportunity of erecting an immense monument of his art. Diderot's eloquence was not wanting. Falconet had the proverbial temperament of artistic genius. Diderot called him the Jean Jacques of sculpture. He had none of the rapacity for money which has distinguished so many artists in their dealings with foreign princes, but he was irritable, turbulent, restless, intractable. He was a chivalrous defender of poorer brethren in art, and he was never a respecter of persons. His feuds with Betzki, the empress's faithful factotum, were as acrid as the feuds between Voltaire and Maupertuis. Betzki had his own ideas about the statue that was to do honor to the founder of the empire, and he insisted that the famous equestrian figure of Marcus Aurelius should be the model. Falconet was a man of genius, and he insisted that what might be good for Marcus Aurelius would not be good for Peter the Great. The courtly battle does not concern us, though some of its episodes offer tempting illustrations of biting French malice. Falconet had his own way, and after the labor of many years, a colossus of bronze bestrode a charger rearing on a monstrous mass of unhewn granite. Catherine took the liveliest interest in her artist's work, frequently visiting his studio, and keeping up a busy correspondence. With him, as with the others, she insisted that he should stand on no ceremony, and should not spin out his lines with courtly epithets on which she set no value. She encouraged him to pester her with a host of his obscure countrymen in search of a living, and a little colony of Frenchmen whose names tell us nothing, hung about the Russian capital. Diderot's account of this group of his countrymen at St. Petersburg recalls the picture of a corresponding group at Berlin. "Most of the French who are there rend and hate one another, and bring contempt both on themselves and their nation: 'tis the most unworthy set of rascals that you can imagine." *

Diderot reached St. Petersburg towards the end of 1773, and he remained some five months, until the beginning of March, 1774. His reception was most cordial, as his arrival had been eagerly anticipated. The empress always professed to detest ceremony and state. In a letter to Madame Geoffrin she insists, as we have already seen her doing with Falconet, on being treated to no Oriental prostrations, as if she were at the court of Persia. "There is nothing in the world so ugly and detestable as greatness. When I go into a room, you would say that I am the head of Medusa: everybody turns to stone. I constantly scream like an eagle against such ways; yet the more I scream, the less are they at their ease. . . . If you came into my room, I should say to you, 'Madame, be seated; let us chatter at our ease. You would have a chair in front of me; there would be a table between us. *Et puis des bâtons rompus, tant et plus, c'est mon fort.*'"

This is an exact description of her real behavior to Diderot. On most days he was in her society from three in the afternoon until five or six. Etiquette was banished. Diderot's simplicity and vehemence were as conspicuous and as unrestrained at Tsarskoe-selo as at Grandval or the Rue Taranne. If for a moment the torrent of his improvisation was checked by the thought that he was talking to a great lady, Catherine encouraged him to go on. "*Allons*," she cried, "*entre hommes tout est permis!*" The philosopher in the heat of exposition brought his hands down upon the imperial knees with such force and iteration, that Catherine complained that he made them black and blue. She was sometimes glad to seek shelter from such zealous enforcement of truth behind a strong table. Watchful diplomatists could not doubt that such interviews must have reference to politics. Cathcart, the English ambassador, writes to his government that M. Diderot is still with the empress at Tsarskoe-selo, "pursuing his political intrigues." And, amazing as it may seem, the French minister and the French ambassador both of them believed that they had found in this dreaming rhapsodical genius a useful diplomatic instrument. "The interviews between Catherine and Diderot follow one another incessantly and go on from day to day. He told me," writes the ambassador, "and I have reasons for believing that he is speaking the truth, that he has painted the danger of the alliance of Russia with the king of Prussia, and the advantage of an alliance with us. The empress, far from blaming this freedom, encouraged him by word and gesture. 'You are not fond of that prince,' she said to Diderot. 'No,' he replied, 'he is a great man, but a bad king, and a dealer in counterfeit coin.' 'Oh,' said she, laughing, 'I have had my share of his coin.'"

* xx. 58.

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The first partition of Poland had been finally consummated in the Polish Diet in the autumn of 1773, a few weeks before Diderot's arrival at St. Petersburg. Lewis XV., now drawing very near to his end, and D'Aiguillon, his minister, had some uneasiness at this opening of the great era of territorial revolution, and looked about in a shiftless way for an ally against Russia and Prussia. England sensibly refused to stir. Then France, as we see, was only anxious to detach Catherine from Frederick. All was shiftless and feeble, and the French government can have known little of the empress, if they thought that Diderot was the man to affect her strong and positive mind. She told Ségur in later years what success Diderot had with her as a politician.

"I talked much and frequently with him," said Catherine, "but with more curiosity than profit. If I had believed him, everything would have been turned upside down in my kingdom; legislation, administration, finances, — all to be turned topsy-turvy to make room for impracticable theories. Yet as I listened more than I talked, any witness who happened to be present would have taken him for a severe pedagogue, and me for his humble scholar. Probably he thought so himself, for after some time, seeing that none of these great innovations were made which he had recommended, he showed surprise and a haughty kind of dissatisfaction. Then speaking openly, I said to him: *M. Diderot, I have listened with the greatest pleasure to all that your brilliant intelligence has inspired; and with all your great principles, which I understand very well, one would make fine books but very bad business. You forget, in all your plans of reform, the difference in our positions: you only work on paper, which endures all things; it opposes no obstacle, either to your imagination or to your pen; but I, poor empress as I am, work on the human skin, which is irritable and ticklish to a very different degree.* I am persuaded that from this moment he pitied me as a narrow and vulgar spirit. For the future he only talked about literature, and politics vanished from our conversation." *

Catherine was mistaken, as we shall see, in supposing that Diderot ever thought her less than the greatest of men. Cathcart, the English ambassador, writes in a sour strain: "All his letters are filled with panegyrics of the empress, whom he depicts as above humanity. His flatteries of the grand duke have been no less gross, but be it said to the young prince's honor, he has shown as much contempt for these flatteries as for the mischievous principles of this pretended philosopher."

* Ségur, iii. 34.

Frederick tells D'Alembert that though the empress overwhelms Diderot with favors, people at St. Petersburg find him tiresome and disputatious, and "talking the same rigmarole over and over again." In her letters to Voltaire, Catherine lets nothing of this be seen. She finds Diderot's imagination inexhaustible, and ranks him among the most extraordinary men that have ever lived; she delights in his conversation, and his visits have given her the most uncommon pleasure. All this was probably true enough. Catherine probably rated the philosopher at his true worth as a great talker and a singular and original genius, but this did not prevent her, any more than it need prevent us, from seeing the limits and measure. She was not one of the weaker heads, who can never be content without either wholesale enthusiasm or wholesale disparagement.

Diderot had a companion who pleased her better than Diderot himself. Grimm came to St. Petersburg at this time to pay his first visit, and had a great success. "The empress," wrote Madame Geoffrin to King Stanislas, "lavished all her graces on Grimm. And he has everything that is needed to make him worthy of them. Diderot has neither the fineness of perception nor the delicate tact that Grimm has, and so he has not had the success of Grimm. Diderot is always in himself, and sees nothing in other people that has not some reference to himself. He is a man of a great deal of understanding, but his nature and turn of mind make him good for nothing, and, more than that, would make him a very dangerous person in any employment. Grimm is quite the contrary." *

In truth, as we have said before, Grimm was one of the shrewdest heads in the encyclopædic party; he had much knowledge, a judgment both solid and acute, and a certain easy fashion of social commerce, free from raptures and full of good sense. Yet he was as devoted and ecstatic in his feeling about the empress, as his more impetuous friend. "There," he says, "was no conversation of leaps and bounds, in which idleness traverses a whole gallery of ideas that have no connection with one another, and weariness

* Mouy's *Corresp. du roi Stanislas*, p. 501.

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draws you away from one object to skim a dozen others. They were talks in which all was bound together, often by imperceptible threads, but all the more naturally as not a word of what was to be said had been led up to, or prepared beforehand." Grimm cannot find words to describe her *verve*, her stream of brilliant sallies, her dashing traits, her eagle's *coup d'œil*. No wonder that he used to quit her presence so electrified, as to pass half the night in marching up and down his room, beset and pursued by all the fine and marvellous things that had been said. How much of all this is true, and how much of it is the voice of the bewildered courtier, it might be hard to decide. But the rays of the imperial sun did not so far blind his prudence as to make him accept a pressing invitation to remain permanently in Catherine's service. When Diderot quitted St. Petersburg, Grimm went to Italy. After an interlude there, he returned to Russia and was again restored to high favor. When the time came for him to leave her, the empress gave him a yearly pension of two thousand roubles, or about ten thousand livres, and with a minute considerateness that is said not to be common among the great, she presently ordered that it should be paid in such a form that he should not lose on the exchange between France and Russia. Whether she had a special object in keeping Grimm in good humor we hardly know. What is certain is that, from 1776 until the fall of the French monarchy, she kept up a voluminous correspondence with him, and that he acted as an unofficial intermediary between her and the ministers at Versailles. Every day she wrote down what she wished to say to Grimm, and at the end of every three months these daily sheets were made into a bulky packet and despatched to Paris by a special courier, who returned with a similar packet from Grimm. This intercourse went on until the very height of the Revolution, when Grimm at last, in February, 1792, fled from Paris. The empress's helpful friendship continued to the end of her life (1796).*

Diderot arrived at the Hague on his return from Russia in the first week of April (1774), after making a rapid journey of seven hundred leagues in three weeks and a day. D'Alembert had been anxious that Frederick of Prussia should invite Diderot to visit him at Berlin. Frederick had told him that, intrepid reader as he was, he could not endure to read Diderot's books. "There reigns in them a tone of self-sufficiency and an arrogance which revolt the instinct of my freedom. It was not in such a style that Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Locke, Gassendi, Bayle, and Newton wrote." D'Alembert replied that the king would judge more favorably of the philosopher's person than of his works; that he would find in Diderot, along with much fecundity, imagination, and knowledge, a gentle heat and a great deal of amenity.* Frederick, however, did not send the invitation, and Diderot willingly enough went homewards by the northern route by which he had come. He passed Königsberg, where Kant was then meditating the "Critique of Pure Reason." It is hardly probable that Diderot met the famous worthy who was destined to deal so heavy a blow to the encyclopædic way of thinking, and to leave a name not less illustrious than Frederick or Catherine.

A court official was sent in charge of the philosopher. The troubles of posting by the sea-road between Königsberg and Memel had moved him to the composition of some very bad verses on his first journey; and the horror of crossing the Dwina inspired others that were no better on his return. The weather was hard; four carriages were broken on the way. He expected to be drowned as the ice creaked under his horses' feet at Riga, and he thought that he had broken an arm and a shoulder as he crossed the ferry at Mittau. But all ended well, and he found himself once more under the roof of the Prince Galitzin at the Hague. Hence he wrote to his wife and his other friends in Paris, that it must be a great consolation to them to know that he was only separated from them by a journey of four days. That journey was not taken, however, for nearly four months. Diderot had promised the empress that he would publish a set of the regulations for the various institutions which she had founded for the improvement of her realm. This could only be done, or could best be done, in Holland. His life there was spent as usual in the slavery of proof-sheets, tempered by daily bursts of conversation, rhapsody, discussion, and dreamy contemplation. He made the acquaintance of a certain Björnstähl, a professor of oriental languages at the University of Lund in Sweden, and a few pages in this obscure writer's obscure

* *Mémoire Historique*, printed in vol. i. of the new edition (1877) of the "Correspondence of Grimm and Diderot," by M. Maurice Tourneux.

* D'Alembert au roi de Prusse. Feb. 14, 1774.

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book contain the only glimpse that we have of the philosopher on his travels.* Diderot was as ecstatic in conversation as we know him to have been in his correspondence, in praise of the august friend whom he had left. The least of his compliments was that she united the charms of Cleopatra to the soul of Cæsar, or sometimes it was, to the soul of Brutus.

"At the Hague," says Björnstähl, "we go about every day with M. Diderot. He has views extending over an incredibly wide field, possesses a vivacity that I cannot describe, is pleasant and friendly in intercourse, and has new and unusual observations to make on every subject. . . . Who could fail to prize him? He is so bright, so full of instruction, has so many new thoughts and suggestions, that nobody can help admiring him. But willingly as he talks when one goes to him, he shows to little advantage in large companies, and that is why he did not please everybody at Saint Petersburg. You will easily see the reason why this incomparable man in such companies, where people talk of fashion, of clothes, of frippery, and all other sorts of triviality, neither gives pleasure to others nor finds pleasure himself." And the friendly Swede rises to the height of generalization in the quaint maxim, "Where an empty head shines, there a thoroughly cultivated man comes too short."

Scheveningen, the little bathing-place a few miles from the Hague, was Diderot's favorite spot. "It was there," he writes, "that I used to see the horizon dark, the sea covered with pale haze, the waves rolling and tumbling, and far out the poor fishermen in their great clumsy boats; on the shore a multitude of women frozen with cold or apprehension, trying to warm themselves in the sun. When the work was at an end and the boats had landed, the beach was covered with fish of every kind. These good people have the simplicity, the openness, the filial and fraternal piety of old time. As the men come down from their boats, their wives throw themselves into their arms; they embrace their fathers and their little ones; each loads himself with fish; the son tosses his father a codfish or a salmon, which the old man carries off in triumph to his cottage, thanking heaven that it has given him so industrious and worthy a son. When he has gone indoors, the sight of the fish rejoices the old man's mate; it is quickly cut in pieces, the less lucky neighbors invited, it is soon eaten, and the room resounds with thanks to God, and cheerful songs." *

These scenes with their sea background, their animation, their broad strokes of the simple, kindly, and real in life, may well have been after Diderot's own heart. He often told me, says Björnstähl, that he never found the hours pass slowly in the company of a peasant, or a cobbler, or any handicraftsman, but that he had many a time found them pass slowly enough in the society of a courtier. "For of the one," he said, "one can always ask about useful and necessary things, but the other is mostly, so far as anything useful is concerned, empty and void."

The pleasantness and ease of the people of the Hague in society was supposed to betray the influence of foreigners and the court. Impartial travellers assigned to the talk of cultivated circles there a rank not below that of similar circles in France and England. Some went even further, and declared Holland to have a distinct advantage, because people were never embarrassed either by the levity and sparkling wit of France on the one hand, nor by the depressing reserve and taciturnity of England on the other.† Yet Holland was fully within the sphere of the great intellectual commonwealth of the west, and was as directly accessible to the literary influences of the time as it had ever been. If Diderot had inquired into the vernacular productions of the country, he would have found that here also the wave of reaction against French conventions, and the tide of English simplicity and domestic sentimentalism, had passed into literature. "The Spectator" and "Clarissa Harlowe" inspired the writers of Holland as they had inspired Diderot himself.‡ In erudition, it was still what, even after the death of Scaliger, it had remained through the seventeenth century, the most learned state of Europe, and the elder Hemsterhuys, with such pupils as Ruhnken and Valckenaer, kept up as well as he could the scholarly tradition of Gronovius and Grævius. But the eighteenth century was not the century of erudition. Scholarship had given way to speculation.

Among the interesting persons whom Diderot saw at the Hague, the most interesting is the amiable and learned son of

* *Briefe aux seinen ausländischen Reisen* (Leipzig, 1780—a German translation from the Swedish), iii. 217–233.

* xvii. 449.

† George Forster's *Ansichten vom Niederrhein, etc.*, ii. 396 (1790).

‡ Jonckbloet's *Gesch. d. Niederland. Lit.* (German trans.), ii. 502, etc.

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the elder Hemsterhuys, himself by the way not Dutch, but the son of a Frenchman. If Diderot was playfully styled the French Socrates, the younger Hemsterhuys won from his friends the name of the Dutch Plato. The Hollanders pointed to this meditative figure, to his great attainments in the knowledge of ancient literature and art, to his mellowed philosophizing, to his gracious and well-bred style, as a proof that their country was capable of developing both the strength and the sensibility of human nature to their highest point.* And he has a place in the history of modern speculation. As we think of him and Diderot discussing, we feel ourselves to be placed at a point that seems to command the diverging streams and eddying currents of the time. In this pair, two great tides of thought meet for a moment, and then flow on in their deep appointed courses. For Hemsterhuys, born a Platonist to the core, became a leader of the reaction against the French philosophy of illumination — of sensation, of experience, of the verifiable. He contributed a marked current to the mysticism and pietism which crept over Germany before the French Revolution, and to that religious philosophy which became a point of patriotic honor both in Germany and at the Russian court, after the revolutionary war had seemed to identify the rival philosophy of the encyclopædists with the victorious fury of the national enemy. Jacobi, a chief of the mystic tribe, had begun the attack on the French with weapons avowedly borrowed from the sentimentalism of Rousseau, but by-and-by he found in Hemsterhuys more genuinely intellectual arguments for his vindication of feeling and the heart, against the encyclopædist claim for the supremacy of the understanding.

Diderot's hostess at the Hague is a conspicuous figure in the history of the same movement. Prince Galitzin had married the daughter of Frederick's field-marshal, Schmettau. Goethe, who saw her (1797) many years after Diderot was dead, describes her as one of those whom one cannot understand without seeing; as a person not rightly judged unless considered not only in connection, but in conflict, with her time. If she was remarkable to Goethe when fifty years had set their mark upon her, she was even more so to the impetuous Diderot in all the flush and intellectual excitement of her youth. It was to the brilliance and versatility of the Princess Galitzin that her husband's house owed its consideration and its charm. "She is very lively," said Diderot, "very gay, very intelligent; more than young enough, instructed and full of talents; she has read; she knows several languages, as Germans usually do; she plays on the clavecin, and sings like an angel; she is full of expressions that are at once ingenuous and piquant; she is exceedingly kindhearted." But he could not persuade her to take his philosophy on trust. Diderot is said, by the princess's biographer, to have been a fervid proselytizer, eager to make people believe "his poems about eternally revolving atoms, through whose accidental encounter the present ordering of the world was developed." The princess met his brilliant eloquence with a demand for proof. Her ever-repeated *Why?* and *How?* are said to have shown "the hero of atheism his complete emptiness and weakness."* In the long run Diderot was entirely routed, in favor of the rival philosophy. Hemsterhuys became bound to the princess by the closest friendship, and his letters to her are as striking an illustration as any in literature of the peculiar devotion and admiration which a clever and sympathetic woman may arouse in philosophic minds of a certain calibre, in a Condillac, a Joubert, a D'Alembert, a Mill. Though Hemsterhuys himself never advanced from a philosophy of religion to the active region of dogmatic professions, his disciple could not find contentment on his austere heights. In the very year of Diderot's death (1784) the Princess Galitzin became a Catholic, and her son became not only a Catholic, but a zealous missionary of the faith in America.

But this was not yet. In September (1774) Diderot set his face homewards. "I shall gain my fireside," he wrote on the eve of his journey, "never to quit it again for the rest of my life. The time that we count by the year has gone, and the time that we must count by the day comes in its stead. The less one's income, the more important to use it well. I have perhaps half a score of years at the bottom of my wallet. In these ten years, fluxions, rheumatisms, and the other members of that troublesome family will take two or three of them; let us try to economize the seven that are left, for the repose and the small happiness that a man may promise himself on the wrong side of sixty." The guess was a good one. Diderot

* Forster, ii. 398.

* Dr. Katerkamp's *Denkwürdigkeiten aus dem Leben der Fürstinn Amalie von Galitzin*, p. 45.

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lived ten years more, and although his own work in the world was done, they were years of great moment both to France and the world. They witnessed the establishment of a republic in the American colonies, and they witnessed the final stage in the decay of the old monarchy in France. Turgot had been made controller-general in the months before Diderot's return, and Turgot's ministry was the last serious experiment in the direction of orderly reform. The crash that followed resounded almost as loudly at St. Petersburg and in Holland as in France itself, and Catherine in 1792 ordered all the busts of Voltaire that had adorned the saloons and corridors of her palace to be removed into the cellars. EDITOR.

WITHIN THE PRECINCTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SIGNOR'S HOUSEHOLD.

THE Despard family became a great centre of interest to many people both within and without the Abbey precincts at this period of their history. Without any doing, so to speak, of theirs, fate mixed them up both with the great and the small, so that their proceedings moved a great many circles of thought and feeling beyond that in which they themselves stood. We have said without any doing of theirs — but this, perhaps, is true only in respect to Lottie, who took no steps consciously to produce the *rapprochement* which had taken place so strangely between the heaven of the Deanery and the earth of the lodges. She had not done anything to recommend herself to Lady Caroline or Lady Caroline's nephew. And yet with both she had become an important "factor," to use a fashionable term, in the immediate concerns of life. The captain was not so innocent of purpose in the commotion he had begun to make. But still he had not calculated upon the interest that would be excited by his proceedings. The community at St. Michael's was quiet and had little to rouse its interest. Sometimes a canon would be translated to a higher and a better stall — sometimes an old chevalier would die and be replaced by another veteran not much less old than he — sometimes a son would "go wrong," and create a great deal of whispered communication and shaking of heads. At the present time there were no daughters to marry except Lottie, so that the pleasanter strain of possibility was little thought of. All this made it very inspiring, very agitating to the dwellers round the Abbey, when a family within the precincts gave them so much to think about. A girl likely to make a very good match in a romantic way; a man likely to make a very bad one, in a way which might have been quite as romantic had it not been on the wrong side, such as would debase, not exalt his class: these two probabilities coming together had a great effect upon the popular mind. In the chevaliers' lodges there was very little else talked about. Captain Temple, the most respected of all the chevaliers, could not keep still, so excited was he. He had spoken to "the father," he told his wife, to put him on his guard, and to show him how necessary it was to take proper care of his child. That was all he could do, but he would not content himself with doing what he could. He paced about his little sitting-room, disturbing Mrs. Temple at her wool-work. She was not like her husband. She was a still, composed, almost stern woman, with a passionate heart, to which she gave very little expression. She could not talk of her daughter as Captain Temple could. The remembrance of the years during which her child was separated from her was terrible to her. When her husband talked as he was accustomed to do of this great grief of theirs, she never stopped him, but she herself was dumb. She closed all her windows, as it were, and retired into a fortress of silent anguish, out of which no cry came; but she listened to him all the same. This was what she did now, though it pained her to hear of this other girl who stood between life and death, between good and evil, as once her child had stood. She would have helped Lottie with all her heart, but she could not bear to hear her talked of — though this was precisely what she had to bear.

"I told him it was his duty to look after his daughter," said Captain Temple, pacing — three steps one way, four the other — about the room. "But he won't — you see he won't. A beautiful girl, far too good for him, a girl who deserves a better fate. She puts me in mind of our own dear girl, Lucy. I have told you so before."

To this Mrs. Temple made no reply. He had told her so a great many times before. She selected a new shade of her

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Berlin wool, and set her elbow rigidly against the arm of her chair, that she might thread her needle without trembling, but she made no reply.

"She puts me constantly in mind of her. The way she holds her head, and her walk, and —— I beg your pardon, my dear. I know you don't like this kind of talk; but if you knew how I seem to see her wherever I go — wherever I go! I wonder if she is permitted to come and walk by her old father's side, God bless her. Ah! Well, it was Despard's daughter we were talking of. To think *he* should have this girl who takes no care of her, and we to whom ours was everything ——"

The poor woman made a spasmodic movement, and turned her eyes upon him dumbly. She could not bear it. The needle fell out of her hands, and she stooped to hunt for it on the carpet. She would not stop him to whom it was so great a relief to talk; but it was death to her.

"But I told him," said Captain Temple. "I showed him his duty, Lucy. I told him he ought to be thankful he had such a daughter to watch over. And what more could I do? I set the whole thing before him. There was nothing more that I could do."

"Then you must be satisfied, William, and perhaps it will have some effect; we must wait and see," said Mrs. Temple, coming to the surface again with her needle, which she had found, in her hand. She managed to get it threaded this time with great exertion, while her husband set off again upon his restricted promenade, shaking his white head. Captain Temple, it may be recollected, had not said so much to Captain Despard as he thought he had said; but if he had said everything that man could say it is not probable that it would have made much difference. The kind old chevalier shook his white head. His eyes were full of moisture and his heart of tenderness. He did not feel willing to wait and see as his wife suggested. He wanted to do something there and then for Lottie, to go to her and warn her, to keep watch at her door, and prevent the entrance of the wolf — anything, he did not mind what it was so long as he could secure her safety.

The other subject was discussed that same evening in another and very different scene, when Mrs. Purcell, the signor's housekeeper, asked her old fellow-servant, Pickering, what news there was in the precincts, and if anything was stirring. It was the most delicious moment for a gossip, when tea was over in the kitchen, and dinner up-stairs, and the twilight was beginning to drop over the country, bringing quiet and coolness after the blaze of the day. Mrs. Purcell sat by the open window, which was cut in the very boundary wall of the Abbey precincts, as in the side of a precipice. It was not safe for any one of uncertain nerves to look straight down upon the slope of St. Michael's Hill, on which the walls were founded, and on the steep street winding below. But Mrs. Purcell had her nerves in the most steady and well-regulated condition. She was not afraid to sit at the head of the precipice, and even to look out and look down when the shop-windows began to be lighted. She liked to see the lights coming out below. It was cheerful and felt like "company" when she sat alone. Old Pickering had just come in after an errand into the town. He was the manservant while she was the housekeeper, but the work of the establishment was chiefly done by a sturdy young woman who was under the orders of both.

"News — I don't know much about news," said old Pick. "It wants young folks to make news; and there ain't many of that sort about here."

"Dear!" said Mrs. Purcell (but it must not be supposed that this exclamation meant any special expression of affection to old Pickering). "There's heaps of young folks! There's the signor, and there's my John ——"

"Master? you may call him young, if it don't go again your conscience — my notion is as he never was no younger than he is now. So you may put what name to it you please. But you don't ask me for news of master, nor Mr. John neither. Him, oh, ah, there'll be news of him one of these days. He'll get a cathedral, or he'll be had up to London. We'll see him, with his baton in his hand, afore the biggest chorus as can be got together; and won't he lead 'em grand!" said old Pick. "When he was but a little thing in his white surplice I seen it in his eye."

"You were always one that did my John justice," said the housekeeper warmly. "Just to think of it, Pick — one day a bit of a mite in his surplice, and the next, as you may say, with his baton, leading the chief in the land! We bring children into the world, but we can't tell what's to come of them," she added, with pious melancholy. "Them as is fortunate shouldn't be proud. The young men as I've seen go to the bad since I've been here!"

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"That should be a real comfort to you," said Pickering, and they paused, both, to take full advantage of this consolation. Then, drawing a long breath, Mrs. Purcell resumed,—

"And so it should, Pick — when I see my boy that respectable, and as good as any gentleman's son, and reflect on what I've seen! But pride's not for the like of us — seeing the Lord can bring us low as fast as he's set us up." The good woman dropped her voice, with that curious dread lest envious fate should take her satisfaction amiss, which seems inherent in humanity. As for old Pick, sentiment was not in his way. He took up a little old-fashioned silver salver which stood on the table with some notes upon it, waiting the sound of the signor's bell, and began to polish it with his handkerchief. "Them girls," he said, "there's no trust to be put in them. The times I've told her to be careful with my plate. She says she haven't the time, but you and me knows better than that. What is there to do in this house? We gives no trouble, and as for master, he's dining out half his time."

"She'll find the difference," said Mrs. Purcell, "when she's under a lady. There's many a thing I does myself. Instead of calling Mary Anne till I'm hoarse, I takes and does it myself; but a lady will never do that. Ah, Pick, it's experience as teaches. They don't put any faith in what we tell them; and her head full of soldiers, and I don't know what — as if a soldier ever brought anything but harm to a servant girl."

"They are all alike," said old Pick. "There's them Despards in the lodges — all the Abbey's talking of them. The captain — you know the captain? the one as sings out as if it all belonged to him — though he's neither tenor, nor alto, nor bass, but a kind of a jumble, and as often as not sings the air!" said the old chorister, with contempt which was beyond words. Mrs. Purcell looked upon the captain from another point of view.

"He's a fine handsome man," she said. "He looks like a lord when he comes marching up the aisle, not an old Methusaleh, like most of 'em."

"Ah!" cried Pickering, with a groan, "that's the way the women are led away. He's a fine fellow, he is! oh yes, he's like a lord, with bills in every shop in the town, and not a penny to pay 'em."

"Them shops!" said Mrs. Purcell. "I don't wonder if a gentleman's of a yielding disposition. They offer you this, and they offer you that, and won't take an answer. It's their own fault. They didn't ought to put their temptations in folk's way. It's like dodging a bait about a poor fish's nose; and then swearing it'll make up lovely, and be far more becoming than what you've got on. I think it's scandalous for my part. They deserve to lose their money now and again."

"They say he's going to be married," said old Pick stolidly.

"Married! You're dreaming, Pick! Lord bless us," said Mrs. Purcell, "that's news, that is! Married? I don't believe a word of it; at his age!"

"You said just now he wasn't a Methusaleh, and no more he is; he's a fine handsome man. He thinks a deal of himsel, and that's what makes other folks think a deal of him. The women's as bad as the shops," said old Pick, "they bring it on themselves. Here's a man as is never out of mischief. I've seen him regularly coming home — well — none the better for his liquor; and gamblin' day and night, playing billiards, betting, I don't know what. We all know what that comes to; and a grown-up family besides —— "

"Dear!" said Mrs. Purcell, in great concern. She knew a good deal about Miss Despard, and her feelings were very mingled in respect to her. In the first place, to know that her John was in love with *a lady* flattered and excited her, and had made her very curious about Lottie, every detail of whose looks, and appearance generally, she had studied. A chevalier's daughter might not be of very elevated rank; but it was a wonderful rise in the world for Mrs. Purcell's son to be able to permit himself to fall in love with such a person. On the other hand, Miss Despard was poor, and might interfere with John's chance of rising in the world. But anyhow, everything about her was deeply interesting to John's mother. She paused to think what effect such a change would have upon her son, before she asked any further questions. What would Miss Despard do? It was not likely she would care for a stepmother after being used to be mistress of the house — would she be ready to accept any one that asked her, in order to get "a home of her own"? And would John insist upon marrying her? and would he be able to keep a wife? These questions all rushed through Mrs. Purcell's mind on receipt of this startling news. "Dear! dear!" she said — and for a long time it was all she could say. The interests were so mixed that she did not know what to desire. Now or never, perhaps, was the time for John to secure the wife he want-

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ed; but even with that justification, would it be right for him to marry? Mrs. Purcell did not know what to think. "Did you hear who the lady was?" she asked, in a faint voice.

"Lady! — no lady at all, a girl that works for her living. I know her well enough by sight. One of the dressmaker's girls in the River Lane. Ladies is silly enough, but not so silly as that; though I don't know neither," said old Pick. "What women-folks will do for a husband is wonderful. They'll face the world for a husband. It don't matter what sort he is, nor if he's worth having ——"

"They haven't took that trouble for you, anyhow," said Mrs. Purcell faintly, standing up amid her preoccupations for her own side.

"I've never given 'em the chance," said Pick, with a chuckle. "Lord bless you! they've tried a plenty, but I've never given 'em the chance. Many's the story I could tell you. They've done their best, poor things. Some has been that enterprising, I never was safe in the same room with 'em. But I've kep single, and I'll keep single till my dying day. So will master, if I can judge. There's some has the way of it, and some hasn't. It would be a clever one," said old Pickering, caressing his chin with an astute smile, "to get the better of me."

The housekeeper threw at him a glance of mingled indignation and derision. She gave her head a toss. It was not possible for feminine flesh and blood to hear this unmoved. "You're so tempting," she said, with angry energy. "'Andsome and well to do, and worth a woman's while."

"Bless you, they don't stick at that," said the old man, with a grin. "I could tell you of things as has happened — some to myself — some to other folks —— "

"Dear!" cried Mrs. Purcell, "and me to think you were an old stick of an old bachelor, because nobody would have you, Pick! There's some, as a body reads it in their face, as dry as an east wind, and cutting like an east wind does, that is never happy but when it's blighting up somebody. I daresay it's all a story about Captain Despard — just like the rest."

"None of you likes it," said old Pick, chuckling to himself. "Some pretends just to please a man; but women does hang together, whoever says different, and they none of them likes to hear the truth. About Captain Despard, it's a story if you please, but it's true. The girl she talks quite free, and tells everybody as she'll soon make a difference in the house. She'll pack off the son to do for himself, and the daughter ——"

"What of the daughter, Pick? Oh, the shameless hussy, to talk like that of a poor, motherless young girl —— "

"If she wasn't motherless, what would Polly have to do with her? It can't be expected as a second wife should cry her eyes out because the first's gone."

"Polly!" said Mrs. Purcell, with bated breath; "and she says she'll pack the son about his business; and the daughter — what is she going to do about the daughter, when she's got the poor misfortunate man under her thumb? And who's Polly, that you know so much about her? She's a pretty kind of acquaintance, so far as I can see, for a man as considers himself respectable, and comes out of a gentleman's house."

"That's the other side," said Pick, still chuckling to himself. "I said women hangs together. So they do, till you come to speak of one in particular, and then they fly at her. I don't know nothing against Polly. If the captain's in love with her, it ain't her fault; if she wants to better herself, it's no more than you or me would do in her place. She's as respectable as most of the folks I know. To work for your living ain't a disgrace."

"It's no disgrace: but a stepmother that is a dressmaker girl will be something new to Miss Despard. Oh, I can't smile. A dressmaker as —— And young, I suppose, like herself? Oh, trust a man for that! she's sure to be young. Poor thing, poor thing! I'm that sorry for her, I can't tell what to do. A lady, Pick; they may be poor, but I've always heard there was no better gentlefolks anywhere to be found. And a woman that the likes of you calls Polly. Oh, that's enough, that's enough for me! A nice, good, respectable girl, that knows what's her due, you don't call her Polly. Polly — there's a deal in a name."

"Aha!" said old Pick, rubbing his hands, "I knew as soon as I named one in particular what you would say. Fly at her, that's what all you women do. A name is neither here nor there. I've known as good women called Polly as was ever christened Mary; eh? ain't they the same name? I had a sister Polly; I had a ——"

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Purcell softly. She was paying no attention to him; her mind was much disturbed. She turned away instinctively from the gathering gloom of evening in which her old companion stood, and cast her anxious eyes

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upon the wide landscape outside — the sky between grey and blue, the lights beginning to twinkle far down in the steep street. There was something in the great space and opening which seemed to give counsel and support in her perturbation. For she did not know what to do for the best. At such a moment would not John have a better chance than he might ever have? And yet, if he got his heart's desire, was it quite certain that it would be good for John? The signor's housekeeper was just as anxious about her boy as if she had been a great lady. Twinges of maternal jealousy, no doubt, went through her mind. If John married, he would be separated from his mother, and his wife would look down upon her and teach him to despise her — a mother who was in service. What could she expect if her son married a lady? All these thoughts went through her mind as she looked out with anxiety, which drew deep lines upon her forehead. But, on the whole, she was not selfish, and deliberated anxiously, ready to make any sacrifice for that which in the long run would be most good for John.

In the mean time old Pickering talked on. When he was set a-going it was difficult to bring him to a stop. He was quite aware that at the present moment he ought not to stay there talking; he knew he ought to be lighting the lamps, and kept listening with expectant ear for a sharp tingle of the signor's bell, which should warn him of his retarded duties. But for all that he talked on. Dinner was over for some time, and Pick knew very well that he ought to carry in the notes which he had piled again upon the salver after giving it that polish with his handkerchief. However, though he knew his duty, he took no step towards performing it, but moved leisurely about, and put various articles back into the old polished cupboard with glass doors, which showed all the best china, and was the pride of Mrs. Purcell's heart. When Mary Anne came in, he emptied the salver again and showed her how imperfectly she had cleaned it. "I can't think how folks can be so stupid," Pickering said. "How do you think you are ever to better yourself if you don't take a lesson when it's giv' you? and proud you should be that any one would take the trouble. If I see it like this again I'll — I don't know what I sha'n't do." He knew very well that it was what ought to have been his own work that he was thus criticising, and, as it happened, so did Mary Anne, whose spirit was working up to a determination not to be longer put upon. But for all that he found fault, (always waiting to hear the bell ring sharply, with a quaver of impatience in it), and she submitted, though she was aware that she was being put upon. Mrs. Purcell, in the window, paid no attention to them. She kept gazing out upon the wide world of grey-blue clouds, and asking herself what would be best for John.

They were disturbed in all these occupations by a step which came briskly down-stairs, perhaps betokening, Pickering thought, that the signor was going out again, and that his own delay about the lamps had been a wise instinct. But, after all, it was not the signor's step; it was young Purcell, who came along the little winding passage full of corners, and entered the housekeeper's room, scattering the little party assembled there. Mary Anne fled as a visitor from the outer world flies from the chamber of a servant of the court, at the advent of the queen. Though she would assure herself sometimes that Mr. Purcell's son was "no better nor me," yet in his presence Mary Anne recognized the difference. He was "the young master" even in Pick's eyes, who stopped talking, and put the notes back once more upon the salver with a great air of business, as if in the act of hastening with them to the signor. Mrs. Purcell was the only one who received her son with tranquillity. She turned her eyes upon him quietly, with a smile, with a serene pride which would not have misbecome an empress. No one in the house, not the signor himself, had ascended to such a height of being as the housekeeper; no one else had produced such a son.

"Go and light the candles in the study, Pick," said young Purcell. "The signor is in the dark, and he's composing. Quick and carry him the lights. Don't bother him with those letters now. He is doing something beautiful," he said, turning to his mother. "There's a phrase in it I never heard equalled. He has been sitting out on the terrace getting inspiration. I must run back and keep old Pick from disturbing him, making a noise —— "

"Stay a moment, Johnny, my own dear —— "

"What's the matter, mother? Oh, I know; you've heard of this last offer. But if I take any I'll take St. Ermengilde's, where I could go on living at home, the signor says. It's less money, but so long as I can help him, and see *her* now and again, and please you —— "

"Ah, John, your mother's last; but that's natural," said Mrs. Purcell, shaking

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her head, "quite natural. I don't complain. Is it another organ you've got the offer of? Well, to be sure! and there are folks that say merit isn't done justice to! John, I've been hearing something," said the housekeeper, putting out her hand to draw him to her; "something as perhaps you ought to know."

The young man looked at her eagerly. In this place he bore a very different aspect from that under which he had appeared to Lottie. Here it was he who was master of the situation, the centre of a great many hopes and wishes. He looked at her closely in the dusk, which made it hard to see what was in her face. He was a good son, but he was his mother's social superior, and there was a touch of authority even in the kindness of his voice.

"Something I ought to know? I know it already: that Mr. Ridsdale has been visiting at the lodges. That is nothing so extraordinary. If you think a little attention from a fashionable fop will outweigh the devotion of years!" said the young man, with a flush of high-flown feeling. He had a great deal of sentiment and not very much education, and naturally he was high-flown. "People may say what they like," he went on in an agitated voice, "but merit does carry the day. They've offered me St. Ermengilde over the heads of half a dozen. Is it possible, can you suppose, that she should be so blind!"

"That wasn't it," said Mrs. Purcell quietly; "it's something quite different, my dear. Shut the door, that we mayn't have old Pick coming in again (it was he that told me), and you shall hear."

From Fraser's Magazine.

BASQUE CUSTOMS.

THE origin of the Basques has been made the subject of such wild speculations, philological and ethnological, that it is almost necessary to preface any reference to that most interesting people by the assurance that we are not going to prove them to be either Berbers or Phœnicians or Huns, nor even to hazard any opinion on the burning question whether Escuara be an Aryan tongue or no.

The fact which interests us is that in the latter half of the nineteenth century it should be possible to point to a race of pure-blooded villagers following an absolutely unique code of custom on certain points of family organization, while illustrating in other points the working of institutions common to most of the present inhabitants of Europe at a certain period in their development. And this interest is heightened when we find customs fairly on a level with mediæval civilization apparently stretching as far back into barbarism on the one hand as they reach forward into modern life on the other. The code of usage which was fully developed in the thirteenth century retained its vitality within the last decade, while its existence in a more or less rudimentary form is signalized by Strabo, so that the usages themselves have a triple title to consideration, from their singularity, their age, and the light which they may throw upon the vexed questions of origin and affinity already alluded to, for custom is as hard to change as language and as slow to mix as race, so that we may be tolerably sure that no radical diversity of race underlies the identity of customs transmitted through nearly two thousand years.

Of the origin or causes of race distinctions, we know practically nothing: a given family or clan adopts one dialect, one set of customs, and one standard of morality rather than another, much as a public school, a college, a university, or even a particular suburb of London comes to have a certain tone, opinions, and character of its own. The character once formed is perpetuated by tradition; and if we imagine such a spontaneous differentiation to take place between the inhabitants of separate tribes or hamlets, the tradition would be reinforced by all the physical influences of descent. If geographical conditions tend to keep the specialized population distinct even from its nearest kindred whose blood mingles freely with that of other races, the difference will go on increasing till at last the apparent gulf between related families may seem wider than that between independent classes. But every fresh case in which the gulf is spanned by history shows us fresh points of resemblance between the early days of races which are allowed to be ethnologically distinct, and so, without impeaching the reality of ethnological distinctions, deprives them of the semi-mysterious finality sometimes ascribed to them.

The accounts given by classical authors of the barbarian inhabitants of the Iberian peninsula bring before us tribes of about the same degree of promise and intelligence as the Red Indians of the American continent, whom they also resemble in a number of minor traits such as may fairly

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be held to indicate spiritual affinity where physical connection is out of the question. The earliest written memorials relating to the modern Basques show them to us, say, at about the date of the compilation of the "*Senchus Mor*," with customs fully settled on a few leading points, and the right of private property by families within the village community fully developed, but with little disposition to legislate on other subjects such as are only brought forward by the growth of individualism and the decay of the communal spirit. And from that time until the present century both the form and spirit of the ancient social organization have continued singularly unchanged; so that for a parallel to the phenomena accessible to the modern tourist at Barège or Cauterêts we must go to the outskirts of the conservative East and study the organization of the "house-communions" of Servia and Dalmatia, or the communal prerogatives of the Russian village.

The Basque customs are generically like, specifically different from those of other European nations, and they have most in common with the usages of those offshoots of the main Aryan trunk which might be called either the oldest or the youngest — young in that they branched off before the parent stem was old enough to bequeath them much ready-made mental furniture of physical predisposition or intellectual aptitude; old in the sense of being nearest to the primitive state out of which the after families grew, as well as in the literal sense of a longer duration for their national existence.

There are hardly materials enough to furnish even those learned in all the materials which there are with a positive and convincing opinion as to the manner in which the successive strata in the population of civilized Europe were deposited. But it is agreed that the stream of immigration continued in the main steadily from east to west, and it is not denied that the later waves of the rising human torrent were of the same elements as the first thin lines that spread themselves irregularly here and there until overtaken by the main body of longer pent-up waters. Thus we think of the Pelasgi as established in Greece before the Hellenes of history, of the Etruscans as older Italians than the Latins, while in Spain the tribes — Keltic, Iberian, or Kelt-Iberian — with which we have to do preceded the Gothic ancestors of the modern political kingdom. In all these cases the earlier inhabitants who were either enslaved, or absorbed, or thrust on one side, appear to have been as far advanced in the arts of peace as their stronger kindred at the date of invasion, but to have been deficient in political genius, so that even their bravery and patriotism were ineffective for want of an organization to concentrate the one and direct the other. But such a people, if it escapes absorption by retreating into mountain fastnesses or uncoveted corners — as the native Irish, the ancient Britons of Wales, Brittany, and the Land's End — may display a wonderful vitality, and become a byword for conservative tenacity in their own old way.

The conservatism of the Basques is connected with a quite unique rule of inheritance, based on the right of primogeniture without distinction of sex, which has been made the subject of an interesting but little-known monograph by M. Eugène Cordier. The various *coutumes* which he has consulted might almost be described as a commentary, in fifteen centuries, on a single sentence of Strabo. That author says concerning the Cantabri: * "Men give dowries to their wives, and the daughters are left heirs, but they procure wives for their brothers." This meagre statement might easily be set on one side as a traveller's misunderstanding but for the light thrown upon it by the full-grown Basque usage.

To assure the full conservative working of the law of primogeniture, it is not left to itself, but reinforced and regulated by a mass of curious and interesting customs which would be tyrannous and oppressive if they were not the faithful transcript of the conduct spontaneously approved and followed by all sections of the community at once. To realize the social state within which the customs prevail, we have only to turn to the descriptions given by Sir Henry Maine and M. Laveleye of the constitution of village communities in other lands. The village in its collective capacity is the real original proprietor of the land taken into occupation, which is usually divided into arable ground, pasture, and waste or forest. Woods, wastes, and pastures are usually enjoyed in common by the villagers, while the cultivated land is either given up to private ownership or to private occupancy subject to periodical redistribution. Zamacola, the author of a Spanish history of the Basque nations, asserts that collective ownership lasted longer among them than among other peo-

* Basque writers assert this name to be Escuara, from *khanta-ber*, able singers.

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ples, that the land was cultivated in common, and private property at one time unknown. But though this statement is intrinsically credible, it is unfortunately unsupported by any satisfactory reference to authorities; and coming as it does from an uncritical pen, it adds little to the antecedent probabilities. He also alludes to an ancient equal division of the land amongst families, and adds that if two lots were joined by a marriage, they were again to be separated and go to different children or grandchildren. Most village communities seem to have passed through a similar period of transition, in which the village cedes its rights in trust to its component families, on the understanding, however, that the family then becomes responsible for the support of all its own members, and does not attempt to relieve itself at the public expense of the charge of a superfluous residuum.

The peculiar Basque law of inheritance tends to modify the localization, as one may call it, of the usual domestic rights and powers. Paternal, or rather parental, authority is at a discount in these communities, a fact which we may connect, if we please, with the statement of Silius Italicus that among the Cantabri the old men were wont to commit suicide by throwing themselves from a rock. "*Los senhors et dames juens*," as the *coutume* of Navarre calls them, are the favorites of the law. There is an equal partnership in the enjoyment and control of the family property between the parents and the married heir (or heiress), younger children and parents being virtually sacrificed to the young couple of the moment,* though these again have to be prepared, when their own first-born comes of age and marries, to subdivide the inheritance again, so that it is by no means unheard of for the same *ménage* to have several masters and mistresses of different generations and equal rights living amicably within it at the same time.

Whether this has been the case or not, on the death of the nominal proprietor, the first-born child, son or daughter, inherits all the family property, subject to a small charge for the legal dowry of the younger children. The heir (or heiress) is master, and the younger children are called *esclaus* and *esclabes*, and are, in fact as well as name, the born servants of the household; they have a right to shelter, etc., in the family house, but they are liable to be called to account to their elders for their private earnings, if these exceed the amount of the *légitime* (which meanwhile remains in the elder's hands as an equivalent for the charge of their maintenance), unless they leave the family with the consent of its head, taking their portion once for all, or are emancipated by the parent's will from the strict application of the general principle. But the most characteristic feature of Basque society is the provision which it makes for the *élite* of those younger children who neither abide in the family mansion nor go to seek their fortune abroad. On marriage, the first-born, heiress or heir, becomes "co-seigneur," and is entitled at once to half the patrimony. Persons civilly or physically incapacitated for marriage are excluded from the family inheritance. Every head of a household marries, if not in the parent's lifetime, in any case shortly after succession, and — what is essential to the maintenance of the whole economy of the villages — every head of a household marries the *younger* child of some other family. This *cadet*, or *cadette*, who takes the name of the heir, is called *gendre* or *bru*, and comes to live in the family mansion, naturally in a somewhat subordinate position, all his or her earnings going to the benefit of the family, to which the children are also attached. Sometimes a *cadet* retains his own name, but the children always take that of the mother if she is an heiress. A French writer of the seventeenth century notices this peculiarity, but without understanding it, observing that the poorest villagers call themselves lords and ladies of such a cottage, or even pigstye, while they give up their proper name, "and even the wife that of her husband," to take the name of the house.

The customs of Barège and Lavedan were commented on at length by one Noguès, an advocate of Toulouse, in 1760, who apologizes for their singularity, which he thinks is likely to excite a "movement of indignation," by pointing out that they serve better than any other more orthodox arrangement the supreme end "of keeping the property in the family." And the working of the code certainly illustrates better than any argument the fundamental natural impossibility of giving a separate class interest to the sexes, as feudal legislators vainly dreamt of doing. All that can be achieved is to secure the usufruct of about half the whole number of feudal estates to one set of heirs male

* In the little republic of Andorre poor households have but two sleeping-rooms, one for the master and mistress, and one for the rest of the family; and we are told that when the heir marries, the old father vacates the separate apartment and takes his place in the common chamber with the rest.

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instead of to another, and that of the other half to heirs male instead of to heirs female, still to the detriment of another generation of males. Thus if A's second child, a son, B, succeed him to the prejudice of the eldest child, a daughter, C, C's son D is injured, and if B has only daughters, a distant connection profits to the detriment of their sons, B's grandsons, or the great-grandsons of A, who perhaps made the entail from a disinterested desire to "keep up the family." This ambition may not perhaps be very exalted, but it was strong among the Basques, who were allowed by their traditions to keep two strings to the family bow, in consequence of which we meet with such cases (said not to be by any means exceptional) as that of a family in Andorre, which has kept its name and its property without increase or diminution for between seven and eight hundred years. Twice in the time its maintenance has depended on the life of a sole heiress, so that it must have become extinct under the common mediæval rule.

An additional security against the extinction of families is offered by the rule compelling the householder to marry from (we cannot say "into") a family possessing at least two children. Of course the rule is only of customary obligation, but the case is quoted of a marriage between heir and heiress, neither of whom would consent to leave their own ancestral abode, and while such was the prevailing feeling, shared as all durable social sentiments must be, by both sexes, it was clearly needless to make marriages of the kind penal. In the case of a romantic attachment, the matter would probably be arranged by a family compact, the less wealthy of the two parties ceding their inheritance to the next of kin, and receiving a portion instead. Even where the Basque custom has long ceased to prevail, we find traces of its past force surviving; and at St. Jean Pied de Port a writer, who was not on the lookout for such indications, mentions the existence of a superstitious belief that marriages between heir and heiress are unlucky. In fact, what Professor Huxley has said of the Basque language may be applied without qualification to their customs, "the area of which has gradually diminished without any corresponding extirpation of the people which primitively spoke [or followed] it. So that the people of Spain and Aquitaine at the present day must be largely Euskarian by descent in just the same sense as the Cornish men are 'Celtic' by descent." The area of the peculiar dialect and of the peculiar custom has kept on narrowing; but however far afield we may find traces of either one or other, there we may safely conclude that men have once passed akin to the ancestors of the half-million who have been faithful to all the traditions of their race.

As each commune, town, or village, in the Basque confederacy was autonomous, their usages were by no means all alike, and from very early times we trace an antagonism between the cherished national custom of the peasantry and the feudal tastes of the warlike nobles settled within their boundaries. The antagonism was not exactly between noble and plebeian, because every Basque, like every Highlander, is well-born; all the *pasteres* are free citizens, and every free citizen (or rather countryman) is *ipso facto* noble; instead of quarters of nobility, it is only necessary to prove four generations of Basque ancestry, so that if La Soule and Lower Navarre enjoyed the same privileges, the settler from one district had only to give proof of nationality to be received as a native in the other. The date at which the different *coutumes* were reduced to writing gives no clue to the purity of the usage they sanction. Some of those of the Pays de Lavedan, which are as free as any from feudal corruption, were not written till 1704, while the *for* of the Valley of Azun, in the same district, from which we take the prime article of Basque faith, "*Que prumer filh o filha deu heretar*," was drawn up in 1306, and confirmed in 1497. The customs of Barège, conceived throughout in the same spirit, were proclaimed and written in 1670, after debate in the communes, as having been followed, authorized, and approved for four hundred years since the destruction or loss of the *coutumier* by fire or war. The custom of Bayonne was revised and written in 1514; the *fuero de Viscaya* (which has some kindred features) is dated 1526. In the barony of Saubusses (the land of the Sibutzates, mentioned by Cæsar as having sent hostages to Crassus after his second victory in Aquitaine) and other parishes it was decreed in 1514, with the consent of the inhabitants, that the old custom should be abolished, and the eldest son succeed in future, and the eldest daughter only in default of sons. In the republic of Andorre this was the rule, but the same usage as elsewhere prevailed with regard to the marriage of heiresses. Various local customs are quoted from Aquitaine: in the *coutume* of Acs, north of the Basque

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country, the rule of succession is complicated by three principles, seniority without distinction of sex, equal division amongst all the children of *acquêts* or disposable goods, equal division among the children of different marriages in sets with distinction of age in each; some, supposing children by two marriages, failing sons by the first, gave the inheritance to the eldest daughter, excluding her own sisters and half-brothers; this applied only to nobles, as did a curious system of collateral succession in Navarre, of brothers to brothers and sisters to sisters in order of seniority, the eldest of the opposite sex coming after the youngest of the same. The *coutume* of Soule names a number of noble families in which the rural usage was followed, while in the town of Lourdes there was one street (only) in which the feudal rule prevailed. But in 1552 under Henry II. of Navarre, it was proclaimed that in Béarn "*noblesse ne se divise entre frères et sœurs*," and that rural properties were to follow the same rule, saving the right of eldest daughters already married in their parents' house, a proviso which shows the Barège custom to have prevailed before. Still earlier, in 1205, we find John, king of England, conceding to the Bordelais the "privilege" of excluding married and dowered daughters from succeeding with their brothers, and that of depriving their wives of the half share, previously secured to them, in the acquisitions or additions made to the family fortune after their marriage, a provision confirmed by Philip IV. in 1295. But the triumphs of feudalism were mostly confined to the outskirts of the pure Basque districts.

The success of the resistance offered by the peasants to what they call the "bad customs" of feudalism gives us some measure of the tenacity of the truly national usage, especially if we contrast it with the gradual substitution of the rule of primogeniture for the equal succession of the children among the Odallers of Orkney, by the intrusion of Scotch lawyers, whose persistent attempts to feudalize the islands in the sixteenth century were almost entirely successful in suppressing what seems to have been a very sane and suitable local custom. But we may also estimate the closeness of the struggle, even when it was successful, by the fact that the *droit de seigneur* existed almost within sight of the liberties of Lavedan and Barège. In fact, it was really to their affection for their customs that the Basques were indebted for their escape from the clutch of a miniature Visconti, Eccelino, or Della Scala. The ancient record of the customs of Béarn, for example, begins by relating for the instruction of kings how in ancient times there was no lord in Béarn, but the people heard great praises of a certain knight of Bigorre, so they sent to seek him, and made him lord for one year, but he would not keep the *fors* and customs, so the court of Béarn assembled at Pau and required him solemnly to do so, and he would not, and they slew him before the court. Then the fame of a worthy knight of Auvergne reached them, and they made him lord for two years, but he also waxed proud and would not observe the *fors* and customs, and he was slain by order of the court "at the edge of the bridge of Saranh, by a squire who struck him such a blow with a pike that the point passed out at his back, and this lord's name was Sentonge." It was in the name of their ancient liberties that the Basques on the French side of the frontier successfully resisted the imposition of the *gabelle* under Louis XIV.; and the smuggling which has been a favorite and honorable occupation in the mountains since the imposition of duties on tobacco, etc., at the end of last century, is regarded not as a breach of rightful law, but as a lawful assertion of the immemorial rights of the frontier tribes to do what trade they can.

Household suffrage is the rule in these communities, and, except in the politically independent state of Andorre, this right seems to have been exercised, with the corresponding proprietary privileges, without distinction of sex. Thus in the ancient town of Cauterêts in 1316, when the inhabitants met to consult whether they should accept certain lands from the monastery of Saint Savin, subject to some feudal rights, we read that all the inhabitants male and female (*besis et besies* *) "tous présents et consentants de leur bon gré, ont dit et déclaré, ensemble et individuellement, qu'ils reconnaissent leur dépendance du monastère de Saint Savin. Tous l'ont dit, à l'exception de Gualhardine de Fréchon, une femme qui protesta." We are told that the names of the women are different from those of the men, so that it is clear that they voted as householders; and in fact, considering the nature of the questions habitually brought before the communal government, the maintenance of roads, use of pastures, etc., it would have

* *Voisins et voisines*, the exact equivalent of the German *Nachbar*.

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been impossible to exclude heiresses from a voice in the decision of questions in which their material interests were so much involved. Nearly five centuries later we meet with a well-meant but rather clumsy recognition of the customary claim of women to the franchise, by a representative of the revolutionary government. In virtue of the law of June 10, 1793, a delegate of the National Government invited the inhabitants of the Valley of Azun to vote on a question relating to the division of the communal land. The meeting was stormy, and the men refused their consent to the division; and the agent observing that the women had not voted, summoned them to a separate discussion, after which fifty-six voted for and forty-five against the measure, a division list which may perhaps tend to reassure those politicians whose dread of the political "emancipation" of women is inspired by the belief that the sex will vote uniformly all together — and all wrong — upon questions on which all men, or all but a very few, are prepared to vote right.

When magistracies were attached to special families, the heiress might be represented by a son or husband; the husband became *voisin* through his wife, though it was disputed whether he should keep the title after her death, and agreed that he lost it by marrying elsewhere.* In Béarn but not Barège the widowed *gendre* was allowed to bring a new wife to the house of the first with the consent of the children. Some provisions † seem to show that widows were averse to marrying legally, since a *bru* in so doing lost the custody of her children; and it is probably in consequence of these various drawbacks and difficulties that public opinion in the provinces became opposed to second marriages of any kind, at least to the extent of visiting them with the penalty of a *charivari*. In family ceremonies, etc., the heiress takes the front place, but in practice the administration of family affairs out of doors is left to the man, and in general the apparent harshness of the law is modified by the encouragement which it gives to marriages of inclination, since the social superior is necessarily disinterested in his or her choice. Thus Béla, commenting in 1660 on the *coutume* of Soule, says: "Les dits maris *adventices* (their technical name) se rencontrent d'ordinaire des hommes recoints et habilités aux affaires . . . femmes vaillantes, provides et ménagères, qui ne font pas moins de leurs parts que les hommes de leur côté." The dowry brought by a *cadet* on his marriage with an heiress is in all respects on the same footing as the portion given to a younger daughter who marries an heir; the *époux dotal* was allowed to make whichever child he (or she) pleased, heir; failing a will, the property was equally divided amongst all, and formed the usual provision for juniors, or, if succession was in the male line, for daughters. Failing children or a will, the *conjoint héritier* succeeded to the *conjoint dotal*, but not conversely; and the Bayonne custom even included a curious reversal of the condition of tenancy "by the curtesy of England," since, if a living child was born of a marriage, and afterwards died, the mother, as heiress to the child, might succeed to the father's dowry, which, even if he were the survivor, still went ultimately to *her* heirs, while he, on the contrary, inherited neither way.

These arrangements only applied to the marriages between heirs or householders, and younger brothers or sisters. The marriage contract of two younger children commonly stipulates that all acquisitions after marriage shall be possessed in common, though the two dowries remain distinct in view of eventualities. The contracting parties are called *meytadés*. The surviving *meytadé* succeeds his partner as *usufructier*, with the charge of the children till their marriage or majority. One marriage contract is quoted in which a *primée* stipulates that if she succeeds to her elder brother, her husband shall be treated as *nore* (the phrase for a dowered husband in relation to the heiress wife), while otherwise they were to continue *meytadés*. The portion due from the heir to the younger children was generally determined by a family council, with reference to the available funds, debts, etc. The heir was only bound to dower brothers or sisters who stayed at home and added

* Cf. Mr. Patterson's description (*Fortnightly Review*, No. 64, N. S.) of the house-communions of the Croat Serbs: "As a woman on marrying became at once a member of the house-communion to which her husband belonged, membership in a house-communion descended only in the male line. There were several instances in which men entered the communion to which their wives belonged. This, however, they did, not in virtue of their marriage, but in consequence of their adoption by the community, which might — in fact often did — happen without any such affinity. Unmarried women belonged, of course, to the house-communion of their fathers, and widows to those of their late husbands. Should a widow, having children, marry again, the children of her former husband remained in the house-communion in which they were born, while she herself passed into that of her second husband. An adopted member took the surname of the house-communion into which he was received."

† Quoique menant une mauvaise vie, la veuve ne peut perdre la jouissance des biens qui doivent retourner à ses enfants.

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their labor to the family stock. If public opinion made any difference, it was in expecting the heir to make more efforts to marry younger sisters than younger brothers; but these had a right to marry if they pleased, and bringing their wife and her dowry into the common stock, might insist on a share in the dwelling. Nevertheless the name for a *cadet* is *esterlo*, or *sterlo* (? *sterilis*); and strange as a custom of disinterestedness, unenforced by any penal sanctions, may seem to some utilitarian economists, it is a well-authenticated fact that, in the districts following the Basque law, voluntary devotion of the younger children (both sons and daughters) to the interest of the household is the rule rather than the exception. The social order which shall demand no victims has yet to be invented, and the most painful feature recorded of the onc before us is the ingratitude with which such devotion is accepted as a matter of course, and rewarded with neglect and ill-treatment. The position of an aged *cadet* meeting a Lear-like fate at the hands of nephews and nieces, to whose prosperity his private hopes and independence have been continuously sacrificed, hardly requires the pen of a Balzac or a Tourguenef to heighten its repulsive pathos; but though such cases do occur, we are told, and are glad to believe, that they are exceptional, and that more often an innocent, sentimental communism allows them to feel contentedly identified with the one leading shoot of the family tree.

In spite of the enforced celibacy of unenterprising or self-sacrificing *cadets* of poor houses, early marriages and large families, which are the general rule, make the pressure of population a chronic danger, the rather that the little nation, wedged in between the powers of France and Spain, has had no possibility of extending its frontiers by war. Accordingly, for centuries the Basques, like the Swiss, have been in the habit of seeking their fortunes abroad. In the seventeenth century their success as whalers gave serious concern to the English and Dutch vessels engaged in the whale fisheries of Greenland and Iceland. At the same date no *grand seigneur's* household was thought complete without a Basque *laquais*, warranted to "run like the wind;" and up to the present time the stream of emigration from the Bay of Biscay to South America is nearly as constant as that from Ireland to the United States. Enriched *cadets*, who are allowed to marry in foreign parts, while their elder is bound to the soil, often return as small nabobs to their native villages; still, like all nations that emigrate without colonizing, the Basques look upon emigration as a necessary evil; and Zumala Carreguy gave to a French tourist as one of the advantages of the Carlist war that it would relieve the valleys for years to come from the need of arranging large schemes of emigration. Before so many openings were available for the surplus population, the claims of younger sons sometimes gave rise to embarrassing litigation. At one time the number of cattle, the *peculium* of younger sons, grazing on the common lands, alarmed the householders, who imposed an *octroi* duty on their introduction from the plains of Gascony, where they wintered. In German villages the servant and the children, without an independent hearth, were generally on the same footing, many privileges and offices being closed to the adult, "welcher nit in der gemein ist ess sei knecht oder nachpauer's sohn" (*Bauer* = *Nachbauer* = *Nachbar*); and it would be a knotty question whether primitive Basque law would not have reserved the right of common to heads of families only. A curious case, bearing on this subject, was decided in 1743, after a seventy years' lawsuit, with the recognition as a commune of the hamlet of Arbéost. The pastures of the district had been used, but no settled dwellings were erected till the fifteenth century; the settlers of that date, or rather their descendants, claimed exclusive right to the old common land, even when not actually residing there; while the older communes retorted that they were originally either strangers or *esclaus* (younger brothers), and in either case could have no right except as tenants.

An interesting and circumstantial account of the practical working of the Basque institutions, down to the last decade, may be found in M. le Play's "*Organisation de la Famille.*" He traces the history, during three generations, of one of the ancient families of Cauterêts, which, after maintaining its dignity unimpaired for four hundred years (since the Wars of the Roses), was in danger of perishing in consequence of the encouragement afforded by the *code civile* to litigious *cadets*. The bare genealogy is not without interest, as it is fairly representative of the way in which families of the kind kept up the customary proportion between their numbers and the family property. In 1810, one Pierre Dulmo, an heir, or proprietor, gave his eldest daughter, Dominiquetta, in marriage to Joseph

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Py. Pierre had seven other children, of whom two sons and three daughters were portioned and married outside the household, while a son and a daughter remained single at home. On the death of Dominiquetta, the master and mistress of the household were the widower, Joseph, and his daughter, the heiress, Savina. At one time the household consisted of these two, of the unmarried son and daughter of Pierre, of two unmarried brothers of Savina (another brother and three sisters having been given in marriage outside), Savina's husband, their seven children, and one elderly unmarried male servant. Before this, however, namely in 1835, when Savina's marriage was arranged, her grandfather, Pierre Dulmo (who had just finished paying off the marriage portion of his brothers and sisters), drew up a statement of the family property, in view of the arrangements to be followed on his death. The total capital was estimated at nineteen thousand three hundred and sixty-eight francs; the quarter of which, according to the code, may be disposed of by will, was to go to the heiress, and the community undertook, without proceeding to a division, which would have detracted from the value of the inheritance, to economize yearly as it could, until those of the children who chose to marry had received their legal share. One *esterlo*, in claiming his portion, stipulated to leave it to his niece, the heiress. In the next year Pierre died, and for twenty-nine years the family continued to regard this deed as a kind of domestic charter of supreme authority. In the next generation dowries of twenty-three hundred and ninety-five francs were being gradually economized and paid off to the younger children as they became entitled to claim them, one dowry coming on an average about every four years, so as to entail an annual charge of between five and six hundred francs, for which the head of the household was responsible.

In 1864 Joseph Py died, and one of the heiress's uncles, a *mauvais sujet* who had spent his own portion, attacked the act of division of 1834, on the plea of its being an invasion of the code. Savina, the heiress, was condemned, but on her appeal the act of division was ruled to be, as it clearly was, both lawful and equitable, and on a counter-appeal Savina won her cause — at a cost of four thousand francs, which the opposite side had no means of paying. M. le Play draws a moving picture of the terror and bewilderment which the unwonted affliction of a lawsuit excited in the innocent little rustic household, and of the heroic efforts made by Savina in its defence. The case was tried at Lourdes, and for two years she was constantly being summoned to give evidence or information to her counsel, to meet all the allegations of the opposite side, and justify, one by one, every business transaction in which the official heads of the family had engaged for thirty years and upwards. The distance from the farm is about eighteen miles; visitors to Cauterêts know the mountain road, and the diligence spends three or four hours on the way. Savina, however, used to walk the whole distance and back in the same day, starting sometimes in a storm, with snow filling the gorge where the road skirts the torrent-bed, at two or three in the morning, reaching Lourdes at ten, leaving at two or three in the afternoon, and reaching Cauterêts at eleven or midnight. The lawsuit was not the only source of the family impoverishment; its members were reduced by death and other mischances, and in a moment of discouragement, after the court of cassation had pronounced in favor of the family, but before they knew of the decision, Savina's only son Joseph, aged twenty-two, engaged himself as a substitute for two thousand francs, part of which he made over to his mother. M. Cheysson, who adds these details to M. le Play's account of the domestic economy of the community in its palmy days, says that though the family is impoverished and has lost in consideration by these misfortunes, Savina still maintains authority over her household, but he fears what may be the fate of the four-hundred-year-old house on her death, since it is only by strenuous efforts on the part of the eldest child, supported by complete unity of purpose in the community, that the charge of providing for the younger children can be met without breaking up or encumbering the inheritance. The privilege of the heir is thus almost limited to the discharge of an arduous duty, and unless some official sanction or encouragement is extended to the national custom, it is to be feared that it will succumb to the short-sighted greed of half-enlightened *cadets*.

Before the introduction of the code which limits the share disposable by will to a quarter of the inheritance, it was usual for the heir to receive half of the whole, and the position of the *sterlo* is clearly improved by the change which gives him the right of calling for a partition, which he might exercise if treated with harshness or neglect. Accordingly

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it seems that, at the present day, *cadets* living at home share the privileges of the householder as to pasturage and the like, and they generally have enough property of their own (commonly bequeathed to the head) to secure respect. These good results might be secured without endangering the national custom, thus cleared of its one reproach. Nevertheless an alarming decrease of the population in the Basque districts is recorded as having taken place within the last few years, and it is accounted for by the emigration of families unwilling to submit to the provisions of the code. Now that France is at length free to consider disinterestedly the good of each component part of the great republic, surely some independent politician might plead with success the cause of this venerable custom. Nothing is needed but for the central authority to recognize as a sufficient compliance with the code, in districts where the local custom prevails, that the *légitime* of the younger children be paid by degrees, say in triennial instalments, corresponding to the value of the estate. Otherwise the equal partition enforced by the code will soon become an equality in destitution. If, on the other hand, the solidarity of the family will and the family estate is so complete that the family can be induced to spend its whole life in discharging successive obligations to each generation of its members, the struggle for existence does not indeed lose its severity — for farmers with 800*l.* capital — but the struggle is carried on by a united family against soil and seasons, instead of by social stragglers against each other and the community, and if the worst comes to the worst there is always a roof, homespun, and chestnuts to share amongst the undivided group. At any rate we should like the quaint archaic custom to live until society has discovered how to secure for all the "younger sons" of fortune as good a provision out of the *pêle-mêle* of civilization as Pierre Dulmo was able to make for the sons and grandsons of his posterity out of the ancestral plot.

Their laws and their language are certainly the two most original and interesting posessions of the Escuara people; but the curiosity excited by either of these subjects naturally goes on to include any other traits or peculiarities which may prove to belong to them. And first it is natural to ask whether the rare respect for the proprietary rights of women, in which Strabo saw a token of gynæcocratic barbarism, produces any revolutionary effects on the constitution of families, or whether it is itself the effect of any curious belief or superstition concerning the qualities of the sex. The answer on both points is encouragingly meagre; Basque families are very like those of other villagers, and though the Basque rule of inheritance could only have been accepted by a population in which women were treated with consideration, none of the other recorded signs of such consideration being offered to them by the Iberian tribes, of whom the Basques are the modern representatives, are without a precedent or parallel among Kelts, Tartars, or Red Indians. As among the latter, matrons had a semi-official *status* when it was desired to open negotiations for peace; and it is at Illiberri (Basque, New Town) that we hear from Plutarch of Hannibal's having employed the Gaulish women to arbitrate between their husbands and his troops. Sallust mentions that it was the business of the Spanish matrons to rehearse the deeds of their ancestors to the young warriors proceeding into battle, and other customs which belong to a more advanced state of society than that of the Indians, yet are such as might have grown out of the like beginnings. The Segobriges, on the Ligurian coast east of the Rhone, had an institution resembling the *swayamvara*, or free marriage choice allowed to Hindoo maidens of the warrior caste, as appears from the legend, given in Justin, of the foundation of Marseilles, by the captain of a company of Phocians, who applied to the king for leave to build a city on his territory. The king was preparing to marry his daughter Gyptis, "after the custom of that people," to a son-in-law chosen at a solemn feast; the maiden was told to give water to him whom she chose for husband, and overlooking her countrymen, turned to the Greeks and held out water to Protis, who thus became the king's son-in-law, and was presented with ground for his city. Another fragment of Sallust makes the same custom appear general,* and even the extent to which the women and children of the Iberians shared in the patriotic fury of resistance to the Roman conquest, points to a closer identity of feeling throughout the community than is generally met with in patriarchal societies sufficiently advanced to have fixed usages in the matter of dowries.

It is a long step from these fragmentary

* Neque vergines nuptum a parentibus mittebantur, sed ipsæ belli promptissumos delegabant.

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notices to the not less fragmentary indications of mediæval feeling. The charter of Bigorre (A.D. 1097) gives to all women the right of asylum possessed by some monasteries — somewhat as in Ireland a fight was to stop equally for the passing of a woman or a bishop; and a similar turn of thought probably prevailed in dictating the clause in a royal charter of Jacca in Arragon (1128): "Et quod meri nus meus non accipiet coloniam de ullo homine Jacce, nisi per laudamentum de sex mulieribus vicinis Jaccensibus." Another quaint rule of the same (twelfth) century proves, however, that the mood of sentimental reverence was intermittent, both with husbands and legislators, for the right of the husband to beat his wife, as well as other members of the household, is asserted by one text, with the worldly-wise exception — "*à moins qu'il ne fut plaignant!*"

It may seem strange to find all these tokens of exceptional regard for women associated with two customs commonly regarded as a sign of the social inferiority or degradation of the sex: we mean the *couvade*, and the separation of the sexes at meals. Both customs are highly archaic, but their presence here, we venture to think, rather goes to prove that their spirit must have been misunderstood by those writers who denounce them as barbarous evidence of the subjection of women. Up to the present time, at any rate, the most conspicuous characteristic of women — as a class — is their sex, and the prominence of any social customs relating to women as such, is a sign that they are recognized as a prominent social fact. Just as when any Alceste makes a parade of misogyny we suspect some Célimène to be at the bottom of his tirades, so we find the rules of savage etiquette most abundant on matters relating to women, where women have most influence, among tribes that approach nearest to what is called gynæcocracy in their manners. At any rate, among the Basques both customs have proved practically compatible with the fullest civil equality, and their survival in the face of such equality is scarcely conceivable if their origin had been irreconcilable with its spirit.

Professor Max Müller has suggested that, in observances of the *couvade* order, the father of the new-born infant takes to his bed to escape the awful presence of a mother-in-law; and other writers treat the superstition as a serious protest against the imprudence of nature in leaving such an important matter to the care of the feebler sex — that, in fact, as Bartle Massey says, "It had better ha' been left to the men." But the explanation of a foolish bit of ritual is seldom more profound than the ritual, and a comparison of the analogous superstitions on different continents seems to show that, like most savage observances, it is dictated by the association heedlessly established in the savage mind between a desired end and means which look — to the savage — as if they might not unlikely help to produce it. These chains of causation are oftenest quite arbitrary imaginations. Mr. Wallace tells of an Indian who obliged his wife to feed only on cassava bread and fruit, because her eating animal food, pepper, or salt, would disagree with a bird he had given into her care; and by a similar process of reasoning the Abipone father was dieted with much severity in the interest of his unborn children. Some of the Dyaks oblige the new-made father to live for some days on rice and salt, to prevent the baby's stomach from swelling; so amongst the Guaque Indians the husband rests for three months, fasting from some kinds of food before the birth. And we hear of a nomad tribe, in which the father of a son has to stand for three days, without eating, on a stage raised above the trench in which his wife is delivered, in order to bring good luck to the child. The custom according to which the husband lies in bed with the child, while the mother gets up and waits on him, is substantially of the same kind.* Marco Polo, in describing the practice of the Tartars, gives as a motive the intention of the father to take a share in the labors of nursing, but the true explanation is probably to be found in a less articulate, less utilitarian feeling — a composite impression that the father *is* intimately connected with the life of his offspring, and that somehow or other he ought to contrive to act accordingly.

In the Pyrenees, of course, the custom is now falling into discredit. M. Cordier writes in 1868, as the result of personal inquiries: —

Dans la Navarre on me dit en rougissant, "Oui, cela se pratique, mais dans certaines familles, dans quelques lieux écartés seulement." Dans la Gaule on me renvoyait à l'Espagne, mais quelqu'un me dit: "Il est vrai la nouvelle accouchée se lève et sert son époux, qui se met au lit avec l'enfant; il y

* Besides the ancient notices of this custom in Spain, Diodorus mentions it as existing among the Corsicans, which gives a presumption in favor of an Iberian settlement in that island.

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reste quatre jours et quatre nuits; il en est qui se contentent d'y demeurer quelques heures. On pense que la chaleur du père est de nature à fortifier l'enfant, et si c'est un fils la coutume est encore plus suivie." . . . Quoi qu'il en soit [he concludes] je ne saurais admettre qu'une telle coutume implique nécessairement ou la paresse de l'homme, ou sa brutalité à l'égard de la femme.

And we may be equally sceptical about the other survival of barbarous ceremonial, according to which Basque women do not eat with their husbands. That such a custom is not necessarily regarded as a hardship by the women appears from the fact that the Pitcairn Islanders — descended from English sailors and Tahitian women — were noticed by their visitors to eat apart, a custom which must have been introduced by the women out of disinterested attachment to their native traditions.* In Iceland, also, where the proprietary independence of women was considerable, we find traces of a customary separation of the sexes in the fact that every house had a men's door and a women's door at opposite ends, while the apartments of the two sexes ranged down opposite sides of the principal chamber. In the Basque districts, the separation of the sexes is still observed in markets and public places of amusement; and at Fuentearabbia and other places where the language and laws have long ceased to prevail, men and women still occupy separate aisles in church. Of course, the custom has ceased for ages to have any significance at all; but if an explanation of its origin is insisted on, we must probably go back to the first dawn of ideas of social decorum and morality, when rules of formal etiquette and precepts of rational morality are mixed together in a confusion very perplexing to later ages. It is easier to enforce a sweeping mechanical rule, that can come to be obeyed mechanically, than to trust to the self-restraint and discernment of individuals to keep up the spirit of the conduct clumsily indicated by the rule; and it is exactly in societies where the influence of women is strongest that primitive reformers would first feel the need of some kind of regulations in social intercourse, to which the Basque restriction alone applies. The sexes work together out of doors, neither women nor girls being confined to the house. Travellers are sometimes surprised to see them acting as porters, and loading vessels at the seaport towns, those who do so being, doubtless, most frequently the *cadettes* of poor families engaged in earning their own marriage portion. A picturesque description is given by M. Chaho * of their working among the mountains at home. Upon narrow ledges of cultivated ground on the side of declivities too steep to allow the plough to reach them, the substitute for ploughing is the skilled use of a large iron fork, called *laia;* the villagers (of both sexes) stand in a row with one of these forks in each hand, drive it into the ground with force, then, moving in cadence, raise and turn the end with an immense expenditure of strength. M. Chaho convinced himself, with difficulty, that all the *laie* were of the same size and weight, and adds: "On s'émerveille que des jeunes filles, aux formes élégantes et souvent frêles, puissent soutenir à demi-nues, dans ce pénible exercice, la longueur et le poids du jour." The excellent health of the villagers in general, and the robustness of the women, may be partly owing to the fact that no severe labor is imposed on the children; the very young do no work; and the "school age" extends to twelve or fourteen. Fourteen is the age for the first communion, and a year later that for beginning field work. The customary division of labor between the sexes is singular in some respects; women have nothing to do with dairy work, but the care of the kitchen garden is their especial province, and also that of pigs and poultry. The dowries of sons and daughters are, of course, equal in amount; but, in the same generation, that of the son may be paid partly in sheep, while the daughter's equivalent consists of furniture, linen, and money.

In general there is little apparent difference between life in the Basque villages and among other well-conditioned peasant mountaineers. They are a sober, provident, pleasure loving people, passionate on provocation, but honorable, self-respecting, and faithful in their attachments. There is something almost Hellenic in their serious love of play and athletic sports. Their national game is a kind of tennis, generally played on an open space answering to the village green, while —

* So the legend of Miletus (Herod. i. 146) lays the responsibility of a similar practice upon the women. According to him, the Carian girls, married by force to the Athenian colonists who had slain their fathers and brothers, vowed that no woman should in future sit at meat with her husband, or call him by his name. And the other notices we have of Carian manners show traces of gynæcocracy or feminine independence.

* *Voyage en Navarre*, p. 282.

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"*honi soit qui mal y pense*" — the blank wall of the village church serves as a boundary for the balls. The heart of Plato would have rejoiced over the sight of their wrestling matches between boys and girls, in which the latter, we are told, do not always retire vanquished. But dancing, for which their love amounts to passion, is more particularly a masculine relaxation, and several proverbs show that women who dance much in public are held in slight esteem. Births, deaths, and marriages are celebrated with great festivities, and the attendant expenditure was such, in earlier times, as to provoke a good many sumptuary enactments for their discouragement. At funerals the women wail and keep up the same extravagant demonstrations of grief as among the Irish. But there are few really original superstitions or observances on these points; one, at weddings, may be mentioned, that during the ceremony a fold of the bride's dress should rest upon the bridegroom's knees, or else a malicious spell may come between them, and *esteca*, a fatal antipathy, divide them forever. Like the peasants of Tyrol, the Basques were fond of dramatic entertainments, but the most popular form of them was a kind of amateur dramatic satire, or rather libel — an imaginative reproduction by the ingenious youth of the village of any domestic tragedy or scandal that had occupied the public mind. These were, of course, not written; and, in fact, Basque literature must be described as a disappointment to the admirers of the sturdy, conservative little nation. Their love songs are simple and passionate enough, but as compared with the popular productions of other countries, Sicily, Scotland, Greece, or Arabia, they are wanting in imaginative delicacy and variety. The lover is too much in earnest to play with the accessories of passion, and there is something prosaic, matter-of-fact, in the haste with which the song comes to the point — of the next rendezvous.

Charming and original as the Basque organization was, we cannot claim for it the very highest place among the social experiments tried by the spontaneous ingenuity of mankind. Only, until the more elaborate attempts of a higher civilization have succeeded as well in proportion, we may admit the practical merits of the system which, while left to itself, kept vice and misery, as well as the arts and sciences, in a "stationary state."

E. S.

From The Spectator.

PICTURES AND DRESS.

"PRIVATE-VIEW week is the best time for seeing the fashions," said a lady, a little while ago, in the hearing of the present writer, who thought there was a good deal of truth in the remark, and that it could be no harm for the "horrid male creature," in the intervals of observing the novelties in art upon the walls of the picture-galleries which have been opened this week, to observe the novelties of fashion within them. It is not, indeed, given to men to remember the fashions of last spring, nor to any except men-milliners to forecast those of next, but there is an advantage in this disability; the present is all the more amusing, even delightfully bewildering. It is a mistake to accompany a lady on these occasions; accurate information is disturbing, and self-esteem is wounded by the gentle ridicule with which an outsider's guesses are met who has not courage honestly to confess to the all-comprehensive ignorance that would be a sure passport to the sweetest indulgence. The temptation to seem to know just a little bit about everything is too strong for most men, and in a lady's company one will be sure to talk of a "Gainsborough" hat or a "Watteau" sacque, when those lovely things have been "quite ages" gone by, and to be impressed by the taste and originality of the wrong costumes, — "wrong" meaning those which are not in unison with the artistic persuasion of one's fair companion. The mere instinct of self-preservation would make us ascertain whether our guide held by Morris or Burne Jones, made her arrangements in obedience to Mr. Whistler's dictates, tried on, or rather off, the oldest things in Greek costume, or was a devotee of those "sweet, sad" harmonies in sea and sage greens that recall equally Robespierre and roast goose. Even then, however, one would not be quite safe; there are fine distinctions in these things, *nuances* as subtle as the *Bismarck en colère* and *Paris brûlé* of nearly a decade ago, and a reckless condemnation of *bleu fumé*, or preference of *clair de lune* over *arc-en-ciel* in bead trimmings might be as dangerous as an imputation of any of the virtues to Count Schouvaloff at a Tory dinner-party.

Profound ignorance is, then, the happiest state of mind, and solitude is the most favorable condition for observing the clothes of the period, as displayed at private views, where one may see the best and the worst dressed women in the

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world, and contemplate them with the serene satisfaction of a member of that sex whose costume has never been, since the woad and sheepskin period, so simple, so ugly, or characterized by such complete extinction of individuality as it is at present. With what a happy conviction that at least he is not ridiculous, may the male biped mingle with the crowd, his unpresuming clothing serving as a foil to the richness, the variety, and the eccentricities of the dresses which swish, and rustle, and trail all around him, in a *frou-frou* accompaniment to the old refrain of "That's the way the money goes!" Trying, after awhile, to systematize his impressions, he notices that the general snippettiness is less than he has formerly observed it to be; and he is glad, because he has previously bethought himself in a humble way that the best use to which rich silk, sheeny satin, soft woollen stuffs, and majestic velvet can be put is not the cutting of them up into small pieces, and the sewing of those small pieces together in huddled masses, to the total destruction of the idea of lines and drapery. This irritating peculiarity of recent costume is replaced, he perceives, by sweeping lines and curves, by simplicity allied with richness, and a sensible abatement — for which mankind cannot be too grateful, in the interest of feminine gracefulness and of common sense — of the detestable fashion of "tying back." The fair beings who inspect the pictures "on the line" (frequently with the audible comment of "How awful!") do not hop, or stumble, or struggle in the swathing-bands of their one garment, with knees threatening to protrude, and maimed feet hobbling in imitation of the "Tottering Lily of Fascination," as they hopped and stumbled last year; their skirts fall decently and softly around them, and unless the "horrid male creature" be more than commonly idiotic, there are surely in a few instances symptoms of crinoline,— real crinoline, not wire, not the bird-cage or balloon of John Leech's palmy days, but the finely modulating horsehair of the far past, which lifted the heavy folds of the gown, and left the movements of the wearer free. Some of the portraits on the walls of the galleries have their gowns (or "frocks," as it is the correct thing, our granddaughters tell us, to say this season) tied back to what in real life and any earthly vesture, must certainly be the crack of doom; and they seem quite old-fashioned, after one has been looking for a while at the living pictures.

The hard and brazen style has almost disappeared, and it is replaced, for the most part, by the soft, the timid, the appealing. One does see monstrosities in tight black satin, with arrangements in crimson and yellow upon them (upon inquiry of good-natured female friends, one learns that these horrors are called "pipings") which resemble costume advertisements of court plaster; and very terrible specimens of blue-and-green embroidery of unsurpassable sickliness, do overcome us, to our especial wonder; but these are passing afflictions. On the whole, dress at the private views last week was a thing of beauty, and in most instances, doubtless, a joy, for a week or two, to its possessors. Richness of material, combined with simplicity of form, invariably recommends itself to the inarticulate half of humanity (on the subject of dress); and there it was, "in perfect heaps," like the good sense of Mrs. Toots; in purple velvet pelisse-like gowns, fitting without a crease, and fastened with plain buttons, worn with white "baby" bonnets, quite bewitching in form and expression; in dead-leaf satin, in dull black silk, with folds which even Mr. Millais would have to study before he could paint them; in grey cashmere and camels'-hair and homespun, so trim and dainty, with the accoutrements of hanging pouch and precise three-cornered pelerine, that two-thirds of each assembly might have been costumed by Mr. Mulready to help the future Mrs. Primrose in the choosing of her wedding gown, or on their way to visit Miss Austen's county families in Northamptonshire. It is evidently no longer the fashion for young girls to look saucy, and in none of the typical assemblages of last week was the affectation of mannishness that has recently grieved the middle-aged masculine breast, perceptible. There were plenty of other affectations, but not that, — and any other kind is better. There was, for instance, the good, old-fashioned affectation which was in Dickens's mind when he described Miss Snevellicci "glancing up at Nicholas Nickleby from the depth of her coal-scuttle bonnet," but none of the new, which would have led the young lady to stare at an admirer from under the brim of her "Jerry" hat, with her hands in the pockets of her ulster. If this revulsion should continue and spread, we need not despair of our girls arriving at the singing of Balfe's ballads, the quoting of Haynes Bayley and Barry Cornwall, the playing of the Duc de Reichstadt's waltz, and the reading of Sir Walter

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Scott; and so that the swing of the pendulum stops short of the wearing of broad-sandalled shoes and screaming at spiders, we shall not desire to arrest it. Clothes are indications of taste in other things than dress only, and women are always more or less "in character" with their garments. There is something wholesome in the "distinctly English" style of the day — it is not also distinctly hideous, as it was some years ago when fashionable London rebelled temporarily against the legislation of Paris — although we are told it is "frightfully expensive;" that the modest little tippets cost as much as our grandmothers' gowns, a quite too lovely baby bonnet is about as dear as a grown-up coat by an eminent artist; and the soft and graceful fringes with just a touch of mother-of-pearl or the least dash of gold in them, mount up in a horrid way in the milliners' bills, which are the to-morrows to the yesterdays of clothes.

The various headdresses are almost all pretty, at least to the unskilled eyes that do not know the difference between the hat of last week, the bonnet of the moment, and the toque of to-morrow. Dead-leaf satin hats with soft plumes, hats of the Mother Bunch and the "beef-eater" style, set trimly on curly hair, hats of "drawn" white satin, with rolling brims, very like those which the court cavaliers doffed in the presence of Henrietta Maria, quaint, prim, buckled, sugarloaf hats, like Anne of Denmark's, as she stands among her dogs in her portrait, and, unless our eyes deceive us, bonnets with curtains, not little rims, but real curtains of the substantial silk of yore, stoutly sewn. The "old-fashioned" costumes are thorough this year; one is reminded of the pocket-books of seventy years ago, with texts and household recipes for their supplementary literature, by figures which might be the originals of their frontispieces, in short-waisted "jockeys" of sage-green, with miniature coachman's capes, large worked-muslin collars almost touching the shoulders, tight sleeves with puffs at the wrists; bags — not the elegant trifles of the last few years, but stout bags, with stout ribbon strings — hung on the arm, just above the substantial wash-leather glove (bags with "housewives" in them, doubtless, and franked letters on blue Bath post), and bolt-upright bonnets with piped edges and quilled caps, like Madame Tallien's in the picture at Versailles. A *costume à la guillotine* (not so called now, we may be sure, or conveying any such notion to the fair young wearer) reminds one suddenly of the old print-shop on the Quai D'Orsay, where ever so many years ago studious persons, with books under their arms, used to stand in contemplation before the pictures of those terrible times, which were not so old then. Just such trailing, flat-backed robes, with such open, rolling collars,— they call them the "save-Samson-trouble-collars," — and just such short, artistically creased waistcoats may be seen in the old prints of the promenades of Paris with the Terror pressure off, and the *fêtes* of the Directoire.

The mediæval affectations in costume are less pleasing; they are too completely out of harmony with their surroundings, living and pictorial. A lady in a gown of the Plantagenet period, with sleeves which were meant to imitate the stiffness of the mail armor of the time, and a cap like crook-backed Richard's, making out Mr. Frith's "Road to Ruin" by way of "College," "Ascot," and Boulogne, is a discord in the scene, but the singing girls in Mr. Leslie's picture, and the group which carries out the autumnal sentiment of Mr. Boughton's, have their counterparts in the repetitions of history in the matter of attire, which form an amusing exhibition of their own, as well worth seeing as any that is on view this May.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

TURKISH WIVES.

First among Turkish social topics is that of the harem. The Koran allows a Mussulman to have four wives; and many persons have consequently imagined that polygamy is the rule in Turkey, whereas it is the exception. A Mussulman may only have as many wives as he can keep in comfort; and it is only the very rich who can afford to keep four. The middle-class Turks have only one wife apiece; the men of the lowest class are often obliged to remain single from not having the means to support a consort in the style which the Moslem law enjoins. Nothing can be more un-Turkish than the Mormon idea of accumulating a number of women to live under one roof, quarrelling in the kitchen and parlor, and acting as household drudges for their husband. The Turkish wife is not a slave; the chief fault to find with her is that she has too lofty a sense of her own dignity. An advocate of female rights would have some difficulty in persuading her that her lot was pitiable: she has never envied the emancipation of

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Christian women, whose free ways shock her; while she has noticed that they get much less respect from the men of their faith than that which is invariably vouchsafed to herself. She veils her face with no more regret than a Western lady unveils her shoulders. Turkish women are not shut up. They go out when they please, attended by their odaliks if rich, or holding their children by the hand; and their magpie voices fill the bazaars, for they are noisy talkers. Wherever they pass, men of all creeds stand aside deferentially. If a husband meets his wife in the street he makes no sign of recognition. If he perceives her halting before a draper's stall and gazing significantly at silks dearer than he can afford, he must possess his soul in resignation, muttering "*Mashallah.*" This respect for women prevails also in the home circle, and it comes naturally to the Mussulman, who has been taught from his boyhood to behave courteously to the softer sex. The Western conjugal expression about "wearing the breeches" has its Turkish counterpart in the phrase to "live under the slipper;" and it is to be feared that not a few Turks know the taste of this implement of uxorial persuasion. A *hamal* (street porter) once came before a cadi to complain that his wife trounced him too frequently. "See what mine does," answered the magistrate, opening his gown and showing some weals on his neck and shoulders. "Go thy way, my son, and thank Allah thou art luckier than I."

A Turkish house is divided into two parts — the selamlik for the men, the haremlik for the women; and the latter has as many separate suites of apartments as there are ladies. A Turk who has but one wife may require a large haremlik if his mother and sisters live with him, for each of these ladies must have her private set of rooms and servants for her separate use. There must be no crowding and no mixing of domestics in a well-ordered establishment; so that if there be four wives they need never see one another unless they please. The first wife is called the *hanun*, and takes precedence over the others all her life. She has a right to the best rooms, and to a fixed share of her husband's income, which he must not reduce to minister to the caprice of his younger spouses. As these points have generally been settled through the ulemas or priests before the wedding, a hanun's jointure is as safe as that of a Frenchwoman who has had a contract drawn up by a notary. During the last twenty years monogamy has become more and more the rule among Turks of the highest class, and even among those who have two or three wives the hanun has gradually come to be regarded as having the same rank as the mistress of a Christian house. She visits and entertains the hanuns of other gentlemen, but keeps aloof from wives of the second and other degrees. These are not equals in her sight, being generally ladies of a lower social status, who have not brought any dower to their husband. Time was when a pasha would take four wives of equal degree, all being daughters of other pashas or of the sultan, and all richly portioned; but manners have altered in this respect — at all events, in the European part of Turkey. It must not be supposed, however, that a hanun cherishes any such jealous hatred of her fellow-wives as is felt by a Christian wife who sees her husband flirt with strange women. She is content with the largest share of her husband's respect, without demanding his exclusive devotion. Her philosophy often goes the length of choosing from among her own odoliks or companions (from *oda*, room), one whom she deems meet to be his morganatic spouse, and she will do this the more readily if she have taken a fancy to the girl and be unwilling to see her leave the house. In some houses, not of the highest class, the four wives are as friendly at home as it is possible for women to be; though each may have a different set of outdoor friends whom she will not introduce to the others. In any case the supremacy of the hanun is always acknowledged, and the others will not intrude themselves into her presence unless invited.

The Turk who has money marries young, and an excuse for polygamy might be found in the fact that his first marriage is always an *affaire de convenance.* His father bespeaks a bride for him from among the daughters of his best friend, and he does not see the young lady until she lifts her veil in the bridal chamber after the wedding. The preliminaries are conducted by the mothers on both sides; and doubtless a son will now and then plead hard to be allowed just one peep at his intended, but a prudent matron will turn a deaf ear to such entreaties. The damsel is more fortunate, for she can see her bridegroom elect through the grated windows of her residence, or, closer still, under cover of her veil in the bazaars. It might be supposed that, as feminine nature is the same in all latitudes, a girl who knew herself to be pretty might devise in-

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nocent stratagems for letting her betrothed get a sight of her — for instance, wear a very thin veil, or contrive that, at the hour when the young effendi called on her father, one or two of the wooden bars of her *moucharabiés* (window-grating) should be displaced. But this would be quite contrary to Mussulman notions of delicacy, which are not to be trifled with. Turkish girls are unaffectedly modest. Those of the lower class who are engaged as servants in the houses of Frank residents are much preferred to Greeks or Armenians for their excellent behavior, cleanliness, and regard for truth. Looking upon marriage as their natural destiny, they are careful of their reputations; and when married make first-rate housewives.

From The Spectator.

THE MICROPHONE.

THE instrument which Professor Hughes has discovered (and which he proposes to call the "microphone," as the one which enables you to send sound to a great distance is called the "telephone") will certainly prove an astonishing step in advance, not only for the science of sound, but for all the sciences in which sounds are the symptoms of changes hitherto undiscoverable by man. It is, however, hardly right to contrast this instrument with the telephone, as the microscope is contrasted with the telescope. For the microphone apparently will be just as applicable to the hearing of distant sounds as to the hearing of sounds that are near. The telephone brings the sound from a distance, and the microphone magnifies the sound when it is thus brought near. The microphone, in fact, will be just as applicable to the sounds transmitted from Dublin or New York, — if the latter can be transmitted so far,— as to the sounds in a vibrating-plate which is within a few inches of the listener's ear. The telephone brings from a distance without magnifying, — indeed, not without lessening greatly the sound it transmits, — and then the microphone magnifies it, so as to make it even far more audible than it was to the ear of a close listener. The invention depends on so breaking, by the interposition of charcoal permeated by fine atoms of mercury, the currents transmitted by the telephone-wire that the sound is vastly increased by the interruption, — just as heat is known to be vastly increased by a similar interruption of a current, even to the turning of metallic wire to a red or white heat. Thus the microphone will make a minute sound audible, whether it be close or far off. It is said that the march of a fly over the vibrating-plate is rendered as audible by this invention as the tramp of a horse, and that the mere breathing of the fly is heard almost like the trumpeting of an elephant. And this, as we understand, is just as true of a sound transmitted from a distance, as of a sound close at hand. Supposing the fly to walk over the vibrating-plate at one end of the telephone, the microphone will magnify whatever corresponding sound may reach the other end as much as it will magnify the sound at the end at which it occurs. We do not understand that it would be in any way impossible, for instance, to get a physician living in London — with the help of the microphone and the telephone — to report on the sounds in the lungs and heart of a patient in Birmingham. The stethoscope itself should be superseded by the microphone. But not only should the stethoscope be superseded but the range of the new instrument should be enormously extended by the telephone, the two playing into each other's hands, so that a whisper in Dublin might be heard as a shout in Holyhead. It is this extraordinary power of combining the telephone and microphone together, which opens out such strange prospects as the result of this discovery. Indeed, associated as both may be with the phonograph, — the instrument which records and bottles, as it were, speech, till some convenient future occasion for unbottling it, — it is quite conceivable that the whisper of a dying statesman like Cavour's, — "I will have no state of siege, any one can govern with a state of siege," — might be repeated after the expiration of a hundred years, in a hundred cities, each of them hundreds of miles away from the place where it was first uttered, in a voice audible to a great assembly, instead of only to the ear of an intently listening friend.

But the most curious results which we can at present anticipate from this marvellous microphone are results due not so much to the transmisssion of these sounds, either in space or time, as to the discovery through its means of new sounds now inaudible. It has often been observed that other creatures' ears must perceive notes which we do not at present perceive at all; must perceive the vibrations due to waves too short as well as to waves too long to affect the human ear. So far as

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our inability to see and hear depends on the absolute incapacity of the retina or the ear to be affected by waves of a given length, of course no microphone, any more than any microscope, will render them perceptible. The microscope does not show us new colors, and the microphone will not show us new sounds. But just as the microscope renders not only visible, but large and conspicuous, what we could not previously discern simply from its minuteness, so the microphone will render distinct and even loud what we could not previously discern, simply from the want of volume in the sound. The first result should be to provide these who are only deaf — whose auditory nerve is not destroyed — with a nearly perfect ear-trumpet, — not, of course, one which will enable them to gather in the general and confused sounds of a room with all the distinctness of good hearing, for the very essence of this instrument is that it can only magnify the isolated vibrations received on the vibrating-plate at the other end of the conducting-wire, but still complete for the purposes of any isolated sound; that is, sufficient not only to make it audible, but to make it perfectly clear and distinct. But far more curious results should follow. With the help of the microphone, it should be possible to hear the sap rise in the tree; to hear it rushing against small obstacles to its rise, as a brook rushes against the stones in its path; to hear the bee suck its honey from the flower; to hear the rush of the blood through the smallest of the blood-vessels, and the increase of that rush due to the slightest inflammatory action. In fact, the new instrument should add a hundred times as much to the means of investigating the facts of both vegetable and animal physiology, as the stethoscope added to the knowledge of the structure of the heart and lungs; for while the stethoscope only collected the sound, the microphone will magnify it.

That, however, which strikes the imagination most in this wonderful discovery is not so much what it is sure to do, as the wonderful world of possibility it opens. It is almost certain that a ray of light strikes the surface on which it impinges with a definite force, and Mr. Crookes certainly supposed that he had found the means of approximating to a calculation of that force. But if this be so, there must be a definite sound caused by light touching a surface, and the new instrument may enable us not merely to see, but to *hear* light. It is quite conceivable that by the use of the microphone the chemist who is trying to analyze the spectrum of a star may be enabled to *hear* the first ray of the star strike upon his spectroscope, and to listen to the gentle rain of rays which follows while the spectroscope is exposed to that star, and then to exchange that gentle sound for that of the torrent which would follow when he exposed his instrument to the moon instead of the star. We may find that the rippling of the light from Sirius has a sound quite different in character from the rippling of the light from Arcturus or the Polar Star; and all of these onsets of starry light, if they can be heard at all, must make a sound as inferior to the cataract which rushes from the sun, as the dash of a brook is inferior to the roar of Niagara. It may be, too, that the sound made by the different prismatic rays, as they strike a surface, will produce a harmony as delightful and as susceptible of indefinite variation as the prismatic colors themselves, so that the most exquisite musical instruments might be produced by merely opening the ear to the sounds (at present too slight for any ear to perceive) corresponding to the colors of the rainbow, and varying the combinations at the discretion of the musician. Wagner, in one of his great works produced in this country, has, we believe, a "Rainbow Chorus," which was greatly admired, but which did not, without help from the words of the libretto, suggest to the audience that association with a rainbow which he had imaginatively ascribed to it. May it not be possible, with the help of the microphone, to give us a true rainbow music, — a music really caused by the sound of the same waves which, in their effect on the optic nerve, produce the vision of the rainbow? This is, of course, mere dreaming. But one of the most delightful results of great discoveries like this, is that it fosters so much a dreaming power not quite divorced from possibility, and therefore not quite of a kind to discontent us with the world in which our actual duties lie.

From The Japan Times.

THE FEAST OF LANTERNS AT CANTON.

THE feast was held on the three nights of the September full moon — our harvest moon — and celebrates the birth of that luminary, sister to the celestial lord of the five-clawed dragon. On the swell night, that of actual full moon — every Chinese

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householder is obliged (doubtless on pain of being chopped into mincemeat) to hang out from the highest point of his dwelling two lamps at least, and all day long the people may be seen occupied in fixing these lanterns on the points of long slender bamboos, till the city from afar looks like an enormous cane-brake or a mighty bed of bulrushes. The lanterns, gaily painted, are of all forms, sizes, and colors, and as night falls and the full moon slowly rises, the lights begin to glimmer, and in half an hour, the low, mean, sordid city is changed into an almost indescribable scene of brilliant, twinkling, glittering light and beauty. I was most fortunate in the weather. A slight, very slight mist hung above the water, which, while it dimmed the lamps in the extreme background, yet magnified them and deepened their color. In the foreground were the boats, scarcely moving on the river, which lay as smooth as a mill-pond — for there was now scarcely a breath of wind — all gaily lighted, and some, the flower-boats (floating theatres, and houses of entertainment or *cafés*) brilliantly illuminated with rows of colored lamps and bright devices of every conceivable pattern. Behind lay the great city, with its countless houses, closely packed, the lights on their roofs gently swaying to and fro on the vibrating canes and showing like a fiery cloud hanging in mid-air: all the ugly forms and dull grey masses vanished — shrouded in the luminous veil. And so away to the farthest limits of the walls, where the glitter changed to a dull red glow, like that of a dying fire. Then, from every flower-boat on the stream, rose incessant rockets, and each fiery meteor, as it rushed up into the deep, deep blue of the Oriental sky, seemed to drive down into the river a corresponding flash; each, as it burst into a rain of sparks above, reflected below, keeping the water always glittering with many-colored specks of flame. And from every boat, from every house, burst innumerable crackers, sounding like an incessant fusillade, and making the air heavy with the perfume from the shavings of scented wood with which they are filled. Then the tinkle of the Chinese gittern, and the sonorous clang and clash of gong and cymbal, softened by the distance, filled the air with a not unpleasing music — the music of holiday joy. And best of all, to my mind, far above and all in contrast to the glitter and the glare, the smoke and mist and fiery glow, the rattle and the laughter and the song, there rode the full, round moon — pale, pure, bright, as she only is in the glorious lustrous purple of a tropical sky, and beyond the city, on the far horizon, the eternal hills lying quiet and calm and beautiful, sleeping in her light. Puck and Oberon, Messieurs Cobweb, Mustardseed, and Peaseblossom, might be revelling and rioting here, but there one might well believe that Titania slept her happy sleep amongst immortal thyme and oxlips, and where the never-dying, nodding, nodding violets blow. Indeed it was a scene I shall not readily forget.

From The Spectator.

TIBET.

If we may credit the vague rumors which have lately floated through the Himalayan passes, the person into whom the spirit of the late Dalai Lama had passed has been discovered, as usual, in a little child. The Dalai Lama, the pope of Buddhism, the worldly representative of the never-dying spirit of Tsong Khapa, has once more appeared among the people, who for some two years have been eagerly expecting him. During many months, a council of the lamas has been assembled at Lhasa, engaged in the solemn quest for the person into whom the Holy Spirit had entered, and their secret conclave has at last resulted in the unanimous selection of the new Dalai. Long and anxious must have been the consideration of the claims of each candidate, and bitter will be the disappointment in many a household when the unsuccessful claimant is restored to his parents. No European writer has yet raised the sacred veil which shrouds that mysterious selection, nor have even Chinese writers revealed its accompanying ceremonial. That the former is conducted with all due solemnity may be accepted as the fact, and that the latter is as gorgeous and imposing as Tibetan resources will admit, is not more doubtful. Of the nature of the ceremony something may be judged from the description of the minor proclamation of the Teshu Lama, which is to be found in Captain Turner's work, "Embassy to the Court of the Teshu Lama," published in 1800. The influence of the chief priest-ruler of Tibet extends wherever the doctrines of Buddha obtain. It is scarcely less potent in Pekin than it is in Lhasa itself, and it is one of the most visible tokens of religious animation in the Chinese empire. The Dalai Lama is the pope of some four hundred million peo-

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ple. At any time, a description of the state of this ruler — a state which is also connected in many ways with historical associations of great importance both to India and China — could scarcely fail to be interesting; but, as our readers will doubtless remember, a clause in our last treaty with the Chinese attaches a significance to the subject at the present time which it has not enjoyed since the days of Warren Hastings. This is, therefore, a doubly opportune moment, when a new ruler has been chosen, and when our own relations towards the State have undergone some modification, for the consideration of the past history of Tibet itself.

The remote history of Tibet, like that of all the countries bordering upon China, is intertwined so closely with that of the dominant power, that it is not easy, with the meagre authorities at our service, to separate them from each other. Nor would it be of much use to attempt to unravel the idle, although extremely poetical, legends that cluster round "Bod" land, in the years previous to the appearance of the great priest and reformer, Tsong Khapa. The Tibetan Luther was born in or about the year 1417, at Sining, and his parents, who were poor people, were only too glad when he displayed at an early age a preference for a religious career. There is another legend of his origin, which attributes it to a supernatural occurrence, and which asserts that his mother, who had long been barren, had conceived him by falling on a stone tablet on which were graven characters in honor of Sakya Muni. The foundation for this version may very possibly have been that he had been educated in the great monastery dedicated to Sakya Muni. Here he grew up in the very midst of the corruption and vice which were eating into the existence of the whole fabric of lamaism; but instead of becoming vitiated by his surroundings, his strong moral convictions enabled him to triumph over all the temptations of worldly pleasure and of secular power. Up to his age, the scarlet robe had been the peculiar dress of all lamas, but so thorough was Tsong Khapa's resolve to effect a complete reform, that he discarded as a pollution the sacred color. To demonstrate beyond all cavil the radical measures which he intended, he adopted a yellow costume. Then ensued the bitter contest that always has attended rivalry amongst priestly disputants, but at last the controversy between Reds and Yellows was closed by the triumph of the latter, and the gradual reformation of the former. The Red faction is still, or was in the days of the Abbé Huc, existent in Tibet, but the descendants of Tsong Khapa and his disciples are supreme. The reforms introduced by Tsong Khapa gave increased vitality not only to the Buddhist religion, but also to the priestly order of Tibet; and when he died, in 1478, he left Tibet in a state of general prosperity and of tranquillity both within and without. On his death-bed he summoned his two principal disciples, Lolum Ghiamdzo and Kojuni Machortse, to him, and told them that they were to carry on the good work which he had commenced. The former became the first Dalai Lama, the latter the first Teshu or Panshen Lama; and from that time to the present the spirits of those two personages have been never-dying on earth, and except the brief intervals required for the discovery of the person into whom the spirit had passed, those offices have never been vacant. Although the presence of the Chinese in the country, as more or less *de facto* rulers, since the time of the first Mantchoo emperor, Chuntche, has effaced the secular power of the lamas to a great extent, the Dalai has always been more concerned in the public administration than the Teshu. The latter, who resides at the lamasery of Teshu Lumbo, near the town of Shigatze, on the Sanpu, is the great theological authority in Tibet, and is styled the "Gem of Learning;" whereas, the former's designation is "the Gem of Majesty." But since the days when Chinese armies had to be summoned in to befend Lhasa from marauding Ghoorkas, the independence of the Dalai and his subordinates has grown more and more doubtful, until at last their authority has become almost "the shadow of a name." But while their worldly power has been waning before the encroachments of the Ambans, their influence and reputation, both among Tibetans and the Chinese people, have been as steadily increasing, until the Tibetan lamas are now almost as potent as they were in the ancient days of the Mongols, when Kublai Khan entreated their aid for the construction of an alphabet for his ignorant people. There are many who assert that there is a religious, as well as a national, revival going on amongst the Chinese, and in the former of these movements the most active agent would undoubtedly be the religious fervor which is to be found among the lamas of Tibet.

The relations between ourselves and the Tibetans have been very slight; in fact,

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since the days of Warren Hastings there have been none at all. In 1772, that governor-general sent an envoy — Mr. George Bogle — to the Teshu Lama, and his mission gave rise to some very instructive interchanges of opinion, for an account of which we are indebted to Mr. Clements Markham; but the result of this diplomatic action was very transitory. Captain Turner, Warren Hastings's second ambassador, despatched a few years later on, for the purpose of complimenting a new Teshu on his accession to the dignity, was not more successful; and then for many years official business was transacted by our Tibetan agent, the widely travelled Purungir Gosain. In 1792 there occurred that war between Nepaul and China which resulted in the ignominious defeat of the former, and which the intercession of Lord Cornwallis alone prevented from closing with the sack of Khatmandoo, but which is chiefly of importance to us as marking the turning-point in our intercourse with Tibet. Up to this, our diplomatic overtures had not indeed been crowned by any very brilliant success, but they had not been complete failures. The passes through the Himalaya were at all events open, if any one cared to make use of them; and so long as the fair at Rangpur was maintained, so long did Tibetan goods find their way into Bengal, and our Indian fabrics into Tibet. But the Chinese government and generals resented our intervention in favor of the Ghoorkas, who, in the eyes both of Tibetans and Chinese, were merely a set of troublesome marauders; and after the year 1792, the Chinese, in consequence of Lord Cornwallis's well-intentioned mediation, closed the passes of the Himalaya, erected blockhouses at their northern entrances, and put a stop to all intercourse whatsoever. Since that time, more than eighty years ago, only one Englishman has succeeded in breaking through that unyielding barrier, and it must be long before the same astonishing energy and rare acquaintance with Chinese manners will be united again in the same person as they were in Thomas Manning. That gentleman, in the disguise of a Chinaman, did in the year 1811 penetrate from Bhutan into Tibet, and his triumph was rendered more perfect by a residence of many months in its capital. Whatever information we possess we owe to these three gentlemen, and to the French missionaries Huc and Gabet, who went to Lhasa from China in 1845. Since their time, we have indeed learnt much from the explorations of the pundit Nain Sing, but our historical knowledge has not kept pace with our geographical. The tidings that another child exercises the power of Dalai Lama will serve to remind us that whenever we seek to enforce our treaty rights, it will be solely with the Chinese Ambans that we shall have to deal. The same difficulties will have to be encountered and to be overcome as those which beset a visit to any other unknown and secluded province of the Chinese empire. Whatever virtues the Tibetans themselves possess — and if all is true that we are told of them, they possess more than a fair share of them — it is not they who will decide how our ambassador shall be received, but the Chinese governors, who will act in accordance with the instructions remitted from Pekin. From one aspect, seeing that it is the Chinese themselves who have conceded the point, this should argue favorably for the result of an English mission to Tibet; but from another, seeing that the Chinese, and not the Tibetans, have at all times been hostile to intercourse of any kind with ourselves in India, the prospect is scarcely so pleasing. In the mean while, the intrepid Russian traveller, Prjevalsky, nothing daunted by illness or by the obstacles placed in his path by the Chinese, is slowly wending his way along the outskirts of the great Desert of Gobi towards the country of the lamas. In the search for geographical information he is emulating the achievements of his most distinguished predecessors, and should he be successful in this case, which, to say the least, is extremely doubtful, he will most probably, now that so many more entrancing questions are agitating the bosoms of the Indian Council, have the double satisfaction of having been the first representative of his country to visit Lhasa, and of having anticipated the English embassy, which Sir Thomas Wade foreshadowed in his treaty of Chefoo.

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Fifth Series, Volume XXII. | No. 1776.—June 29, 1878. | From Beginning, Vol. CXXXVII.

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TRANSLATION FROM HEINE.

BY THEODORE MARTIN.

LOVE'S BURIAL.

THOU hast passed from life, and thou knowest it not;
The light is quenched in thine eyes, I wot;
Thy rose-red mouth, it is wan and sere,
And thou art dead, my poor dead dear!

One summer night, myself I saw
Thee laid in earth with a shuddering awe;
The nightingales fluted low, dirge-like lays,
And the stars came out on thy bier to gaze.

As the mourning train through the wood defiles,
Their litany peals up the branching aisles;
The pine-trees, in funeral mantles dressed,
Moan prayers for the soul that is gone to rest.

And as by the mountain tarn we wound,
The elves were dancing a fairy round;
They stopped, and they seemed, though startled thus,
With looks of pity to gaze at us.

And when we came to thy lone earth bed,
The moon came down from the heaven o'erhead.
She spoke of the lost one. A sob, a stound!
And the bells in the far-away distance sound.

Blackwood's Magazine.

APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

THE orchard grass is sunshine-barred,
And starry-white upon the sward
The pretty daisies lie;
I rest beneath a mossy tree,
And through its waving branches see
The sapphire of the sky.

I feel the balmy breeze of May
Soft-blowing down the grassy way,
And in the boughs above
The little birds break into song,
And praise, in thrilling strains and strong,
Spring's halcyon days of love.

The apple-blossoms fall around,
And fleck the daisy-chequered ground
As breezes softly blow;
I stretch a lazy hand aloft,
And grasp a cluster silken-soft,
Like rosy-tinted snow.

I look at every tender leaf,
And marvel why a life so brief,
To such sweet things is given;
Why not for them a longer space
To blossom gaily in their place,
Beneath the summer heaven?

Why not for them a longer time
To feel the sun at morning prime,
To see the moon at night?
To quiver by soft breezes stirred;
To listen when God's morning bird
Sings heavenward his delight?

Ah me, my heart! it must be so,
The blossom drops that fruit may grow,
The sweetness of the flower
Dies early on the vernal breeze,
That autumn-time may bless the trees
With gold and crimson dower.

Ah me, my heart! so must thou see
The flowery hopes that gladden thee,
In this thy morning prime,
Fade in the fair place where they grow,
Drop round thee swiftly like the snow
Of apple-blossom time.

But if they leave thee good and true,
And pure as when they blossomed new,
Then gladly let them go;
Where now these fairy blossoms be,
In God's good time thine eyes shall see
Thy life's fair harvest glow!

All The Year Round.

A BALLAD OF MAY.

SPARKLING like a diamond
Beams the daystar in the skies;
Nature, loosed from winter's bond,
Smiles as one in sweet surprise.
Light and life are firm allies;
Hawthorns wear their wedding white,
Pastures show their greenest guise, —
Earth is laughing with delight.

Branches leafy vests have donned,
Buds and blossoms glad the eyes,
Brakes and ferns unfurl the frond,
Daisy-bloom with clover vies;
Sings the runnel as it hies,
Swallows twitter in their flight,
Master rook his pinions tries, —
Earth is laughing with delight.

Tadpoles people pool and pond,
Cushat-calls and coos arise,
Chaffers of the dusk are fond,
All day long the cuckoo cries;
Gauzy insects, butterflies,
Flutter forth to see the sight;
Lo! the bee with saffron thighs, —
Earth is laughing with delight.

ENVOI.

Lady, 'tis no time for sighs,
While the world is buoyant, bright;
Love is not a vague surmise, —
Earth is laughing with delight.

Spectator. W. H. BRETT.

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From The Edinburgh Review.

THREE SCOTTISH TEACHERS.*

It has been sometimes made a reproach to Scotland that its theological creed is of the same uniform Calvinistic type. The implied reproach has been held by others as a compliment, and the wonder has been expressed that a people so united in religious faith should be so bitterly rent by ecclesiastical divisions. The southern mind, looking at the surface of theological opinion and the Presbyterian constitution of the three Churches to which the bulk of the population adhere, is naturally astonished that these Churches should remain separate. But both the reproach and the compliment fail in gauging the full character of the national thought and feeling. Social and ecclesiastical rather than theological principles have always been the chief causes of Scottish "disruptions;" † and the apparent uniformity of belief has always covered deep-lying veins of thought quite at variance with Calvinism or what passes for Calvinism. Contrast, rather than uniformity, might be said to be the characteristic of the thought and life of Scotland all through its history, from the days, to go no further back, when Queen Mary and John Knox confronted each other in Holyrood, to the days, to come no further down, when Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Chalmers represented, with a like rarity of genius, different sides of the national mind and character. There are few national histories, in fact, more marked by picturesque contrasts. If it be said that Queen Mary was half a French woman, and stands opposed to Knox in virtue of her French rather than her Scottish qualities, Maitland of Lethington was at least as much a Scotchman as the great reformer — he supposed himself the very type of a Scotchman, and did not hesitate to fling in the face of one of Knox's friends the scornful taunt, "*Ne sit peregrinus curiosus in aliena republica.*" Yet what a living embodiment of antagonistic qualities the men are! The chivalrous Montrose and the crafty Argyle, the saintly Rutherfurd, the equally saintly Leighton, Robert Burns and James Beattie, John Wilson and Dr. Andrew Thomson, all are equally children of the soil, and yet how diversified is the background of thought, not to speak of mere personality, that they represent! Uniformity of creed, uniformity of intellectual temperament, is so little what these and many other names — all equally Scottish — suggest, that one of the most intelligent and close-observing of American authors once said to the writer that, never having visited Scotland and only knowing it by its literature, he was quite at a loss to understand the broad differences which it presented; how the same country which had accepted, if not produced, the Confession of Faith, should at the same time enjoy so thoroughly the poetry of Burns. The severity of Puritanic Calvinism and the riotous fun of "Tam o' Shanter" and "The Jolly Beggars" meeting in the same hearts, or at least in the hearts of the same people, had always appeared to him one of the most unintelligible of national problems.

We have no thought of trying to explain this problem, even should the subject appear in the same light to any of our readers. But those who really know Scotland and are able to look below the surface of opinion know how little it deserves either the reproach or the compliment of uniformity in theological opinion any more than in many other things. It is true that the Scottish Presbyterians of the Revolution were more powerful than any other party in the country, and that they accepted as a creed the confession prepared mainly by English divines at Westminster. This they did, because the Westminster Confession of Faith appeared to them to embrace the common creed of Protestantism, and because the Church had already accepted it (in 1647), when "uniformity" was the common ambition of the party alike

* 1. *Letters of Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen.* 2 vols. Edinburgh: 1877.

2. *Memorials of John M'Leod Campbell, D.D.* Edited by his Son. 2 vols. London: 1877.

3. *Memoir of Bishop Alexander Ewing, D.C.L.* By Alexander J. Ross, D.D. London: 1877.

† In one of the volumes at the head of this article this idea is very well expressed: "Peers and lairds choose Episcopacy; professional men and farmers choose an Established Presbytery, and the shopocracy a free Presbyterianism. Thus it now is in Scotland, and thus it will be in England (if disestablishment takes place). It is a matter of 'clothes' after all." (Ewing's Memoir,) p. 498.

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in England and in Scotland. This confession remains nominally the creed of all the Presbyterian Churches. It is the type and symbol of that Augustinian theology with which all the Protestant Churches identified themselves, and which the Church of England has no less substantially, if in milder and more catholic phraseology, retained in the Thirty-nine Articles. But not even at the first did the acceptance of such a creed shut out all individuality of opinion and speculation. The dominant party in the Church may have designed this. It is a popular commonplace, from which it seems impossible to rid certain minds, that this is the necessary intention and result of creeds. Zealots within all Churches find it their interest to foster this commonplace. It squares with their unworthy conceptions as well as with the popular notion of a confession of faith being a kind of bargain between the clergy of a Church and the authorities of that Church. But in point of fact, no document of any kind can remain unchangeable in its interpretation or obligation. A confession of faith may be highly useful for the time; it may or may not be essential that every Christian Church should have a definite creed for its basis — these question are meantime quite beyond our scope — but no creed can remain binding on the national consciousness from generation to generation. Even if theological ideas were themselves immutable, which no rational student of theological history would maintain, the relation of the national mind to them necessarily changes with its changes and growth. There is in short no permanence here any more than in any other aspect of human thought. It is a simple fact arising out of the law of rational development, that uniformity of belief, even if temporarily enforced, cannot last. Time brings its alterations in theology no less than in philosophy; and the idea of uniformity has no application to the region of history in which the courses of human opinion really run. Let a Church set out with whatever creed it may, and make what ties it can to bind its adherents — in the course of time a change sets in, and the interpretations both of the creed and of the ties binding to it are insensibly moulded in conformity with the changing current of ideas. So true is this that the student of theological opinion is well aware that it is often those who believe themselves the most orthodox, the most faithful to the letter of a creed and to their own interpretation of the relation in which they stand to it, who have most truly departed from its original spirit. Nothing is so heterodox as popular orthodoxy, or the complacent dogmatism in the nineteenth century which supposes itself echoing the creed of the seventeenth or the twelfth or the fourth centuries. The same words no longer convey the same meanings even to the instructed, and still less to the popular intelligence.

If we have run into this digression, it is not at present for any purpose of argument, but only to explain how absurd the commonplace view of Scotland is, which supposes it to be the home of a uniform Calvinism, because its Presbyterian Churches all profess a Calvinistic creed. It is the same, only a less pronounced, type of Augustinian theology which, as we have said, lies at the basis of the national Church of England. Differences may be made out between the creeds of the two Churches, but that the Westminster divines were the legitimate heirs of the Elizabethan reformers admits of no doubt whatever. And it might as reasonably be supposed, therefore, that the theology of the Thirty-nine Articles should condition all the development of theological opinion in England, as that the theology of the Westminster Confession should confine the Christian intellect of Scotland. In point of fact, both have exercised a powerful influence; but in point of fact also the Christian thought of both countries has followed natural lines of development, of which the original theologies of the Churches have only been one of the main causes. These lines have been far more rich and diversified in England, not because the original theology of the Church of England is really different from that of Scotland, but because the intellectual and Christian life of England has been so much larger, richer, and more fruitful than that of Scotland. The Presbyterian north is, after all, but a small country, and the result of this

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has been at once to intensify its party divisions, and to give more significance to its prominent types of theological expression.

How much force there is in these general observations may be estimated by some attention to the remarkable movement in Scotland of which the volumes at the head of this article are more or less a memorial. The three men brought before us in these volumes were all representative of something very different from Calvinism in its ordinary acceptation, and yet they were Scotchmen of the Scotch. They were genuine "sons of the soil," bearing the impress of the best Scottish culture of their time, and directly representative of its religious thought. The men are only fully intelligible in the light of Scottish circumstances and opinions amidst which they lived, and, exceptional as they may be in some respects, each would have claimed a real interest in the religious traditions of their country, as that country has reason to be proud of all of them.

In bringing these men under the notice of our readers, it is not our intention to enter into any theological discussion. This is not the key-note we have wished to strike, and is certainly not our aim in the present paper. We have no intention even of describing fully the movement which they may be supposed to represent. This would require more space than we can afford, and carry us into questions which we have no wish to discuss. All we design now is to bring the men before us in their distinctive character, as illustrating the growth of a more diversified and richer type of Christian faith and thought than is generally associated with Scotland. In themselves the three men are deserving of commemoration, and it is impossible to tell their story and exhibit their character, as drawn in their letters or memoirs, without at the same time exhibiting the affinity of their religious ideas as so far the product of a common impulse, and indicating the manner in which the men were more or less associated for the diffusion of these ideas. Whether they can claim to be called a "school," or to what extent they may have founded one, or what is its worth, may appear in the course of our remarks.

The eldest of the three men described in the volumes before us was Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen, a notable and picturesque figure as portrayed in his letters, and as known in his later years to many still living. Thomas Erskine was a Scottish gentleman of ancient descent, whose great-grandfather, Colonel John Erskine of Carnock, the "Black Colonel," as he was called, was "the great-great grandson of the distinguished Earl of Mar, the wise regent of Scotland, and the faithful counsellor of King James VI." The "Black Colonel" was evidently a remarkable figure in his own day, not easily turned aside from what he considered the right road, and somewhat free and irascible in the use of his sword, as when he assailed the magistrates of Culross for burning kelp under his nose, notwithstanding his orders to the contrary. The famous author of "The Institutes of the Law of Scotland" was a son of Colonel Erskine; and again Dr. John Erskine, the colleague of Dr. Robertson, the historian, and one of the leaders of the evangelical party in the Church of Scotland in the eighteenth century, was a son of this well-known jurist, and therefore an uncle of the subject of our notice. His father, David Erskine, practised as a writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, and was "allowed by all competent judges to have been one of the ablest and most honorable men whom his profession has ever produced." But he died at a comparatively early age, and the care of the son's education devolved upon the mother, a daughter of the house of Airth — where, or at Kippenross, in the neighborhood, Thomas spent most of his early years. The first glimpse we get of him is at Airth Castle in 1793, when he was five years old. He told the dean of Westminster that he remembered as a boy at this time the sensation produced by the death of Louis XVI., and Bruce the traveller coming in a snowstorm to communicate the sad tidings. The housekeeper, on being asked who it was who had arrived in such circumstances, exclaimed, "Why, wha should it but Kinnaird" (the name of Bruce's house, and *Scotice* the familiar name by which its owner was called), "greetin as if there

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werena a saunt on earth but himsel and the king of France."

There is little to mark the youth of Thomas Erskine beyond the fact that he appears to have been a happy boy, as he was upon the whole a happy and well-circumstanced man. His life throughout was of a peculiarly placid and unembarrassed character, a fact not to be forgotten in estimating the tenor of his theological views. He had to lament, indeed, the loss of dear friends, and especially of an elder brother, who by the depth and power of his character seems to have made a strong impression on all who knew him; but there were no storms of any kind either of calamity or of passion in his career. Endowed with good health and abundant means, and troops of enthusiastic relatives and friends, it was certainly the sunnier side of this mortal pilgrimage along which he travelled, and that this sunniness had ripened and sweetened his nature, and given it — shall we say? — a vein of complacency, if not stolen from it something of strength, was plain to most of those who knew him in his later years. It left him free, moreover, to follow the bent of his own meditations and desires, which how few are ever able to do! His time was his own, his studies were what he liked, and his theological opinions were moulded not only out of the deep and ever-enlarging experience of his own heart, but in some degree also out of the free and random turnings of his own will and thought, which owned few or none of those outward checks which after all bind the thoughts of most men in this world. This was an advantage. It gave a spontaneity and individuality to his religious development; but so exceptional an advantage is never without some drawback. The freedom of his life, the happiness of his circumstances, gave perhaps a tinge of arbitrariness no less than of independence to his judgment, and prevented him from seizing those broader historical connections the recognition of which is so essential to the appreciative and intelligent estimate of religious no less than of intellectual phenomena. We shall have occasion to give illustrations of this as we proceed.

The death of his brother made Thomas Erskine laird of Linlathen, and left him absolutely at liberty to follow his own mode of life. The result was that he practically gave up the profession of the Scotch bar, to which he had been trained, and resolved to travel some years on the Continent. This was not, however, before a change had passed upon him from a state of semi-scepticism (vaguely indicated) to a state of profound religious conviction. His residence in Edinburgh, after passing for the bar in 1810, was coeval with the heyday of the "Waverley Novels" and the early fame of the review in which we now write. Jeffrey, Cockburn, and Fullerton, "with all of whom our young advocate was on terms of closest friendship," were all in the full activity of their career. The influence of the society around him, and the course of his own reflections, he implies, led him to have misgivings as to the credibility of the gospel history. But his misgivings were soon dispersed. "The patient study of the narrative," he adds, "and of its place in the history of the world, and the perception of a light in it which entirely satisfied my reason and my conscience, finally overcame them, and forced on me the conviction of its truth." His religious impressions were deepened especially by the death of his brother, already mentioned, in 1816. In reference to this event he writes in a pathetic strain of Christian confidence which shows how deeply and intelligently his faith was already grounded. He even drew up a paper as the record of his views and convictions, "which he thought of putting into the hands of his companions at the bar when he parted from them," and which was afterwards printed in 1825 as an introductory essay to the letters of Samuel Rutherford, so well known in Scotland. The germ of much of his after thought is found in this paper, especially the idea he so often reiterates as to the moral or practical aims of all the divine dealings with man in the gospel.

> A restoration to spiritual health, or conformity to the divine character, is the *ultimate object* of God in his dealings with the children of men. Whatever else God hath done with regard to men has been subsidiary, and with a view to this; even the unspeakable work of Christ and pardon freely offered through the cross have been but means to a further end; and that end is that the adopted children of the family of God might be conformed to the likeness of their elder brother — that they might resemble him in character, and thus enter into his joy. . . . The sole object of Christian belief is to produce the Christian character, and unless this is done nothing is done.

These sentences are curiously interesting to the student of Scottish theology, marking as they do so clearly, on the one hand the impression which the customary religious phraseology had made upon Mr. Erskine, and on the other hand the diver-

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gence which had already begun in his mind from the commonplaces of evangelical theology, then and so long afterwards prevalent in Scotland. Even a professional theologian would hardly now write in such formal phrases. They are to be heard only in the pulpit, and even there not in the mouths of the best preachers. But they came as a common voice at that time to all who spoke or wrote about religion. Certain persons were "adopted children," and the blessing of Christ's sacrifice was "pardon freely offered." The language of the older type of thought clings to Erskine, layman as he was, but he has already penetrated to the artifices which such language is apt to hide. The gospel is nothing, he sees, if it is not a spiritual and moral good in all who profess to receive it. This was a decided advance, not, indeed, upon the theological belief — for it is impossible to conceive anything of the deliberate nature of belief sinking below such a self-evident proposition — but upon many of the religious commonplaces, of the time. Such ideas as "pardon" and "adoption" had been so traded upon and emphasized by themselves that they had passed into the popular, and even into the clerical mind, as abstractions summing up the meaning of the gospel. Religion was supposed to consist in things denoted by these and similar phrases, with little or no relation to the life and character of many who made use of them. It was an evidence of the reality of Erskine's faith that he saw beyond all this, and while using, in so marked a manner, the abstract and technical language of the religious world of his youth, he at the same time expressed so clearly the living connection between pardon and character — in other words, between religion and morality. This radical conception he never lost hold of, and it helped to steady him amidst the stress of fanaticisms which for a while seemed likely to carry him away.

Before Mr. Erskine went abroad in 1822 he published his first work on "The Internal Evidence of Revealed Religion," in which he pursued in a more extended manner something of the same line of thought as that already spoken of. His great aim was to show the divine origin of Christianity both from the fitting illustration which it furnished of the character of God and its bearing on the character of man; "to demonstrate," in his own words, "that its facts not only present an impressive exhibition of all the moral qualities which can be conceived to reside in the divine mind, but also contain all those objects which have a natural tendency to excite and suggest in the human mind that combination of moral feelings which has been termed moral perfection." It is the same great idea of "character" in relation to religion which is mainly before his view. There seemed to him "an intelligible and necessary connection between the doctrinal facts of revelation and the character of God (as deduced from natural religion), as there is an intelligible and necessary connection between the character of a man and his most characteristic actions;" and again, he says, the belief of the doctrinal facts of revelation has "an intelligible and necessary tendency to produce the Christian character in the same way that the belief of danger has an intelligible and necessary tendency to produce fear." Christianity, in short, was to him self-evidencing, both in the light which it shed upon the nature of God, from whom it professed to come, and in the effects which it exerted upon man, for whose benefit it was designed. The incarnation and atonement, rightly viewed, prove God to be all that our hearts desire, and contain a power of good fitted to all human necessities. It is a false and unscriptural view of the atonement which regards God as rigidly exacting punishment while "not much concerned whether the person who pays it be the real criminal or an innocent being, provided only that it is a full equivalent." Here, as more fully afterwards, he is working his way towards reality in the sphere of religious thought. All notions or abstractions about God or the ways of God are distasteful to him. It is God himself as a moral intelligence and will whom he seeks to know. And the only religion worth anything is that which changes a man's will from evil to good. This it is which stamps Christianity as divine, that it so necessarily elevates and transforms into moral beauty the character of those who really receive it.

We cannot linger over any of Mr. Erskine's foreign reminiscences. They have little value now, and they contain fewer indications of his personal feeling and individuality of thought than we had looked for. Altogether, it must be confessed that the letters in the first volume are somewhat disappointing. There is a lack of richness and diversity in them, and hardly any traces of the humor which was a marked, if not obtrusive, feature of his mind in later years. We have only met in the earlier letters with a single touch

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of the quiet vein of humorous reflection which used often to run through his talk. When in correspondence with Dr. Chalmers in 1827, he contrasts his friend, "in the midst of the business of the General Assembly," with himself in Rome, "quietly looking upon the seat of the beast, and wondering at him, the manner of his existence, and at his duration." He had evidently at the time a solemn interest in the fate of the "beast" for he represents himself as busy with Irving's book upon the prophecies, which he speaks of as "a magnificent book full of honest zeal;" yet he is also delighted with the story of a "Romish priest" who, having fixed the year 1830 "as the termination of the wrath," and applied to the pope for permission to publish his speculations, received for answer that he should be allowed to publish in 1831!

Wherever he goes it is his own thoughts as to religion which chiefly occupy him and fill his letters. The true nature of Christianity as a power of spiritual education grows always clearer to his mind. He sees that if true at all there must be good in it for all. It must be a religion of universal love, and not a mere scheme of salvation for a few. There is little said as to the course of his thought in his letters, although they are full of general religious reflections; but he is found, on his return to Scotland from a second sojourn abroad, busy with the publication of a new volume entitled "The Unconditional Freeness of the Gospel," which appeared early in 1828. This appears to have been the first of his books which excited controversy, as it was the first which impressed some higher minds which were destined to exert a marked influence upon the religious thought of their time. Long afterwards Mr. Maurice spoke in warm terms of his obligations to this book. "Have we," he said, "a gospel for men, for all men? Is it a gospel that God's will is a will to all good, a will to deliver them from all evil? Is it a gospel that he has reconciled the world unto himself? Is it this absolutely, or this with a multitude of reservations, explanations, contradictions? It is more than twenty years since a book of yours brought home to my mind the conviction that no gospel but this can be of any use to the world, and that the gospel of Jesus Christ is such a one." It was about the time he published this volume, and when his mind was excited by the importance of the views it expounded, that he first became acquainted with Mr. M'Leod Campbell, with whom he immediately formed a warm friendship, and became closely united in works of Christian thoughtfulness and zeal. This union opens up the most significant period of Mr. Erskine's religious history, and at the same time serves to bring before us prominently the second of our list of Scottish teachers.

Mr. M'Leod Campbell had been settled at this time about three years in the beautiful parish of Row, on the banks of the Gareloch, in Dumbartonshire. He had begun his pastoral work there with great success and high aspirations. A deep-thoughted man, with an independent and highly practical turn of mind, he was more intent upon doing his duty than upon identifying himself with either of the parties which then divided the Church. In preparing his sermons he used little but his Bible and concordance, consulting commentaries only "to ascertain the precise translation of the original." He had no plans of working out a theology for himself, and still less of drawing attention to his mode of preaching. But the religious condition of his people greatly occupied him, and he considered much how he might awaken amongst them a higher spiritual life. An old man whom he visited soon after he commenced his ministry said to him on parting, "Give us plain doctrine, Mr Campbell, for we are a sleepy people;" and the simple and solemn words left an ineffaceable impression upon his mind. Mr. Story, minister of the parish of Roseneath, on the opposite side of the Gareloch, somewhat older in years, was a man of like mind with himself, full of thoughtful anxiety for his people, and with a beautiful saintliness and dignified simplicity of character that had already given him an honored position in the parish and neighborhood. They became fast friends, and Mr. Campbell enjoyed all the advantages of his friend's more matured experience. Both were happy in their work, and neither dreamed of exciting the Church or becoming the centre of a religious movement.

But gradually, as Mr. Campbell's religious views deepened, he began to preach in a vein which startled some of his more cautious and less-convinced brethren. He began especially to speak of the assurance of faith, and of the universal love of God for all men, in a way which, as he himself says, awoke "opposition, or rather speculation." In his letters to Mr. Story, who was away from home at this time in bad health, and also in his own "Reminiscences and Reflections," he recounts, with a quiet simplicity and an unhesitating con-

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fidence in his own judgment, the results of his new thoughts. "I was enabled to declare the truth twice. . . . The Lord put it into their hearts to treat me with much respectful attention, although not giving in. But the truth has been scattered and may yet take root. . . . I mean to speak as God will enable me from the delightful and appropriate words, 'God is love.' The present aspect of things is deeply interesting." This was in December 1827; and shortly after this time Mr. Erskine seems to have heard Mr. Campbell preach for the first time. Returning from the church with a friend, he said, with great emphasis, "I have heard to-day from that pulpit what I believe to be the true gospel." Soon Mr. Erskine found his way to the parish of Row, and the two friends, with others, especially Mr. Scott, afterwards principal of Owens College, Manchester, mutually strengthened one another in their higher views of the love of God and of the strength of faith.

But meanwhile a storm was gradually rising in the Church against Mr. Campbell's preaching. Many of his brethren began to preach in their turn against the "new doctrine." To add to the commotion, this was the heyday of Edward Irving's fame as a pulpit orator, when the grandeur of his earlier eloquence was just passing into the wilder tones and apocalyptic reveries of his later years. It was in the summer of 1828 that he gave his long-remembered course of lectures in Edinburgh on the Apocalypse to crowded congregations at six o'clock in the morning. Mr. Campbell sought an interview with him at the time, not, as he himself says, "to consult him as one having 'difficulties,'" but with the view of laying before him "the conclusions at which he had arrived on the subject of the assurance of faith." It was not unnatural in the circumstances that the older and more cautious heads in the Church of Scotland should have become alarmed at the invasion of novel doctrines, or what seemed to them novel doctrines; and none could have blamed them if they had dealt wisely and thoughtfully with the authors of these doctrines. What really alarmed one half of the Church, known as the "Moderate" party, was undoubtedly the self-confident pretensions that lay under the movement, and the fanaticism to which it seemed in some cases fast tending. It is impossible for any impartial historian of the events of 1830–35 not to feel that there was some ground for this alarm. The aberrations of Irving, the delusions of Mr. Erskine himself, and the dogmatic assumptions of an exclusive possession of "the truth" which pervade both Mr. Campbell's speeches and letters on the occasion, and which no doubt equally characterized his preaching, were all of a nature calculated to provoke opposition, and to call for interference from the Church courts. Our own pages, in an elaborate article which opens the number of June 1831, entitled "Pretended Miracles: Irving, Scott, Erskine," bears evidence to the wide-spread excitement which had sprung up in the wake of the Row movement, especially connected with the alleged return of what were called "spiritual gifts," similar to those which prevailed in the early Church. The chapter on this subject in the first of the books before us cannot be read without some feeling of shame, even at this time of day, that so really wise and good a man as Mr. Erskine should have countenanced and apparently for a time believed in the reality of such pretensions. Mr. Campbell, although in their immediate neighborhood, seems happily to have kept himself aloof from them, and to have discerned pretty clearly from the first the delusive foundations of the early Irvingite Church. Anything more melancholy than the account of the supposed gift of tongues — the evident ravings of religious hysteria — can hardly be imagined. Mr. Erskine was far too clear-sighted, and had seized on the moral side of Christianity, as we have seen, far too strongly, to remain long under any hallucination as to the real character of the wide-spread pretensions which rose in many quarters as the enthusiasm spread. His letters to Lady Elgin and Miss Rachel Erskine in 1833 show how he gradually and completely emancipated himself from such forms of enthusiasm, and came once more into the clear light of a moral gospel, whose function is not to promote excitement, even of the best kind, but to transform men's characters and change their evil into good. Any doctrine apart from this, he says, "is a vanity and deception." "If we are faithful and patient, we shall have the life of God taught to us and nourished in us. But we are in such a hurry; we think something must be done immediately." Again: "My mind has undergone a considerable change since I last interchanged thoughts with you. . . . These gifts are but signs and means of grace; they are not ground of confidence; they are not necessarily intercourse with God; they *are not holiness, nor love, nor patience;* they are not Jesus.

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The truth and substance of religion is the spirit of Christ manifested in the heart as the light and life of God. . . . You know that Mr. Scott is entirely separated from Mr. Irving and his church, believing it, as I understand, to be a delusion, partly, and *partly a spiritual work not of God*." Again, to another lady, Mrs. Macnabb, a sister of Mr. Campbell: "We have had a great trial about the spiritual gifts. The spirit which has been manifested has *not been a spirit of union but of discord*." Finally, to another correspondent, the Rev. W. Tait, in 1834: "My dear friend, I see that you are much fixed on these things [the pretensions of Irvingism]. I believe them to be delusions. I see in them a return to Judaism."

Before this time Mr. Campbell had been deposed from the ministry in the Church of Scotland for the teaching of heretical doctrine. That there was an element in Mr. Campbell's teaching calling for the interference and even the authoritative guidance of the Church courts, may be allowed. But no event could have been more unhappy than the actual conduct of the prosecution directed against him, and its violent issue. It is difficult to realize now the atmosphere of indignant alarm which rendered both not only possible, but apparently easy. His two alleged heresies of the assurance of faith and of a universal atonement, if not recognized by the Confession of Faith — which he did not himself contend they were, especially the first — are not yet in any direct manner negatived or condemned by it. It may to this day be fairly urged, as he himself urged at the bar of the synod of Glasgow and Ayr, that the doctrines he taught "were not inconsistent with the standards of the Church." It is believed, Dr. Hanna, as editor of Mr. Erskine's letters, says, "that the Church now would neither eject Mr. Campbell nor Mr. Scott" (whose views, on the subject of the atonement at least, were identical with those of Mr. Campbell). But it is not to be concealed that the mere attitude of being tolerated was not welcome to Mr. Campbell. Merely to urge that his doctrines were not "inconsistent with the Westminster Confession appeared to him taking up an inadequate ground of defence." "I feel," he says, "that to take this ground would be failing in duty to *the truth of God;* and more especially at present, when it is so general a feeling that it is charity to be indulgent to all manner of opinions, and that to *speak dogmatically is necessarily an evil*." Now and long afterwards there was that in Mr. Campbell, and indeed in Mr. Erskine, which made their profession of faith hard for others to bear. With all their personal humility and insight into the perplexities of the religious life, they were yet essentially dogmatic in their own assertion of the truth. They failed, as every one connected with the movement did, in any appreciation of the historical growth of Christian thought, and of the manner in which its higher and lower moments fit into one another in the great progress of the Church. They had no perception, consequently, of what both the "Moderate" and the "Evangelical" parties had to say for themselves — the real amount of truth that lay in their respective systems, equally extravagant as both were in their extreme manifestations. Mr. Erskine is almost uniformly unjust in his letters to the old Moderate clergy, such as Carlyle of Inveresk; and Scotland is "torpid" and dead when it does not respond at once to the higher light which he and his friends represented. Neither he nor Mr. Campbell, in short, had then learned anything of those principles of religious latitude, which their country has been so slow to recognize. Diversity of religious opinion then appeared to them no less than to their opponents an evil instead of a good. Even so late as 1846 Mr. Campbell talks with some alarm of the "latitudinarianism" which permitted Calvinists and Arminians subscribing a uniform formulary of confession at the Evangelical Alliance. There may have been difficulties in such a process; we know nothing of the alleged formulary; but the underlying conception of all this mode of speaking is that words are capable of doing what they never can do — define insoluble mysteries — and that forms of language of one school of Christian thought may have such an absolute value over those of another school of thought that "the truth" is in possession of the one to the exclusion of the other. Such a notion, of course, was universal in Scotland at the time, and must always prevail where theology remains so much of a dogmatic, and so little of an historical, study. Religion, in such a case, becomes confounded with theology, and the enthusiasms and excitements of the one sphere are transferred to the other. Mr. Erskine and Mr. Campbell both lived to understand this matter better, and to recognize thankfully how much Christian reason and even good there might be in opinions very different from those which they themselves professed and taught.

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In our rapid sketch we pass onwards to that later period of their life when the third teacher on our list also emerges upon our notice as the friend of both. The years that followed Mr. Campbell's deposition — those troubled years in Scotland known as the "ten years conflict," issuing in what is called the "disruption" of the Scotch National Church, make little mark on the lives of either Mr. Erskine or Mr. Campbell. They lived above the turmoil of the time, and part of it was spent by the former in a renewed visit to the Continent. All that he says about it is in a letter from Linlathen in 1844: "The present time is a very trying one. I did not feel myself called upon to take any part in this movement [the Disruption], but I always expressed my conviction that it was one more of a political than of a religious character." In the light of later events these words have something of that semi-prophetic character that distinguishes not a few of his sayings.

But in the last thirty years the atmosphere of local and provincial controversy, which has been such a bane to Scotland, has greatly cleared away; and during this time both the friends entered with a clear and noble intelligence, disciplined by their former experience, into the higher questions which arose for discussion. In passing to the second volume of Mr. Erskine's letters, and hardly less in passing to the second volume of Mr. Campbell's "Memorials," one feels himself breathing "a diviner air." The enthusiasms of Port Glasgow and the Gareloch have passed into forgetfulness. Linlathen is the centre no longer of a narrow religious circle, to which Mr. Erskine himself for some time ministered. It is the home as much as ever of a beautiful piety and constant ministry of love, but there is more of rational as well as spiritual light pervading it. Mr. Carlyle is a visitant and correspondent. Homer and Plato are familiar studies. Some of the letters to Mr. Carlyle in this volume are very interesting, and there is at least one very remarkable letter from Mr. Carlyle, for which, however, we cannot find room. We must content ourselves with the following brief extract from the correspondence addressed to the patriarch of Cheyne Row from Linlathen in 1847: —

I really hope that the next visit you pay to Scotland you will come to us, and before that time I trust that this weary Fritz may be off your conscience and thrown on the consciences of other men, as incentive or warning as the truth of the matter may make him. I suppose that he shows us what a strong will and a clear insight without a conscience can do for a man. To me it is a most unpleasing spectacle — a German king confining his kinghood to leading armies and extending frontiers, and setting up *par goût* as a French wit and a ribald freethinker. I would much rather be honest Mrs. Braid [an old nurse of Mr. Carlyle], selling flour and bacon, and lovingly bearing the burden of her bed-rid son.

During all this time Mr. Erskine continued to hold to the substance of the old faith which he had indicated in his earliest writings; but he had also risen into a clearer and broader atmosphere of thought. He had seen more of the world, much of it as he had seen before; he had got more beyond the influence of the narrow circles or coteries so apt to beset zealous religious people, and poison with applausive echoes the air they breathe; he had wisely abandoned his former attempts at pulpit instruction, and the delivery of religious addresses in public. It was not, as the editor of his letters says, "that his thoughts were less intently occupied with the great truths of Christianity," but that he was satisfied that "it was not in the direction either of controversy or outward activities of any kind that his strength could be best employed." No doubt, also, it was that he had himself risen into a purer region — not of belief, but of thought. He saw around him better. The world was not so hopeless as it seemed, nor Churches so dead, although they were still dead enough. There was Christian good working, and Christian truth taught in many forms, upon which he and some of his old friends, both at home and on the Continent (for there is no narrowness worse than that of the Continental Evangelical), had been apt to look askance. The spirit of liberality grew greatly in him, and was one of the chief charms of his later mood. Not that he ever parted with his old convictions; these remained as a sure anchor of his soul; but a higher light was shed upon them. His ideas of the gospel of life, of the future, of the love of God, of the sacrifice of Christ, became every year, if possible, more simple, less technical — more real, less dogmatic. He not only cast off the old clothes of an abstract Calvinism, but also the new clothes which some of his own school would have woven for him, and on all sides left his mind open to truth from whatever quarter it might come. And so all the religious literature and controversy of his later years had a lesson for him. Little as he liked the "Essays and

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Reviews," he felt that there was a sifting power in these and similar writings that was good for the trial of his own faith and the faith of the Church. To Dean Stanley he writes in 1864: "Your Church seems to be in a sad mess at present, many truly earnest men afraid that the foundation of all their spiritual hopes is to be swept away by criticism, and forgetting that any revelation, whether inspired or uninspired, must owe its whole value to its being the discovery of truth which remains true independently of that revelation." Again, in his conversations with Miss Wedgwood, preserved in her valuable journal printed in the second volume of the letters, and upon the whole, as it appears to us, the best expression of his later and riper thought: —

I think we shall learn to value the Bible more as we grow independent of it. I do value parts of the Bible exceedingly, but I do not feel that I depend upon it. When I find a small dispersed people from the first asserting a righteousness in the Divine Being which I do not find in the gods of more enlightened nations, I cannot feel that this is mere accident. This was the teaching of God. But then when I come upon discrepancies in the narratives which are very definite and striking, neither can I ignore them, and I feel that *this* is not inspiration. The records are the vehicle of principles which are true independently of the records, and which criticism cannot touch. . . . I have no difficulty in receiving the fact of miracle. But if anyone has, I do not conceive that he is thereby debarred from entering into the spirit of Christianity. The one is a fact, the other is a principle. The two things can never come into collision with one another.

His old idea of life being an "education" rather than a "probation" became expanded under the influence of this loftier and more rational faith. Divine education became to him in its very nature an endless process which did not terminate with this life, but reached infinitely forward till all evil should be destroyed. God's purpose in Christ is "to make men good" — repeating the key-note with which he started in his first book. For this purpose he has created us, and is constantly educating us; and the mere fact "that not one in a thousand had really received any education here" was enough to show without hesitation "that the education must necessarily proceed in the next world."

The words are taken from a letter addressed to Bishop Ewing in 1864. Alexander Ewing, who became bishop of what is known in the Scotch Episcopal Communion as the "Diocese of Argyle and the Isles," is the youngest of the men whom we have ventured to group together as Scottish teachers. Bishop as he was, he must be held inferior in theological power and insight to his older friends. He had less original force than either; and yet in some respects his spiritual life was exceptionally bracing and healthy. Had he not known both Erskine and Campbell, Alexander Ewing would never have been the teacher he was; and yet there was a sense in which he improved upon their teaching. He was upon the whole more a man among other men than either of them. He was more free from the impress of the select religious circle, and possessed a wider range of purely human feeling, with bursts of poetry in his heart, that spoke of a more varied, artless, and manlier vein of natural experience.

Ewing first met Erskine in the company of Mr. Carlyle in London in 1855, when "the hope of final good for all mankind was fast becoming," as Ewing's biographer says, "the calm and settled persuasion of the great lay theologian — for such undoubtedly Erskine was." An intimate friendship soon sprang up between them, which Campbell no less shared. Polloc, the residence of Sir John Maxwell, in the neighborhood of Glasgow, was the chief meeting-place of the three friends; and Bishop Ewing has left in one of his "Present-Day Papers" a pleasant sketch of the charms of the old residence, and its dignified, thoughtful, and genial host, "dear Sir John, the soul of honor, charity, and benevolence." In 1860 the bishop writes to his brother from Polloc: —

If I could always live as I do here without anxiety, in a large warm house [he suffered from an affection of the chest], I might live forever. Sir John is certainly the most genial, large-hearted, and best-tempered man in the world, and his conversations and views are so striking and edifying that no one but would be the better for his society. . . . Mr. Campbell, of the Row, is here now, and is of much benefit to all. He is great upon the subject of divine love — love being regarded by him as synonymous with righteousness, holiness, and justice, and law being the expression of it. Erskine has been here also; so you will understand, if one is not the better for being here and meeting with such men, one must be incurable.

Some time before this Mr. Campbell had published his book on "The Nature of the Atonement," which, with all its faults of style, remains a truly noble monument of his spiritual genius. No mod-

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ern theological work, upon the whole, has made a more remarkable impression upon many thoughtful minds. It has carried the deeper tone of the school, apart from its peculiarities, into a circle of readers having otherwise no affinity with either Mr. Campbell or Mr. Erskine. And this has been owing not to any obvious attractions in the book itself — for its arrangement and style are alike cumbrous and involved — but to the real weight of spiritual thought contained in it, a certain profundity of insight and grasp of meaning which are felt by all who are at pains to study it and have any interest in the great doctrine which it discusses. This work and Mr. Campbell's later volume, "Thoughts on Revelation," which was called forth by the agitation which followed the appearance of "Essays and Reviews," and which is marked by the same deep spiritual qualities, are the chief contributions to theological science made by the school. Temporary as the school itself may prove, both these works have a permanent value. Criticism may reveal the weakness of Mr. Campbell's theory of the atonement no less than of every other theory. There is no theory on such a subject ever likely to prove adequate. But the elaboration of adequate theories — were such a thing possible — is a small matter in comparison with the deepening and enrichment of the theological mind, with casting some measure of light into hitherto unexplored depths, and showing harmonies in what hitherto have seemed and been presented as contradictions. This is the sort of service which Mr. Campbell's work on the atonement has rendered, and this is the kind of influence that lives in theology or any other branch of the moral, or, as the French call them, the "philosophical" sciences. In these sciences the power of systematization — of abstract definition and co-ordination — has exhausted itself long ago. There is nothing to be gained in this way but empty formulæ, and propositions without life and meaning frequently in proportion to the rigor with which they are set forth in logical deduction. What is really required is the capacity of seeing the true character of spiritual and moral facts, and the intimate links that bind together all higher speculation, whether as to the nature of God or man. And it is this capacity which Mr. Campbell's works, both on the atonement and revelation, so fully exhibit, and which has given them, as it will continue to give them, a living influence over the course of theological opinion.

It is needless to say that the author of such works had greatly advanced from the stage on which he stood at the bar of the synod of Glasgow and Ayr, when the doctrine of the assurance of faith appeared to him an essential part of the truth, and he challenged a verdict on his own private opinions as absolutely the gospel and nothing else. Probably Mr. Campbell never receded from his old dogmatic position. To the last the assurance of faith may have been a vital element of his own experience. Certainly his earlier views of the universality of the divine love as revealed in Christ only grew into a clearer and more confident brightness, if some of the forms in which he had presented this great truth may have fallen away from him. But to whatever extent he may have retained or modified his old convictions — for which he gladly suffered the loss of his parish — he had, in the long interval between his deposition and his becoming known as the author of "The Nature of the Atonement," greatly grown not only in depth of religious insight, but in what is far more closely allied to it than he or any of his friends would have allowed in their earlier years — width and rationality of comprehension. He had opened his mind to a higher horizon of knowledge, both natural and spiritual, than that which formerly confined him, as well as his friend Mr. Erskine. There are many indications of this as we advance in the two volumes of his "Memorials," which we cannot pause to quote, but which no reader can miss who has an eye to notice the growth of his mind and thought. Formerly he is shocked at the mild and somewhat irrational latitudinarianism of the Evangelical Alliance. In 1856, in reference to "Essays and Reviews," he regards it "as a marvellous distinction of the Church of England that it permits the free utterance within its pale of such conflicting sentiments. I cannot," he adds, "but regard it as an advantage as compared with the state of things in the Church of Scotland. I am sure *free discussion within the Church is better than the constant necessity to form a new sect if one has any new thought to utter.*"

Happily all three minds passed into this higher atmosphere of light before they passed away; but perhaps Bishop Ewing, as he had begun with less technical theology than either of his friends, a fact of which he was quite conscious, rose into this atmosphere more easily than others. There was in him by nature a great love of freedom for its own sake, as a spiritual

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good, as the only channel through which the highest spiritual good can come to any soul. Systems of any kind — new systems as well as old — were hateful to him, and restraints upon the genuine growth of the religious life. "I do not think there is any vitality in the Athanasian formula," he says in a letter to Archbishop Tait. "It is holding up the skeleton of the dead amidst the living. To the great majority of those who attend our churches the technical phrases of the creed are quite as unintelligible as are the special legal expressions in a title-deed or the terms in a physician's prescription. . . I would keep it as an old and curious heirloom in the charter-chest." The dogmatism which had surrounded the great truths of the atonement and of revelation appeared to him mere "materialistic substitutions" for the truths themselves. "Balances and equivalents had made of none effect," he says, "the direct revelation of the forgiveness of sins."

Every year Ewing's mind seemed to rise more above the environments of his own Church, and the exclusive principles which have been so unhappily associated with it. "Let us rise," he said to his own clergy, "from systems, whether of Episcopacy or Presbytery — above all material apparatus. Let us rise to higher things; let us live in that region which makes the face to shine, and where the heart says, 'I have seen the Lord;' where we behold his glory, and the Word become flesh in the midst of us." Among his last desires was to testify in the College Chapel at Glasgow to the power of a common faith uniting his own Church and the National Church of Scotland, and it was only the interdict of his colleague, Bishop Wilson, that prevented his doing so.

I have had my time greatly taken up [he writes] with that business of Bishop Wilson's, and I cannot say how much it has impressed me with the feeling that these apparently innocent things, Apostolic succession and high views (as they are called) of the Christian sacraments, are really *anti-Christian* in their operation. When they take shape in actual life, they reveal their meaning to be a doctrine of election which is just so much worse than the common one that it is external and official, and which, moreover, renders the sacraments themselves uncertain in their efficacy by demanding the co-operation of the will of the minister if the reception of them is to be savingly beneficial. How destructive this doctrine must be of all simple and immediate fellowship between man and man, and between man and God, I need not say.

All his deeper feelings of the nature of Christianity and of the possibilities of Christian union seem to have been outraged by this action of his colleague in the Scottish Episcopal communion. To another colleague, Bishop Wordsworth, he says: —

I confess that if the spirit of which I complain represents the spirit of our Scotch Episcopal Church, it is a grave question with me, and I am sure it is also with you, whether we should take part in a ministry which has so manifestly departed from the object for which it was instituted. For is not fellowship the end of the Christian ministry, and is it not the work of a true ministry to achieve its end by producing union on the way? Episcopacy, as you well know, while claiming superiority of degree for the *well*-being of the Church, never did among us claim to be necessary for its being.

In these and other utterances there is the note of genuine liberality, of a spirit which could see common Christian truth under many divisions, and was prepared to recognize and honor it in whatever Church it was found. No one thought less of what is popularly known as Calvinism than Bishop Ewing. He expresses his horror at a reported utterance of the Free Church moderator, that all the ministers of the Free Church were strict Calvinists. But he was able to see, like Erskine, the divine truth which the Calvinistic formulas were intended to embody; and he was always ready for any measure of practical co-operation with the Presbyterian churches around him, and especially with the Established Church, with many of whose clergy he carried on a most friendly and frequent correspondence. His liberality was essentially a part of his intensely human and truth-loving nature. Resting in one or two great central truths, the light of his own life, his mind was open on all sides to further light and knowledge; and the last charge which he delivered on the "Character and Place of Holy Scripture in Christianity," in 1872, the year before his death, shows his mind still free as ever and longing for more light. There can hardly be a better statement of the relation of revelation to Scripture than this charge contains. There are those, we are aware, who see weakness rather than strength in this constant progressiveness of mind, especially in a bishop. The Church is supposed to have settled everything long ago, and there seems an element of unsettlement and restlessness in this constant sifting of fundamental questions and opening of the mind to new or higher views.

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But science can acknowledge no other attitude. It can never shut out light; and it is the very highest praise we can give to Bishop Ewing, that he was at the end, as throughout, among the "children of light" and "of the day," and not "of the night nor of darkness."

The three men whose lives and whose work as teachers we have thus briefly touched will live each only in so far as they loved the light, and sought to help others to a better vision of it. Their own lives became more beautiful, and their own character larger, as they rose above the narrowness of their early education. It has been our business to show in the case of two of them how much more catholic and scientific their spiritual and theological attitude was in their later than in their earlier years. All three, not so much in virtue of any special doctrines which they taught as in virtue of their catholicity and the growth of a rational and enlightened spirit in their teaching, have exercised, and are likely to continue to exercise, a healthy influence upon the progress of theological thought in Scotland. We do not underestimate the value of their special theology, but we claim to judge them in the spirit rather than the letter — to look at them from the outside, under no feeling of discipleship, but simply as forces in the movement of Christian opinion in their own country especially. Still more interesting than anything they taught was the rational method which more or less guided all their later leaching. Whether they knew it or not, they were Christian rationalists, ready to recognize the validity of many different sides of Christian doctrine, and the imperfect and progressive stages through which thought in religion, as in everything else, moves onward to its goal. This is the element in them which we feel confident was really good, and which will survive for good long after what is known as "Row heresies," or any other special opinions which they are supposed to have espoused, are forgotten.

And as this higher rationalism was the best element of their teaching, so it was that which Scotland most needed at their hands. If theology in Scotland is not only so far to obey the same law of diversified increase which characterizes it in other countries, but to grow into richer and more fruitful forms of development, it can only be by the recognition of the rational principles that underlie its study. Investigation must have free scope here as in every other branch of knowledge. New light must be welcome from whatever quarter it may come. The claims of science must be meted neither by the decisions of presbyteries nor of assemblies, past or present. Every product of former thought, every creed which the Church has elaborated and set in its history as the monuments of its progress, deserves and should receive respect, but never so as to stifle or resist the living voice of the Christian reason, always seeking a more enlarged and perfect expression in a science more complete because more faithful to all the facts of spiritual experience.

WITHIN THE PRECINCTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MUSICIAN AT HOME.

THE signor's house was one of those which, when general peacefulness had made the battlements round St. Michael's unnecessary, had grown within the outer wall. It was more like a growth than a building. Windows which looked, as we have said, as if cut in the side of a precipice, gave light to the small panelled chambers which were connected by bits of quaint passages, here and there by a little flight of stairs, with tiny vestibules and landing-places, wasting the little space there was. Room after room had no doubt been added as necessities arose, and each new room had to be connected somehow with the others. The house occupied more space than a comfortable ugly modern house with tolerably-sized rooms would have done, and when the signor came into possession it had been a miracle of picturesque awkwardness, not a room in it capable of holding more than three or four people at a time, yet as many rooms as would have lodged a dozen, the least possible use for the greatest possible expenditure of space. The signor, however, had built on the inner side a dining-room in red brick, which made existence possible, though it failed in the point of beauty. To tell the truth, the musician's dining-room was an eyesore to all the antiquaries and all the critics. It was of no style at all, neither Gothic, like the original building, nor Queen Anne, like the fashion. He had failed to his duty in every respect. It was a square box with a large window filling up one side. It was lighted with gas. It had red curtains in bold and uncompromising rep, and a large mahogany side-

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board of the worst period. How he had been allowed to build this monstrosity nobody knew. It had been made the subject of a painful discussion in the chapter itself, when Canon Skeffington (the Honble. and Revd.) complained so bitterly of the injury done to his best principles and highest feelings, that the dean was irritated, and took up the cudgels on his side on behalf of his favorite musician. "He has a right, I suppose, to make himself comfortable like the rest of us," the head of the community said. "No right to make my life a burden to me," said the honorable canon; and, he added, almost weeping, "I cannot look out of my window without seeing the thing. You talk at your ease, you others ——" But what was to be done? The chapter could not take so bold a step as to invade the rights of private property, tear down the signor's red curtains, burn his sideboard, destroy his walls. He had to be left to the enjoyment of his villanous erection. The signor laughed behind his sleeve, but in public was remorseful, bemoaning his own ignorance of art, and declaring that if he could afford it, rather than to give pain to Canon Skeffington — but then he could not afford it, and what was to be done? He kept his dining-room, which was big enough to accommodate his friends, but for himself the signor had better taste than he professed to have. His favorite sitting-room was in the same position and had the same view as that of his housekeeper, but its window was between two buttresses of the wall, which held in their gigantic support a little square shelf of green turf, a small projection of hill, which above and below was covered with masonry, bearing little ledges of grass, like one of the hanging gardens of Scripture, hung high in the air above the town and the landscape. The signor's window opened upon this little lawn. His room within was low and dark, but in summer at least this mattered little, for its dim light and shadowy walls were a relief, like a bower in a wood, to the lightness and brightness outside. There was a heavy beam across the roof, from which hung a little chandelier of old Venice glass, reflected in a tall old mirror among the oak panels over the mantelpiece, and not much more bright than they were. On one side was the carved doors of a cupboard in the wall, which was full of old music, the signor's chief treasures, and on the other was a range of low bookshelves, also filled with music books of every size and kind. The piano stood in the corner between the window and the wall, with the keyboard close to the light. There was a chair or two about the room, and a writing-table piled with papers. This was all the furniture of the dim little chamber, and it was impossible to imagine a greater contrast than existed between it and the new building which had so shocked Canon Skeffington. And the signor was not in this particular much unlike his house. A touch of sentiment, which some people were disposed to call high-flown, mingled in him with a curious undercurrent of cynicism, which few people suspected at all. He liked to jar upon the Canon Skeffingtons of existence and ruffle their tempers and their finest feelings. But in his heart he had feelings equally fine, and was as easily ruffled as they. He mocked at them on the very points in which he himself was weak, affecting an insensibility which he did not feel, building the vile modern room with profound enjoyment of their delicate distress, but retiring out of it himself to the shelter of this dim romantic chamber. The combination was very like the signor.

On this particular evening, when young Purcell went to call for candles, the signor was seated out on his little terrace enjoying the twilight and a cigarette together. There were two chairs on the scrap of grass, and a little table with an inkstand upon it, and the cup in which the signor had taken his black coffee after dinner. He was leaning back in his chair puffing out the fragrant smoke from his cigarette, lazily watching it as it floated upwards, and now and then noting down a bar or two of music upon a piece of paper in his hand. Sometimes he took the cigarette from his mouth and hummed a scrap of an air, keeping time with his head and hand. There was no one who was more popular in the country as a composer of graceful drawing-room songs than Signor Rossinetti. It was something refined, something elegant that was expected from him, delicate soprano melodies, fine combinations for tenors and altos. It was very seldom that he took any trouble about the bass, but his tenor songs were justly considered exquisite. He liked to have a pretty set of verses on hand, and "set" them in the intervals of more serious business. In the summer evenings, when he sat out after dinner upon his scrap of terrace, was the time when he had most inspiration. His pupil and *protégé*, young Purcell, thought there was no intellectual pleasure higher and more elevating than to sit out here in the shadow of the great grey but-

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tresses, with the cheerful distant noises of the High Street floating upward from the foot of the wall, and to watch the signor composing his song. The young fellow would run in to the piano and "try over" every line of the symphony as it came welling out from that fount of music. He said often that, except one thing, there was no such delight in the world. To see genius working under his very eyes, what a privilege it was! To Purcell it seemed that his master read his heart, and uttered his deepest sentiments for him in those compositions. To-night his mind had been lulled out of great commotion and disturbance by the rosy vision of love and happiness that had breathed through the notes. It was glad, it was sad, it was full of suggestion, it wrung the very heart of Purcell — "'Twas in the time of roses, they plucked them as they passed." Would that time ever come for him? He thought the signor had read the depths of his heart, the wistful longing which was sometimes hope and sometimes despair, the pictures he made to himself of one day wandering by her side, one day gathering roses for her. He murmured over and over the tune of the refrain in a kind of ecstasy as he went to his mother's room, his fancy excited, his head all on fire, half with the delicious sense of being friend to such a genius, and sharing as it were the very inspiration that produced such beautiful things, and half with the pride and delight of being so deeply in love and hanging on so exquisite an edge of anguish. The signor himself did not know how much those pretty compositions of his went to his pupil's heart; but he was flattered, as who would not be? by this never-failing appreciation of his work, and youthful enthusiasm. It pleased him vaguely, just as the floating sound from below, the voices and noises, all softened by the warm air of the summer evening, and even by the dimness of the twilight, pleased him. How harmonious they became as they soared upwards, all that was harsh taken out of them, filling the solitude with a genial sense of human fellowship! Perhaps the signor was, like many others, not too fond of his fellow-creatures close at hand; but as they went and came, far down at his feet, talking, calling to each other, shouting their wares, singing now and then, making a sound of their steps upon the pavement, and a movement of their breathing in the air, he was transported with the hum, and felt that he loved them. This always gave him inspiration, this and the glimmer of the river and of the distant villages scattered over the plain, throwing up here and there a dim point of a spire among the trees. When Purcell left him, he put aside the bit of music-paper on which he had been jotting down his chords. He raised his eyes to the profound, unfathomable blue above, and swung back upon his chair. He was half giddy with the sense of circling depths of infinity above him, though himself raised so high. The signor was not without a feeling that he was raised very high, not only in locality, but in soul; yet there was a heaven above which made his head giddy when he looked up — a heaven full of stars, from Palestrina to Mendelssohn, all shining over him, serene, unapproachable, not even holding out any encouragement to him, passive and splendid as the other stars which hid themselves in that still, luminous blue. Would any one ever look up at that sky and recall his name as also among the ranks of the unapproachable? The signor turned his eyes from it with a sigh as he heard some one enter the room, and came down to earth, letting his chair drop upon its four legs, and his mind return to the present. He watched through the open window the advent of old Pickering carrying the lamp. The old man put it down on the table, and lighted some candles on the mantelpiece in front of the dim mirror, which gave them back with a blurred, enlarged reflection. His master sat outside and watched him pottering about the room, setting the chairs against the wall, and vainly attempting to make everything "straight." It was a standing grievance to old Pick that he was not allowed to close the window and draw the curtains as it was right to do. The signor outside sat and watched him with a gentle amusement. He liked to feel the oddness and superiority of his own tastes, thrown into evidence by the mighty anxiety of old Pick to shut the window. A smile came over his face. To ordinary mortals, in ordinary houses, it was not necessary to seek inspiration from the skies and the wide world of evening air. As Pick approached the window, with his usual look of wistful anxiety to be allowed to do what was right, and tacit disapproval of lawless habits, the signor stepped through smiling. "I think you will shut me out some night, Pick," he said, "and then you will have my blood on your soul — for what could I do upon the terrace? I should fall asleep and tumble over, and be picked up in little pieces at the foot of the hill."

"Ah! I don't feel no fear of that, sir,"

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said Pickering, shaking his head; "you've got too good a voice for that, sir. I don't make no doubt that you could hold an A sharp till you frighted the whole Abbey. And besides I always looks out; I've got the habit in this house. Even the girl, she'll go and stand at the window, as if the view was any matter to her. It's a thing as carries one away. But I don't hold with leaving all open when the lights are lighted. Bless you, the top windows in the street with a spyglass, or even with good eyes like what I had when I was young, they could see in."

"Much good it would do them," said the signor, sitting down before his piano. And indeed it is quite true that as he sat close to the window, relieved against the light of the lamp within, there were eyes at the top windows opposite which could catch with difficulty the outlines of the signor's pale profile and black moustache. Some of the young ladies in the shops would climb up occasionally and show that exciting prospect to a friend. But it was an amusement which palled after the first moment, and certainly did no harm to the signor.

"Maybe not much good, sir," said old Pick, who always would have the last word; "but it might do harm. You never can tell what folks will say. The less they know the more they'll talk; and that's true all the world over; though I will say for the Abbey as it's as bad or worse than most other places."

"Why should it be worse, Pick?"

"I don't know, sir — unless it's the clergy and the chevaliers. You see, when gentlemen has little or nothing to do, they're brought down to the level of the women, so far as that goes — and as gentlemen always does things more thorough than the women when they're started, the consequence nat'rally is — leastways that's my notion of it," said Pick; "the women haven't the strength to start a real talking as does harm. They tries hard — as hard as they knows how — but bless you, in that as in most things, they wants a man to show 'em the way."

"That is a new view, Pick. I thought if there was one thing in which the ladies had the advantage of us —— "

"There ain't one thing, sir, not one. For my part, I can tell in a minute a story as will hang together, a real crusher, one as will drive folks distracted and ruin a family. You'll never get that out of a woman's tongue. Nay, nay, they hasn't the force for it; they're poor creatures at the best; they can make a person uncomfortable, but they can't do no more. And when I say the Abbey's as bad or maybe worse, I mean that the gentlemen has little to do, and they has to amuse themselves the same as the women. That's what I mean to say."

The signor gave a half attention to Pick's long speech while he sat at his piano. All the time he was running over his new composition with one hand, correcting a note here and there, changing a harmony. "'Twas in the time of roses — the time of roses," he hummed softly under his breath. But the smile on his lip was for Pick, and he gave him a negligent half attention, amused by his chatter, and by the peculiar views he held forth. He looked up at him as Pick stopped, singing with a little flourish in the accompaniment, which meant satisfaction in having at last got the phrase to his mind — "'Twas in the time of roses — the time of roses —— " Old Pick was not surprised by the utterance of a sentiment so foreign to his subject. He knew his master's ways, and he took a certain interest in his master's productions, such as old servants often benevolently accord to the doings of their "family." He could not tell what folks saw in them — still, as the signor's productions, he looked upon them with kindly toleration all the same.

"You may say, sir," he cried, "'the time o' roses' — that's just the very thing; for, I daresay, but for that rose in his button-hole, and the jaunty looks of him, a young girl wouldn't have seen nothing in him. But I don't know neither — women is the queerest things on the face of this whole earth. Flatter them, or make them think they're bettering themselves, and there's nothing they won't do."

"Who is it that wears flowers in his button-hole?" said the signor. He wore them himself, and he was curious and slightly excited, wondering if any gossip could by any chance have got up about himself. The idea of such a thing kindled him into interest; his right hand dropped off from the piano, though with the other hand he kept softly sounding notes in the bass, and he turned towards his old servant with a look of animation altogether new. What interest is there like that with which one anticipates hearing something about one's self?

But at this moment Purcell's steps were heard coming quickly along the passage, and he came in with his head erect, and his eyes gleaming, and pushed old Pick out of his way. "That will do, Pick," he said, with a glimmer of impatience, "that

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will do! I will set things right for the master, myself."

"What is the matter, boy?"

"Matter or no matter, if you think I'll leave it to the first that comes to look after my master," said old Pick, standing his ground. He would not yield; he was very friendly in general to Mr. John, and ready to do what he ordered, but there are limits to everything. He stood his ground steadily, arranging and rearranging the papers on the table, while young Purcell went forward to the signor. The young fellow put himself behind the musician, between him and the window, and stooped to whisper in his ear. His glowing eyes, his eager aspect, made a great impression on the signor, who was very impressionable. He was possessed by some new thought. "Master," he said breathless, "I have a hundred things to say to you. I have heard something new. I want your advice, I want your help." He was breathless, as if he had been running a race, though all he had really done had been to come along a few yards of passage. The signor was easily moved by the sight of emotion, and he was fond of his *protégé*. "Go, Pick," he said immediately, "and bring us some tea."

"Tea, sir!" said the old man in consternation. "You never takes it. If it's but to get rid of old Pick, I'll go. I'll go, never fear but I'll go."

"I want some tea," said the signor authoritatively; "foolish old man, would you spoil my new song for want of a cup of tea? Go to Mrs. Purcell, and tell her, with my compliments, I want some of her special brew — the very best, as she used to make it for me when I had headaches. Quick, my head threatens to ache now. Well! what is it, boy? Has the queen sent for you to be the head of her orchestra, or is the dean coming to pay us a visit. It must be something very important to judge by your face."

"Oh, sir," cried young Purcell, "what a heart you have! making up a headache and a whole story to save old Pick's feelings! and me that am really no better than he is, pushing him out of the way."

"Nobody is any better than any other," said the signor in his measured tones. "I have tried to teach you so all your life. But I will allow that some are worse than others," he added, with a smile. His disciple was too much occupied, however, with the urgency of his own case to notice what he said.

"Master," said the young man, "I have hurried back to tell you I have changed my mind; I will take the organ at Sturminster after all."

An almost imperceptible change came over the signor's face; that slight stiffening of the muscles of the mouth — continuance of the easy and genial smile of real satisfaction into the forced and uncomfortable one of pretended equanimity — which is the sign above all others of disappointment and displeasure, became visible in his face. "Well —" he said slowly, "why not — if you think it will be more to your advantage? After all, that is the grand test."

"It is not that," said young Purcell, shrinking a little; "you can't think that I would leave you only for my advantage. No, master, it is not that. You must hear it all before you judge."

"Certainly," said the signor. He kept that same smile rigid upon his face. "And in the mean time here is old Pick with the tea," he added, "and we must drink it for the sake of his feelings. What, Pick, is it made already? I don't think your mother can be so careful as usual, boy, about her brew."

"I don't put no faith in tea that stands long to draw, sir," said Pick. "I like it myself with all the scent in it. Water as boils hard, and not a minute lost. That's my maxim. It's fresh made with plenty of tea in, and I'll warrant it good. Smell that," he said, taking off the lid of the teapot. The signor listened to him quietly, taking no notice of Purcell's impatience. He smiled on the old man and let him talk. He was wounded and offended by his pupil's sudden change after the decision of an hour ago; and though he had a great desire to hear what reason could be given for this difference of feeling, his annoyance and disgust at the change found expression in this apparent carelessness of it. He kept Pick talking with secret malice, while Purcell fretted. The young fellow did not know how to contain himself. He collected the music-books that were on the piano, and put them back on the shelves. Then he took them down again; he shifted the candles; he roamed from corner to corner, moving the chairs about, throwing into disorder the things on the table. Now and then he cast a piteous look at his master; but the signor sat in serene malice sounding the bass notes in his accompaniment, putting artful questions to old Pickering, and leading him on to talk. It was the old man himself at length who brought the suspense to an end by recollecting something it was necessary for him to do. "They'd have

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kep' me there all night," he said to Mrs. Purcell, with pretended impatience, as he got back to the housekeeper's room. "Dear!" said Mrs. Purcell, astonished; she could not understand how the signor could waste time talking to old Pick at a moment so momentous for her John.

When old Pickering was gone the signor still said nothing. He turned to the piano and began to play; he was like a woman offended, who will not approach the subject on which she is dying to be informed. At last Purcell, approaching humbly with wistful eyes, ventured to put one hand lightly upon his arm.

"Master," said the young man, "let me speak to you. I cannot do anything till I have spoken to you."

"To me, boy? Speak then as much as you please," said the signor, nodding at him with an air of ingenuous wonder while he rung out the end of the melody. "'Twas in the time of roses," he sang; then swinging himself round on his stool, "You want to speak to me? Why didn't you say so sooner? Speak then, I am all attention," he said.

Then Purcell began, once more breathless with agitation and excitement: "I think there seems a chance for me, sir," he said; "my mother has just been telling me. It is such a chance as never may happen again. You know I love St. Michael's better than anything in the world — except one thing. Master, *she* is in trouble; her home is about to be made impossible to her; now or never; if I had a home to offer her, she might accept it. This is why I said I would take Sturminster. St. Ermengilde is more to my mind, a thousand times more to my mind; and to be near you, to have the benefit of your advice, that would be everything to me. But, dear master," said the young man, "must I not think of her first? and here is a chance for me, perhaps the only chance I may have in my life."

"Has anything happened to Miss Despard?" said the signor in great surprise. He recognized the justice of the plea, and he listened with great interest and sympathy, and a curious feeling which was neither sympathy nor interest. Lottie was to the signor a mysterious creature, exciting an altogether different kind of feeling from that which he felt for his pupil. He was almost sentimentally attached to his pupil, and entered into the history and prospects of his love with an enthusiasm quite unlike that with which a mature Englishman generally interests himself in anybody's love-affairs. But along with this sentiment there existed another almost directly opposite to it, an interest in Lottie as a being of a totally different class from Purcell, of whom it would be profoundly curious to know the history, and the means by which she might perhaps be brought to look favorably on — nay, to marry — Purcell; which seemed to the signor quite "on the cards." How she might be brought to this, in what way she would reconcile herself to be Purcell's wife; how she would bow a spirit, evidently so proud, to the young musician's origin and to his ways of talking, which, though refined enough, were still at the bottom those of a man whose mother was "in service:" all this was deeply captivating as a matter of study to the signor; he got, or expected to get, a great deal of amusement out of it, expecting that Lottie's struggles in fitting herself for the position would be wonderful enough, so that his interest cannot be called entirely benevolent. But between this keen and half-malign interest and the sentimental interest he took in Purcell's "happiness," it may be imagined that the crisis was nearly as exciting to him as it was to Purcell himself. He listened to the story with the warmest interest, and agreed that there was nothing for it but to accept Sturminster. "But you must not lose a day," he said; "you must secure the lady at once, there is not a moment to lose."

"Secure?" Purcell said, growing red and growing white; "then you think there is a hope, a — likelihood ——"

"Think? I think there is an almost certainty!" cried the signor. He became quite excited himself for the sake of his pupil and for his own sake, for the keen intellectual interest he felt in this curious problem as to what Lottie would do. "You must go to-morrow," he cried, with all the eagerness of a personal interest; "you must not lose a single day."

CHAPTER XVIII.

YOUNG PURCELL.

NEXT morning found young Purcell in a state of excitement and nervous agitation still greater than that of the previous night. He had not slept during the natural time for sleep, and in consequence, according to the fashion of youth unaccustomed to watching, had fallen very fast and heavily asleep out of sheer fatigue in the morning, waking only with an indescribable sense of guilt to hear the bells ringing for the morning service in the Abbey. Such a thing had never happened

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to him before, and his shame and sense of wrong-doing were more than reason. He jumped up in dismay, but even the most hurried toilette could not get him in time; and his mother appeared at his door when he prepared to rush out half-dressed, preventing his exit. "You wouldn't go out without your breakfast?" she cried with horror. The virtuous and carefully regulated life of the chorister and musical student trained under the signor's eye and his mother's constant care had made a late morning and an omitted breakfast seem like something criminal. Besides, the sense of the crisis had got into the air. The signor had left an anxious message, begging his *protégé* not to hurry himself, to take his time, and to keep up his courage. His mother kissed him wistfully, and served him with a noble breakfast as if he wanted strengthening in the most material way for the important piece of work before him. Even old Pick looked at him with respectful curiosity as at a man on the edge of a very serious step indeed, a curiosity mingled with awe and a little grim humor and admiration. The boy was going to do what Pick had never had the courage to do; and though the old man thought the young one a fool, and hugged himself on his superior wisdom, yet it cannot be denied that he looked with a certain respect on the bold youth who was about to make such a venture. He put his breakfast on the table, not grudging the trouble, though the signor's breakfast had long been over, and he shook his head behind Mr. John's chair. "Take a good breakfast, it will do you a deal of good," he said, as he left the hero of the occasion. Purcell, though his mother was only the housekeeper, was the son of the house; he took his meals with the master, though it was his mother who prepared their dishes in the kitchen. It was a false position, perhaps, but he had not yet found any trouble in it. He had been a little curly-headed boy in the choir when Mrs. Purcell came first to take charge of the signor's house; she had been the sole servant then, and had scrubbed and brushed and cooked, diligently keeping everything in order. Old Pickering had gone through the same sort of training which had made John Purcell a gentleman. He, too, had been a chorister, and had progressed into a lay-clerk, with possibilities of rising to something better. But Pick was one of the unsuccessful ones; his voice failed him, his science never had been great, and a little after Mrs. Purcell's advent he had come to the signor also to be provided for. The organist had a large heart and a somewhat indolent temper; the easiest way to provide for the old singing-man was to take him into his own household, and this was what had been done. As for Pick, he had settled very easily into his new place, having been the son of the master of a little tavern; and though it cost him an effort to acknowledge the little soprano, whose surplice he had put on so often, in the light of a young master, yet the effort was made. Pick was conscientious, he did not do anything by halves; and the first time that the signor's pupil was permitted to play the voluntary in the Abbey, the old man made his fellow-servants jump, and gave the youth a shock of mingled alarm and pleasure, by suddenly addressing him as Mr. John. Nobody had expected such a heroic act of submission, but Pick knew his place and all that was suitable in the circumstances. "Him as the signor puts in his own place has a right to be respected," he said; and he never wavered in that noble self-abnegation, nor let any one suppose that it was painful to him. All this had happened long before the period of which we are writing; but what sensation, what emotion, it had caused at the time! Pick stood now, pausing behind the young musician's chair, and lifted up his hands and shook his head. To think this boy, whom he had, so to speak, brought up, should show so much courage! Pick himself had never made such a venture, nor even the signor, who was the master of both, and yet this boy was going to do it. The old man shook his head, not knowing what might come of it; but in his heart he felt a respect reaching to admiration for the courage which was so much beyond anything he had ever known.

Courage, however, was the last quality in which, on this particular morning, young Purcell could be said to excel. To devote your life in secret to a beloved object, to dream of her night and day; to make impassioned resolutions, and determine to win glory and wealth for her, is not so hard for a fanciful youth; but to go into her presence, look into the face that dazzles you, confront the goddess of your distant worship, and without any preliminaries to lead up to this great step, and prepare her for it, quite off-hand and impromptu ask her to marry you! This is a very different matter. The young man sat alone and tried to eat his breakfast, trembling to think of what was before him. The circumstances were such as to add tenfold to the natural tremors of such a crisis. She was a lady, and far above him

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— not rich indeed, nor occupying any very exalted position in reality, though her dignity was very imposing to the young man, who had always recognized this grace of what seemed to him rank, as one of her particular charms. Purcell was painfully aware that he himself had no right to the name of gentleman. Many a less worthy claimant has borne it, with no thought that it was inappropriate, and Purcell had anxiously and painfully endeavored to acquire all its outside appearances. He knew as well as any how to behave himself in society, and passed muster very well among other young men. He was a little over-anxious, perhaps, a little too fine in his language, too deferential and polite, not sufficiently at his ease, to get much enjoyment out of his social experiences; but this was a fault on the right side. Notwithstanding his modest sense of his own "merits" Purcell could not persuade himself that he was Lottie's equal. He knew he was not her equal. She had been as a star to him, far away and out of reach — and though in the fervor of imaginative passion the hope of winning her had seemed like heaven, yet the actual enterprise of wooing her, when brought thus close, seemed very appalling indeed — a quest more dangerous and alarming than ever knight-errant set forth upon. His knees knocked together, great beads of moisture came upon his forehead — how was he to do it? how was he to present himself, to explain the hopes which, looked at thus in cold blood, appeared even to himself impossible, not to say presumptuous in the highest degree? How was he ever, he asked himself, to make her aware what he meant? She would not understand him. She would think he meant something else, anything else rather than that he, a poor musician, the son of the signor's housekeeper, wanted to MARRY her, the daughter of a gentleman. It would be impossible to make her understand him. This seemed the first difficulty of all, and it was an appalling one. She would not even know what he meant. In this respect indeed Purcell was mistaken, for Lottie already knew well enough what were the hopes in his heart — resenting them highly as one of the wrongs of fate against her; but this he had no way of knowing. If he could but have got any one to smooth the way for him, to tell what it was he wanted to say, to set him a-going, he thought he could find eloquence enough to carry him on — but how could he make that *premier pas?* Thus, while the household was all expectant, excited by what was coming, Purcell sat over his breakfast and trembled, too frightened to move or think, though with a consciousness that this desperate step must be taken. The signor in the Abbey, rolling forth melodious thunders out of the organ, kept thinking of him with a smile, and a half sigh. Like Pick, he had a certain admiration for the valor of the boy thus pushing forward before himself into the mysteries of life; but the signor's thoughts were more tender and less cynical than those of his servant. He could not help wondering how it was that in his own person he had let all such chances slip. How was it? As he followed his pupil in imagination to the feet of his love, that young creature seemed very fair, very much to be desired. No doubt, to have such a one by your side, sharing your life with you, would make existence bear a very different appearance. Why was it he had never done what Purcell was going to do? This question seemed to flow into the music he was playing, and to go circling round and round the Abbey in the morning sunshine. Why? Life was endurable enough, a calm sort of routine, with now and then a pleasurable sensation in it, but nothing more; and no doubt it might have been made more of. The signor could not answer his own question. He did not want to make himself the rival of his own pupil, or to do anything similar to what young Purcell was doing. He had no wish to make any violent change in life, which was well enough as it was. But only it was odd that a simple fellow like John Purcell should thus boldly have pushed before him into a complete existence — very odd; the boy was bold. Whether he succeeded or not, his very agitation and ardor had in them a higher touch of emotion than any that had been in the life of his master. He laughed within himself at the boy's temerity — but the laugh was mingled with a sigh.

And Mrs. Purcell, for her part, was in high excitement, longing for her boy to be gone on his errand, longing for him to be back again. That her John should marry a lady was the climax of grandeur and happiness. To be sure, it ought to have been a rich lady or great lady. He deserved a princess, his mother felt. Still, as things were, it was a kind of intoxication to think even of the daughter of a chevalier. Why did he linger as if breakfast was worth thinking of? She listened for every sound, for the door shutting, for his step in the hall, and was very cross when Mary Anne made a noise, so that she could not hear what was going on up-stairs. As for

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old Pick, he brushed Mr. John's hat with a grim smile on his face, and hung about the hall to watch him go out.

"The young un's off at last," he said, with a chuckle, marching into the kitchen, when just before the end of the service in the Abbey, when all the air about was ringing with the echo of the amens, Purcell at last screwed his courage to the sticking-point, and went out, to meet his fate.

Poor young fellow, he could not have been more alarmed had he gone to face a lion instead of a lady. The lion would have been nothing. He would have called out for succor, and used whatever weapons he could lay hold of; but nobody could help him with Lottie — no shield would cover him from the lightnings of her eyes. It was all embarrassing, all terrible; even if by any chance things should turn out in his favor, he did not know what he should do. What could he call her? Not Lottie, that was too familiar. Not Miss Despard. All these different and disjointed thoughts seemed to float about his head in the maze of excitement he was in — he was past thinking, but such questions kept floating in and out of his mind. It was the most extraordinary relief when, going to the door of Captain Despard's house, he found that Lottie was out. If she had been there, it seemed to Purcell that he would have run away — but she was not there. He asked when she was expected back and went on, recovering his breath. He could not go home again, where presently the signor would come from the Abbey and question him. The service was not so nearly over as he thought. It was a saint's day, and there was a sermon. The precincts were very still and deserted, for most people were at church. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, sitting at her window, saw the young musician walk across the broad silent sunshine, but he did not see her. He went up the Dean's Walk, hearing his own step echo through the silence, and past the Deanery, and out upon the slopes beyond. It was shady and sweet under the trees, which rose up close against the old wall — and all was very quiet during the time of matins, though the town went on with its usual hum down below at the foot of the hill. Purcell began to recover himself a little and take breath as he came to this shelter and refuge. Many a time had he strayed under these trees, thinking of *her*, wondering if he ever might be able to approach her. It was strange to be here, however, in the morning, the hour of work and engagements, which he never had to himself, and to hear the far-off sound of the organ pealing out after the sermon was over. All the common occupations of life seemed to be suspended for Purcell. He felt as ordinary men feel on an occasional stolen Sunday, when work is suspended, and the duty of church-going put aside. All was so sweet, and serene, and still — no one to disturb his thoughts; the sound of the organ in the distance keeping him aware of the fact that he was singularly, unprecedentedly liberated from his usual occupations, and the tremor of agitation dying away into an excitement which was more bearable, which left room for all the sweeter musings, of which *she* was the centre. He sat down on the root of a tree, and let himself breathe. Then came the first notes of the voluntary, and a distant hum as of the congregation dispersing. The old chevaliers were apt to take their walk here in the morning after matins, and Purcell felt that he had but a moment in which to indulge himself, and that soon he must turn back.

As he sat thus trying to collect himself, a sudden sound close by, the rustle of a dress among the bushes, the soft sound of a footstep, caught his ear. He looked up — and his heart jumped into his throat. There she stood before him, a little basket in her hand. There was a by-way into the town by the slopes. Lottie had been about her marketing. She was in her usual simple morning frock, clean print and nothing more, and though her head was sufficiently full of dreams and her mind of anxieties, she was at present lingering upon neither, but going straight from one place to another, as became the active morning hour and the consciousness of various things to do. When she saw Purcell spring to his feet suddenly in the midst of the path, for the moment Lottie was startled. She made him a little gracious but indifferent sign of recognition, as courtesy required — for ridiculous as were the notions in his head, she could not be rude to him — and was passing on, not wanting any further parley, when she was struck by the agitation in his face. He was staring at her as if she had been a ghost — his mouth was open, his breath coming quick, his color changing. Excitement did not improve his appearance. She had almost laughed, then checked herself remorsefully, and became so much the more sympathetic for her temporary movement of mirth.

"Is there anything the matter?" she said kindly. "I am afraid you are ill.

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Has anything — gone wrong?" She did not know what to say, he looked at her with such solemn eyes.

"Oh, nothing — nothing has gone wrong. I am not ill. Miss Despard — I did not expect to see you here."

"No — but I hope it is not I who have frightened you," said Lottie. "I sometimes go to the bridge road this way."

"You have not frightened me," said Purcell, who found it easier to repeat her words than to say anything original; "but I — did not know you went this way."

It was all that Lottie could do, once more to keep herself from laughing. She gave him a little nod, and was about to pass, saying, "What a lovely morning it is," the stereotyped English remark, when he made a hurried step after her, and, holding up his hands, entreated her, in a piteous voice, to stay a moment. "Miss Despard — what startled me was that I was looking for you. Oh, stay a moment, and let me speak to you," he said.

Lottie stood still, arrested in her progress, throwing a wondering look upon him. What could he want with her? Her first glance was simple surprise, her second — was it possible he could mean *that?* — could he be bold enough, rash enough? Next moment she blushed for her own folly. To be afraid of young Purcell! That was foolishness indeed. She stood still, one foot put out to go on, her basket in her hand.

"Please say what it is, Mr. Purcell. I have got something to do. I ought to be at home."

The morning is not the moment for a love tale. How much more congenial would have been the evening, the twilight, the subdued poetic hour, after the sun has disappeared, that great busybody who shows every imperfection, and is himself so perpetually moving on! Something to do was in every line of Lottie's energetic figure. She had no time for lingering, nor wish to linger. "Please say what it is." Only business should be treated in this summary way, not love.

"Miss Despard," said the young musician, whose limbs were trembling under him, "I wanted to say a great deal to you; it is very important — for me. Things are going well with me," he added, with desperation, after a momentary pause. "I have been appointed to a church — a fine church — with a good instrument. They are to give me a good salary, and they say I can have as much teaching as I like. I shall be very well off."

"I am glad to hear you are so fortunate," said Lottie. Her eyes were full of surprise, and for a moment there was a gleam of amusement in them. That he should waylay her to tell her this, seemed a curious piece of ostentation or folly. "I am very glad," she repeated; "but you must forgive me if I have to hasten home, for I have a great many things to do."

"One moment," he said, putting out his hand as if to stop her. "That was not all. The signor thinks — you know the signor, Miss Despard, there is not a better musician in the country — he thinks I will make progress. He thinks I may rise — as high as any one can rise in our profession. He tells me I may be a rich man yet before I die."

"Indeed, I hope all he says will come true," said Lottie; "but why you should take the trouble to tell me ——"

Then suddenly she caught his eye, and stopped short, and blushed an angry red. She saw what was coming in a moment, which did not, however, prevent her from drawing herself up with a great deal of dignity, and adding, "I don't know what you mean."

"Miss Despard," he said with a gasp, "there is no comparison between me and you. But you are not so well off — not happy. They say — you know how people will talk — that there is something going to happen that will make you very uncomfortable."

"Stop," she said, with an involuntary cry, half of anger, half of amazement. Then she laughed. "Do you want me to acknowledge that you are much better off than I am?" she said; "but there is no need to compare you with me."

"It could not be done, Miss Lottie. I know it could not be done. You are a lady, and far above me. I know I am not your equal — in some things."

Lottie began to be too angry to laugh, but yet she was provoked to ridicule, which is the keenest of weapons. She made him a little mocking curtsy. "It is very kind of you to say so, I am sure, for we are quite poor people, Mr. Purcell; not fortunate, and getting on in the world like you."

"No, Miss Despard," he said simply, "that was just what I wanted to say. If you had been as well off as I could wish, I should not have ventured to say anything. I have always loved you, and thought of you above all the world. Since you first came to St. Michael's, I have never thought of any one but you. It has been my hope that some time or other I might be able to — but it was only just

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yesterday that I heard something that made me settle two things —— "

She did not speak, being indeed too angry and annoyed for speech; but she felt a kind of contemptuous, wrathful interest in what he was saying, and curiosity to know what it was that had induced him to make this venture; and, accordingly, gave him a glance, in which there was an impatient question. Purcell was not too discriminating. He felt encouraged by being listened to, from whatsoever motive.

"Two things," he said, with stolid steadiness. "One, to take Sturminster. I had settled before I would not take it, but St. Ermengilde. But when I heard *that*, I changed my mind, though it did not please the signor. Sturminster will make me independent; it will give me a home. And then I settled to tell you, Miss Lottie; if you are uncomfortable at home, if you don't like things that may be going to happen, to tell you that there's another home ready for you, if you will have it; a home that may be made very comfortable; a place of your own, to do what you like with, that will be waiting for you, whenever you please, at a moment's notice, the sooner the better. If you would say yes, I would go directly, I would go to-morrow and prepare — and nobody would be able to give you trouble or make you uncomfortable. Only say the word, and there is nothing, nothing I would not do —— "

Lottie stood and gazed at him, wondering, bitterly ashamed and humiliated, and yet not without a sense that so much simple devotion was worth more than to be crushed or scorned or flung from her, as she wished to fling it. She restrained herself with an effort. "What do you mean?" she said. "Is it possible that you are asking me to *marry* you, Mr. Purcell? That cannot be what you mean."

"What else could it be?" he said, turning on her a look of genuine surprise.

His cheeks grew crimson, and so did hers. A cry of anger and shame and confusion came from her breast. She stamped her foot impatiently on the ground. "You would never, never have ventured to ask me, never, if I had not been helpless and friendless and poor!"

"No," he said again, with a simplicity in which she could not help feeling a certain nobleness. "I would not have ventured, for I am not what you call a gentleman; but when I heard you were in trouble, I could not keep silent. I thought to myself, Miss Lottie shall not be unhappy because of having no home to go to."

"Oh!" said Lottie, putting out her hand to stop him. She could not bear any more. Her heart was sick with the mortification of such a suit. She could have crushed and trampled upon her humble lover, in rage and shame, and yet she could not but see the generosity and truth in his heart. If he had been less worthy, it would have been less hard upon her. "It is not a thing that can be," she cried hastily. "Oh, don't say another word. I know you are kind, but it is not a thing that can be —— "

"Not now?" he said, looking at her wistfully; "well, but perhaps another time? perhaps when you need it more — I am not in any hurry. Perhaps I am young to marry; the signor thinks so. But another time, Miss Lottie. Whenever you want me, you have but to say the word."

"Oh, don't think of it. I will never, never say the word. Forget it altogether, Mr. Purcell. I am very, very much obliged to you; but indeed it can never be."

The young man's countenance fell. Then he recovered himself. "I can't think you are taking everything into consideration. We could have a nice home, plenty of everything, and I should never spare trouble to see that you had all you were used to."

"Oh, go away, go away," she cried.

And as they stood there, some one else, his shadow slowly moving before him, came round the corner of the pathway, among the chestnut-trees; and Purcell felt that his opportunity was over. He was not sorry for it. He had done what was set before him; and if he had not succeeded, he was not discouraged. There was still hope for another time.

From Fraser's Magazine.

LOUIS BORNE.

THE claim which Louis Börne has upon our interest is that of a bold man who dared to tell unpalatable truths, political and social, to the German nation, and reaped his reward on the one hand in misconception and abuse, on the other in the honor of a patriot and the fame of a brilliant political writer.

Upon a tall narrow house in the Judengasse at Frankfort may still be read an inscription bearing the dates of his comparatively brief career — 1786 to 1837. At the former date the house was occupied by a wealthy Jewish family named Baruch; their second son was born on May 22, and on his subsequent adoption of Christianity

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he became known as Louis Börne. Those of us who have seen the Judengasse of modern times must in imagination intensify every repellent feature of the place in order to have even an approximate idea of what it then was. Within the prescribed limits of their narrow quarter all Frankfort Jews were forced to live. Thus the houses were built closer and higher until in time light and air were excluded, and every corner from dingy cellar to gabled roof was crowded with human beings. Nothing that imagination might picture of the life behind those grimy walls and impervious windows could exceed the horrors of reality. The history of the men and women who swarmed in and out of the dark doorways was written in their crouching attitude, their stealthy tread, their fierce hopelessness or dull dejection of countenance; it was not only their own history, but that of generations of wronged and persecuted ancestors. In Frankfort hatred of the Jews had been from time immemorial a mark of orthodox Christianity, a municipal duty, a fashionable custom. Bettine, in her "Correspondence," tells us she was trained in *Judenhass*. The wealthier Jewish merchants, Baruch among the number, were able to vary their lives somewhat by the frequent journeys which their business necessitated. Either in Berlin or Vienna they found their kinsmen occupying a social position such as no wealth or learning could make possible under the tyranny of the Frankfort Senate. Even in Heine's "*verdammtes Hamburg*" the possibilities of emancipation were much greater.

Louis Börne and his two brothers were educated by a young tutor who resided in the house, and who was engaged upon the understanding that the instruction of the boys should be kept rigidly within the limits of orthodox Jewish regulations. The young man, Sachs by name, was well educated, and had breathed the freer intellectual air of Berlin. He found his conscience often sorely tried by the persistent questions of his pupil Louis; there was so much that he longed to explain and impart to the restless-minded boy, but for the embargo laid upon him. Sachs found Louis at twelve years old smaller and less vigorous than his brothers, reserved and quiet in manner, and the impression of extreme shyness was increased by a spot on one of his full bright eyes, which added uncertainty to their rapid glance. Beneath the outward indifference to all household and family interests Sachs perceived that the boy's brain was constantly at work, and he felt disposed to echo the grandfather's prophecy, "That lad will be a great man some day." As the least demonstrative among the boys Louis appears to have been made somewhat of a family scapegoat, particularly by the tyrant of the house, an old female servant. Louis found sarcasm the most effective method of dealing with her. Provoked by some ceremonial neglect on his part, she said one day to him, "If you were a rabbi you would have the whole congregation baptized." "In that case," replied the boy, "I should be the only Jew left, and should ruin the business of your two sons." Another time she told him plainly "he certainly must go to hell." To which he answered, "Indeed, I hope not, for then I should have no respite from you, even in eternity."

The patriarchal customs of the house and the frequent absences of Herr Baruch prevented any interchange of sympathy between father and son. The mother seems to have been only a cipher in the family, and to have influenced but little the childhood of Louis. It was the tutor who took the boys to the synagogue morning and evening, who explained to them the Jewish prayer-books (according to Friedländer), making them commit to memory the important passages; who taught them Hebrew, and endeavored to clear a pathway for them in the wilderness of Talmudic learning and ceremonial lore. It was only to the tutor that Louis dared to utter angry protests and indignant questions about the maze of contradictions by which he found himself every day surrounded. The gates of the Jewish quarter were locked on Sunday at four o'clock and no one permitted to go out, unless to a doctor, or for the purpose, then rarer than we can imagine, of posting a letter. As Louis passed the watch one day he said fiercely to Sachs, "I only don't go out at that gate because the man is stronger than I am." The Jews were forbidden to use the pavements, such as they were, in those days. Louis and his tutor were one day walking after heavy rain; the road was almost impassable in its depth of mud. "Let us cross to the pavement," said Louis. "You forget the prohibition," said the tutor. The boy's reply, "No one will see us," gave occasion for a lecture on the sanctity of law. "It is a stupid law," interrupted Louis,—"suppose it entered the burgomaster's head to forbid us to light a fire, we should all have to be frozen to death." With such restrictions on every hand it was no wonder that Louis under-

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stood all Christians to be his natural enemies. Upon this assumption he would give coins to Christian beggars instead of Jewish ones, until Sachs, with fine conscientiousness, explained that, despite appearances, the fact from which he reasoned was not true. And the lesson was not lost; it gave the boy a principle which helped him to combat his natural feeling of resentment, and enabled him, in later life, to judge the position of the Jews as a reasonable man, not wholly as an injured adversary. At thirteen two great problems suggested by the execution of Louis XVI. occupied his boyish brain. How could any man be so virtuous and so unfortunate? How could the grand idea of freedom be so abused by an entire nation? Louis Börne lived through a second revolution in Paris, and yet the problems were not solved!

Notwithstanding the circumscribed education which Herr Baruch's orthodoxy permitted, the fitness of Louis for a studious profession could not be overlooked. To a Jew that of medicine alone was open. At Giessen, in the house of Professor Hetzel, Louis remained for nearly three years, nominally studying preparatory subjects. He also read much of Jean Paul and of Lafontaine, and enjoyed the little society the place afforded.

In 1802 Louis Börne was removed from Giessen to Berlin. Although the university was not yet established there, medical schools existed, and the Prussian capital had already become the centre of scientific research. Chief among its men of note was the Jewish physician Dr. Marcus Herz, who had the best medical practice in Berlin, who pursued eagerly every new development of science, and who, by his lectures, attracted learned listeners from far and near, and established his fame throughout Germany. Baruch had heard of him in Frankfort, and greatly desired for his son the benefit of his experience and guidance; he therefore wrote, making to Marcus Herz a liberal proposal, and secured for Börne, in addition to the direction of his medical studies, the advantage of residence in the physician's house. The care of his patients and his private scientific work left Marcus Herz but little time for recreation, and the only kind for which he seemed to care was that provided for him in the social intercourse of his wife's well-frequented drawing-room. Now in the full prime of womanhood, Henriette Herz was equally celebrated for her beauty, her accomplishments, and her goodness of heart. A perfect mistress of all social art, gifted with tact, tenderness, and cheerful gaiety, she had for years past gathered round her the most interesting residents and visitors Berlin could boast. Upon certain evenings all such guests were welcomed as had already received a general invitation or been preceded by due introduction. Upon these occasions Börne would establish himself in a remote corner of the room with an air of perfect indifference toward the lively scene before him. Guests and friends would commiserate Henriette Herz upon the uninteresting character of her *protégé;* but they did not hear the sarcastic comments, the exhaustive questions which he would shoot out at long intervals during his daily association with his hostess, and which revealed to her that Börne's apathetic manner concealed in him much that was not commonplace. The new life, startling and stimulating as it was, furnished Börne with abundant food for thought. In the drawing-room of this Jewish household he saw the *élite* of the Christian world mingling with the despised Israelites, who in Frankfort would not have been allowed to tread the same pavement. He saw the families of Friedländer, Moses Mendelssohn, Itzig, Levy, Meyer, Levin, Jews who believed in their race if not in their religion, exchanging social amenities with Count Alexander Dohna, Count Bernstorff, Baron Brinckmann, Carl Laroche, W. and A. von Humboldt, Frau von Berg (a court lady), Elise von der Recke, with the publishers Reimar and Unger, their wives and many other ladies. Some intimate and distinguished members of this circle had lately left Berlin; among them Schleiermacher, who was just settled as professor in Halle; Tieck, who was in Jena or Dresden; Gentz also had lately transferred his services to Vienna, and F. Schlegel had joined the literary band at Jena. Börne would observe the same mixture of race and class in the audiences who attended, probably from very different reasons, the scientific lectures of Marcus Herz. Scholars of unmistakable citizen extraction sat beside fine ladies and gentlemen from the court. Henriette Herz frequently on these occasions acted as assistant to her husband in his experiments, and one day charmed memorably a little prince of five years old by a brilliant explosion.*

* Afterwards Frederick William IV. When Alexander von Humboldt appealed to the king in 1845 on behalf of Henriette Herz, he himself recalled the incident with genial good humor, and ordered for her a pension of five hundred thalers a year, and a present of fifty louis d'or.

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Societies for dramatic reading or literary discussion were much the fashion in Berlin at this date, and Henriette Herz appears to have been a member of three at least. Börne would probably be admitted to one of these, which had a varied existence of many years under the name of the Wednesday Society. It was usually held at the house of Engel, the writer and critic, and included Schadow the sculptor, Reichard the musician, Delbrück, tutor to the royal princes; Ramler, Hirt, Philip Moritz, and other literary men; Fischer the naturalist, who read treatises and performed experiments; Fleck the great actor, who looked like a king even without a sword and mantle, who seemed always a hero whether annihilating a villain on the stage or accepting a cup of coffee in private life, but who read aloud worse than any other member of the party. The names of the ladies have not all been preserved, but among them would be Elise von der Recke, Dorothea Veit, and Marianne Meyer, afterwards Frau von Eybenberg, and her sister, who became Frau von Grotthuis. The critical discussion and the fugitive remarks which reached the ears of Börne would all bear more or less upon the vexed question of the day in Berlin: the comparative merits of the old poetry and of the new criticism. Börne had heard only rumors of the new lights Goethe and Schiller, and about the young upstarts of the romantic school he knew nothing. The paper warfare was raging fiercely in Berlin. Nicolai, the mouthpiece of the Philistinism of the day, uttered his opinion that it was quite easy to write as Goethe and as Schiller did. The time-honored critical canons by which he and others regulated their material and their style were despised by these new poets, who went on writing whatever happened to come into their heads. He could do the same if he chose! Engel also, on the appearance of "Wilhelm Meister," wondered what, after Scarron's novel, there remained to be said about "comedian life." Elise von der Recke discarded her name of Charlotte in wrath at its association with "Werther;" and Klopstock, after reading that work, declined to open any more by the same author. Marcus Herz also stood by the old school of literature, and would admire no writer later than Lessing. The same was true of the cultivated David Friedländer, who one day brought Herz for elucidation an obscure passage in Goethe. "Pray go to my wife," said the physician in reply; "she understands the art of explaining nonsense." Madame Herz took enthusiastically the side of the new school, and not only rivalled her friend, the already famous Rahel, in her admiration for Goethe, but also in her interest for the early writings of the romanticists, Ludwig Tieck and Novalis. Börne must have heard them all freely discussed, and would doubtless hear too how, in Jena, Novalis at twenty-eight had just breathed his last in the arms of F. Schlegel, and had left to Tieck the difficult task of arranging for publication his unfinished romance of "Heinrich von Ofterdingen." Amid these conflicting interests, social and literary, Börne saw Henriette Herz the presiding genius; bright and equable, sympathetic and intelligent, a companionable woman such as no dream, no reality had ever suggested to him. He abandoned even the pretence of medical study, gave himself passively up to all the sunshiny influences about him, and filled his brain, through books and people, with all the historic bearings of a time teeming with that future whose sorrows were to stir his soul, kindle his latent genius, and control his whole career.

In the year 1803 Marcus Herz died after a brief illness. Börne entreated to be allowed to continue in the house. Henriette saw no difficulty in the arrangement, she being thirty-eight and Börne seventeen years old. One day, however, she was alarmed while visiting her mother, by the appearance of one of her servants, who showed to her a note which Börne had entrusted to her to deliver to a certain chemist. It contained money, and an order for arsenic, with the explanation that he was going away for a few days and wished to clear his room of mice during his absence. Henriette Herz sent her sister Brenna to her house to see Börne; she drew from him a passionate confession of his hopeless attachment to Henriette Herz and his indifference to life, but the young girl, who knew him well, thought she had succeeded in bringing him back to a reasonable state of mind. After a short time, however, a second attempt of the same kind convinced Henriette Herz that another home must be found for him. This she arranged with Dr. Reil, a physician and professor at Halle. Before leaving Börne gave to her copies of letters he had written but not delivered to her, and also of a short diary he had kept while under her roof. These were published in 1860, but the greater part of their correspondence was destroyed by Henriette Herz shortly before her death in 1847. It

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is interesting to discover from these fragments how, from the first day, Börne was impressed by the harmony, the dignified repose, the poetic charm which characterized the life and home of Henriette Herz. He puts down with delight simple everyday facts; that Madame Herz does not wear rings or hair-powder; that the cooking is excellent, and the breakfast-rolls of ambrosial consistency unknown before; that he had told Dr. Herz he had never seen any one he admired and liked so much as Madame Herz. Then the *naïve* utterances and witticisms change to more intense expressions of adoration and passionate exclamations of despair, after the old, old fashion. When the time came to leave Berlin the sharpness of the conflict between reason and imagination had subsided, and he could write, "If Madame Herz loved me as I love her, I believe that my love would not altogether cease, but gradually decline; there is, however, no fear of her making an experiment with that kind of cure." And again, "How I wish for Madame Herz that she would marry some man whom she could really love!" This sentence, also written on the day he left Berlin, is very characteristic in its combined pathos and mockery: "How I wished once more to come up to you, once more to look round your room! These flowers come from my heart. They will bloom when the blossoming time of my life is stifled in the reeking vapors of the Halle salt-magazines. Assuredly you will think of me then."

Throughout his four years' residence in Halle, Börne addressed to Madame Herz, as his "Dear mother," calm, thoughtful, egotistical letters, which are an interesting revelation of the youth and his intellectual growth. He learned heartily to esteem Dr. Reil, a man of commanding appearance, with eyes like Frederick the Great's, and who inspired his patients with such confidence that, it was said, "they sometimes lost life but never hope." The sensitiveness of Börne was constantly wounded by the contrast of the prosaic Reil household with that which he had left; the professor's wife seems to have been a connoisseur in the art of making herself disagreeable. In a letter containing a caustic description of his surroundings, Börne remarks: "Time only heals by distraction; what it cannot disturb it can never heal." Then almost in the same sentence: "I am very angry with Brenna that she does not write to me; tell her there is a ropemaker living opposite with whom I have an account." About Halle he writes: "The inexpressible prose of this place is enough to drive one mad; some sarcastic Satan must have created it as a parody upon the seventh day." In graver moods he became Jean Paulish: "The dream is the shadow of our life, as our present existence is the shadow of a life to come. One day, when the sun is right above our heads, all shadows will disappear." Again: "You once wrote to me that you wished a good spirit would overshadow me; it has come, and with a friendly greeting. Ah! if life had but a haven, how sweet the storms would be! But the desired land is always beyond the horizon, and the breakers around shatter our frail lives."

Among those lectures which Börne attended in Halle, were the medical courses of Reil, those on natural science by Steffens, and on ethics by Schleiermacher. His acquaintance with the latter never ripened into friendship. With all his study and culture of individual character, Schleiermacher failed to read Börne, and wrote despairing reports of him to Madame Herz. He saw only those faults which throughout Börne's life lay so plainly upon the surface; his apparent idleness and apathy, his wilfulness, his caprice, and that astounding egotism which was nevertheless compatible with renunciation and self-sacrifice.

When, on October 19, 1806, Napoleon entered Halle and dispersed the university, Börne was among the twelve hundred students whose patriotism had been roused by the indignation of Schleiermacher and the eloquence of Steffens. Even in his later letters, before leaving Halle to live in Frankfort, Börne showed signs of that awakening anger against tyranny and bad government which became the ruling passion of his life. "Those who are better than myself," he writes, "will I gladly serve, but the Philistines of the earth I long to see at my feet." He abandoned the study of medicine for that of jurisprudence, and occupied a small municipal post whilst Frankfort was under French dominion. After the fall of Napoleon and the subsequent removal of the French government, the Frankfort Senate hastened to restore with additional severity all former restrictions against the Jews, and the Jew was therefore deprived of his office. Börne compared these persecutions on the part of the government to an Indian snake-hunt; in which an ox is driven into the jaws of the snake, who swallows it, and again coils himself round in impotent slumber.

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The then popular subject of Freemasonry occupied Börne for a time, and he even delivered lectures in one of their lodges. He wished to enter one which was called the "Socrates Lodge," but was met at the threshold by the question, "Are you a Christian?" To his reply in the negative he added the sarcasm, "that if Socrates stood beside him, he too must answer no, and turn his back upon the lodge." Börne soon found the limitations and petty detail of the brotherhood only irksome, and his interest declined. It was the habit of his mind to judge all things broadly, men in masses, actions in results: to study individual men he held to be "like reading small print."

The guiding events of Börne's history were his renunciation of Judaism, his editorship of a monthly journal, called *Die Wage* (the *Balance*), and his friendship for Madame Wohl. His hereditary connection with Jewish observances and religion had gradually ceased. Under the restrictions against which he daily chafed, he was powerless for political good to Jew or German, and no doubt took this step in 1818 to gain a wider opening for his lifelong crusade against the misgovernment of Europe. It can hardly be said that he accepted a definite creed in place of the system he renounced. Christianity, as the religion of love, had been strangely exemplified to him in the dealings of the Frankfort Senate. Possibly through Schleiermacher and Henriette Herz he had received some truer, nobler ideas, which the experiences of a life of much suffering and disappointment served to develop. That he was in sympathy with those who sought religious light and truth appears in his short philosophical essay, "The Neophytes of Faith and the Apostates of Knowledge;" and in expressions like the following: "What is the use of all these investigations about the practical truths of Christianity? The faith in Christianity is the greatest miracle of all, and there is no possibility of reasoning that away."

It is difficult now to understand the effect produced by the first appearance of Börne's journal, unless we could make ourselves acquainted in detail with the pitiful condition of the periodical press in Germany at the period of reaction after the war of liberation. The first number of it went quickly through two editions. Börne's own writing took mostly the form of dramatic critiques, for which he made daily notes, on the theatrical performances; these notes he carefully studied, polished, and spiced, until his name became a terror to the theatrical world of Frankfort. In reply to the threatening letters which he received, he bought and carried a brace of pocket-pistols. Börne's object, however, lay altogether beyond the critiques themselves; through all ran the political red thread. When he commented upon the voice of a prima donna, the delivery of an actor, or protested against a battle being represented by six men with an accompaniment of tin cans in the distance, or against the inappropriately small supply of fireworks for the closing scene in "Don Giovanni," he had in view some municipal or state regulalations which were a part of the general system of oppressive mismanagement. On sending the first copy of the journal to a friend, an actor named Weidner, he wrote: "The theatrical critiques are not for such as you; they are only baits to entice readers who do not care to read anything else." The diplomatists at Vienna soon observed the cloven hoof: Metternich with anger, Gentz with admiration. The opinion of the latter is quoted by Rahel, in a letter to her friend Auguste Brede: "I have made a new acquaintance, whom I have not yet seen; Doctor Börne, of Frankfort-on-Maine. I commend him to you most strongly. He has a journal, *Die Wage;* you must persuade your friends to take it in, or, what would be better still, get it taken in at the reading-room. It was recommended to me by Gentz with enthusiastic praise as the cleverest, wittiest writing of the day. Speaking of one article only he says, 'No such dramatic criticism has appeared since the days of Lessing.' Naturally, I took Gentz at his word; but the reality far surpassed his praise in its wit and its admirable style. The man must be a very upright man; he is clear-sighted, profound, courageous, genuinely true, not new-fashioned yet quite new, stately withal, and like one of the ancient heroes. In short, my great favorite. If you read his criticism on a piece that you have never seen, he brings the whole before you. Pray get all your friends to take it in; you will laugh yourself well again. I have seen no other writings of his. Gentz is strongly opposed to his political views, but at the same time finds it natural for him to entertain them."

Rahel soon afterwards (in 1819) made the personal acquaintance of Börne. He dined with her and Varnhagen von Ense at the historical White Swan at Frankfort; an inn famous alike for the well-known persons who frequented it, and for the

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unimpeachable character of its sauerkraut. Rahel saw in Börne a small, slightly-built man, with pale complexion, dark hair, and finely-cut, regular features. With her quick perception she noted the intensity of expression in his full brown eyes, and recognized in the delicate outline and play of his mouth, not only the sharp and ready irony, but that peculiar expression of pathos which characterized it and which in grave talk deepened into positive pain. They sympathized heartily as they discussed the humiliating political reaction in Germany, and laid a scheme for starting a Liberal paper in which Varnhagen, Börne, Lindner, and Oelsner were to take the lead. But the publication of the notorious Carlsbad decrees quenched the bright little project.

It was in the winter of 1816–17, when Borne was thirty years of age, that he first met with Madame Wohl. Still quite young, she had just been released from an unhappy marriage through a divorce, which in Germany may be obtained with equal facility by wife or husband. Although not handsome, Madame Wohl charmed by her dignified simplicity of manner, her freedom from all pretence, and by that sense of repose which she imparted, and which pleased Börne better than brilliant endowments; at the same time she was intellectually cultivated and refined. Börne was almost a daily visitor in the family with whom Madame Wohl resided. The acquaintance became a friendship which outward circumstances combined to make intimate and lasting. Ten years later, when Börne saw Henriette Herz in Berlin, she asked, "Why are you and Madame Wohl not married?" Börne repled, "Because she will not trust me." Knowing him so thoroughly as she did, Madame Wohl could have no doubts about his conscientious, upright character; but she would also know the strength of his convictions and the inconsiderate zeal with which he could carry them out, his one-sidedness, his caprices, his delicate health. It is true that his greatest failings lay upon the surface, but the surface of daily life is important. Possibly also Madame Wohl had heard Börne express the dislike he entertained to the idea of marriage, and foresaw that with his variable moods a speedy repentance might follow. In this decision she probably gave evidence of that mature judgment on which, both in literary and other matters, Börne gladly relied to the end of his days. To his correspondence with Madame Wohl the public owe his famous "Letters from Paris," the earlier volumes of which were selected by her for publication.

In 1819 Börne gave up his journal and removed to Paris. The former act is perhaps sufficiently explained in the fact that he appears to have been at once editor, contributor, clerk, and banker. He now entered into an arrangement with Cotta, the publisher at Stuttgart, for an income of six thousand francs to supply him with articles on French affairs. "France," said Börne, "is the dial-plate of Europe; there you see what the time is. In other countries you do not know the hour until you hear the clock strike. It is easier to miss the sound than the sight." Madame Wohl, accompanied by a friend, afterwards Madame Reinganum, also spent this winter in Paris. They occupied rooms near to those of Börne, and supplied to him the sense of domestic repose and the stimulus to intellectual effort of which he stood in need. Börne had no personal ambition; the mainspring of all his writing was benevolence. He saw humanity to be in a bad case, owing certainly in part to its inherent indolence and selfishness, but also to the fact of its being "too much governed" and "too ill-governed." The impulse to arouse the Germans to understand and to amend this condition of affairs by individual effort he followed in his own original way; to this vocation were consecrated his personal influence and his literary genius. When from discouragement at the persistent national apathy his zeal flagged, Madame Wohl would remind him of some unfinished manuscript, some half-developed scheme, and so stimulate him to overcome the temporary depression. To the lack of personal ambition, and to the uncertainty of health and mood, must be attributed the ephemeral and fragmentary form of the work which Börne has left behind. The same instinct of benevolence which dictated the work of his life, also made itself agreeably felt in daily intercourse, and somewhat affected the relations of his expenditure and income. With genial alacrity he would assist a German refugee, or carry to a friend some tasteful Parisian luxury; the birthdays of ladies and children whom he liked were always commemorated by flowers. His own personal tastes were what is called "aristocratic." He choose rooms in an open, airy quarter, and supplied with the then unusual luxury of carpets; birds and growing flowers added brightness to the comfort. He was particular about the fineness of his clothes, his linen, his gloves, and followed with

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curious interest every new fashion in the tie of a cravat. He liked also to be well served, and in the "Letters from Paris" often alludes to the eccentricities of his man Konrad (also a literary character), whose strong personal attachment made his presence essential to Börne's comfort. In the matter of diet he was of necessity careful and abstemious; he took no wine, and only contracted the habit of smoking by medical advice; it gave him relief from pain, and became so inveterate that in every personal description of Börne we find the pipe an accessory. Cotta's six thousand francs were naturally inadequate to these demands. Börne could spend recklessly, though not selfishly, but could never make money. Herr Baruch had long been painfully aware of this fact, and sent remittances, accompanied often by a grudging protest. Twenty thousand guldens had been spent upon the education of a son whose only return was made in malicious writings aganst his father's old patron, Prince Metternich. In 1827, Börne, through the death of Herr Baruch, came into possession of a fixed income. The same winter he took his long desired journey to Berlin in a carriage of his own.

The fame of the first series of the "Letters from Paris" had already reached Berlin. Borne met with cordial welcome at the hospitable house of Rahel and Varnhagen von Ense, who sympathized entirely with his political views. Madame Herz he also met again, and went with her as in the old days to the gatherings of the Wednesday Society, where he was made much of by Ludwig Robert and Willibald Alexis. Both these writers, however, savagely attacked his later writings.

In consequence of a severe illness from which Börne had suffered in 1822, he was obliged every year to visit some German bath. In the eventful summer of 1830 he stayed in a small primitive place near Frankfort called Soden. Börne was trying to forget the outer world, to give himself up to the organization of picnics or the study of the domestic economy of a neighboring farmyard, when news reached him of the July Revolution in Paris. With burning impatience he awaited the slow-travelling intelligence of each day, until at length he started for the scene of action. Upon his way he writes thus to Madame Wohl of the state of Germany: —

When I reached Darmstadt I could not but laugh to remember that a few days before a frightful revolution had taken place there. The streets were as quiet as those of Frankfort are at midnight; the few persons visible walked about like snails. We had heard that the castle was on fire, and a friend of mine climbed a high tower to see the light. All was false. The citizens are discontented, not with the government, but with the Liberals, who decline to pay the grand duke's debts. That is true German grumbling, and is all very well — there is a Rossini melody about it. If you will not believe that I sat for three hours in a theatre yesterday hearing "Minna von Barnhelm" from beginning to end, I will not be angry. Many improbable things are true. I can bear much upon a journey. There were at least fifty soldiers present; about one to every two of the spectators. Far too few in these wild times. Early this morning a squadron rode under my window trumpeting me, and all the children, and grey heads, and invalids, and sweet dreaming maidens out of their slumbers. The same happens every day. These little German princes in their nutshell residences arm themselves all round with prickles like horse-chestnuts. How thankful I am to get out of the country! Adieu, adieu. Write to me on the spot when you hear of any sublime stupidity.

From Paris Börne sent pictures of daily life as he saw it — the surface and what lay beneath it. They are humorous, pathetic, grotesque, tragical, and to be adequately understood must be taken as a whole. In some are delightful suggestions of a genial playfulness: in some the passionate exhortation, the fierce political invective, recall an earlier agitator — Jonathan Swift. Here is one scene in September 1830: —

There has been a commemoration here today of four subalterns, who, in connection with the conspiracy of Berton, fell into the hands of the government, and were murdered as defenceless prisoners on the Place de la Grève eight years ago. They were butchered, but being done with a judicial flourish it was called an execution. In the evening a State concert took place. It makes one wild. Only eight years, and what was then a crime is changed into a virtue. If according to the laws of humanity and of war the vanquished had been kept in prison, the unhappy youths might still have been alive. With what jubilant triumph would their prison have been opened, with what rapture would they again have greeted the light and air of freedom! Kings are hasty because they know there is no eternity for them, and nations slow because they know they live forever. Here is the trouble. Now, as then, when I witnessed the accursed execution, my anger was less against the arrogance of power than against the contemptible cowardice of the people. A few hundred men were there to carry out the official murder. These were shut in by thousands of citizens whose hearts were bursting with wrath and hatred. There was no question of risk of life, scarcely indeed of a wound. Had they only exerted themselves as much as they

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do any crowded opera night, worked with their elbows right and left, the tyranny would have been suppressed and its victims rescued, but for the superstitious fear of military power. Why did they not then do what they have had to do eight years later? One is driven to despair in seeing how a nation needs to become intoxicated with hatred before it has courage enough to gratify it; that a nation cannot find its heart until it has lost its head.

Oct. 1830. Yesterday evening I was at Lafayette's, who has a *soirée* every Tuesday. It is hard to give you any idea of the scene; you need to have been present. In three rooms were about three hundred people, so crowded together that they literally could not move. Lafayette is above seventy and looks fairly hearty, but how the old man lasts through the whole evening of heat and crush it baffles one to understand. But he is a Frenchman. I talked with several people whom I did not know; there were many Germans present, young folks who held much revolutionary talk. In fact the whole company would have been hanged in Austria. All was free and easy, like a coffee-house — only with gratuitous refreshments. . . . The finest character of the new time is and remains Lafayette. He is enthusiasm grown old, of such kind as has never been imagined or painted. He has experienced deceit, treachery, hypocrisy, violence of all kinds, and still believes in virtue, truth, freedom, right! Such men give better proof of the existence of a God than the Old and New Testaments and the Koran combined.

Dec. 26, 1830. I jest and yet am right sad at heart. In my despair I send for a cup of chocolate and try to persuade myself that it is to blame for my gloomy forebodings. My dreams about the freedom of France are all over. In politics it is neither summer nor winter — the most pitiable Revolution spring I ever knew. Not warm enough to be without a fire, not cold enough to light it up, one freezes without remedy. At home we have no doubt about its being winter, and we put on flannel — in that beautiful country of which I read yesterday in the papers that folks in the streets and casinos ask each other with tremulous smiles "whether the Duke of Coburg is likely to marry again," and both smile and are silent; where the state chancellor Niebuhr in Bonn, having been told in print that he had formerly associated with Potter, fights hand and foot against such an insinuation as a child does against cold water, and declares upon his honor never with a finger to have touched that disturber of the peace! But here, the meadows were already green, and now the snow falls thickly upon them! The Chamber, that old coquette, who paints and makes eyes and abuses the young ones, I should like to see it horsewhipped. When it was young was it not as bad as the rest? Lafayette has been removed from his command in the National Guard, and the minister of war has placed the entire Ecole Polytechnique under arrest. It was these young heroes who influenced the fight of July. But for them all these deputies and ministers would probably have been food for the ravens. It was Lafayette who kept the Revolution pure and saved it from anarchy. To him Orleans and the princes of Europe owe their crowns. He told the people it was possible for a king to love freedom, and they believed him. May Heaven keep me from ever having to take part in State affairs! I see that the very best men who come into power lose first their hearts and then their heads, retaining of the latter only just enough to keep the former in subjection. There is no question of uncertainty or misunderstanding. Faith with the people has been deliberately broken; they have had promises without fulfilment. The authorities talk here, as with us, about misleaders of the people, disturbers of the peace, republican agitation, and so forth. But no man asks for a republic; they only want those republican institutions which were promised them in the day of fear. With these men "agitation" is said to begin where their own advantage leaves off. I hear that Lafayette and Dupont will leave the ministry, and the prefect of Paris be displaced. I do not doubt but the government is strong enough to carry it out without popular disturbance. But what then? Peace, the only desirable and lasting peace, resting upon the general content of the citizen classes, cannot be established in this way. Dissatisfaction will increase, the malcontents will become stronger than the government, and the battle will begin over again. Whenever I come to be minister, hold up before me my democratic letters. I already know what the reply will be. I shall say nothing, only smile and invite you to my next ball, and then you will smile too. We ministers and you people are all alike. Now I shall change my dress and go and read the papers and gather fresh irritation. In rye there is more nutriment than in potatoes, more in wheat than in rye, but most of all in anger. Snow and woe are the newest things out here. Have you also snow? I need not ask about the other. . . . Now a happy New Year to you! May it be a better one for us than for emperors and kings. That is a modest wish, which Heaven might well grant us. I give Konrad instructions, if an emperor calls, to look well at his hands and not to leave him alone in the room. During next year a dozen eggs will cost more than a dozen princes.

Those letters which Börne wrote from Paris in 1831–2 were mainly directed against his critics in Germany. It was not his personal ambition or literary vanity which was wounded by these attacks, but the entire misapprehension in which they originated that gave him pain. Börne's emotional nature was strong, it often perhaps overpowered his judgment. His love for his country was correspondingly intense, but it never assumed a sentimental

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character. Enthusiastic adulation, declamation in popular German fashion about the fatherland and all its virtues, was not possible to Börne. His great crime was, that he must tell the truth, that he must be forever upbraiding and correcting. German Liberals might read with satisfaction tirades against princes and privy councillors, against caprice and tyranny in high places, but to be told that they themselves were responsible in State affairs, and greatly to blame for existing evils, was quite another matter. Börne wished to make them see the mischief of the separation between the intellectual activity of Germany and its practical life; to convince them that individual self-government, mutual confidence, calm, persistent, practical effort in the direction of securing the best laws, would ultimately accomplish more than many revolutions. He would have had a German thinker expend upon the real questions of the day more of that intellectual power which he contentedly devotes to the process of "evolving camels from the depths of his own moral consciousness." What forbearance could be extended to a countryman who wrote in this style of the most cultivated people in Europe? "Every man has a right to be a blockhead, nothing can be said against it, but even a right should be exercised with modesty; the Germans abuse it." Börne's plain speaking was intolerable alike to the iconoclastic, self assertive democrat and to the comfortable official mind of the reactionist. By the latter he was held up as a warning of the fatal depths of ingratitude towards his country into which a man might be betrayed by democratic ideas, and they prophesied an indignant expulsion for him if he dared again to set foot in Germany. Börne's next visit to Frankfort, however, proved a political ovation, with serenade, procession, *Lebehoch*, and all fitting expressions of enthusiasm. The authorities would gladly have arrested the obnoxious Börne; failing to do this, they endeavored to deprive him of a small pension which he drew, but Dr. Reinganum, his legal friend, fought a victorious battle for him.

The few remaining years of Börne's life were spent for the most part in Paris. That was his place of inspiration and his workshop. To the German baths he went for health, and to Frankfort only to assuage the homesickness which tormented him; at the same time he admitted his birthplace to be interesting to him but on one day in the week, "Friday, sauerkraut day at the White Swan." The incessant pulsation of political and social life in Paris was to Börne a stimulus and a delight. From his winter quarters in the Rue Lafitte, or his summer retreat in Auteuil, he watched the throbbings of the heart of the world. He saw clearly and estimated keenly little incidents or apparently trivial occurrences, reading in them political indications of good or evil augury. His own theories and thoughts were always associated with men and with events, with active practical life, and on this account the whole character of his literary work is journalistic. To write for the sake of writing, for the pleasure of creating, rounding, perfecting an artistic production, was to him unnatural; he needed the incentive of life, action, and opposition. At the same time he never wrote in haste; an article which was to point out some hidden grievance, to batter some political assumption, would occupy his mind for weeks. His best thoughts would haunt his brain with uneasy persistency until they suddenly took perfect shape, and he could put them down in a poetic figure, in an epigram, or in his favorite form of antithesis. The reader of Jean Paul must at once recognize his influence upon Börne's style. But the latter is never prolix, he rarely says a word too much, and knows precisely when a metaphor has done its work. The humorous titles of many essays, as "A Monograph of a Post Snail," the mock German topography of which Börne makes use, are all reminiscences of the author whose poetry and satire had been the chief enjoyment of his own prosaic boyhood. Jean Paul ridiculed the infinitesimal German principalities, the punctiliousness, affectation, wickedness, and general tinsel of their courts, the barren, humdrum mediocrity of their town-life. Börne looked below the surface of these things, and worked out his political doctrine of equality. He was not content to ridicule; like a true knight-errant, he must attack even though he could not redress the wrong.

The last volume of the "Letters from Paris" is perhaps the most collected in thought and feeling, the most finished in style, of all Börne's writings. His intellect was keen, vigorous as ever, despite his deafness and his failing bodily strength, but he was daily losing heart for Germany, for humanity. He saw how France was deceived after the Revolution of 1830, and foresaw that Germany would also be cheated out of every inch of freedom it had gained. The democratic agitation was fast subsiding, to be followed, as he well knew, by that *vis inertiæ* in which

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his countrymen excel. Upon these sad facts and prospects he pondered constantly, and lost by degrees his elasticity, and not a little of that hopefulness of which his store had been so large. Although, with good reason, he had learned to distrust men, he never could relinquish his belief in what he held to be the divine in man. It was this intense earnestness, this morbid, unresting anxiety without counterbalancing hope, which made Börne's society at this time so intolerable to Heine's lighter mood, and which in fact precipitated the final quarrel between them. Börne had been his host in Frankfort on more than one occasion; Heine spoke of him with something akin to reverence, and told him upon his first visit he passed and repassed the door before he "plucked up heart to enter." In Paris they associated but little together. Börne looked on Heine as on "a lad chasing butterflies across a battle-field;" while Heine was made absolutely miserable by the earnestness of Börne, by his connection with operative associations, his fraternity with those rougher democrats who with unwashed hands laid unclean petitions upon the restaurant table for him to sign. Börne wrote a French article in M. Raspail's *Réformateur* on Heine's *salon*, upbraiding him with coldness in the good cause of freedom. Heine retaliated with bitterness and ridicule; in the next volume of his "Letters from Paris" Börne wrote a severe but not hostile judgment upon Heine's account of "French Affairs." The result was an open breach, kindly facilitated in the usual manner by common friends. Heine threatened Börne with a challenge, and the latter with half-humorous bravado dogged him everywhere to show that he was not afraid. A crisis, however, was avoided, and the enemies occasionally met, without speaking, at *soirées* in the house of the composer Hiller. The frequent comparisons drawn between these two men are worse than idle. Little indeed had they in common: Heine, the greatest German poet after Goethe, with a defective moral nature, whose lawlessness combined with outward circumstances to place him in antagonism to all authority and to make him ever ready, at least to sing the praises of liberty; Börne, a prophet rather than a poet, who brought with him into the world an almost morbid moral sensibility, a fanatical politician, who saw in every man an equal — a wandering heir of the lost inheritance of freedom whom it behoved him to pioneer along the thorny homeward path.

Among the phases of French thought which developed rapidly after the July Revolution, was St. Simonianism. Börne's first notice of it is characteristic: —

> A religious society has been growing up here lately which seeks to diffuse the doctrines of St. Simon. I never before heard anything of this Simon. Sunday sermons are preached, and I am told community of goods is one of their fundamental doctrines. The society has already many followers, and among them the son of my banker. When I go to him for more money, and offer him a cheque, he will no doubt say, "That is not at all necessary, my money is also yours." I shall be very glad to hear it.

Börne studied carefully these new theories, but upon the whole rejected them as untenable. Of the three mottoes of *La Globe* newspaper he only held the first; to the effect that all social regulations must have for their object the moral and political interests of the poorest and most numerous class of the community. Much more attractive to Börne was the personal influence and character of Lamennais. When his "*Paroles d'un Croyant*" appeared in 1832, Börne read it with enthusiasm, translated it into German, and had the satisfaction of seeing the whole edition sold in Switzerland, with the exception of five hundred copies ordered by an adventurous Leipsic bookseller. In this little book Börne thought he had at last found combined politics and religion after his own heart; Lamennais became to him in his last days what Jean Paul had been in his early youth. It was not until after Börne's death that Lamennais broke away from the Christian faith, as he had long broken away from ecclesiastical authority.

Madame Wohl had been for some time residing in Frankfort, and had there married Herr Strauss, who was also a friend and ardent admirer of Börne. When the health of the latter began seriously to fail in 1836 they left Frankfort and took rooms near to him in Paris, thus providing for him the quiet, congenial society, and the watchful care which his heart and health alike required. Early in the year 1837 an attack of influenza, then raging in Paris, settled upon his already delicate lungs. Börne, certain that death was near, awaited it with quiet patience, grieving only for those whom he knew he should leave behind to grieve. On the evening of February 12 there was nothing left for Konrad to do but to kneel and pray for his dear friend and master. Turning to Madame Strauss with a long farewell look, Börne said, "*Sie haben mir viele Freude ge-*

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macht" ("You have given me much happiness"). The life which had been one long battle ended in peaceful calm, and after death each familiar trace of sadness vanished from the placid features.

Beside Börne's grave in Père la Chaise words of kindly sympathy and appreciation were spoken by M. Raspail.* They had worked much together at the short-lived *Réformateur*. M. Raspail, the indomitable republican, the clear-headed man of science, shared Börne's political views, and admired the terseness and vigor of his style. "This is a new French," he said to Börne, "a French without rhetoric." And in the funeral oration he placed Börne in the first rank of French writers. In 1842 a broken column of granite was placed above the grave, and a bronze bust of Börne executed by David. The friends of Börne felt that he had died of a broken heart, but his enemies spoke of him as a hypochondriac who had succumbed to influenza. Among the latter was Heine, who published a dastardly attack entitled "*Heine* UEBER *Börne*." In it he laid claim to a general superiority over his foe, and, drawing largely upon his imagination, proceeded to detail conversations, incidents, and facts relating to Börne's opinions and private life, in which he did not scruple also to reflect on Madame Strauss. Heine received a challenge from Herr Strauss, and a duel took place. Truly, a pure friendship which had been a stay and a delight for twenty years, and in the last hours of life was to Börne a supreme solace, might well surpass the comprehension of such a man as Heine! What Börne's feeling was in a similar case about critics who had passed beyond the possibility of reply, we see in his humorous reference to Ludwig Robert, who died in 1832 just as Börne's answer to his attack was published: —

> One of my anonymous critics whom I have pretty thoroughly mauled has played me the mean trick of dying, which makes me very uncomfortable, for I said things that I could not with any propriety have said of a man who was not there to answer for himself. I must put up a daily prayer for the life of my critics. If Häring (W. Alexis) were to die before my letters are printed, I should drown myself.

In this mere outline of Börne's character and work we have, of necessity, left many matters untouched. Among others, that gulf which to the last remained impassable between Börne the Frankfort Jew and Goethe the Frankfort aristocrat; the skirmishes with the renegade W. Menzel, and the whole detail of Börne's somewhat inconsistent political creed.* We have only said a little to show that he was no vulgar demagogue, no "red handed Jacobin," no mere hypochondriac, but a man — passionate and one-sided perhaps — of noble aspirations, of careful culture, of original genius, with an intensity of soul which ultimately wore out its ill-matched bodily frame. J.

* M. Raspail, though born in 1794, has to-day his place in the Assembly at Versailles. His scientific and political journal during its brief life of some eighteen months was twenty times condemned, and paid in fines one hundred thousand francs. M. Raspail devoted his energies to organic chemistry and political reform, and has written books upon the "History of the Poles," and the "Organism of Ammonites."

* These points are treated after his usual discursive fashion by Karl Gutzkow in his "Life of Börne." It appeared in 1840 shortly after the pamphlet of Heine to which we have referred, and is an enthusiastic defence and panegyric; unsatisfactory as it may be in many respects, it still remains the only memoir. We are further indebted for several traits and incidents to the "Recollections" of Henriette Herz, of Varnhagen von Ense, and of Fanny Lewald.

A DOUBTING HEART.

BY MISS KEARY,

AUTHOR OF "CASTLE DALY," "OLDBURY," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

IDLE TEARS.

"WELL, Alma, I really think that at last I have earned a few minutes' rest."

The speaker of this sentence was not, as might be supposed, a weary sempstress in an attic, hushing the click of her machine, as it completed the last stitch in her long, long day's tale of work, or a washerwoman in a cellar wringing the soap-suds from her wrinkled arms, or a governess, whose charges had just been borne off to bed. It was a handsome, matronly lady, in a black velvet dress, who, suiting her action to her words, sank down into a well-cushioned chair by a glowing fire in a London drawing-room. The last visitor had been shown out, the footman had disappeared with the afternoon tea-tray, the doors of the inner drawing-room were shut, and the curtains drawn across; but there was something beyond even these tokens of quiet, that combined to fill the room just then with a subtle atmosphere of repose. There was a suggestion, though one could not precisely say where it lurked, that this delightful stillness succeeded a commotion of some sort. It might be given by some unusually festive arrangements of the furniture of the room, or

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by occasional sounds of hurrying feet and clacking tongues that came up from the lower regions. Alma read it most plainly in the radiant self-satisfaction that shone in her mother's face, and seemed to surround her whole person with an *aura* of congratulation and conscious well-doing. Only for an instant did her lace cap touch the back of her chair, the next her head was erect again, and her face turned to her daughter with an alert expression on it, which told Alma that the discussion of yesterday's events, that had been going on since morning, and of which she herself was sick at heart, was about to be opened again in some new phase.

"Do you know, my dear Alma," Lady Rivers began, "I really can't yet take in the thought that only yesterday at three o'clock Constance left us — Constance and her husband. Now the excitement is all over, we shall begin to miss the dear child dreadfully. I wonder I don't feel it more, but of course I shall now that all is over."

"I hope not, mamma"

"But I shall. A mother must feel the loss of her daughter, however satisfactory the cause of the separation may be. Do you know, Alma, I fancied Lady Forest was a little surprised that the leave-taking between myself and Constance passed so quietly. *She* cried when she said 'good-bye' to her son, I observed, but then she is a widow; I am sure I hope she won't argue from my self-control, that Constance is not a great loss to me. I hope it won't give a wrong impression about how that lovely creature is regarded in her own home. I really don't know how it happened. I am sure my feelings are keen enough; but yesterday morning was such a whirl, and just as the travellers were starting, Preston came to me with a teasing question about the arrangements for the evening. I was obliged to attend to him, or nothing would have been as it should be."

"Lady Forest is differently circumstanced, you see, mamma; she can afford to have feelings on public occasions, and let things take their course. She is not on promotion as we are."

"I should be very much grieved if I thought Constance was in any danger of being looked down upon by the people she is going among. I have been doing my very utmost, ever since I saw how things were likely to turn out, to give the Forests the right impression about all our connections. I have given your father all the hints I dare give, to prevent his making unfortunate allusions, as he does sometimes, and I have gone against my own feelings and run the risk of offending old friends, for the sake of keeping all our entertainments lately, as nearly as possible, to their set. My own feelings would have led me to ask Emmie West to be one of the bridesmaids, but I refrained, from fear of giving theirs the smallest shock."

"I wonder what sort of feelings those are that would be shocked at the sight of Emmie West."

"Lady Forest is very inquisitive, and might have asked questions. As it was, I think she must have been struck with the fact that the person of most consequence in the room was a friend on our side, quite unconnected with them. I wonder whether your father talked at all to Lord Anstice. I rather thought he would have proposed his health, but he did not. Do you suppose Lord Anstice was satisfied with the amount of attention he received, Alma?"

"I did not ask him, mamma; but I don't suppose he came here to talk to papa, or to have his health drunk either."

"Alma, have you an idea that he came for any other reason than because he was asked? You will tell me, I am sure, if you have."

"He did not come for the reason that has just shot into your head, dear mother, I assure you, so put it away as quickly as you can. It was all a joke to him. His cousin, whom we do know intimately, and whom we did not ask, saw the invitation we sent to him whom we knew very little, and ordered him to accept it. My clairvoyance does not go further than that. I can't make up my mind how much good-nature there was in Wynyard Anstice's bestirring himself to secure us the presence of a live earl at our first wedding, or how far it was done in pure scorn. Lord Anstice did as he was bid, and is only disappointed that we are all so like the people that he sees every day, that coming to our wedding has given him nothing new to talk about. If we had been vulgar on the surface, so that he could see it, he would have been quite satisfied with his morning's entertainment."

"Really, Alma, I wonder how you can talk in that cold-blooded way. If Wynyard Anstice has been representing us to his cousin as proper subjects for ridicule, I can only say he makes a most unworthy return for all the kindness I showed him in old times, when your brothers used to bring him from school to spend holidays

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with us. I can't believe such a thing of him, however."

"And you need not, mamma. I am quite as sure as you can be, that Mr. Anstice has never spoken disparagingly of us to any one, and I sincerely believe he meant to do you a pleasure by sending his cousin here yesterday. Perhaps he thought it would please me too; I don't know."

"Then you should not say such misleading things, my dear, making one uncomfortable for nothing."

"You are right, mamma, I should not."

The conversation seemed to have come to a standstill, as it was apt to do when Wynyard Anstice's name got into any talk between the mother and daughter.

Alma, who was much given to tracing effects to their causes, was just beginning to wonder how this name came to be spoken so often as was the case — seeing that her own determination, and, as she believed, her mother's was to keep it from ever being spoken at all: was it really so much in her secret thoughts, that it forced itself to her tongue without her will's leave — when the thread of her self-questioning was broken by the entrance of the servant with the evening letters. A foreign one, addressed to Alma, fixed her mother's eyes, as well as her own.

"From Constance," exclaimed Lady Rivers, leaning forward in her chair, the self-satisfaction passing from her face as a flash of true mother-hunger came for a moment into her eyes.

"Be quick and open it, Alma; there will be something for me inside. What! not a line — well, read — what does the sweet child say? Is she comfortable and happy?"

"There is not much; you had better read it, mamma; it is chiefly directions about sending on her boxes," said Alma, as she handed a sheet, with a few lines scribbled on it, to her mother.

"And there is nothing more? Alma, are you sure?" said Lady Rivers, after a moment's silence, during which her heart, deadened and choked with world-dust as it was, had been rent with a sore pang. "You are sure there is no slip of paper inside the envelope with a more private word to me or you? This tells us nothing."

"It is all there is; and, mamma, I am very sorry to see that you are so disappointed, but I think Constance is right; it would not do for her to begin writing private words to me, or even to you, now that she is Constance Forest. She cannot have anything really interesting to tell us, so she had much better hold her tongue."

"My dear, I had a great deal to say to *my* mother the day after my wedding."

"You, mamma! Yes."

The tone in which this was said carried so much suggestion with it, that Lady Rivers sat upright in her chair, and folded her hands in her lap preparatory to answering it.

"My dear Alma, I wish you would get out of the habit of insinuating things. I don't think you can mean it, but really your manner of speaking of Constance's engagement ever since it took place, and now of her marriage, would lead any one who heard you to suppose that it was something forced upon her, instead of being her own deliberate choice, as you well know to have been the case."

"No, mamma, I don't mean to throw any blame of the kind on you; I beg your pardon if I have given that impression. I know that Constance chose her lot herself with her eyes open, and I really think she has taken what will suit her best; but, all the same, I doubt whether her thoughts about it just now will bear discussion with you or me, and I think she is wise to take the silent course, and work it into the best shape she can by herself.

"I can't see why she should not be radiantly happy, and thankful to me who have done so much for her, and by my exertions (for this is the case, Alma) enabled her to gain the position she is best suited for. Sir John Forest may not be as clever as your father or so agreeable as Wynyard Anstice ——"

"There is no need to bring his name into the discussion, mamma."

"Certainly not, except that you and your brothers have made so much more of him than he deserves; but, as I was saying, it is an enviable position Constance has gained, and I do think it is rather hard on me, who have toiled night and day for all your advancement, that when any one of you succeeds you should grudge me the satisfaction of knowing you are content."

"Dear mother, it is hard, but I think the fruit of the tree we are all of us busy gathering has that kind of taste. Constance has got her apple of Sodom, and it is a very handsome one to look at: we had better not insist on knowing exactly what she finds inside it, I think."

"My dear Alma, at least I hope you will keep such reflections for home use."

"You may depend on that, mamma, and after to-day, on this subject at least, I

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don't think you will hear any more of them. You must please forgive me if I have made you uncomfortable, but you know now that I have lost Constance: there is no one else to whom I can safely grumble on home subjects. However, I have done now, mamma. Let us turn to the other letters."

A heap of invitations and notes of congratulation were examined, discussed, and put aside to be answered later, and then Alma held up two thick letters to her mother's notice. "One is from Agatha from her convent, and the other from Aunt West; shall I read them aloud to you?"

Lady Rivers sank back in her chair with a look of real uneasiness and oppression now. "I don't think I can bear either to-night," she said; "they must keep for a few hours. Whatever Agatha has found to say about her sister's marriage, I know it will be something to give me pain; and the last time she wrote she signed herself 'Sister Mary of Consolation,' as if to show how completely she had cut herself off from her own family. You may not readily believe it of me, Alma, but I could hardly get the thought of Agatha out of my head, all yesterday, the bitter thought of her estrangement from me, and you would have me suppose that I have lost Constance, too, in another way."

"I am sorry I said so much, mamma, for I am sure Constance will give you all the satisfaction out of her married life she can; but how about Aunt West's letter?"

"Read it to yourself, and tell me by-and-by if there is anything that needs an answer. It can hardly be a pleasant letter. Of course your poor aunt must feel aggrieved, for I really have been obliged to neglect the Wests of late, and it is unfortunate that it should have happened so soon after the death of the little boy that your aunt took so much to heart. I am sure I felt for her at the time, but when, soon after, this affair of Constance's came on, I could not help my time and thoughts being greatly taken up. Lately I have not dared even to mention the name of West before your father, for fear he should take it into his head to insist that Emmie and Harry, and perhaps half-a-dozen more of them, should be asked to the wedding. Luckily your father never thinks of things unless they are actually brought before him. Of course I can't exactly explain to your poor aunt how it has been, or tell her I am determined to make up for my seeming neglect by doing all we can for them now."

"If they will let us."

"Ah, yes, Mr. West's temper is a great hindrance to the whole family; and your poor aunt has always given way far too much to him. I think, even with all their misfortunes, she might with spirit have kept up the credit of the family better. I don't think I should ever have allowed children of mine to live in a house, the best rooms of which were let out to lodgers, — *that* degradation, that last fatal step, I think, I should have had resolution to spare my family."

"Even with Mr. West for a husband. Mamma, what was Aunt Emmeline like when she was young — I don't mean as to looks — I can imagine that well enough; but, in short, how did she ever come to marry Mr. West?"

"My dear, things looked very differently then from what they do now. When we two sisters were engaged about the same time, it was I who was thought to be doing the imprudent thing, and, so to speak, rather throwing myself away. Emmeline's match was considered a very good one, — the junior partner in an old London mercantile house. I can remember how my mother used to explain it to our visitors, and the touch of mortification I felt at the few words that came to my share. 'Mr. Rivers is considered a clever man,' my mother would say apologetically, 'and though promotion is slow at the bar, poor Agatha has made up her mind to take her chance with him.' No one could have foreseen then how affairs would turn out, or the altered position we two sisters should stand in towards each other by the time our children were grown up."

"So poor Aunt Emmeline has not even the satisfaction I always credited her with, of having a disinterested love-match to look back upon."

"You do so jump to conclusions, Alma. I never said your aunt did not love Mr. West when she married him. Of course she did, and was flattered by his choice of her, as well as very thankful to give such a triumph to her father and mother, who had not had much prosperity in their early lives, I can tell you. She made them happy in their old age, and I often tell her the reflection should be a greater support to her in her misfortunes than I fear it is. At all events she has a right to look for a like return from her own daughter."

"Poor little Emmie, I hope you won't impress that obligation too strongly upon her, mamma; she has burdens enough already, and had better let the matrimonial one wait a while. It is all very strange.

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Now I think of it, I can remember stories of Agatha's and Frank's childhood which always struck me as investing the Wests with quite a different relationship to ourselves from anything that Constance and I ever saw. I have felt dimly, but never realized, that they were the great people in those days, and that some strange jugglery must have taken place to alter the perspective so."

"No one can say, my dear, that prosperity has changed my feelings; it has only laid fresh duties upon me, and of course your poor aunt Emmeline's duties are changed too."

"As far as we are concerned the life in Saville Street has faded into a dim background, which brings out all the sharp points of our prosperity, with different effects on the minds of the beholders — very different effects."

"You need not remind me of that, Alma; it is never far from my thoughts, and you cannot wonder if I feel very little disposed to throw you younger ones much under Aunt Emmeline's influence. I never can forget that it was after spending a month in Saville Street that Agatha first began to talk to me about her distaste of the world, and attraction toward sacred poverty, and to put forth the extraordinary views that have landed her where she is now."

"Aunt West is not responsible, however, for the direction Agatha's enthusiasm has taken; she is quite as much puzzled at it as you are; and to set against Agatha's convent, in the scale of obligation between us and the Wests, you must put yesterday's wedding. You may not be aware of it, but it was after an afternoon spent in Saville Street that Constance made up her mind to throw over young Lawrence for all the dances she had promised him at old Lady Forest's ball, and forced herself to give Sir John the smile that settled his destiny forever afterwards. I saw it all, and shall always maintain that if the atmosphere in the Wests' little breakfast-room that day had been a whit more tolerable, and the boys' manners just a shade more civilized, young Lawrence would have won the day, and been the bridegroom at Constance's wedding, yesterday."

"Alma, what reckless talk! how can you allow yourself to indulge in it now?"

"Just this once more, mamma. As I said before, I have no one but you to grumble with, and after to-night I shall have so accustomed myself to the new state of affairs as not to care to talk about it. But I have done already. I am going to read the letters."

The mere outside of these seemed to have effectually quelled Lady Rivers's activity, for she at last leaned back in her chair, and shaded her eyes with her hand, not to see Alma's face as she read the closely-written sheets slowly by the fire-light. The flicker rose and fell, bringing out all manner of beautiful lights and shades on her sheeny silk dress, on the coils of soft light hair that lay low on her neck, and on a face, turned towards the flames, that was never hard to read, and that some people thought worthy of a good deal of study. Some people — others were apt to raise the question whether Alma Rivers would have passed for a beauty if the loveliness of her two sisters had not somehow involved her in a halo of admiration and observation that blinded the public eyes to her actual claims. And then would follow a criticism of features which demolished all her pretensions to the regular beauty they inherited from their mother, by showing how much likeness to her father there was in her spirited face. It was almost ridiculous, people said, to catch under a wreath of flowers and braided hair, a resemblance to those strongly-marked, characteristic features which political caricatures and illustrated journals had familiarized everybody with, and had held up again and again to public admiration or contempt. It really did make the homage paid to Alma as a reigning beauty almost absurd. But the homage continued to be paid through a second season when Lady Rivers's energetic management had taken her daughters *everywhere;* and there was one at least of her admirers who had gone the length of so distinguishing Alma Rivers from her reputation as a beauty, as to be willing to allow that it was just those irregularities of form, and flashes of expression to which other people objected, that gave her face its conquering charm, and made it the one beautiful face in the world for him.

Alma let the letters fall into her lap when she had read them, and sat with her hands clasped round her knees looking into the fire for a long time. There was perfect stillness at last, and the room was full of the scents of hothouse flowers, and of a ruddy fire glow in which it was luxury to sit and dream, and there was, it must be confessed, a kind of luxury of sadness in the reverie to which Alma gave way. A sadness which was very far indeed from being pain, though as the thought rose, large round tears gathered in Alma's beau-

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tiful eyes, and made marks on the sheeny dress as they fell. She fancied herself very unhappy, for she had no experience which taught her the great gulf that lies between imaginative sorrows which can estimate the pathos of their own pain, and those vital ones which strike at the very root of thought; and she believed herself just now to have come to a point in her life when a great many cherished illusions must be parted with, and a reality she was not prepared for embraced. Henceforth, she was saying to herself, there would be much of solitude in her life, and if any important decision had to be made she must make it alone; and, what was worse, without any clear principles or even definite wishes to shape her determination upon. She had, she told herself, grown out of many splendid hopes of her youth, and the failure consisted rather in that she was disenchanted with herself than with her old ideals. The objects she had longed for might even be near, ready for her to take; but she doubted very much her own strength to choose them now, or rather to be satisfied when chosen. Was it strength or weakness, reasonableness or folly, she asked herself with a touch of self-contempt, which made her see the desirableness of opposite goods so strongly that she could not heartily wish for anything ? or was she really at twenty so dusty and dried up with the worldliness she had imbibed from her childhood as to have no power of *feeling* vividly, only this horrible power of *thinking*, of weighing everything in the balance and finding it wanting? Why had Agatha deserted her? Agatha, through whose imagination she had been used to look at the world, who had invested the amusements and pursuits they had shared together with something from herself that made them worth living for. Why had Agatha, suddenly at the end of one month of absence, come back translated as it were into a new world, the entrance gate to which was forever shut to Alma? Why had she deliberately stripped off the halo she had herself given from all their aims and pleasures, pronouncing them hollow and unsatisfying, and then stepped out into a sphere whose pure, cold, dazzling air Alma felt she could not breathe. Her hand strayed once during these thoughts to Agatha's letter lying on her lap, but she did not take it up. It was no use. It was too far off from her to be any help. The inward spiritual experiences it treated of were, for her, too unreal to have any comfort in them. Tears of real pain, but of the pathetic, bearable sort still, came to her eyes as she murmured to herself,—

> For this on death my wrath I wreak;
> He put our lives so far apart we cannot hear
> each other speak.

Was the misfortune less when something else than death did this? when the body was left and the audible voice, and it was the soul that had gone too far off for thought to pass between it and those it had left? What silence was there so terrible as the silence that comes between souls that can no longer make each other understand however loud they speak, or however closely and lovingly they whisper in the ear? Forever, Alma said to herself, must this silence reign between herself and her best-loved sister; and now Constance, her nursery companion, who had clung to her trembling a few hours ago, had been borne off — rather by the course of events, it seemed, than her own free will — into this unknown world of matrimony, to which certainly love had not given her a golden key. How would she fare in it? Was hers the substantial, real world, and Agatha's only shadow; or was it just the other way? Was there a real world possible for those who, having tasted of the Sodom apples, had lost the power of distinguishing substance from shadow? Alma smiled with a little scorn of her self-scorn, as she asked the question, and then proceeded to justify it by a rapid survey of the lives she knew best — even Aunt West's, robbed of the spice of romance she had credited it with, beginning under false expectations, and ending in gloom; her mother's, which to outsiders looked such a brilliant example of rewarded love, but from which, as she knew, love had long since been crowded out by hosts of uneasy cares and paltry ambitions. After all, since this same dust of care choked all roads alike, did it matter much by which gate one entered on one's destiny, love or worldly prudence? Had not Constance after all done well in ignoring the gate, and choosing what appeared the least up-hill road, strewn with fewest stones to hurt her feet?

Alma thought she was really pondering this problem in the abstract, and trying to give it a dispassionate answer; and, all the time, it was not Constance's decision she was looking at. Her thoughts, like birds on the wing, were hovering, but never settling round an application of the question that concerned herself. There it was in the distance, a very up-hill road,

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but the gate looked golden enough. She was not nearly ready for a decision yet. She might never be ready, she told herself, but meanwhile there was at least interest in glancing furtively that way sometimes. If she could but see how the road would look a little further on! If the hand that offered the key would remove some stones out of the way she was required to walk in; if he would even leave off putting down fresh stones; or if — if — looking down into her soul she could find strength to choose the stony path, and find the same strange satisfaction in it that he seemed to find! Well — well — Constance's marriage, and yesterday's display, and the invitation sent to Lord Anstice, that was due to his cousin, were threads of circumstance certainly not drawing her *that* way. She saw how they were being woven about her, and wondered whether she, like Constance, would wake up some day to find herself bound to a course she only half approved by a million slender invisible threads, that could only be broken by the strength of a Hercules.

Alma had ample time for all these speculations, for this was one of the evenings when her father was not likely to return home till very late; and under pretext of fatigue she and her mother had decided on keeping on their afternoon dresses, and indulging in a second tea in the inner drawing-room, instead of dinner.

Lady Rivers dearly loved this indulgence, but sternly refused it to herself, except on rare occasions, for fear her servants should guess that its enjoyment consisted in its being a renewal of old habits. When, an hour later, she and Alma were sitting together, with a comfortable meal spread on a small table by the fire, and a knock came at the front door, her face showed an extremity of dismay at which Alma could not help smiling.

"Will Preston be so absurd as to let any one in?" she cried. "What o'clock is it, Alma? Only a quarter past eight! We could not be supposed to be taking tea after dinner, and with *patés* and jelly on the table, at this hour."

"Only a very charitable person would give us the benefit of such a supposition, I am afraid, mamma. But don't be alarmed. I assure you I have seen Lady Forest sit down to tea on Sunday evening with a plate of radishes before her; and if our visitor at this untimely hour proves to be one of her set, I will take an opportunity of mentioning the circumstance."

"Pray don't be so absurd. Stay! It was not your father's knock; but surely that is his footstep on the stairs. What a comfort that it is only your father!"

But Lady Rivers rejoiced too soon. It was indeed the face of Lord Justice Rivers that appeared when the door opened; but other steps followed his to the inner room; and before she had finished her exclamations of surprise at her husband's unexpected return, Wynyard Anstice had shaken hands with Alma, and was making his way towards her, with a look on his face half deprecatory, half mischievously triumphant, such as he used to confront her with in long-past days, when he had been deputed by the schoolroom party to confess some desperate piece of mischief, in which all the juniors had been involved with him.

"I am perfectly aware I am doing what you don't like in coming here this evening," the look said; "but I don't mean you to be angry with me. I am throwing myself on the good-natured side of your character, in whose existence I always mean to believe, however much your actions towards me belie it."

She had never been able to resist feeling a sort of motherliness towards him, which his boyish confidence in her had called out in old times; and even now, vexed as she was, his winning face and manner conquered her again; and she shook hands and answered his inquiries after the newly-made Lady Forest with less coldness than had lately marked her attitude towards this least desirable of all Alma's lovers. She did not even attempt to telegraph her vexation on to her husband; there was no use in directing displeased glances towards Sir Francis Rivers, for he never saw them. If he had ever listened to her hints about the undesirableness of encouraging Wynyard Anstice's intimacy with the family, he had utterly forgotten by this time that such words had ever been spoken; and now he sat down with a provoking smile of complacency on his face, satisfied that he had done a sensible thing in bringing home an old family friend, on a vacant evening, and thus securing pleasant occupation for the ladies of the house, while he was set free to enjoy the rare luxury of lounging in his easy-chair with an uncut quarterly which he had already taken from a side-table in passing, and was nursing lovingly on his knee.

"Ah," he said, glancing towards the table by the fire, and then at his wife, "I need not have dined at the club if I had known I should be released so early; we

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would have had high tea together, my dear, in memory of old days, and I might almost have fancied ourselves back in our chambers at Gate Street, when the children were babies, and dinners were luxuries reserved for high days."

Lady Rivers kept her face steadily turned towards the cup she was filling during this speech, and only Alma saw the beautiful look that shone from Wynyard Anstice's eyes towards her father. It stirred her with a vivid feeling that had pleasure, and a little pain in it too. She liked to see her father appreciated, above most things, but she was not sure that she wanted Wynyard Anstice to admire him exactly for the reason in his thoughts now. Encouragement in being unconventional and unworldly was precisely what Wynyard Anstice did not, in Alma's estimation, require. She might like these qualities in him ever so dearly far down in her inmost heart, but she saw, at the same time, that they would not aid him in paving the smooth path she sometimes dreamed they might walk in together. The next moments brought her unmixed pleasure, for, while her father sipped his tea, keeping his finger all the while on the page in the quarterly he was longing to plunge into, he carried on a desultory conversation with his guest, from which it by-and-by appeared that an essay of Mr. Anstice's that had lately come out in a quarterly journal had attracted her father's attention, and won his unqualified approbation as being a masterly piece of reasoning, for once unspoiled by reference to any of his own particular crotchets. Alma even thought she observed a new air of respect in her father's manner, very different from the amused indulgence with which he had hitherto been in the habit of listening to young Anstice's arguments, when by-and-by a lively discussion grew out of this qualified praise. As she listened, turning her head from one speaker to the other, and now and then venturing to put in a playful word, a change seemed to come over her whole person; the cynical, weary look left her face; her brow cleared of its weight of discontent; her eyes took a new intensity of color in their blue depths; the drooping mouth became full of spirit and tenderness. It was the look that was her father's, but with something higher added — a touch of enthusiasm that his face had lost. It was her highest self uppermost for the moment that looked out and showed to some eyes that noted it well what a stake it was for which the world and love were playing.

Meanwhile Lady Rivers was asking herself, "Could anything be more unfortunate?" Here was all her laborious twelve months' work in the way of being undone, by her husband, too! who professed — and to do him justice, honestly intended — to leave the management of family politics in her hands! How it was that, with the reputation for wisdom the world gave him, he should show himself so thoroughly incompetent whenever he presumed to meddle in home affairs, was a standing puzzle to her, and constantly made her feel thankful that public business required so much less delicate handling than private that her husband's blundering could there pass for discretion. If the government and the bar had had the same opinion of the justice's ability that long experience had brought to his wife, where would the prosperity of the family have been? It was indeed well that the coarser texture of men's business was suited to their coarser wits. This reflection soothed the extremity of Lady Rivers's irritation, and enabled her to see that her own consummate prudence would be best shown to-night by standing aside, and letting the unfavorable current that had set in run its course. So when the happy moment came for the justice, when, without rudeness, he could turn to his book, she established herself in a shady corner of the sofa, which always meant sleep, and saw Alma go to the piano, far away in the arctic regions of the great drawing-room, without a word of objection. Open love-making she knew she had not to fear, and other words, however deep an impression they might make on two hearts, might easily hereafter be explained away. It was, after all, only a desultory conversation that set in, in intervals between Alma's playing; a few sentences merged into the music, and then taken up again. Alma was not in the mood to begin upon one of the half-bantering, half-serious arguments which for the last year or two, since she was quite grown up, had been the style of discourse she had usually fallen into with her old playmate, and she was afraid of getting any nearer to what Mr. Carlyle would call "sincere speech." It was not till after quite half an hour's music that she ventured on a remark bearing in any way on what she was thinking about. She had just brought Schumann's "*Schlummerlied*" to an end, and with her fingers resting on the keys, ready to dash into a waltz, if necessary, she said, —

"I am glad you had the sense not to congratulate me when you came in to-day."

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"I am a great deal too unhappy myself at another defection from our schoolroom party of long ago to think of such a thing. There will be no one of us left soon."

"Except myself. 'A scolding woman in a wide house.'"

"A queen who has driven all her subjects away, satisfied with the wide house," Anstice corrected, venturing a steady look into Alma's face, that was turned up to him with a half-mocking, half-defiant expression on it.

"You think I have hectored my sisters out of the house, and the poor boys too. What an opinion you must have of my temper, to be sure!"

"You know that was not what I was thinking."

"Well, but don't you want to know how we all looked and behaved yesterday?"

"Unexceptionally, I am sure; and, as for looks, I suppose none of you can have looked at the bride without thinking how strongly her likeness to your other sister came out under her white veil."

"How do you know? Your cousin could not have told you that."

"My own eyes did. You don't believe I should lose such an opportunity for a critical look at you all, do you? I was up in the gallery all the time watching and comparing."

"Comparing?"

"Yes, I may as well tell you at once what I called this evening principally to find an opportunity of saying to you. A fortnight ago I was in Paris staying with a friend whose wife has lately become an ardent Roman Catholic. She was full of a grand ceremony that was to take place at a convent near. I went with her, and through a phalanx of gratings, had a glimpse of your sister Agatha, in what I suppose was her last public appearance. I could not make out the ceremony. It seemed to me a sort of travesty of a wedding followed by a funeral, 'crowned and buried.' And your sister looked so like herself all the while that I had to rub my eyes every now and then to be convinced I was not dreaming one of our old charade-actings over again."

"Do you think she saw you?"

"Oh, no, I was cooped up in a crowd behind close gratings. I don't suppose I had any right to be there; but my friend's wife had my edification strongly at heart, and stretched a point. I am afraid she is founding very false hopes on the interest she saw that the ceremony excited in me."

"Tell me again how Agatha looked — was it really as Constance looked yesterday?"

"I never thought them as much alike as other people did, you know, but yesterday when I had a moment's good view of your sister Constance, as she turned to you just before kneeling down, I could almost have thought myself in that convent chapel again, and that the face was Agatha's, — almost for an instant; the second impression, of course, was of the difference."

"Tell me about that."

"It is difficult to put into words."

"You must try, or you should not have begun to speak about it."

"Well, if I must, let me see. I think I can only say it was a difference in degree, something added to the convent bride's look. The fear on Constance's face was awe on Agatha's, and the clinging dependence which made yesterday's bride cast so many reluctant looks back on you, gave Agatha's eyes an inward expression, as if she were gathering strength by thought from some felt but unseen presence. I don't know which was the most beautiful after all; but Agatha's face was the thing to remember."

"And we were none of us there! I wonder if we should any of us have so much as seen all *that* if we had been there."

So far apart we cannot hear each other speak.

The words rushed into Alma's mind again, and with them came quick tears, that having once been indulged refused to be sent back to their source unshed. She turned her head as far from the light as possible, but could not conceal that in an instant her face was wet.

Lady Rivers would have been ready to faint with dismay, if she had roused herself at that moment from pleasant dreams to such a sight — Alma weeping silently, and Wynyard Anstice looking on with an intensity of sympathy and emotion on his always expressive face, that might well make her thankful for the blinding effect of tears on Alma. The danger to her was only momentary however. Mr. Anstice got up hastily and walked to a distant table, where, with his back to Alma, he stood nervously fingering the ornaments, and clasping and unclasping photograph-books. It had been a great shock to him, and he had as much need of a struggle to get back into his ordinary drawing-room self as had Alma. He had never seen tears in her eyes in his life before, never. Not even in childhood, when at partings, or meetings, or pathetic readings,

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which had moved her sisters to tears, she had always remained bright and defiant.

The times when in confidential talk her eyes had softened in his sight were epochs to be chronicled for the effect they had had far down in his inmost soul. He heard a large tear fall on one of the music-sheets she was gathering up in her hands, as his thoughts reached this point, and it sent a thrill through him. A thrill that was not all sympathy with her pain, there was a pang for himself as well as for her. When he had entered the room to-night he believed that a contest which had long disturbed his life was decided forever, a victory won, and that he had only come to look once more on a lost love. What was there in this sudden rain of tears for Agatha to water the dead hopes, the buried unrest (which he had so congratulated himself on having securely buried), and cause them to spring up into life again stronger and greener than ever? Nothing absolutely. It was most unreasonable to feel that by revealing so much of her soul to him Alma had laid a new claim on his devotion; but he did somehow so feel, and he could not all in a moment decide whether it was in pain or triumph that he took up the old burden again, resolving to carry it at all events a little further on the road. He only knew that each tear as it fell had struck on his heart and left a trace there that would not be easily worn out; whether it was destined to fester into one of those sore spots that make memory a torment or deepen and widen into a fountain of lifelong joy. Alma was innocent of the smallest design or wish to excite so much emotion. She was deeply ashamed of her tears long before the power to restrain them came, and by the time she had strangled the last sob and brought her eyes into something like order the feeling that had called them forth had evaporated into an absorbing anxiety to look as usual when the now fast-approaching inevitable moment came, when Lady Rivers should awake from her nap and come into the room, to end this perilous interview with such words of polite dismissal as she so well knew how to administer to an unwelcome guest. Alma's first sentence when she came up to the table and addressed Mr. Anstice was spoken in a light, indifferent tone that jarred strangely on his mood.

"You won't find any record of yesterday there," she began. "We were not guilty of having ourselves photographed in our wedding dresses. You had better question me unless you have heard all the gossip from your cousin already. I know you are quite capable of cross-examining him on the minutest details, for you always were the newsmonger of our society."

He was silent, not being able at once to get back into a lightness of tone that would match hers; and Alma rattled on, throwing an accent of warning into her next sentence.

"Mamma, would you believe it? Mr. Anstice will not allow that he took enough interest in us to ask his cousin how our wedding went off yesterday. Is such total lack of curiosity credible in him?"

Lady Rivers, who had entered the outer room just as Alma left the piano, now came forward into the circle of lamplight with an expression of some anxiety on her face. Had maternal vigilance slept too long, and given time for the occurrence of a frightful calamity? A glimpse at Alma's tear-stained face made her heart absolutely stand still, but turning to Wynyard she saw a look of pain on his that sent up her spirits many degrees at once. Was it even better than she had dared to hope? Had he spoken again, poor fellow? and had Alma, like a sensible, good girl, given him his final dismissal? That would indeed be fortunate, and leave the way clear and open for delicate schemes which her genius, now that Alma was the only one left to scheme for, was longing to elaborate. This pleasing supposition lent quite a motherly tone of interest to her voice and smile, as she turned to the young man, who had once long ago, in the character of her favorite son's safest comrade, shared her matronly solicitude to a certain small extent.

"We know Mr. Anstice's friendly feeling towards the family too well," she said, "not to be sure that nothing but a really pressing engagement would have prevented his being with us, or, at all events, full of thought for us on such an important day."

"I had no engagement. I did not come to you yesterday because I was not asked," he said, looking full at her. Lady Rivers did not expect such a bold thrust even from Wynyard Anstice's unconventional sincerity, but she was equal to the occasion.

"We hardly thought a formal invitation necessary with you, as our note to your cousin warned you of the day; but, however, you did not lose anything by not coming. We were all too sad to be pleasant company, and even Sir Francis broke down in his speech. Your cousin will have told you."

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"I have not seen him since yesterday morning."

"He was very undutiful then," cried Alma, whose cheek had burned under her mother's implied falsehood, and who was longing to put an end to the conversation. "He told me he meant to report himself to you on the first moment of his release, and seemed perfectly aware that his *raison d'être* was to see everything with your eyes and carry it to you."

Mr. Anstice smiled. "I know you have a theory of your own about my cousin's character; but now you know him better, don't you see more in him than the sort of devoted Smike you chose to fancy him in old days?"

"Smike! Oh no. I never thought of anything so racy. My types for you and your cousin were taken from a tale of Madame de Genlis's we used to read in the schoolroom — 'Alphonse and Thelismar' — the *déréglé* young French noble and his philosophical friend, who brought him back to reason by discourses on nature and the general course of things."

"I hope yesterday made you ashamed of the inexactness of your portrait-painting, then."

"Well, I will confess I was a little disappointed. Lord Anstice did not talk so much like Alphonse as I had expected, nor display so much devotion to Thelismar as (lowering her tone) I perhaps think past and present circumstances warrant."

"I have always told you you misunderstand those same circumstances."

Lady Rivers did not hear the lowered tones, but she had caught the word disappointed and could not resist putting in a word on a subject which was always more or less in her thoughts whenever she saw Alma and Wynyard Anstice together.

"You must not be surprised if we all feel a little disappointed on first acquaintance with your cousin. We naturally expect a great deal from a person in whose favor, as it seems to us, you voluntarily cut yourself off from all your prospects in life and from your older friends."

It was meant for a stinging reproach to Wynyard, but all the pain it gave came to Alma. To him it was almost incomprehensible, so distorted was the view of the facts to which it alluded. Some years ago, when the Riverses first knew him, he and his younger cousin had been equally dependent for education and advancement in life on the head of their family, a bachelor uncle, with an old title and large unentailed estates. The younger and the least-promising lad represented the elder branch and was heir to the title, but Wynyard had always been his uncle's favorite, and was looked upon as likely to inherit the larger portion of his wealth, till a few months before the old man's death, when he managed to quarrel with him on some abstract question of principle and conduct, and so offended him by maintaining his own contrary views, on a public occasion, that he was never received into favor again. When a little later the uncle died, and the will came to be read, it was found that the despotic old man had heaped the whole of his great wealth on the nephew who, though less satisfactory in conduct, had allowed his theories to be prescribed for him, and left the one best liked to fight out a position in the world he had elected to live in after fashions of his own.

This change in Mr. Anstice's circumstances had occurred about two years ago, just at the time when his attachment to Alma began to be talked about; and Lady Rivers never could forgive the part he had acted in ruining himself. If a totally unattached young man of her acquaintance chose to be quixotic, and recklessly throw away the good gifts fortune had designed for him, a quiet pity for his folly, and a resolute avoidance of him in future, was all the notice that it was necessary for her to take of his misconduct. But when the young man had already taken the liking of a girl of good position into his keeping, and when that girl was her own most attractive daughter, the indignation that swelled her motherly heart was too bitter to be quietly borne. It was always waking up and rousing her into expressions of hostility that her better judgment deprecated — the more so as Alma could never be made to express satisfactory condemnation of her lover's conduct. Yet the invectives were not altogether lost. Alma did not acquiesce when her mother told her again and again that Wynyard Anstice's real care to win her was to be estimated by the lightness with which he had thrown away the conditions that made such winning possible; but the words rankled and made a sore wound in her mind that winced whenever it was touched. The pain she felt just now stung her into something like defiance, and determined her to persevere in the low-toned talk it was meant to interrupt.

"I am really sorry you did not see your cousin yesterday afternoon," she said; "I had given him a message for you, and he promised me to look you up, in whichever of your haunts you might be."

"The haunt which actually held me was

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one where I don't think his courage would have been sufficient to induce him to follow me. At the time when your party broke up, I was speaking in a lecture-room in an out-of-the-way place in the east end, at a meeting convened to discuss woman's suffrage, among other social questions."

Alma's face clouded again; every fresh instance of Mr. Anstice's disposition to take up unpopular subjects, struck her as a sort of slight to herself.

"How can you go to such places? making people talk of you, and hindering your getting on in your profession, and lowering papa's opinion of your good sense. Why can't you give up such freaks now?" she asked, putting a greater amount of pleading in her voice than she was quite aware of.

"I did not intend to take part in the discussion when I went in; I was moved to it by what I thought unfair hostility shown towards a lady, who got up in the body of the meeting and pleaded woman's rights, not so much to votes as to wider spheres of work, in a speech that was a good deal above the heads of most of the people there. I will confess, however, that I was struck with her remarks before the row began, and with herself too, for she was no common-looking person, I can tell you, in spite of the company she had got herself among. Perhaps some people — I don't say myself, but some people — might even have thought it worth while to miss a wedding breakfast for the sake of hearing and seeing her."

"Then I suppose she is young and handsome, in spite of *Punch's* last week's picture. But she must be a monster to go to a meeting of rough people, and get up and speak. I can't think how you can defend such conduct."

"I don't defend it; I only say that being present I was struck with what she said, and how she looked while saying it."

"So handsome?"

"No, not at all handsome, but a very unforgettable face all the same."

"Did you make out her name?"

"I heard it spoken by some people near, Miss Moore — Katharine Moore, I believe they called her; and as you seem curious about her looks, here is an outline sketch I took of her before I grew too much interested in what she was saying to do anything but listen."

"Katharine Moore ——"

Alma repeated the name musingly, as she examined a pocket-book page, on which was sketched hastily, but effectively, a strongly-featured, expressive face, with dark, level brows, wide forehead, full, well-shaped mouth, and indented chin.

"Katharine Moore — how strange — I believe she must be the elder of the two sisters to whom Aunt West ——"

Alma stopped short, arrested by an agonized look from her mother; and Lady Rivers finished her sentence. "One of the orphans whom my sister, Mrs. West, has received into her house as companions to her daughter."

"Poor little Emmie West," said Alma quickly, to stop further explanation, "how will she like companions who get themselves into rows at public meetings, I wonder? I must go and look her up, I think, now that all our gaieties are over."

"Miss West!" cried Anstice. "Ah, she was not at the wedding any more than myself then? Why should not I look her up, that we may condole with each other, and then perhaps" (with,a malicious smile towards Alma) I shall see my lady orator again."

Mr. Anstice took his departure soon after this, and Alma got a lecture from her mother for making her eyes red, for showing too much interest in Wynyard Anstice's doings, and for bringing in her aunt's name in conversation, with people who did not belong to the family. How strange it was that she who was reputed so clever should make more mistakes than Constance ever did, and never allow her mother the repose of feeling she might be trusted.

It certainly had not been a pleasant evening; and yet Alma, as she sat staring into her bedroom fire before going to bed, felt not happier, perhaps, but fuller of life than she had felt for many long days. The hurry of engagements and gaieties in which she lived had lately been growing so meaningless and vapid to her, it was a comfort to be raised out of its dust, even by sensations of pain — pain of such sort at least as this evening's reflections, and the sight of Wynyard Anstice had brought with it. It was not a new pain, nor even a new light upon it, only the old puzzle that she had pondered again and again. Could he really love her, so very much as his eyes sometimes said, when his own hand had put away the right to ask for her, and when even now he was putting all manner of crotchets before the purpose of climbing quickly up again to such a height as would enable her to look upon him with favor once more? If Alma had been asked if she could appreciate the sentiment of the poet-soldier, who sang, —

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I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more,

she would have answered, "Yes, certainly;" but then surely *that* meant honor such as the world could recognize — honor that could be reflected back in a halo round the beloved head; not subtle scruples like these, self-sacrifices that nobody asked — delicate weighings of more or less worth in work for the world, such as the world would never understand, and that were due to some overstrained, unrecognized sense of duty to powers out of sight.

Surely such mere floating thought-motes as these ought to be blown away by the strong gusts of passion? What was the worth of a love that barriers unseen by most eyes could hold back? Sadly, after long musing, Alma gave the old answer to this question, and then she knelt down and went through her prescribed round of evening devotions, not recognizing that the decision she had just come to was a distinct denial of there being any unseen presences to pray to.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

IDYLLIC POETRY.

THERE are flowers whose beauty needs no discoverer. A tangle of white roses, creeping up the arms of an ancient yew, a regiment of lilies in a cottage garden — these, and such as these, cannot escape notice. Whoever passes that way in his daily walks must see them, unless the seeing eye has been denied him. They command attention and admiration. There is no need of sending worshippers to their shrine. But if perchance some lover of flowers knows where to find the ivy-leaved campanula, or, better still, if he can tell of a spot under fragrant fir-trees where the tall gentian hides its delicate blue blossoms among thick masses of heath, we may thank him for the tidings, for we might live long in the neighborhood and never chance upon these hidden beauties.

So in the world of poetry. There are poems which cannot be compared to any single flower, but rather to the tops of a tropical forest, filled with light, motion, and color. These belong to the epic order. Others are small, and make a single impression, but are perfect in form, color, and fragrance, like the rose. Such are many lyrical poems, which live in the remembrance of every reader. These do not require to be discovered by a wanderer in bypaths. But there are flowers which not every one loves, and some who pass them by would pronounce their form insignificant, their tints faded, their scent unpleasing. The discovery of their charms is the reward of the careful and close observer. So there are poems which are special favorites with a few but which others count as slight and fanciful, best left in obscurity. The judgment of the majority sets this mark upon idyllic poetry. Even the greatest poems in this order have not been universally admired. But, as the observer of nature will bring a friend to the flower which, as he thought, gave a nymph-like grace to the copse, lent a special charm to the moor, or lit up the river bank, so the reader of poetry will try to impart to others the pleasure he has received.

Definitions are always difficult to frame, and in matters of poetry often impossible. Idyllic poetry cannot be defined in terms that would satisfy a logician. It were as easy to describe a mass of cloud and shower once seen passing along the mountainous coast across an arm of the sea, with a square block of hill in black shadow to the left, while the rounded mist and streaming rain were lit with wonderful yet delicate colors — no positive tints like those of a sunset — but a marvellous inweaving of subtlest harmonies. It was a sight to see, to remember, to dream of; not to describe, scarcely even for the genius of Turner himself to paint. Neither can idyllic poetry be defined, for the effects on which it depends are often equally subtle. Idyllic poems cannot be caught, and penned, like a flock of sheep in a pound, until they are all numbered. The idyll has a habit of breaking bounds, and may be found now and then in epic territory. The idyllic sentiment is not unfrequently to be seen in lyrical poetry, and sometimes an epigram looks decidedly idyllic.

There is no outward and visible sign separating idyllic from epic poetry, except the apparently trivial mark of length. The idyll cannot be long, neither can the true epic be short. The sweep and mighty current which are necessary characteristics of the latter are characteristically absent from the former. On this side, as, perhaps in a less degree, on the other, the distinction must be felt rather than seen. The idyll is less elevated in tone than the epic, less intense than lyrical poetry. This may best be shown where two of the kinds are brought into vivid contrast. Thus Milton, the greatest English master of the idyll as

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of the epic, introduces some score of epic lines into his "Lycidas," beginning,—

> Last came, and last did go,
> The pilot of the Galilæan lake;

and ending with the stern allusion to false shepherds, the grim wolf, and "that two-handed engine at the door." This is a "strain of higher mood;" and the poet, who on another occasion,

> intends to soar
> Above the Aonian mount,

quickly brings back the strings to the former key. How clearly, with his poet's tact, he feels and notes the change!—

> Return, Alpheus; the dread voice is past
> That shrunk thy streams: return, Sicilian muse,
> And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
> Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.

If we find here the bucolic pipe sounding unwonted notes, we may observe also in epic poems that a restful change is produced by idyllic passages. A fine example is the description of the shield in the eighteenth Iliad.

The most obvious distinction between idyllic and lyrical poetry lies in the metre. This may seem a highly artificial method of distinguishing the two, but it is not so altogether. Idyllic poetry avoids intensity and rapid motion. Lyrics are usually both intense and rapid, and being cast into corresponding metres, may commonly be identified at a glance. It is possible for some portion of the idyllic sentiment to wander into lyric poetry, but it can hardly find proper expression in lyric measures.

The most perfect metre for idylls in ancient languages is the hexameter, as modified for the purpose by Theocritus. In modern languages, perhaps with the exception of German, the dactylic hexameter is intolerable. It is, therefore, replaced on the *cy près* principle, by modifications of the heroic measures.

The older masters of the idyll—Clement Marot, Spenser, Milton—vary their verse to a considerable extent, and do almost everything except transgress into the epic region on the one hand, or the lyric on the other. Mr. Tennyson keeps usually to the five iambic feet. Mr. Matthew Arnold adopts the stanza. But I know of no instance in which a good poet uses metres for idyllic purposes which are not idyllic, *i.e.*, which are too stately on the one hand or too lively on the other, except, indeed, where he may vary his key for a moment, or may introduce a song, as Spenser does his fourth æclogue.

But another note of the idyll is that it always tells or hints at more or less of a story. Something of human interest, something more than the expression of a bare sentiment, is always introduced; and, bearing this in mind, we shall be able rationally to distinguish some poems from idylls, which otherwise we could only feel to belong to a different order.

The idyll is a little picture, a poem imparting a single impression, or describing a single scene. So far the definition would include many lyrical poems. Take, for example, the following from Shelley:—

> A widow bird sat mourning for her love
> Upon a wintry bough;
> The frozen wind kept on above,
> The freezing stream below.
>
> There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
> No flower upon the ground;
> And little motion in the air
> Except the mill-wheel's sound.

The passion, the rapidity, the intensity, which usually distinguish lyrical from idyllic poetry are here absent. This exquisite little poem is essentially picturesque. Or rather, perhaps, it resembles the effect produced by music. No clear intellectual idea is conveyed by the poet to the reader. Scarcely is a definite picture suggested to his mind. It is a sentiment which is conveyed. The poem is the wire along which the current passes, causing the reader to feel with the writer.

What definite idea does a sonata of Beethoven suggest? It is dangerous to say; but it affects you as he meant it should. So with this and many other poems of Shelley. But we must not suppose because they are undefined, suggestive, uninformed by strong passion, that they are therefore idyllic. The metre is lyrical rather than idyllic; yet in this case the metre is perhaps hardly decisive. Intensity there is, as always in Shelley, who is an essentially lyric poet. Yet the intensity is here subdued and kept well below the surface. It might, therefore, be contended, and it has often been argued, that this is a good example of an idyll. It may rather be compared with Greek epigrams of the lyric class, which pass into lyrical poems by shades too gradual for definition. Take for example this translation from Sappho, given by Mr. Dodd in his "Epigrammatists:"—

> The cool, low-babbling stream,
> 'Mid quince-groves deep,
> And gently rustling leaves,
> Bring on soft sleep.

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It is true that this is but a fragment of a longer poem, the remainder of which is lost to us. Still the fragment is perfect in itself, and for our purposes may be quoted as though the poetess had written only so much as Hermogenes has preserved. So taken, it forms an exact parallel to the poem of Shelley quoted above.

Each suggests a picture, and conveys a sentiment much after the fashion of music. Both are picturesque, subdued, and tranquil; and so far approach the idyllic type. But their metre, shortness, and, above all, the absence of direct human interest, forbid us to class them with the idyll proper. No poem, which is merely sentimental, or which gives a picture of still life, can be properly reckoned as idyllic.

This distinction will, perhaps, be better understood by reference to an example. Mr. Clough has a very beautiful poem, the undersong of which is the line, —

Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie;

in which he describes a French girl driving home her cows and thinking of an absent lover. In this very good, and even typical, specimen of the idyll, the characteristics marking it off from the last-quoted poems are plainly to be seen. The pastoral element is retained, a story of human interest is hinted, and the little picture is set in charming natural scenery. A description of French mountains capped with snow, and a thunderstorm rolling up in the valley, would in no case have been an idyll. Had the action of the poem been made more vivid, ending in some catastrophe, it might have become a ballad. As it is it remains an idyll, neither more nor less, and very charming in its kind.

From considering what the idyll is not, I have been led to give an example of what it is, or rather may be. For idyllic poetry is a wide and subdivided field; and, if Mr. Clough's poem be typical, as has been asserted, it is not meant that all idylls are to be referred to it as the standard. It belongs to one division, and is rather a good example to take, because, while perfect in its kind, it approaches in tone and treatment to another division. Idyllic poems fall into three classes. The first contains those idealized poems, which are usually called pastoral, in which country life is described, not as it is, but as it is poetically imagined to be; and imaginary characters are introduced, either for poetical purposes simply or with a veiled but easily understood allusion to real and living persons. The second is realistic, giving a picture of actual life. To this division Mr. Clough's poem clearly belongs, since it describes nothing that may not be conceived as having actually happened. The third, which may be treated as a subdivision of the first, is composed of memorial idylls.

I take the second of these divisions first, and for this reason: I wish if possible to induce my readers to do justice to the idyll, and would therefore approach them by the side where prejudice is least strong. It will be well, therefore, to abstain at first from saying much about imaginary shepherds, and the rest of pastoral symbolism, the bare mention of which will make some critics stand to their arms. Let me rather say that the idyll need not be pastoral at all, and very often is realistic enough to satisfy the most practical of the dwellers in Gath. Be it admitted, then, that the idealized idyll, or pastoral poem, had until lately fallen into discredit, from which, perhaps, it has not wholly recovered. The words "idyllic sentiment" are sometimes even now used — as by Mr. Mackenzie Wallace in his "Russia" — as the equivalent of something wholly fanciful and unreal. This fall was the effect of the reaction naturally consequent upon the abuse of idyllic symbolism. Clement Marot is a poet whom not many would care to read in the original. But since Mr. Henry Morley published a charming sketch of him and his work, every one ought to know that Marot set the fashion in his day of disguising real personages under the idyllic mask. He wrote of himself as a shepherd, of the king as Pan, of the persecuting dignitaries of the Church as wolves. Spenser copied Marot pretty closely in "The Shepherd's Calendar." But the conceit, which was charming in those older poets, was afterwards worn threadbare by over use. The reasons which made it desirable to disguise allusions to fact under the likeness of fable passed away; and the symbolism which had covered stern realities was decked with ribbons and set up for admiration in the court of love. Every small poet was constantly appealing to imaginary shepherds to tell him, tell him what had become of his shepherdess, until people became heartily tired of Strephon and Chloe, with their sheep, crooks, and fal-lals.

Pope, in his "Discourse on Pastoral Poetry," says: "There are not a greater number of any sort of verses than those called pastorals, nor a smaller of those which are truly so." His early efforts

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must be classed with the majority, and only succeeded in showing that the age could not produce excellence of this kind. A great admirer of Pope, William Shenstone, thought himself entitled to use pastoral imagery, because he lived retired in the country, or, in his own phrase, "vacant in the rural cave," marked "the lab'ring hind invert the soil," and had leisure to prophesy that

> elegance, with coy, judicious hand,
> Shall cull fresh flow'rets for Ophelia's tomb.

His verses gave evidence of a gentle, kindly nature, but of very little more, and he contributed to bring round the time when a reader, on seeing a pastoral ode, would immediately shut the book. Metaphor is not necessarily insincere, but in the hands of poets of that age it became so. The curtain was the picture. Art was not disguised, nor did it in turn disguise a reality of genuine feeling.

Pastoral poetry came to have Watteau for its painter, and took the style of the *siècle* Louis Quatorze, where

> all is glistening show,
> Like the idle gleam that December's beam
> Can dart on ice and snow.

Idyllic sentiment, idyllic painting, and idyllic poetry were appropriated by the French court, and became hollow, rouged, and false, like it. We have long since escaped from the glamor of those enchantments, and are beginning to recover from the reaction which followed them.

But for the great benefit, and with a view to the gradual education of those who imagine that Sèvres china shepherds and shepherdesses haunt all idyllic poetry, the fact must be established that idylls are not necessarily pastoral, nor are pastoral poems necessarily unreal. In idyllic poetry an incident may be described having no relation whatever to oxen and sheep; or if shepherds are introduced, their talk may be perfectly, and even realistically, natural. If we want to see what the idyll originally was, we must turn to Theocritus; and in his genuine idylls we shall find both idealized and realistic poems. In him, at least, there is no "middle wall of partition" between the two kinds. A pastoral poem may be idealized by him, but quite as often it is not. In many instances his shepherds talk very naturally — sometimes rather coarsely; these poems being tolerably faithful transcripts of the actual converse of goat-herds and ox-herds, with just those changes in language, and addition of point and a poetic flavor in places, which are necessary to redeem the whole from vulgarity, and to keep weariness away from the mind of the reader. Very parallel with these, and strictly in the same class, are the charming "Poems in the Dorset Dialect," for which the present generation is so much indebted to Mr. Barnes. But Theocritus often writes in the same manner on quite other subjects, and presents us with a scene from other kinds of life. In the second idyll, for example, a girl tries to recover the affections of a lover by magical charms; and the undersong or recurring line throughout the first part of the poem is addressed to the wryneck, which is bound to the magic wheel, and whose cries are supposed to attract the lover to the house. In another poem two friends meet, and the one narrates how, on the preceding night, he opened a particularly good jar of wine, and there was "a sweet drinking;" and how a quarrel came about between him and his mistress. At another time a "spring journey" to a festival is described, with the songs sung on the way; and the party is left enjoying midday repose in a reed-bed by the roadside, shaded overhead by poplars and elms, a sacred spring trickling hard by from a nymph-haunted cave; the merry din of the grasshoppers was heard from the branches; the croaking of the tree-frog from the thicket; larks and siskins sang, and the stock-dove mourned; the yellow bees flew over the water, and all smelt of the rich heat — smelt of the coming summer. Or, again, Theocritus tells how one Syracusan lady comes to visit another; how they chat together, and go forth into the perils of the street, where the horseguards frighten them much, and where the people "push like pigs" to the festival of Adonis. There is nothing pastoral, or fanciful, or mythological about these poems. They are simply characteristic sketches; sometimes almost photographic in their fidelity to actual life. Those, therefore, who object altogether to allegory and symbolism, need not turn away at once from a poem which is called an idyll, because it may happen to suit them very well.

It is right, perhaps, to dwell upon this side of idyllic poetry, because there are those who will appreciate it, while they will wholly refuse to place, as I do, the ideal and pastoral poems at the head of the idyllic class. Some reasons for this preference will be given presently. Meantime we must subdivide those poems, which depart more or less completely from actual life, and introduce mythological per-

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sons and idealized shepherds, into two divisions. First and highest come those which are in no sense allegories; which convey no veiled or secondary meaning; which deal with fancy because it is more poetical than fact, with imaginary characters, because they have a charm of their own not found in the actual world. In such poems a favorite subject is Polyphemus, and his hopeless love for the sea-nymph, who jests at and avoids him. Most readers of poetry know how, in Theocritus, the grotesquely uncouth monster is made to sit, looking seaward, on a rock, and soothe his love for Galatea by song and the pipe; while she, as he describes her, "whiter than curd, softer than the lamb, more skittish than a calf, whose skin is smoother and firmer than the unripe grape," mocks him from amid the waves, until he wishes that he had been born with fins; and takes comfort at last in the philosophic reflection that "he can find a handsomer Galatea if this one scorns him." All lovers of music know how admirably Handel, in his "Acis and Galatea," has caught and expressed the idyllic sentiment in some of its aspects.

But the most highly idealized poem of Theocritus is the first, which has also influenced later poetry far more than any of the others. From this idyll Virgil and Milton have sought inspiration, and indeed have translated portions of it almost exactly. Thyrsis and a shepherd meet and challenge each other to play or sing: but to pipe at noonday is not safe; they fear Pan, who then rests, wearied with his hunting; and his anger is easily roused. So they agree that Thyrsis should sing the ode which describes the fate of Daphnis, which twice over at least has been honored by imitation. This poem is wholly ideal: this is to say, its personages are the creation of poetic fancy; it contains no allusion, direct or indirect, to living men and their affairs. The Daphnis, over whom the lament is pronounced, never really either lived or died. More than this, the persons introduced in this kind of poetry do not speak altogether the language of real men and women; and some of the characters and incidents are purely fanciful. The idyll of this highest kind deals with a wholly ideal world, the very essence and charm of which is that it is other than the world of our practical acquaintance.

There is usually no great or lasting difference between this and the next subdivision, consisting of poems with mythological or fanciful machinery, but which are governed by a covert allusion to the actual world and contemporary personages. Virgil has, as many think, spoilt his eclogues by making them allusive instead of purely ideal. But who cares now whether or not Tityrus had an actual prototype, or if Gallus and Lycoris really lived in the poet's circle of acquaintance?

We read the poems as poems, not as illustrations of the history of the time; and so the characters have become for us purely ideal, whatever was meant by the poet, or understood by his contemporaries. It may be added, as a testimony to the value of those poems, which it seems just now to be the fashion to decry, that they contain a greater number of often-quoted lines than almost any others of equal length; a test of merit, not indeed conclusive, yet worthy of consideration. Marot and Spenser also, as has been already remarked, introduced thinly-veiled allusions into their idylls, and used them to some extent for argumentative or controversial purposes. We may admit at once that this practice is thoroughly contrary to the spirit of idyllic poetry, and poetically wrong. But who cares now that Algrind was Archbishop Grindal? The controversial meaning is gone; the poetry remains. So old builders satirized the regular clergy in the sculpture of their cathedrals. The satire was out of place, and artistically bad; but it hardly now affects our enjoyment of the whole structure. Time has worn away, or veiled for us the false, and left the true. In any new poem of the idyllic kind the intrusion of controversial matter, or of current allusions, should be sternly condemned. But in old poems we need take no account of them, for they will not interfere with our pleasure unless we force them to do so. Virgil and Spenser have a strong tendency to be idyllic, even when they undertake to be epic; and those portions of their works which are cast in the idyllic mould have high and peculiar merits, which need not be spoilt for us by temporary defects.

The third and last division of idyllic poetry is that which its poets have consecrated to the memory of departed friends, in which shine the names of Moschus, Milton, Shelley, and Arnold. The idyll has been considered peculiarly fit for the expression of grief. Those who have so used it have thought that private joy or sorrow may well be the motive power which brings poetry into existence, but that it should be shown to the public only under a veil of art and in an idealized form. That which a true poet pleases to give us we must accept as it is, and enjoy the beauties it

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displays. If a man of genius chooses to proclaim his inmost feelings without disguise, we must be grateful for so much of the display as we can honestly admire. But he acts more wisely who limits his lament within a brief compass, and even then expresses it under forms and symbols. The absence of passion and intensity, which distinguishes idyllic poetry, makes it an excellent means for hinting at a sorrow which the public would not thank us for displaying more openly. True poetry belongs to the order of eternal things; sorrow for an individual is temporal, and does not interest others than his immediate circle of friends, unless it be expressed in a form which appeals to all men for all time. This form of idyllic poetry has, like the others, met with dispraise. Dr. Johnson, somewhat peevishly, says of "Lycidas:" "It is not to be considered as the effusion of real passion, for passion runs not after remote allusions and obscure opinions. Passion plucks no berries from the myrtle and ivy, nor calls upon Arethuse and Mincius, nor tells of rough satyrs with cloven heel. In this poem there is no nature, for there is no truth; there is no art, for there is nothing new. Its form is that of a pastoral; easy, vulgar, and therefore disgusting. Whatever images it can supply are long ago exhausted; and its inherent improbability always forces dissatisfaction on the mind." In this sentence Johnson would no doubt have included the other poems of this class. But the true answer to the only part of this criticism which is worth answering, is that passion which would be loud had best be silent. As Martial says,—

> Non luget quisquis laudari, Gellia, quaerit;
> Ille dolet vere, qui sine teste dolet.

But when passion has lost its first intensity, it may very properly become the motive for poetry, which, however, with becoming modesty, will shrink from publicity, unless cloaked in those "remote allusions," "obscure opinions," and "inherent improbabilities," which the prejudices of Johnson caused him to find "vulgar"— not indeed in our modern sense, but familiar and offensive.

Having thus glanced rapidly over the divisions of idyllic poetry as it has existed in the past, we have to consider what is likely to be its position in time to come. There are two schools of prophets who prophesy of the poetry of the future. According to one school, old models will be totally abandoned; poetry will be fused by other fires, and run into wholly different moulds; and each poet will be "*ein Narr auf eigne Hand.*" The other holds that while, as times change, different subject-matter will be introduced into poetry, yet the old forms will be retained, and even for the highest work the old legends still give the truest inspiration. Probably, at any rate for a long time to come, the old methods will hold their ground. I can well imagine that the drama will undergo great changes, and that the drama of the future may differ as widely from that of Shakespeare as his did from that of Sophocles or Æschylus. But the drama is the most mobile form of poetry — the most subject to the influences of the age. Of course, it does not follow that because we cannot imagine a thing, it therefore will not come to pass; but those who cannot imagine cannot expect the time when the epic of the future will be essentially different from the epic of the past; and the same may be said, perhaps even more emphatically, of lyric poetry or song. So with idyllic poetry. It has changed from age to age; it will change with the coming ages. But under its external changes it will remain essentially the same. For that which is its essence is eternally pleasing, and will be continually reproduced in one form or another. The typical idyll is a poem in which a little picture is painted in somewhat subdued coloring; it represents a scene and a slight story, which are pleasing without being exciting. The poets widely modify the idyll, each according to his own nature. But they cannot pass certain bounds; or, if they do, their poems are no longer idyllic, but something else. On the one hand, the idyll borders on the drama. Multiply the characters of "The Syracusan Women" of Theocritus — well known to English readers in Mr. Matthew Arnold's excellent version — intensify the action, and you have a play. Others again, such as the "*Alexis und Dora*" of Goethe, with more fire, and a shorter, livelier metre, would pass into the lyric, or perhaps the ballad region. The idyllic domain lies between these empires. It is a land "where it is always afternoon" — where strong passion and violent action may never enter. Pastoral poetry is, I know, wholly condemned by some. It has been shown that the idyll has a wider range; but there are some — *si quis captus amore leget* — who will not despise verse-tasting

> of summer and the country green,
> Dance and Provençal song and sun-burnt mirth.

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Perfect pastoral poetry introduces us to scenes which our feet can never tread; and its shepherds have often little resemblance to the actual tenders of small cattle. Are we so abandoned to realism that we can no longer appreciate any fairy-tales save those of science? If we have lost the power of loving poetry which murmurs like a slow-flowing river between great reed-beds, and which raises the charm of country life to a height only to be reached by fancy, our hold of poetry, at least on one side, has altogether slackened.

But we have left the past, and are to see how the idyll is being adapted to meet the needs of the present and the future. One instance which will occur to most persons in these days when German is so commonly read is Goethe's "*Hermann und Dorothea*." This poem is a good instance of the extent to which the idyll may be varied from the normal type without losing the idyllic character. The story is more fully worked out than is usual in the idyll, and is even divided into sections, whereas the true idyll seldom shifts the scene or allows you more than one look through the camera. But the idyllic sentiment, which consists in picturesque effect and lightly-stirred emotion is maintained throughout, and the poem may be taken as a very fair example of the way in which the idyll may be modified to suit modern needs. Mr. Browning's art is, I think, always too intense to be purely idyllic. But his "Saul and David" is an idyll altered in character by heat, like metamorphic rocks, and several of the poems entitled "Men and Women" are very like idylls. "Love among the Ruins" is a true and very beautiful idyll.

Our other great living poet is essentially idyllic. Mr. Tennyson has indeed departed from the idyllic type when there was most reason for keeping to it, and has called a series of poems idylls which I certainly should not class under that head. His "Idylls of the King" seem more like studies for an epic poem than anything else. The first which appeared, the "*Morte d' Arthur*," and which is much the finest, unless an exception be made in favor of "Guinevere," is simply an epic fragment. It was not these, but the detached poems to be found in his works, that Mr. Kingsley thought must "make the shade of Theocritus hide his diminished head." This is high praise — I think exaggerated praise. Yet in such poems as "Dora" and "The Gardener's Daughter" Mr. Tennyson has attained to a high measure of success, and both have the true characters of the idyll, while "Œnone" must always hold its place in the very front rank of this class of poetry.

But for the best work in this kind which has been done since Milton — as the lyrical nature of Shelley's poetry strongly marks even the "Adonais" — we have to thank Mr. Matthew Arnold. In "The Scholar Gipsy" he has given us a legend of Oxford. With subtle and most skilful daring he has brought the ideal and the actual, legend and modern life, close together, without ever allowing the one to jar upon the other. When he wrote of the scholar who had left Oxford life for the haunts of the gipsies, Arnold had a friend with him, who shared in the fancy that they might some day meet this wanderer,

> Rapt, twirling in his hand a withered spray,
> And waiting for the spark from heaven to fall.

But the friend could not stay.

> He could not keep, —
> For that a shadow lowered on the fields, —
> Here with the shepherds and the silly sheep,
> Some life of men unblest
> He knew, which made him droop, and filled his head.
> He went; his piping took a troubled sound
> Of storms that rage outside our happy ground;
> He could not wait their passing, he is dead!

This friend was another poet, to whom I have referred above — Arthur Hugh Clough, and to his memory Arnold wrote a monody, which stands beside the very best memorial idylls. Space forbids quotation at greater length from this poem, "Thyrsis," and the other, "The Scholar Gipsy," with which it is so closely connected. But they form the best defence of idyllic poetry, because the best recent examples of effective use of the idyll.

With these examples before us I think we must admit that the idyll is likely to play a not unimportant part in the poetry of the future. It seldom has been, and seldom will be, as popular as other forms of poetry. With a few exceptions — and the merits even of these have been disputed — idyllic poetry does not command the attention and admiration of all. Yet it fills a niche which cannot be left empty without spoiling the general effect of the temple which each age rears to poetry. The particular form which idyllic, like other poetry, takes in each epoch varies with the taste and judgment of the men of that generation. The pastoral and ideal elements may at one time be exaggerated, and at another left out altogether. Per-

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haps in the idyll of the future the faults of the past will be avoided, and the merits of different schools united; the pastoral symbolism will be occasionally retained and used, as Mr. Arnold has shown us it may be used, to help the translation of the harsh facts of actual life and personal sorrow into the calm and eternal regions of art; myth, legend, and reality will be taught to touch without jarring upon each other, and the idyll will be recognized as not indeed among the highest, yet one of the most pleasing forms of poetry.

The idyll does not claim a place in the highest rank. The greatest poetry is truly, although perhaps always unconsciously, didactic, or else it keenly excites the emotions and creates lofty sentiments. None of these objects can be gained by the writer of idyllic poetry. There will, therefore, never be wanting the Johnsons and the Morrells, who, from a real or a fancied eminence, exclaim, —

> What, ho, thou jolly shepheard swaine,
> Come up the hill to me;
> Better is than the lowly plaine,
> Both for thy sheep and thee.

But Thomalin knows full well that

> In humble dales is footing fast.

It is not by all men, nor even by the greatest in all humors, that the highest kind of work can be done; nor by all men and in all humors that the highest kind of work can be enjoyed. In these days of unrest and feverish action there is special need of restful and unworldly poetry, and of such is the idyll.

> Alsoone may shepheard climb the skie
> That leades in lowly dales,
> As goteheard prowd, that, sitting hie,
> Upon the mountayne sayles.

M. W. Moggridge.

From The Theatre.

TALKING AT THE PLAY.

The talkers at the play, talkers by habit and from choice, represent a form of social nuisance against which legislation is practically powerless. We know that *de minimis non curat lex*, and those who spoil our evening's entertainment at the play must behave worse than they do before we can actually interfere to put a stop to their selfish way of enjoying themselves. If only they would interrupt the performers upon the stage they would doubtless become amenable to the law, and at the instigation of the acting manager they would not improbably be silenced or expelled. So, too, they would be stopped if they were caught picking pockets, or attempting to settle their little differences of opinion by a resort to blows. But so long as they confine themselves to irritating their neighbors by their audible whispers or by animated conversation carried on throughout the performance in a low tone of voice, they are safe from any check save that provided by an occasional remonstrance or by an angry frown. Ultimately they may succumb to the force of public opinion which must in the end decide the amount of deference to be paid to the feelings of others; but before petty selfishness of this kind is definitely recognized as a breach of good breeding and an intolerable sin against good manners, we shall, it is to be feared, have a long time to wait, and talking at the play will continue to flourish as a thoroughly objectionable fashion, but a fashion nevertheless.

The commonest type of talkers at the play is seen in the would-be man-about-town when he takes the conventional country cousin to a first night. This gentleman really regards his conversation as a sacred duty owed to his companion. He feels bound to prove how many acquaintances amongst theatrical people he has achieved by the aid of his membership of Bohemian clubs. From the actress in the box to the critic in the stalls he must be able to give a name and a condensed biography of every one in the house who catches his eye, and his opportunities in this direction are increased by the fact that his auditor has no means of testing the accuracy of the information so volubly poured into his ear. His reputation is, he thinks, at stake, and gossip, either correct or incorrect, must be supplied. So the lady's relation to her companion is incorrectly described, the journalist is allotted to a paper for which he never wrote in his life, and — a blunder much more important — malicious stories are told of an actress whose sister is seated well within earshot of the reckless speaker. Wonderful indeed would life behind the scenes be if it were anything like what it is described as being by the cicerone who knows everything; and if we were not too pained to have to hear his remarks at all, they would assuredly keep us well amused. Another confirmed chatterer is the old stager who always knows how to finish each sentence spoken on the stage before it is half over, and who for the benefit of the less-experienced playgoer by his side audibly unrav-

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els the plot as it proceeds, repeats and explains each joke, and possibly, if the piece is a standard one, gives reminiscences of the way in which each successive point used to be made by artists now dead and gone. He is perhaps a *laudator temporis acti*, and he persists in singing his praises of time past at the wrong moment; or he is a gushing admirer of the "modern school," whatever that may chance to be, and he cannot keep his admiration to himself until the performance is over. A talker who talks apparently in spite of himself is the funny man who cannot resist his humorous sallies, however inopportune they may be. Then there is the gentleman who chimes in with any portion of the dialogue that chances to hit his fancy, who has in stock a fund of ludicrous similes for the actors, and who is never quiet except when he is cudgelling his brains for some smart utterance to be given impromptu during the critical situation of the drama. This humorist might sometimes be justly set down as a rival playwright or as a professional concocter of burlesque determined to keep up his character even in private or semi-private life. He seems incapable of serious appreciation of stage-work, however good, or at any rate he is very loth to show it. His cynical comments will often quite destroy the enjoyment of those who catch them, for their laughing satire is sufficiently smart to leave a sting behind it, and there are those weak enough to allow the thread of their earnest interest to be broken irreparably after this fashion.

But there are also talkers whose talk is of nothing connected with the theatre or performance in it. Why they have come to the theatre at all it is impossible to guess, since they arrive there too late to understand what is going on upon the stage, and as likely as not they will stay out for a whole act smoking cigarettes and drinking brandy and soda. Arrived in their box — it is generally to a box that playgoers of this class go — they do not even pretend to take an interest in the play or the acting, but begin an animated discussion about the races they have recently left, or the game of billiards that they had after dinner, or the movements of Erie and Great Northern Deferred A. and South-Eastern A. Perhaps the discussion grows vehement, since it is possible to grow excited over the pursuits of betting man and stockbroker; and then one result of the excitement is the great annoyance of all who can see and hear the inhabitants of the box. It is mostly after a heavy dinner that these worthies make their appearance, and the fact that they have been dining is generally very apparent. Their presence in the front of the box is always a curse to the performers, for it distracts the attention of all upon whose notice it is forced; and it is a slight upon the interest of the entertainment which cannot well be overlooked.

It is scarcely necessary to insist upon the selfishness and the direct madness of such behavior as that indulged in by the various classes of talkers at the play. They may not mean to do much harm, any more than do the good people whose tongues are loosened at parties the moment the music begins. They are simply too stupid or too careless to know what a nuisance they are, and comparatively few begin their conversation in deliberate defiance of the wishes of their neighbors. The fact is, that folks who sit near these chatterboxes would do well if they would quietly remonstrate with the offenders on each occasion as it arises, when in nine cases out of ten the offence would cease. Assuming that the annoyance is not intended, it will be dropped the moment the sufferers protest; and much good would be done if those whose pleasure is thus spoilt for the idle gratification of others would at any rate give the culprits the opportunity of proving that their conduct was not intentionally subversive of the comfort of others.

END OF VOLUME CXXXVII.

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