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THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY 1898.

A STRENGTH THAT FAILED.

A TALE OF THE MIDLANDS.

BY NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BAYONET THAT CAME HOME," &C.

PART I.

THE road is a broad one. It sweeps around an edge of Milverton Green. Whenever it is dry it is covered with a thick white dust.

The road is level, and so is the wide green which it bounds. The space of the road and the green is pleasant for the eye to feed upon.

By the curving side of the road and opposite to the green are little gardens, amongst whose plum and apple trees stand back cottages. They are poor, those people who live there. But when they look across the green they can see a great red house, whose polished windows often flash golden light through the decrepit branches of most ancient yews. It is a mansion that great red house, and the woods at its side stand stiffly with great trunks of poplar and fir. Towards the sweep of these woods as they proudly measure their height against a low oak paling which bounds the green, curves the road. And where they meet stands back the "Three Fishes," with its massive sign-post. To this inn the road has sent a broad path, ere it rules straightly by the side of the wood to another part of Buckinghamshire.

The "Three Fishes" has a roof of reeds. The eaves of this roof draw cosily over windows set in whitewashed walls; and bats have

made their warm home of it for a hundred years—that is, since the "thekker" first laid it upon the rafters. Strangers say as they enter the porch of the "Three Fishes" by a glass-panelled door, and tread upon the red tiles of a short passage, "Eh! but this is an old-fashioned inn." Very soon they bend their heads to a low doorway. Then they see how comfortable the "Three Fishes" is, with its great rooms and its little rooms, with its big beams heavily hanging, with its open hearth in the flagged taproom, with its barred grate in the parlour. And if the windows of the "Three Fishes" are narrow, the darkness which rests against here a plank, there a plaster wall, is warm in the winter and cool in the summer. They say so, those strangers, though they clip their words to Milverton ears.

The Birches had been married but a very little while when they heard a rumour that the Walkers were going to give up the management of the "Three Fishes." And a friend of both parties said to Birch, "Garge, there's a chance for yer. Why don't you take on the old inn?"

George Birch was a market gardener in a very small way. His hands were rough with hard manual labour. To be landlord at the "Three Fishes"! The idea almost took away his breath. It was such a beautiful home. But he liked a joke! "I am going tew," he answered.

Some people do not understand jokes. George's friend told several men that young Birch and his wife were going to take the "Three Fishes." The news spread quickly throughout Milverton. First came one, and then another, and another to George. They treated the matter very seriously—so seriously that it astonished him out of his laughter. And he asked himself, *why* he should not become landlord of the "Three Fishes?" He had saved a little money, which would go towards the first year's rent. The garden at the back of the inn, it was good soil, it would come in handy to his business. The stable, he could put his pony in it. Dang! but he would work up the trade, and make his fortune.

He mentioned the matter to Kitty, his wife. It frightened her. But George was strong; she clung to him, she listened. A while and she spoke. George knew that she would do her best, if hard work could help. George knew how bright she had kept her kitchen when she was in service. George knew how she loved him—but she was happy as she was.

George Birch was young and newly married. It was very pleasant to show a manly determination before his wife. Quickly then he placed his pony to his trap, and drove to the brewery at Datchforth

Town. The gentleman there asked him many questions. George answered straightforwardly. Soon it was arranged; it would be all right, *Mister* Birch should have the gentleman's "tied" house—the "Three Fishes" at Milverton. And what would he take to drink?

The Walkers were anxious to leave the "Three Fishes." They did not like the business, they told people.

George went to Walker, and spoke to him very civilly. "I should like to come in as soon as possible," he said. And his face was very anxious, very eager.

Walker was solemn, but very friendly. "I am on the look-out for a grocer's shop in Datchforth," he answered. "As soon as I am suited to my liking, I move at once."

Later, Walker had a chat with Mrs. Walker when she returned from market. "George Birch was round this afternoon," he said; "he wants to know when we'll be a moving."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Walker, "wait till 'e 'as been 'ere a twelvemonth. P'raps 'e will be in as much of a hurry to get out as 'e is to get in." She shook her head gloomily.

The visit of George to the "Three Fishes" was followed by others at short intervals. Each morning when he awoke he felt anxious to know whether the Walkers had secured a shop at Datchforth, and as the days passed on, and found them still unsuited, he asked their permission to move some of his furniture into the "Three Fishes." It was granted readily enough. Kitty, too, went timidly with her husband. She was commencing to feel the responsibilities of her coming position as landlady. And she wished to take thorough stock of the house and its capabilities for that bright neatness which she determined beforehand should reign within and without. It was a pleasant, though anxious time; and the young couple never wearied of putting questions to the Walkers about the business and its management. Withal, George worked very hard in his gardens.

Kitty Birch possessed beautiful eyes. Their colour was hidden amidst a soft light that always shone straightly forth. It was this light which was so beautiful, and whose rays gave pleasures of confidence and kindly feeling. Perhaps these eyes were most beautiful when they were looking wistfully over green fields or yearningly at the high heavens; but they were also lovely when the "Three Fishes" opened its doors to rough and thirsty men. Then they veiled to a mist of shyness.

Milverton has other inns besides the "Three Fishes." There are the "Spotted Dog" and the "King's Head." When the Birches

opened the "Three Fishes," the customers of the "Spotted Dog" and the "King's Head" suddenly came to them. Men did not reason; they were thirsty, and they felt that they would like to drink at the "Three Fishes," where there was the excitement of a great company and new hosts. This was natural. But what a business it brought to George and Kitty! Life grew strangely wonderful to them. It was so full, so varied. And yet they—they were the same.

George Birch had been very hopeful. "I shall do a two-barrel business a week," he had said to Kitty. He was doing four. Understand then the coming and going from the "Three Fishes," the much laughter, the many voices.

By day it was Kitty who served customers, and who rose from meals with food in her mouth, who quitted her work of cooking, of sewing, of cleaning. For George was at work in his gardens. By busier night 'twas both Kitty and George who served customers, and then two pairs of hands were scarcely enough.

The country about Milverton is very flat. At no great distance from the village crawls a sluggish river. When the heavy rains of autumn came they grew anxious at the "Three Fishes." Friends said, "The river is rising fast;" and truly they could see it from the back door lapping towards them over the green fields. One night, just before closing hour, the flags of the taproom grew damp. Then George and Kitty made up their minds; they commenced to move their furniture to the upper rooms of the inn. It was very wise; by the morning the broad waters had entered the "Three Fishes." And they were very grateful at the "Spotted Dog" and "King's Head," which stood drily upon higher ground.

The water which had entered the "Three Fishes" brought with it a strange silence. Amidst that silence George and Kitty told one another how hard they had been working. For the first time since they had taken the "Three Fishes" they folded their hands and were content to rest. But when the waters fell they were troubled, for the inn remained very damp, and much mud lay. It was now that the "Three Fishes" was very uncomfortable, and that custom sought the dry hearths of the "Spotted Dog" and "King's Head."

Autumn gave place to winter. George Birch had become a father. But fortune no longer smiled upon him. To the world he said that the autumn flood had diverted his custom. But to Kitty he said that he had made a mistake, that he had given much credit to men who did not wish to pay, who now drank at the "King's Head" or "Spotted Dog." Kitty was his wife. She made excuses, though her heart was faint with experience. She said:

"But what could you have done with Ned? He paid reg'lar and 'onest for weeks together. Then one day he said he'd left his money at home; he asked you to chalk him up a pint, friendly-like. That was 'ow 'e began. That was 'ow they all began."

"Dang 'im!" answered George Birch bitterly. "He knew what he was about. And you won't see him or the others 'ere again till they have run out o' tick at the 'Spotted Dog' and 'King's Head.' Trust 'em for that."

Kitty sighed. "P'raps not," she answered meekly, "but we must be thankful that we have kept the house respectable. We 'ave 'ad no trouble that way."

George Birch was in a gloomy frame of mind. "It's well as we 'ave," he answered. "A publican ain't got no friends. He's a bad'un to the parson, and a bad'un to the magistrate. And let there be a disturbance in 'is 'ouse, and he soon knows it. Roight *or* wrong."

Kitty heaved a deeper sigh, but did not reply. *She* knew how difficult it was for a weak woman to refuse to serve drink to a drunken man.

There were other troubles upon George Birch's shoulders besides a dwindling custom. Experience was showing him that the profit upon beer sold from a "tied" house is sometimes small, and that the rent of the "Three Fishes" took a lot of "making up." His gardens, too, had been failing him under a bad season and low prices, though he had worked early and late. It was not to be wondered at that George Birch was growing thin.

Time passed. Matters did not mend, they grew worse at the "Three Fishes." Kitty saw that to work hard was not enough. She ate very little meat, she sold every egg that her fowls laid. Gradually she grew weak. Soon she seldom left the "Three Fishes," there was so much work to be done in order to save a penny here and a penny there. And when she did leave it, the open air made her feel ill. "It was so strong," she said.

George Birch reflected by day and by wearier night. Would he, must he give up the "Three Fishes"? Was he to be ruined for want of the custom that would not return? He asked Kitty; she sobbed, the tears came into her eyes, for the world without was very wide, and she loved her home and her little babe.

Through black night was softly falling a white snow. But for its crisping rustle, and a footfall tramping sleepily home, there was silence in Milverton.

Midst yellow light sat Kitty in her parlour at the "Three Fishes." With her toe she was rocking a cradle. Sleepily creaked

the cradle 'midst the listening silence of the inn, for the taproom was empty of voice and laugh.

Kitty ran her thumb harshly down the seam of a piece of new calico that she was stitching. Such a little noise, but it echoed through the quiet inn. Kitty sighed; once all had been so different, and now it was so sad.

The wheels of a clock whirred quickly and caught. It was about to strike ten. Kitty raised her head. She heard a dull roll of wheels entering the snow-filled yard of the "Three Fishes." She stood up, and went to a cupboard. She drew from it a rind of cheese and a piece of bread. As she placed them upon the table the back-door of the inn opened masterfully, and George Birch came with very hasty steps to her side. His eyes were shining with excitement. "I 'ave been and done it," he said with a gay laugh.

Kitty Birch opened her eyes widely. For weeks there had not been such a cheerful ring in her husband's voice. "Done wot?" she asked nervously.

"Whoy! Done the trick," answered George boisterously.

For the moment a suspicion crossed Kitty's mind that her husband had given way to his troubles and had been drinking at Datchforth. Her face clouded with anxiety. George noticed the change of expression. "It is all right, ole gal," he said kindly. "Let us have our supper, and I'll tell you what I've been a doing at Datchforth."

Kitty went quickly to the taproom and drew a pint of beer. She placed it before George, who had sat down to table in the little parlour. He took a long draught; afterwards he leant back in his chair with a sigh of relief, and passed the back of his hand across his mouth. "Now tell us, George," said Kitty wheedlingly.

George Birch felt proud of what he had done at Datchforth. "Look 'ere!" he said with a sudden seriousness, "*you* know and *Oi* know as 'ow things are going very bad with us. To-night, for instance, who 'ave you 'ad 'ere?"

"Only Jim, for a 'arf pint o' four ale," answered Kitty mournfully.

"That is it," said George. "They go to the 'King's Head' and the 'Spotted Dog.' And they *will* go to the 'King's Head' and the 'Spotted Dog' unless we can draw 'em back 'ere again."

George paused. He wished the difficulties of the present position to sink deeply into Kitty's mind. He would presently gather greater glorification in her eyes for his action at Datchforth. Kitty waited impatiently. "Go on, George. Do!" she said.

George Birch leant forward across the table. His voice fell to a solemn whisper. He said, "Look 'ere, Kitty, I have found a safe 'draw' to bring 'em all 'ere again."

"*Never*, George," exclaimed Kitty in a twitter.

"I 'ave," he answered, raising his voice. "It is a fat woman, who is on show at Datchforth. I 'ave 'ranged with her that she will serve in this 'ouse for a week, commencing Toosday next."

George Birch's plan for tempting custom back to the "Three Fishes" was a speculation. And it possessed the excitement of a speculation. By turns Kitty hoped and trembled as George unfolded to her the details of a scheme that is not unknown to the "trade." The fat woman's name was Mrs. Birst. She weighed thirty stone, and she would wear a beautiful blue dress. George had arranged to give her two pounds and her "keep" for the week during which she would serve liquors and beer to the customers of the "Three Fishes." He would make no charge to those who wished to see the "draw"; but those who came would be expected to drink, and once he had tickled their custom back to the "Three Fishes," he hoped to keep it. It was, he admitted to Kitty, a great sum for him to give Mrs. Birst. But what could he do? She would not take less. Something had to be done. And the stout lady must either make or break him, either make or break him.

With a most anxious heart Kitty lay down to rest that night. A fear came to her that she was going to be ill, she felt so utterly weary, so strangely weak. But she said nought of this to George, who tossed with restless hope by her side. She only determined that she must, she would "keep up" till the visit of the fat lady had come and gone. For the sake of George and the little babe whom she clutched closely to her languidly heaving breast, she must and would keep up till the visit of the fat lady had come and gone. Then—then perhaps she could rest.

The next morning some large posters and some printed leaflets arrived from Datchforth for George Birch. The former he posted upon the walls of the village, the latter he distributed gratis. Both the one and the other told the people of Milverton what a wonderfully fat and beautiful woman was coming to the "Three Fishes." Some people said that they had once seen a woman as fat, others said that it was impossible. These argued with those to the great excitement of Milverton, to the high hopes of George and Kitty. "When is she a comin'?" many asked of George, dropping into the "Three Fishes" for a pint.

"Toosday. Toosday certain," he always replied. "She is a

masterpiece, I can tell yer. She is worth a seeing of. Moind! Come and see her."

Even so, before the fat woman arrived did the taproom of the "Three Fishes" begin to fill. And now, seldom did weary Kitty sit down. "You're a looking poorly, Missus," said her customers, as they blew the foam from her pint pots.

George Birch had arranged with Mrs. Birst, that though the latter should commence to serve in the taproom of the "Three Fishes" upon a Tuesday, she should arrive during the previous night. It was an arrangement that George kept strictly secret. And for a very good reason. If people had known of the hour of Mrs. Birst's arrival, or even if she had been driven into Milverton by daylight, a crowd would have been sure to gather. That would have tended to spoil subsequent business at the "Three Fishes." Besides, as Mrs. Birst, who had her feelings, had been careful to point out to George, she always travelled by night because she "'ated to 'ave a crowd trapsing after her." Their "hammer-jawing" and their "staring like stuck pigs," annoyed her. It was different when she was "on show"; she was *paid* for it then.

Poor Kitty! She grew very nervous as the hour for Mrs. Birst's arrival drew near. Though the room destined for the stout lady was cosily ready for her reception, though Kitty had cooked, and washed, and sewn, and served customers—yet still there was work waiting for her thin hands. And Kitty felt, though she had been working hard, as if she had done nothing at all. It was a miserable sensation, born of a multiplicity of "jobs." Her good temper wore ragged.

At length closing hour came. The "Three Fishes" grew silent but for George's restless pacing to and fro. Suddenly there was a shout from the green. Kitty started, George ran to the door of the inn and gazed into the black profundity of the night. No one came; it was not Mrs. Birst.

Later, a sound of wheels upon the high road! "'Ere she is," exclaimed George. Kitty heaved a sigh of relief; the waiting had been painful. But the wheels did not stop, their roll passed away into the distance. Then Kitty commenced to fear that an accident had happened to Mrs. Birst. And what would they do? George swore. He was anxious, very anxious. Suddenly he seized a lantern, and ran to the back door of the inn, followed by Kitty. A trampling of horses, together with crunching wheels, was heavily entering the inn yard.

George Birch held the lantern high above his head. His gaze

went intently forth with its rays. Presently he saw all: the great covered waggon, the pair of broad-backed horses, the driver above. "'Old 'ard!" he said to the latter, "where is Missus Birst?"

"Here I am," answered a woolly voice cheerfully. And the flaps of tarpaulin behind the waggoner were abruptly parted. An enormous face peered forth with eyes which blinked to the light.

George experienced a rush of excitement. The lantern swayed in his grasp, his head pecked upon his neck. "You're welcome, Missus," he shouted. "'Ere Kitty," he said turning to his wife, "lay 'old o' the lantern."

"I'll fetch a chair, Missus," he shouted, again addressing Mrs. Birst. "'Arf a minute, and you shall step down easy. Kitty 'ere shall take yer to your supper."

George ran back into the inn. Kitty stepped close to the waggon. The enormous face above fascinated her into silence. She almost feared to see the great body that would follow.

The flaps of tarpaulin fell together again. The waggoner descended and went to his horses' heads. For a second or so the waggon shook ponderously upon its springs, then a small foot peeped daintily from the tarpaulin, and lowering itself with the folds of a white flannel petticoat, sought foothold upon the waggon board. It found support and rested upon tip-toe. A second foot came more cautiously forth from the tarpaulin. It left the white petticoat behind, and was followed by a hugely wrinkled ankle, by a gigantic calf. Kitty drew a long breath, the lantern trembled in her hand, for the tarpaulin was bursting, was yielding to the outward pressure of an enormous bulk.

How she managed it Kitty did not know. But Mrs. Birst lowered from the waggon to the wooden chair which George brought, and thence with a balloon-like descent to the ground.

Mrs. Birst stood panting. Then she stretched a great arm forth from a bulbous shoulder, and gave a tiny hand into the welcoming grasp of Mrs. Birch. And she admitted that she was hungry, that she would be glad to have her supper. George turned towards the back door of the inn. "Come along o' me, Missus," he said hospitably.

Mrs. Birst was very good-tempered. She tried force, it was useless. She tried cunning, and took off her jacket and a skirt. It was of no avail. "Shove at me, and I'll 'oller when yer 'urt," she said. It did not answer.

Kitty could have sobbed. But George was clever. "Let us try the front door," he said, "it 'ull be bigger than this." And it

was. But the passage beyond! Mrs. Birst had to traverse it sideways.

After a difficult entry, Mrs. Birst had her supper in the little parlour. Her appetite was hearty, and she enjoyed the victuals as she sat upon the breadth of two chairs which George had thoughtfully drawn forward for her accommodation. "Now what 'ull yer take to drink, Missus Birst?" asked George encouragingly.

"A two o' gin, cold," answered the stout lady. "For I never drinks beer, it lies pecooler 'eavy on my stomach."

Kitty left the room to fetch the liquor from the taproom. As she passed George, she nudged him with her elbow. He understood, he followed her. "What d'yer want?" he said in a whisper, outside the parlour door.

Kitty nodded her head in the direction of the taproom. George followed her there. Kitty was very tired, and spoke shortly, "Where is she going to sleep?"

"She won't be able to get up the stairs?" said George interrogatively.

"Yer might ha' known it, and saved me the trouble of getting ready the room above," answered Kitty irritably.

George scratched his head in perplexity. "'Streuth!' he exclaimed, "I did not reckon she *wor* so fat." Suddenly he slapped his thigh. "I ha' it! I ha' it!" he exclaimed with relief. "Take t'owd table out of the parlour, and make her up a bed there."

Kitty frowned but there was nothing else to be done.

It was very late before Kitty went to bed that night. And many times she had run up and down the stairs of the "Three Fishes," ere she had moved the bedding for the stout lady into the parlour.

The next morning Kitty woke at sunrise. Her head ached, she felt unrefreshed. But time was precious, customers would be coming early to the "Three Fishes"; and after rousing George, she commenced to dress herself feverishly. Kitty's mind was very full. There was the baby to be dressed, there was breakfast to be got ready, there was Mrs. Birst's bedding to be carried upstairs. And Mrs. Birst would have to be shown where the liquors were kept. And the little parlour would have to be tidied. "Ah!" exclaimed Kitty, sharply and angrily, for her dress had rent as she struggled hastily into it. George looked up from the tying of his bootlace. A something pitiful in the worn delicacy of his wife's face struck his rough perception. He guessed what had been passing through her mind. "Never moind, my gal," he said kindly, "a week is soon passed, t'ain't a loife-time."

Kitty flushed, she could have sobbed, but she smiled for George's sake.

The first one who arrived to see the "draw" was old Peter Pirr. He came very slowly along the broad path which led to the inn, his feet dragged, and he hawked and he spit. Kitty saw him from the bow window of the little parlour. She *was* surprised. For the old man scarcely ever left his cottage, where he lived "independent." Yet here he was, the first customer for the draw. "Why, Peter!" she exclaimed, as she ran to meet him upon the red tiles of the passage, "you *are* early."

The old man was very deaf, and a little blind. He raised a thin and wrinkled face to Kitty. "Wot sye" (What say)? he drawled.

"I say you're wonerful early, Peter," answered Kitty, raising her voice.

The old man chuckled rustily. He gave a cunning leer. "'Oi've come to see 'er," he said. "Where be she?"

"You'll find her in the taproom, Peter," answered Kitty, making way pleasantly.

The old man dropped his head and shuffled on. As he entered the taproom his blear eyes took life. "*Good*-mornin', Missus," he greeted Mrs. Birst.

Mrs. Birst wore a beautiful blue dress. The masses of her white arms were bare to the shoulder. "Mornin', Master," she croaked, with a general quiver of bulk.

The little old man shuffled very close to her. He wished to see plainly. Mrs. Birst was not shy; the light of her eyes played boldly forth. The pupils of the old man sparked to the encounter. "Lor'!" he said with a lifted voice, "but you *air* a fine woman."

Mrs. Birst bridled. She folded an arm, there was a dimple at the elbow.

The old man gazed up and adown, and broadly across. "Seein' is believin'," he said sententiously. "And what might you weigh, Marm?"

"Thirty stone, four pounds," answered Mrs. Birst with dull rote.

"Won—er—ful," said the old man, raising his red-rimmed eyes towards the ceiling.

"You're *right*," said Mrs. Birst, with professional pride. "It is wonerful. And see 'ere," she added with vivacity; "look at the skin of my arms! It is white, soft, beautiful."

"Aye! and 'ealthy," said the old man.

"And 'ealthy," repeated Mrs. Birst solemnly.

Peter Pirr was very pleased. "I'll take a pint o' four ale, Marm, *if* yer please," he said.

That was how the draw began—with old Peter Pirr.

PART II.

"ONE:" the clock of Milverton Grange was commencing to strike. The metallic stroke beat thinly through the dense darkness which lay over Milverton Green. "Two, three, four——" struck the clock; and a sudden light opened yellowly into the darkness, a great shout whelmed. 'Twas closing hour, and a Monday night. The "Three Fishes" was emptying, the "draw" was over.

There was a very brief silence. The clock struck "ten," and was dumb. A rugged laughter arose and fell, feet trampled. Presently there was a confusion of voices that clustered. Then came shrill whistles that pierced and echoed widely. And the door of the "Three Fishes" was closed with a thud upon its hot glare.

"I'm glad it is all over," said Kitty dully, as she sat herself upon a bench in the taproom.

Mrs. Birst panted; there was much tobacco-smoke in the room. She looked at the tables upon which beer stood in little pools and rings amongst tumblers, pewters, mugs. "It 'as been a fair treat," she answered. "Oi *never* did work 'arder in my loife."

There was a silence. Kitty dragged herself heavily along the bench towards the angular support of a corner. Mrs. Birst mopped her forehead with a handkerchief. "Where is Birch?" she exclaimed suddenly.

"A gettin' the cart and 'orse ready."

"It is time I was a-moving, then, if I am to get to Datchforth to-night," stated Mrs. Birst, rising with a heave.

"You'll take summat afore yer start," said Kitty, forcing herself to her feet.

Mrs. Birst dressed and took her victuals with her bonnet on. Then George entered from the yard. "I am ready, Missus," he said.

Mrs. Birst made haste to finish her gin and water.

George turned to his wife. His eyes sparkled. "I 'ave put the cash into the black box behind the bar. I'll reckon it up when I return from Datchforth."

"I am thinking it 'ull be a goodish bit," said Kitty with a flash of enjoyment.

"Ah!" exclaimed George. It was an expressive "Ah!" long drawn, and very pleasant to Kitty's ears.

Kitty stood, and saw them get into the cart. Her knees trembled with fatigue. She said "Good-bye" to Mrs. Birst. "I shall be back in a couple o' hours," said George. Then the cart drove away.

Kitty returned to the taproom. She took a cloth, and commenced to swab the tables. Suddenly the full light about her flared and widened, then turned dark, dark. Kitty leant forward upon the table, and stared fearfully before her. Presently she staggered backwards upon a bench. "I'll leave 'em till to-morrow," she muttered thickly to herself; "I wor near a faintin'."

Her head dropped, her hands fell limply by her sides. There was a wail upstairs, the baby had wakened. At the sound Kitty rose to her feet, and swayed. Life seemed to be leaving her. She staggered to a cupboard and, feeling blindly for a brandy bottle, raised it to her lips.

There was a jarring of the bottle against the edge of the cupboard shelf. It crashed to the ground. The splintering shock left Kitty's face rigid. She made a little movement with her hands, and groping across the taproom, stumbled into the passage which led to the stairs.

She staggered onwards. The walls of the passage beat her to this side, to that side. She climbed with hauling hands the narrow wooden staircase. She fell forward, adown of the little step which led into her room. And with a choking groan, a last endeavour, cast herself upon the bed by the side of the wailing babe.

. . . .

Two hours later George Birch entered the "Three Fishes" with a clatter of hobnailed boots. He looked into the taproom, a lamp was flaring there, he turned it down with a steady hand. Then he went to the little parlour; it was bright with light but empty. "She 'ull be abed," he whispered to himself.

George Birch took off his cap, and waved it over his head. His eyes shone, his lips smiled joyfully. He had determined to himself that when he had counted the "takings" he would carry them upstairs to sleeping Kitty, and that then he would proudly awake her to joy.

He grasped the black tin box, and placed it upon a table in the taproom. It was heavy, he pleasured in its weight.

He drew a chair forward to the table. Its legs ground harshly, very harshly over the floor. He looked downwards. A broken bottle! and brandy. He smelt it. Dang! it was a trifle. There was the black box shining before him.

He tapped his waistcoat pocket. The key of the black box was there. His fingers tasted its stiffness through the cloth.

George Birch nodded his head at the black box. He smiled cunningly. He shook the key at it. George Birch felt like a child that saves its pleasure.

He put the key slyly into its hole. He turned it smartly, a quick rattle broke the silence of the inn. Immediately afterwards he threw back the lid of the box upon the table.

The silver and copper coins, he separated them into little piles of pence, threepenny bits, sixpences, shillings. Then he gazed, the veins of his temples filled very roundly, his breast heaved.

He drew a long breath, and took one of the piles of silver into his hand. It lay heavily, it gleamed along the length of his rough palm. Then he told it forth upon the table. "Chink, chink"—his ears joyed undisturbed, for nought else broke the silence of the inn.

He took another pile, and told it forth. And another and another. The sum was growing great, it would save him and the home.

He dashed the last coin upon the table. He stared wildly about him. "'Ooray!" he shouted, "'ooray!"

The cheer burst through the inn. There was a stir in Kitty's room above. Then George Birch sprang to his feet. And crashing the money by handfuls into the box he ran with it from the taproom into the passage, and towards the wooden stairs.

George Birch was maddened with the excitement of his salvation. The door of Kitty's room was open before him as he trampled upwards. "Kitty!" he shouted.

A dreadful scream answered him, and rang into the very vitals of the night.

"My Gawd!" exclaimed George Birch, as he entered her room with the black box rattling in his hand.

'Twas dead. She had overlain their babe.

NOTES FROM THE COUNTRY OF "ADAM BEDE."

"IT had always been a vague dream of mine that some time or other I might write a novel. But I never went further towards the actual writing of the novel than an introductory chapter describing a Staffordshire village and the life of the neighbouring farmhouses. . . . My 'introductory chapter' was pure description." Such is the substance of Mary Ann Evans's modest apology for relinquishing journalism in her own name in favour of fiction-writing under a masculine cognomen. The "introductory chapter," written probably in the earliest infancy of her literary career, does not, like the initial prose efforts of Sir Walter Scott, appear to have been preserved; rather, we should say, it has not been given to the world in its original shape. The unfinished manuscript was pigeonholed, and the "Scenes from Clerical Life" were the tardy first-fruits of George Eliot's patiently-nursed aspiration. But the "Scenes," like the "Sketches" of Charles Dickens, were only an earnest of more excellent and enduring work. The "Staffordshire village and neighbouring farmhouses" of the crude manuscript were destined to fill a foremost place in the first and most famous novel of George Eliot, "Adam Bede."

In the conception of the work which was to follow the "Scenes" the author forcibly appreciated the distinction between a short story and a novel; the essential importance in the latter case of a clear perception at the outset of the scope of the work and a consistent adherence throughout to the individuality of character and environment. Hence her anxiety to utilise material with which she was thoroughly familiar.

Somebody has said that the most commonplace individual possesses sufficient store of romance and incident in his life history to make a great novel. Some have all the romance and incident crowded into one epoch; others have the constituent elements—fortune and misfortune—pretty evenly distributed along the course.

It has always seemed to us a pathetic circumstance that Mary Ann Evans, as a girl of twenty-five, should say that "One has to spend so many years in learning how to be happy . . . that we are happier than we were when seven years old, and that we shall be happier when we are forty than we are now." Whether or not she found this to be her own experience can hardly be said; but, be this as it may, the George Eliot of forty selects from the store of her experience no present memory for the subject of her first great novel. The kernel of her story lies twenty years back in the prosaic home life of the Evans family, and she gives its well-worn, conventional incidents a setting amid the familiar surroundings of which she had treated in the unpublished effort of her juvenile days.

It seems a pity, speaking from the standpoint of to-day, that the author of "Adam Bede" should have resorted to the trivialities of half-disguised place names. If such a course were necessary, "Stonyshire," "Loamshire," "Oakburn," "Norburne," "Eagledale," "Rossiter," are absurdly poor disguises for Derbyshire and Staffordshire, Ashbourne and Norbury, Dovedale and Rocester, especially as characters and places have become, locally at least, so absolutely identified. The folk names and the place names of the novel have grown into interchangeable terms as regards the real personages and places. The most unlettered inhabitant of Wirksworth or Ellastone is *au fait* with the various characters of the book, and they can be heard unconsciously talking about Mr. This as "Adam Bede's cousin," or of Mr. That as being "a relative of Dinah Morris."

George Eliot has told us that "there is not a single portrait in 'Adam Bede'; only the suggestions of experience wrought up into new combinations." This is true: and yet resemblances are not destroyed—which makes it only half true. There is a fine perception of main characteristics and subtle differences which lifts, for instance, the scene-painting portions of the book above the plane of the mere copyist. The "pure description" has been idealised as well as the character models; landscapes, like persons, have been rearranged and rechristened. But they have not been mutilated, and the familiar eye can still see in them most of the familiar features. We will try to explain what we mean. The difference in point of fertility between "Stonyshire" and "Loamshire" is weighted throughout by the author with an emphasis which cannot fail to bear strongly upon the reader. He is convinced that "Stonyshire" is barren, and that "Loamshire" is not barren. What is really the case is that Derbyshire, or, at any rate, that portion of it which comes into "Adam Bede," is not barren; and Staffordshire—the Staffordshire

of the novel—is very fertile. The pitch is thus somewhat shifted, but the comparative qualities are preserved.

South-west Derbyshire is by no means a stern rock-bound territory like the more northern Peakland. Wirksworth (or "Snowfield") lies in a verdant basin. Ashbourne ("Oakburn") rises amid a paradise of rolling woodland, possessing beauty enough to foster and stimulate the imagination of Tom Moore, who made the place his home while he wrote "Lalla Rookh." "Stonyshire" is undoubtedly very fine, but just across the Dove, that "princess of rivers," is Staffordshire, a name suggestive of Potteries and Black Countries, cinder roads and blasted herbage. But never could prejudice be more agreeably overmastered. For we are in a veritable land of Goshen. "Loamshire" would be a fitly appropriate name for East Stafford if it ever contrives to free itself from the name and reputation of its sordid hinterland. Patches of woodland abound; the hills lie out on a far distant horizon, not bleak, blue, and misty, but verdure-clad to their summits, and the ample foreground spreads away, thickly dotted with wide-branching trees and lined with deep leafy hedgerows. It is this delicious domain which nurses "Hayslope" and "Norburne" and "Donnithorne Chase"; places suggestive of the fulness and joy of harvest—and sadly reminiscent, too, of the erring love of Arthur Donnithorne and poor Hetty.

Such is the landscape to-day; and it has changed but little since the horseman (why does George Eliot emulate G. P. R. James in the employment of "a horseman"?) noted its features in the second chapter. The landlord of the "Donnithorne Arms" has changed, for in these latter days mine host of the Bromley Arms is, for the better preservation of the unities, related to Adam Bede.

There is no doubt that the topographical licence in which George Eliot indulged could only have been exercised by a writer thoroughly familiar with the ground. Her geography is an amalgam, or rather, as we said before, a rearrangement. The places, like the names, are fictitious, in that they combine the characteristics of a whole neighbourhood rather than the peculiarities of a single town or village. Take, for example, Adam's journey from Hayslope to Snowfield in search of Hetty. The distance of the former place from Oakburn is given as ten miles; whereas Ellastone is only five miles from Ashbourne. After Oakburn the country is described as growing barer and barer, "grey stone walls intersecting the meagre pastures and dismal wide-scattered grey stone houses on broken lands, where mines had been and were no longer." Snowfield itself is described as "fellow to the country. The town lay grim, stony, and unsheltered up the side of

a steep hill." This, as we have before remarked, is not an accurate description of Wirksworth, but it nevertheless faithfully portrays a village which lies not very far from Wirksworth, and which is in several ways associated with early Methodism. *Au contraire*, the account of Dinah's lodgings in Snowfield brings us back to Wirksworth. The "cottage outside the town a little way from the mill—an old cottage standing sideways to the road, with a little bit of potato-ground before it"—is literally the house where Mrs. Samuel Evans, the aunt of the novelist, lived and died.

Wirksworth itself is a quiet, sleepy country town, renowned from the days of the Emperor Adrian, down to the early part of the present century, as the centre of a considerable lead mining industry. The lead mining has now, owing to foreign competition, fallen into decay. Dinah Morris is described in the novel as earning her living in the Snowfield mills: another anachronism, inasmuch as there are no mills at Wirksworth, yet true in point of fact, because Dinah at one time did work in the Nottingham lace mills. The earlier portion of her life is not connected with Wirksworth. Elizabeth Tomlinson (her real name) was born at Newbold, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in 1775, and after living at Derby in domestic service, she removed to Nottingham, being then twenty-one years of age. At Nottingham she joined the Methodists. Six years after this the notable event which subsequently became known in George Eliot's circle as "My Aunt's Story" occurred. A girl named Mary Boce was convicted of child murder at Nottingham Assizes. Miss Tomlinson and a Miss Richards made it their pious duty to attend to the spiritual needs of the culprit, and the poor creature, after a prolonged and sullen reticence, broke down in the presence of their disinterested attentions, and, like Hetty Sorrel, confessed her crime. Unlike Hetty, however, she did not obtain a reprieve, and on the day of execution she was drawn to the gallows in a cart with a rope round her neck, her two devoted girl friends accompanying her.

Down to this period, and for some years afterwards, Elizabeth Tomlinson had not commenced public preaching; she long and anxiously debated the "to be, or not to be," with her own conscience, before finally deciding that her mission lay in that direction. When at last she did begin the work she quitted Nottingham and returned to Derby, drawing large crowds wherever she preached. Afterwards she moved to Ashbourne, and there it was that Samuel Evans ("Seth Bede") first saw his future wife. It was then and afterwards, from time to time, that the "Hayslope" preachings were held, and here the details of the novel coincide generally with the actual facts.

There is no suggestion in the book that "Seth Bede" owed his conversion to Dinah; his admiration for her is quite independent of his religious fervour. His prototype, in the same way, was already a Methodist from conviction when Miss Tomlinson first came to Ashbourne. Long before this time Samuel Evans had been influenced by the sermons of a Mr. Hicks, a "round preacher" or circuit minister, who came to do duty in the neighbourhood, and as a result he joined the class of Mr. Beresford, a farmer of Snelston. This Mr. Beresford on his death-bed nominated Samuel to be his successor as class-leader.

Fifteen years after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Evans came to live at Wirksworth, the intervening period having been spent at Derby and elsewhere. The reiterated assurances of "Seth Bede" that marriage should not interfere with Dinah's spiritual occupations were fully redeemed by Samuel, for at Derby the public labours of Mrs. Evans were so prominent as to attract the attention and elicit the encouragement of Elizabeth Fry, and later on, when her home was at Wirksworth, the wide country-side was her parish, and on Sundays she would range from village to village, preaching in the open air or in the chapel, according to circumstances.

As to personal characteristics, the author of "Adam Bede" herself admits that she has diverged from the original. The tall, quiescent, Methodist Madonna is a striking creation of the novelist. Mrs. Evans herself was short, and her manner rather partook of the *stringendo e fortissimo* vehemence of Mrs. Poyser. Her portrait, which lies before us as we write, is that of a keen-eyed, lively-tempered little woman of sixty, wearing a Quakerish poke-bonnet and white shoulder wrap. She had given up preaching when George Eliot knew her, but there are persons yet living who, along with "Chad's Bess" and "Timothy's Bess," listened to her exhortations at Hayslope. Their impressions of the "woman preacher" are distinct, the reason for this probably being because she *was* a woman preacher. The present little Wesleyan chapel at Ellastone is one of the practical results of her efforts. Her religious endeavours at Wirksworth are perpetuated in the Beeley Croft Chapel by a monument inscribed "To the memory of Elizabeth Evans, known to the world as 'Dinah Bede,' who during many years proclaimed alike in the open air, the sanctuary, and from house to house the love of Christ. She died in the Lord November 9, 1849, aged 74 years." It was thus nearly ten years after Mrs. Evans was laid by that her gifted niece immortalised her personality, in a romance which is

more likely to perpetuate the memories of early Methodism than any other book which has ever been written.

It was the lament of George Eliot that the "afterglow" had faded and that "the picture we are apt to make of Methodism in our imagination is not an amphitheatre of green hills, or the deep shade of broad-leaved sycamores." She (fortunately or unfortunately) had passed through a period of spiritual doubts and conflicts; since her early life in the Midlands she had gone through the complicated existence inseparable from her position. But at Hayslope and in the inaccessible hamlets of Stonyshire simple Methodism of the Dinah Morris type was still fresh and unperverted while she was despondently penning her doubts. Even now, after the lapse of another half century, Adam Bede's country remains practically the same primitive locality it was in pre-railway days. A pedestrian may start from Snowfield and walk all day without crossing the track of the locomotive, and (if it happens to be Sunday) he will also have frequent opportunity of hearing—if not a Dinah Morris—at least some Seth Bede, making the hamlet ring with his lusty tones. And, just as Mr. Rann and the other notabilities of Hayslope refrained from pressing to the front while Dinah was speaking, these modern villagers exhibit the same peculiarity. They listen from afar. The preacher stands solitary and delivers his message like the town crier; the folks lounge in their doorways and gardens to listen. In summer time they have their camp meetings and love feasts, red letter days of public worship under the blue sky, akin in spirit to those meetings of the Cameronian hill-folk so well described by Crockett.

The fragmentary treatment of Seth is a circumstance much to be regretted. On the other hand, had the author carried out her original intention of adhering to the true facts and married Dinah to Seth, we should have missed those pretty touches of feminine weakness which make the reality of Dinah so convincing. It seemed easy enough for her to pay severe attention to the dictates of the inward monitor while poor Seth pleaded his suit. But the task of objecting to the appeal of practical, church-going Adam was uphill work—no doubt just because he wasn't a Methodist and because he was, in his clumsy way, so masterful.

The real Dinah did, of course, marry Seth, and the real Seth possessed most of the characteristics of his fictitious counterpart. He was a kind-hearted, unsophisticated soul, easily "taken in" by the hypocritical appeals of the unprincipled, and with an absent-minded tendency, figuratively speaking, to make doors without panels. One pious witticism of his is especially remembered at

Wirksworth. We give it in borrowed words. Arguing with a Calvinist upon the doctrine of "election," he cross-examined his adversary as follows: "My friend, I presume you would like to be saved yourself?" "Yes." "And you would like your father and mother and brothers and sisters to enter the Kingdom of Heaven with you?" "Certainly." "Would you not like all your townsmen to be saved also?" "Yes." "Now, I would ask you further: if it were in your power would you not save the whole world?" "Of course I would," replied the other. "Then," rejoined Seth, "according to your own showing you have more mercy than Christ Jesus had Himself, and ought to have been the Redeemer of the world." The story is characteristic.

Samuel Evans survived his wife seven years. Just before his death he is said to have sent for a joiner and handed him written measurements for his coffin, together with directions as to the best way of moving it about in his strait little cottage on the day of the funeral. He rests with his wife at Wirksworth, and an inscription, under that of Dinah, in the Beeley Croft Chapel, describes him as a "faithful local preacher and class-leader in the Methodist Society."

In her journal George Eliot explains that "the character of Adam and one or two incidents connected with him were suggested by my father's early life." Much may be gathered from her early journals and correspondence as to the character of Robert Evans, the much occupied, self-made man of business, who was constantly driving up and down the Midland counties and taking his daughter with him. To his reminiscences of bygone days that daughter was mainly indebted for her incidents and local colour. How much or how little of family gossip "Adam Bede" contains no outsider can tell, but the assertion of Mr. Isaac Evans that "there are things in it about my father" is an expression which is significant.

Robert Evans was born in 1773 at Roston, a hamlet lying close to Ellastone. He was thus two years older than his brother Samuel, a detail worth noting, inasmuch as Adam was two years older than Seth. In 1796, Robert being twenty-three years of age, a gentleman named Mr. Francis Newdigate came to reside temporarily at Wootton Hall, near Ellastone, pending settlement upon a prospective inheritance at Kirk Hallam in Derbyshire. About this time Robert moved from Roston to Ellastone, and there opened a carpenter's shop on his own account. His industry and sound common sense attracted the attention of Mr. Newdigate, and when the latter went to Kirk Hallam in 1799 he appointed Robert his agent. In "George Eliot's Life" this three years' acquaintanceship

of Mr. Newdigate and Robert is not even mentioned, yet it is a most important period, and one which must have been particularly prominent in the mind of the author when dealing with the incidents connected with Adam and young Donnithorne. "If ever I live to be a large-acred man," said Arthur, "I'll have Adam for my right hand. He shall manage my woods for me." The similarity as to age is even studiously maintained, for both the real and the fictitious Robert were alike six-and-twenty when the important appointment was gained. The fact that Mr. Francis Newdigate really resided at Hayslope does not of course identify him with the unhappy story of Hetty. She was wholly unconnected with Hayslope, and her misfortunes, moreover, arose long after Mr. Newdigate had quitted Wootton Hall.

As Robert Evans ceased to be a Hayslope villager early in life local recollection respecting him is long since dead, but the tenor of "Adam Bede" proves that he had a fond remembrance, and likewise taught his children to cherish the memories of the humble cottage home at Ellastone. The Evans children would doubtless hear their father lapse, upon informal occasions, into the homely vernacular of Stonyshire, which Mary Ann afterwards put so effectively into the mouths of Adam and Mr. Poyser. And "Griff," her Warwickshire home, which she calls "the warm little nest" where her "affections were fledged," would be to all the family a name reminiscent of Griff Grange, near Wirksworth, in Stonyshire.

Another circumstance which illustrates the inclination of the author towards family history is the almost superfluous reference to the elder Bede. The story of his death at the beginning of the book is a circumstance apart from the plot, and might have been left out without interfering with the context. Robert Evans's father did not die in the river as narrated; but the husband of one of Robert's sisters did. A tombstone in Norbury Churchyard records the death of this man, whose name was George Green. He was returning home one night the worse for drink when his horse threw him, and in his helpless state he was drowned in a few inches of water. This fact would be in the mind of George Eliot, and in her anxiety to make good every part of the tale she engrafted upon it what is really an excrescence.

. . . .

The scope of these notes prevents much digression into matters of pure topography, otherwise the mention of Eagledale might involve us in pages of letterpress. "Have you ever been in Eagledale?" inquired Hetty. Adam's answer is true to the reality:

"Rocks and caves, such as you never saw in your life. I never had a right notion o' rocks till I went there." Izaak Walton and the poet angler, Charles Cotton, had loitered beside that "beloved nymph, sweet Dove," years before Arthur Donnithorne. But—"c'est assez, en voilà assez!"

JOHN HYDE.

A LOOK BACKWARDS.

MANY times of late we have seen it printed of the late Sir Isaac Pitman that he invented shorthand in 1837. We have our reasons for doubting the allegation; and, with the reader's goodwill, we will hint at a few of them. Charles Dickens—whose own experiences as a shorthand writer are like to live for a fair "for ever" in the pages of "David Copperfield"—ceased to wield the shorthand writer's pencil, and penned the "Pickwick Papers," some years before Pitman's alleged invention. But that's nothing. Gibbon, present at the opening of Warren Hastings's impeachment, in 1788, tells us in his autobiography that he then asked Mr. Gurney, shorthand writer to the House of Commons, how many words a rapid speaker would utter in a minute; and was answered—but the number matters naught. Earlier still—to wit, in 1773—a person was mentioned in Dr. Johnson's hearing, said to be able to take down with faultless exactitude the speeches in Parliament; whereupon, quoth the Doctor, "Sir, 'tis impossible. I remember one, Angel, who came to me to write a preface, or a dedication, to a work on shorthand; and he professed to write as fast as a man can speak. To try him, I took down a book, and read more deliberately than usual. He soon begged me to desist, for he could not follow me." (See Boswell's "Life of Johnson," chapter xx.) Earlier still, Dr. Byrom, the staunch Jacobite, author of the famous quatrain—

God bless the King, of Church and State Defender,
God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender;
But which Pretender is, and which is King,
God bless my soul! That's quite another thing—

this worthy—like Boswell for that matter—had his own system of shorthand. Then there was Taylor's, and Mason's, and a dozen more, all mentioned in Mr. Thompson Cooper's "Parliamentary Shorthand." But further, our old friend Pepys—whose name, as pronounced by the family, "Peeps," smacks strong of peeps behind the scenes—penned his deathless "Diary" in shorthand. But—to

cut a long tale short—the great Roman epigrammatist, Martial, was very guilty of this distich :—

> Currant verba licet, manus est velocior illis ;
> Nondum lingua suum, dextra peregit opus.

which may be Englished almost word for word :—

> Though the words run, the hand runs swifter still ;
> Before the hand, the tongue has done its task.

A gross exaggeration, doubtless, at which Dr. Johnson must have shaken his head ; but it proves the existence of shorthand in the first century after the birth of Christ, some 1,700 years before Pitman is said to have invented it.

But it may be pleaded he invented phonetic shorthand. Hardly so, since most of the systems in vogue before his were more or less phonetic. None of them, for example, spelt that adjective with a "ph." But we stoutly maintain that the Emperor Augustus should rather be deemed the inventor of phonetics, since he held, as Suetonius tells us, that all words should be spelt as spoken. What, then, did Pitman invent? Nothing that we know of ; though it may perhaps be truly said of him that he did something towards perfecting phonetic shorthand.

At the risk of being counted pedantic, we add that Cicero's sometime pupil-slave, and afterwards freedman, Tiro, would seem to have made shorthand notelets of his illustrious patron's speeches. Hence one of the most interesting—though surely none of the shortest—names for shorthand with the French, "des notes tironiennes," where "he may read that runs" the name of this ingenious wight who forestalled Pitman by some 2,000 years.

The reader must look to our betters for anything in the shape of a full history of shorthand—which, by the way, would fill a stout volume, and might be made extremely entertaining. From this perilously rapid sketch of that history we pass by a natural transition to the reporters' gallery of the House of Commons, as it existed some forty years ago. It is an open secret that in those days it was filled by a more learned race of reporters than the worthy gentlemen who fill it now. And reason good. In those days honourable members habitually pelted one another with scraps of Horace and Virgil ; and the readers of the *Times* would have been shocked to see their old favourites—or plagues—lying mangled on the breakfast table next morning. Nay, but now and again a speaker would go further afield than Horace or Virgil for a quotation. In Mr. Disraeli's somewhat too famous funeral oration on the Iron Duke he travelled as far as

Claudian, and fitted the helmet and hoary hair of that poet's hero, Stilicho, to the head of him whom Charlotte Brontë styled "the grand old man"; and the reporters had to follow the right honourable orator's flight as best they could. For aught we know they caught his winged words; and we must blame him, not them, for the blunder therein pointed out by that ruthless scholar, the late Dr. J. W. Donaldson, who remarks in his work on Latin prose composition that the orator would seem to have dropped the leading word of Claudian's line, *emicuit*, besides misinterpreting its substantive *apex*. For, argues the learned doctor, the line in its integrity runs—

> Emicuit Stilichonis apex, et cognita fulsit
> Canities;

but, as reported, lacks the verb *emicuit*, while *apex* can here mean naught but helmet, a weapon worn, indeed, by the defender of sinking Rome, but not by the grand upholder of England's greatness. It is somewhat late in the day to seek to decide whether the weighty verb was lost on the floor of the House or in its upper regions, but the Doctor evidently strongly suspects that the fault lay with the speaker. For the rest, none can question the Doctor's decree that *apex* here means helmet: "Glitter'd the helm of Stilicho, and shone his well-known hair, snow-white."

The story is stale enough, therefore in all likelihood fresh as a daisy to the rising generation, how some fiend in human form forthwith discovered that Mr. Disraeli had deigned to borrow the bulk of this oration from M. Thiers's tribute to the memory of Marshal Bugeaud—"le petit père Bugeaud" of Algierian renown. Worse still, but quite naturally, the fiend blabbed his discovery. A man must be an angel in human form—no fiend—to keep such grand discoveries to himself. This fiend not only voiced his "find," but straightway "prented it." And when poor Mrs. Disraeli guilelessly told another fiend that she had left her husband reading the evening papers, fiend number two acidly remarked, "I hope he'll enjoy them."

Truth to tell, we doubt whether the exposure of his plagiarism pained him much. Nay, we think it quite likely that he may have chuckled over it to himself. For he can hardly have hoped that so barefaced a borrowing could long escape detection, and may well have been nothing loth that the world should know he deemed a second-hand panegyric quite good enough for so second-rate an intellect as he judged the Duke of Wellington's.

In 1855, nearly three years after the delivery of that memorable speech, chance made us acquainted with one who helped to report it.

A sound classical scholar, he used to "come o' nights" during the Parliamentary recess to coach and control the boarders of the late Rev. J. R. Major at his house in Guilford Street, facing the flank of the big square mansion in Queen Square then tenanted by Chief Baron Pollock and his many children, or, at least, a large squad of them. Whether the squad included the Mr. Justice Pollock who "joined the majority" last year, we know not. He may by then have been housed in the Temple or its purlieus. But the Queen Square mansion—now a hotel—was roomy enough to hold the whole family, even assuming the truth of the rumour that it numbered twenty-two. Chief Baron Pollock was, we believe, the last of Her Majesty's Judges—except Mr. Justice Traddles—that dwelt in the neighbourhood of Russell Square, the headquarters of the lawyers a hundred years ago. Then began a general movement of the gentlemen of the long-robe westward. Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough—commonly called Ned Pepper—was the first to flit. And Lord Chief Justice Campbell, in his "Lives of the Chief Justices," tells us how "Ned Pepper" rejoiced in the spacious rooms of his new home in St. James's Square, and boasted to his admiring or envying friends that he could fire a pistol in the dining-room without the noise reaching the drawing-room.

Instead of following the movement, we must back to Guilford Street, heartened by the reflection that at least one eminent lawyer, Sir Edward Clarke, still chooses to dwell mid the old haunts of the Romillys and the Mansfields. He has a house in Russell Square. By which token, our Mr. Major's father, the then headmaster of King's College School, tenanted the very house in Bloomsbury Square that stood on the site of that whence the Lord George Gordon rioters of 1780 drove Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, then sacked and burned it, all but the bare walls. So that, speaking soon afterwards in the House of Lords on a question of law, he could say in sober truth, "I have not consulted my books; indeed, books I have none to consult."

Our Mr. Major's assistant had a shorthand of his own invention, alike cursive and phonetic. Then he omitted all words that the sense must needs suggest, and by these means he contrived to keep pace with us as fast as we could comfortably read aloud to him—which we often did o' nights after the other boys had gone to roost, that he might get his hand in preparatory to the coming session.

Long years afterwards we met him again, not at Tennyson's "Cock," with its plump head-waiter, but at a tavern of the same type, hight the "Cheshire Cheese," which enjoys the inestimable

advantage of having outlived its old rival, though we fear it has not yet found a *vates sacer* equal to Tennyson to hymn its praise. Our old tutor still reeked of Latin, and still wielded the reporter's pencil in the gallery, where he helped the younger generation of Latinless reporters at a pinch, such as Lord Beaconsfield's *Naviget Anticyram.* But such pinches were already growing few and far between, and perhaps 'twas high time they should cease when an Etonian and Oxonian like Lord Randolph Churchill could coolly murder Horace and Latin at one fell blow with his *coram publico.* Ere that befell, our sometime teacher had retired from the gallery to his paternal fields in Ireland. But we feel sure that there the titled Oxonian's atrocious barbarism must have wrung from his classic lips the indignant correction, "Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet." (Nor let Medea slay her boys before the people's eyes.)

With all due respect for science, we view with fear and dismay the threatened banishment of classic lore and tradition from our Senate, our Law Courts, and our literature. One result of it is that the brisk stripling of to-day, who spends well nigh all his spare time in developing his muscles, can't half understand the books or speeches of a generation ago. Take the peroration of Lord John Russell's plea for more voters in 1859: "I loved the cause of Reform when I was young, and I will not forsake it now that I am old." How many of the gilded youth of this year of grace would here catch the echo of Cicero's grand utterance towards the end of the second Philippic, "Amavi rempublicam adolescens, non deseram senex"? Yet the echo rings clear as the sound of a silver trump to him that hath ears to hear. Or take the peroration of "Bob Lowe's" speech against the degradation of the franchise, in 1866: "Night and day the gate stands open which leads to that bare and level plain where every molehill is a mountain and every thistle a forest tree." What is "Night and day the gate stands open" but a word for word Englishing of Virgil's "Noctes atque dies patet [atri] janua [Ditis]"? To miss these echoes is to lose half the pleasure that passages of this lofty type are capable of yielding to a cultivated mind. But the modern thirst for such science as may be gleaned from the newspapers and the newest novel, in such intervals of brain-work as golf and lawn-tennis, balls, plays, dinners, the bicycle, and football permit, deafens almost all ears to these echoes, and has now reached so high a pitch that even Shakespeare is shelved as a musty old classic, and the modern representative of Fielding's Ensign Northerton yawns in your face if you fondly try to show him that the very last words of the forementioned peroration, "To-morrow! Oh,

that's sudden ! Spare it, spare it ! It ought not so to die," are but a neat adaptation of Isabel's plea to Angelo for her brother's life : "To-morrow ! Oh, that's sudden ! Spare him, spare him ! He's not prepar'd for death." One might as well keep one's breath to cool one's porridge as tender these parallels to a mere athletic Hottentot.

To feel all the fun of Lord Beaconsfield's description of Mr. Gladstone as a man without a single redeeming vice, one needs a knowledge of Mr. Gladstone's personal appearance and mode of life and speech, which always savoured somewhat of the highly respectable clergyman. But, quite apart from this needful whet to the full relish of the Disraelian "dig," the force of it is enhanced if we happen to recall the hackneyed line, "Some faultless monster which the world ne'er saw"—the brain child of that Sheffield Duke of Buckingham who built or beautified that Buckingham House which gave its name to Buckingham Palace. But we must seek the source of Buckingham's thought in Juvenal's Crispinus, a "Monstrum nulla virtute redemptum a vitiis." For from this faultful monster—one lump of vice—most surely sprang both the faultless monster of Buckingham and of Benjamin Disraeli. Let Mr. Gladstone, then, henceforth be remembered as that "faultless monster" which the world *has* seen. We cannot quarrel with the man who may in this sense be called "the last of the Romans"—that he was the last of the old school of debaters who freely quoted the Roman classics. Mr. Bright quoted Milton and the Bible ; some few old fogeys still bear in mind his Cave of Adullam. Mr. Chamberlain draws his allusions and illustrations from Dickens ; and we should feel thankful "in these costermonger times" to any one who draws allusions or illustrations from any literary source whatever.

Our passing mention of the Gordon riots reminds us of how the great buffoon of that age saved his house from the fate of Lord Mansfield's. For some reason, good or bad, the mob took it into its multitudinous noddle that the house was a nest of papists. They had perhaps heard tell of Cardinal Grimaldi. Anyhow they threatened to pull the house down, and were all agog to execute their threat when the Cardinal's namesake showed himself at an open window, and thus addressed the rabble : "Gentlemen, I beg leaf to assure you dat in dees house dere be no religion whatever." The mob cheered its loudest with its ten thousand throats, and marched away to wreck some more-religious building. If we follow 'em we shall miss our point, which is simply that in the present House of Commons any member might honestly appease a wrathful rabble of

Jack Cades with a kindred utterance: "Gentlemen, I assure you that in this house there's not a shred of Latin, and hardly any English."

But who killed the Latin? A question to be asked! Not the reporters. In case of need a batch could have been whipped up with enough Latin at their fingers' ends to record all the Latin likely to find vent even in those high and palmy days which preceded the great Reform Bill of 1832. Who then was the murderer? Not Cobbet, "raised to Senates from the plough; of rooks the terror once, of pensions now." No; spite of his humble birth, he took most kindly to Latin, and even to French, whereof he wrote a grammar, and characteristically declared it the best of all French grammars, past, present, and to come. We would wager a trifle that he penned a Latin grammar too, and puffed it as unblushingly. Anyhow, we're "sartin sure"—as they say in the shires—that Cobbet neither knocked nor tried to knock House of Commons Latin on the head. Who, then, can have dealt the deadly blow? Cobden, "the inspired bagman"? When we remember how scornfully he spoke of Thucydides—as good, or as bad, as any Latin author you please to name—he seems no unlikely man to have cracked its crown; surely, far likelier than the Duke of Wellington. And yet many a man has been hung on far slenderer evidence than can be brought to prove his Grace the Latin murderer. Not that we would charge him—the old Etonian—with venting bad Latin. But it stands recorded against him that to a young peer who sought his advice how to harangue the House of Lords, he said with his habitual word-thrift, "Don't quote Latin, but say your say, and sit down." Now this utterance of the great Duke might easily reach the Lower House, and there work with deadly effect on the love for Latin quotation.

What if another Tory—though of a widely different stamp, and, as has been said, no great admirer of the Duke—indirectly helped him in the murder! We mean—whom *should* we mean—but Benjamin Disraeli? In one of those fierce invectives against Sir Robert Peel wherewith he enlivened the house at intervals between 1842 and 1847—the *Peeliacs* we might call them—he taunted the Premier with the triteness of his Latin quotations; with never daring one that had not oft been greeted with applause within those walls. Oh! he said much more unpleasing things than that: he said that Peel loved to trace the steam-engine back to the tea-kettle; that all his precedents were tea-kettle precedents, and that all his speeches reported in *Hansard* were so many "dreary pages of interminable talk, without a

single original thought or a single happy expression." Yes; and the best of it was that the judicious few knew these charges to be just, while the ruck of Dizzy's protectionist backers, wrathful at Peel's ratting, cared not a rush whether he struck "the traitor" fairly so long as he struck him hard. This, however, is beside our point—the trite quotation charge. It placed Peel and all would-be Latin quoters in this fix—either to stick to the threadbare favourites warranted to go, or trot out untried nags from Claudian's or some still less familiar stable. But *here Padlock* Mungo's question, "What signify me hear if me no understand?" might come in; while *there*, after the Disraelian comments, the wonted cheer might easily give place to a scornful laugh. For instance, one would now hardly dare to say—what is nevertheless perfectly true—that 'tis nice steering between the Charybdis of the trite and the Scylla of the far-fetched.

If we turn from St. Stephen's to the Law Courts, we find a like change in the style of speaking. Can it be that these business-like talkers are the legitimate descendants of Cockburn, Bethell, and Cairns, who, as Solicitor-General, quoted Dryden in the Commons against little Lord John, and Virgil in the great Windham lunacy case? And how felicitous the quotation in itself, and how felicitously worked into the thread of his speech! The great advocate's aim was to save the reckless heir of Felbrigg from a mad-house; and as he neared the end of his harangue he said, as if the thought had but that moment crossed his brain: "Among the books which my client studied at Eton is one familiar to most of us, that tells of a cruel tyrant who tortured his hapless victims by chaining them to the putrefying bodies of the dead:—

> Mortua quin etiam jungebat corpora vivis,
> Componens manibusque manus atque oribus ora;
> Tormenti genus: et sanie taboque fluentes
> Complexu in misero longa sic morte necabat.

Such, gentlemen of the jury, is the plight to which my client's kinsfolk would condemn him. They would seclude him, young and full of life, from the society of his fellow men, and doom him to a living death among the intellectually dead. I entreat you by your verdict to save him from that worse than Mezentian torture." Writing nearly forty years after reading the speech—and that but once—we cannot vouch for the verbal fidelity of aught but the quotation. But we have given the pith of the rest, and the quotation is our game. Can any of our readers imagine any barrister in this unliterary age

indulging in so high a flight, and that successfully? For, thanks to the eloquence of his advocate, the jury left the young madcap spendthrift heir of broad acres and a shining name, bird-free to finish the untoward career that so soon ended in an untimely grave, and added yet another mournful illustration of the truth of Juvenal's words, "Evertere domos totas, optantibus ipsis, Dî faciles." Of eloquence destructive to its owner, the great satirist gives us two striking examples—Demosthenes and Cicero—in words that glow with more than Demosthenic fire. Of a man destroyed by the triumphant eloquence of his own advocate we find no record in Juvenal.

But we forget our part. 'Tis not our cue to moralise, but rather to meander, at the sweet will of a somewhat skittish memory, through the sere woods of the past. But what matter, so long as the reader does not kick? Every wight chooses his own path and jogs along at his own pace, and no reasonable wight will expect him to go faster or more featly than he can. That phrase suggests a somewhat incongruous marriage of ideas. We have all heard of the "law's delay," and most of us have felt it. But who ever heard talk of the law's speed? We naturally except such cases as those of a poor devil doomed to the gallows, or to pay a debt by a certain day. But apart from these exceptions, when Time and Law seem winged, the Law, considered as endowed with a local habitation, has displayed a wonderful agility for so venerable a dame in her old age. After contentedly holding her headquarters in Westminster Hall from the time of Magna Charta till 1829, she then suddenly kicked up her heels and lodged herself, cheek by jowl with her younger sister Equity, in what we now call the Old Law Courts, though in fact they were brand-new in 1829. There dwelt Dame Law for little over fifty years, then flitted to the spot where she now reigns hard by the site of Temple Bar, and Isaak Walton's house and shop, and of the old Cock Tavern, where a big bank now stands, and seems to say to all who pass, "If you set foot within my bulky neighbour, you'll need my aid, I tell you."

PHILIP KENT.

MOTHERS IN SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE is said to have entered into all phases of human experience, and to have depicted all shades of human character, but from his gallery of portraits he has omitted one figure, the absence of which does not seem to have been generally noticed by his critics : the ideal mother, tender, constant, and true, sympathetic alike in the prosperity and adversity of her children.

The "fathers" of Shakespeare are a well-known and touching group, exhibiting towards their children a tenderness and a display of affection such as we are usually wont to connect with the maternal relationship. Prospero regards the crying infant who impedes his flight not as a burden, but as his best blessing :—

> A cherubin
> Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile
> Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
> When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt.—*Tempest* i. 2, 154.

And while upon the island he finds her the consolation and the joy of his existence, as he tells the Prince of Naples :—

> I have given you here a thrid of mine own life,
> Or that for which I live.—O, Ferdinand,
> Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
> For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
> And make it halt behind her.—*Tempest* iv. 1, 3.

Lear is mistaken and ill-advised in his affection, and yet it is a warm and tender heart which he pours out upon his daughters. He craves their love with an ardent longing, and feels that all his earthly possessions are too little with which to reward it ; while, on the other hand, when he has discovered the depth of Cordelia's devotion, he feels that it outweighs all the world :—

> Come, let's away to prison :
> We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage—
> Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
> The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee ?
> He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven
> And fire us hence like foxes.—*Lear* v. 3, 8.

Brabantio's heart is bound up in his "maid," so "tender, fair, and happy," so that her loss to him

> Is of so floodgate and o'erbearing nature
> That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
> And it is still itself.—*Othello* i. 3, 56.

But the "mothers" of Shakespeare are singularly few in number. Miranda is motherless, and so are not only Desdemona and Cordelia, but Rosalind, Celia, Silvia, Hero, Jessica, Imogen, and Helena! Perdita has a mother, it is true; but it is in her relations as a wife, rather than as a mother, that Hermione is represented. The Countess of Rousillon has a son, but it is as Helena's friend, and not as Bertram's mother, that she rouses our interest. Juliet has a mother, to whose heart of stone she appeals in vain:—

> Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
> That sees into the bottom of my grief?
> O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!—
> *Romeo and Juliet* iii. 5, 198.

Hamlet has a mother, each remembrance of whom is a pang to his distressed mind, and of whose conduct he can only say:—

> Let me not think on't. Frailty, thy name is woman!—*Hamlet* i. 2, 146.

Nor in those mothers who possess more commendable qualities is there that "sweet, attractive kind of grace," and that "continual comfort," which we might naturally expect to find.

Volumnia is a noble woman; but it is her strength and force of character, and not her tenderness, which are brought before us. She loves Coriolanus, but she loves his honour more:—

> When yet he was but tender bodied and the only son of my womb, when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way, when for a day of King's entreaties a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding, I, considering how honour would become such a person, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him, from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak.
>
> VIRGILIA. But had he died in the business, madam, how then?
>
> VOL. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein should have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action!—
> *Coriolanus* i. 3, 6.

Queen Margaret, widow of Henry VI., weeps bitterly over the dead body of her "Sweet Ned"; but both she and Queen Elizabeth of York seem to bewail the sad fates of their respective children, rather that they may fling taunts in each other's faces than that they may relieve their own burdened hearts. The Duchess of York,

mother of Richard III., is of a somewhat softer nature, yet even she has no conception of the power of love. Instead of striving to influence her erring son, she smothers him with "the breath of bitter words." She promises him to be "mild and gentle" in her speech if he will grant her a hearing, and, having obtained it, she at once proceeds to pour out a flood of invective :—

> Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
> A grievous burden was thy birth to me ;
> Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy ;
> Thy schooldays frightful, desperate, wild and furious ;
> Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous ;
> Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous,
> More mild, but yet more harmful ; kind in hatred :
> What comfortable hour canst thou name,
> That ever graced me in thy company ?—*Richard III.* iv. 4, 166.

There is doubtless a strong affection between King John and his mother Elinor, but it is an affection that few mothers would care to own as the tie that bound them to their sons. She is clear-sighted and keen-witted, and in dealing with John's affairs she raises no flimsy screen of pretence between herself and her conscience. She knows that he has usurped the crown, which should of right belong to the son of his deceased elder brother, and she does not delude herself with any fancied right or justice in support of his claim.

> Our strong possession and our right for us !

exclaims John with a poor attempt at majestic dignity, but Elinor answers shrewdly :—

> Your strong possession much more than your right,
> Or else it must go wrong with you and me :
> So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
> Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.—
> *King John* i. 1, 39.

This is not an ardent-natured woman led astray by her love for her son, but an ambitious schemer, who, like Lady Macbeth, urges and stimulates her companion to his crime. No feminine softness induces her to hold him back from an unjust war, she is herself in the forefront of the operations,

> An Até stirring him to blood and strife.—ii. 1, 63.

John's dependence upon her is shown in the exclamation with which he receives the news of the French invasion :—

> Where is my mother's care,
> That such an army should be drawn in France
> And she not hear of it ?—iv. 2, 117.

Yet, at the news of her death, no tears of affection fall from her son's eye ; it is not his mother that he mourns, but his fellow soldier and conspirator :—

> What, mother dead?
> How wildly then walks my estate in France!

But to speak of Elinor reminds us that the play of "King John" contains a character which has been regarded by many critics as the perfect type of maternal affection. It is solely and entirely as a mother that Constance is represented, and as such she has won a widespread admiration.

But, to the candid reader, it is amply manifest that the passionate grief of Constance is due rather to indignation for her supplanted prince than to love for her "pretty Arthur." She is a very woman in her want of self-control ; as violent as Elinor, but altogether lacking in the cold calculation that makes the mother-queen so distasteful. Yet, in spite of the fervour of her feelings, there is an undercurrent of ambition running through them all, and Elinor's taunt is not ill-founded when she declares that Constance

> Would not cease
> Till she had kindled France and all the world
> Upon the right and party of her son.—i. 1, 32.

That Constance has been ill-treated there is not a shadow of doubt, but like most women with a grievance she never fails to make the most of it.

> Oh! take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks!

she cries in answer to the promises of Arthur's friends, taking care to put forward the two strong points of her position. As a matter of fact, Constance was not a widow at this time, being married to a third husband—Guy de Thouars ; but in considering her as one of Shakespeare's heroines we have nothing to do with her historically, and Shakespeare has seen fit to present her to us in the light most calculated to engage our sympathies : a widow, friendless, helpless, and defenceless, the mother of a discrowned king. This is the Constance of the play, and she describes her situation in moving language :—

> I am sick and capable of fears,
> Oppress'd with wrongs and therefore full of fears,
> A widow, husbandless, subject to fears,
> A woman, naturally born to fears.—iii. 1, 12.

But this description, touching as it is, is somewhat belied by the boldness with which she answers Elinor :—

> Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?

cries the queen-mother, and Constance is ready with the daring retort :—

Let me make answer, thy usurping son !

Nor is boldness unsupported by violence ; with vehement tongue and bitter speech she heaps reproaches upon her mother-in-law, until we feel that the King of France was right in his rebuke :—

Peace, lady, pause, or be more temperate ;
It ill beseems this presence to cry aim
To these ill-timed repetitions.—ii. 1, 196.

and that Elinor had a good deal of justification for her denunciation of Constance as

An unadvisèd scold.

This violence has been excused on the plea that it is only produced by her depth of mother love ; but can this theory be proved from the play ? Is it not rather true that there is a strain of unreality about her affection for Arthur, finely though she expresses it ? A true mother loves best the weakling of her flock, and lavishes most affection on that one which stands most in need of it ; but Constance frankly confesses that if her boy had been ugly or deformed she would have experienced very different feelings towards him. She loves him and regrets his misfortunes, it is true, but she tells him that if he were

Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content ;
For then I should not love thee ; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.– iii. 1, 45.

This is not true mother love.

The vein of unreality of which we have spoken runs not only through her affection, but through her grief. Constance has, in fact, a good deal of the poet in her, and she enjoys her sensations because they give her occasions for eloquent outpourings. Like Hamlet and like Richard II. she indulges in bursts of rhetoric in the most critical and distressing moments of her life ; she trades as it were on her sorrow, and gains an added importance from her grief. She will not obey the summons of the kings, they must rather obey the summons of her woe :—

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,
For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.
To me and to the state of my great grief
Let kings assemble ; for my grief's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up ; here I and sorrows sit ;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.—iii. 1, 68.

This is fine imagery couched in magnificent language, but the greater the grief the simpler is the form in which it finds expression; there has probably never been any utterance which so completely conveys the idea of grief, as the few and simple words of David's lament: "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" The deepest sorrow can never be uttered in any human words:—

> My lighter moods are like to these
> That out of words a comfort win;
> But there are other griefs within,
> And tears that at their fountain freeze.

But Constance loves her grief, dallies with it, fondles it and encourages it. Before Arthur is taken from her, it is ambition as much as sorrow which inspires her utterances; if she cannot compel the world to listen to her as a sovereign, she will at least compel it to listen to her as an insurgent!

> Arm, arm, yon heavens, against these perjured kings,
> A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
> Let not the hours of this ungodly day
> Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
> Set armed discord twixt these perjured kings!
> Hear me, O hear me!
>
> AUSTRIA. Lady Constance, peace!
> CONS. War! war! No peace! Peace is to me a war.—iii. 1, 108.

In vain the unfortunate Arthur implores her to cease from advocating his claims and to allow him to remain in safe obscurity:—

> Good, my mother, peace!
> I would that I were low laid in my grave:
> I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Arthur's happiness, his peace, his safety even, weigh as nothing with her in comparison with his crown, and she continues her turbulent course until the natural result is accomplished, and her son is torn from her arms.

Then, indeed, her grief breaks forth in a burst of passion beyond all bounds of reason:—

> I defy all counsel, all redress,
> But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
> Death, Death; O, amiable, lovely Death!
> Arise forth from the couch of lasting night
> Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
> And I will kiss thy detestable bones,
> And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows,
> And ring these fingers with thy household worms,
> And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,

And be a carrion monster like thyself.
Come, grin on me and I will think thou smilest,
And kiss thee as thy wife. Misery's love,
O come to me!

Pandulph may well say in answer to this wild invocation :—

Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.—iii. 4, 24.

Even in this moment of agony there is a false ring in the note of her love. Her pride in Arthur's personal beauty is still strong within her; she does not mourn for the sufferings that he may have to undergo in his imprisonment, but for the harm that those sufferings may work upon his outward form.

Since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit.
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

There is certainly ample justification for King Philip's remark :—

You are as fond of grief as of your child;

but Constance, with her ready wit and nimble fancy, turns his satire aside and starts upon a new train of thought :—

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief?
Oh, Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort and my sorrow's cure!—iii. 4, 93.

With these words she goes off the stage and we see her no more, and all that we hear of her afterwards is the rumour of her death. She has loved with frenzy, hated, chided, and lamented with frenzy, and therefore we feel that we can give every credence to the messenger's tale :—

The lady Constance in a frenzy died.

Such is Constance as depicted by Shakespeare, the only mother of whom he has given a detailed portrait; but after studying her character,

can we say that he has here portrayed the perfection of motherhood? Every other phase of woman's life he has entered into with the marvellous sympathy of genius: Cordelia is an ideal daughter, Imogen and Desdemona are ideal wives, Juliet and Miranda are perfect types of "maiden lovers," Isabella is an ideal sister, Celia and Rosalind give the lie to the well-worn sneer at women's friendship; Paulina is a type of the faithful attendant who passes her life in devotion to her mistress, Lychorida of the loving nurse who fills a mother's vacant place, and whose grave is covered with flowers and watered with tears by the child whom she has cherished.

But where is the ideal mother?

The tenderest expression of maternal feeling that we meet with in the plays is to be found in Hermione's greeting to her restored Perdita :—

> Yon gods, look down,
> And from your sacred vials pour your graces
> Upon my daughter's head. Tell me, mine own,
> Where hast thou been preserved?—where lived?—how found
> Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
> Knowing by Paulina that the Oracle
> Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved
> Myself to see the issue.—*The Winter's Tale* v. 3, 121.

But Hermione as a mother is merely a sketch and not a completed picture, while Thasia is touched in with even fainter strokes.

> My heart
> Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom,

cries Marina, and Thasia replies :—

> Blest, and mine own!

But Pericles, in the moment of reunion, greets his daughter with an ecstasy of rapture :—

> O, Helicanus, strike me, honoured sir.
> Give me a gash, put me to present pain,
> Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
> O'erbear the shores of my mortality
> And drown me with their sweetness.—O, Helicanus,
> Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud
> As thunder threatens us, this is Marina!—
> Give me my robes, I am wild in my beholding,
> O, heavens, bless my girl!—*Pericles* v. 1, 192.

Whether the circumstances of Shakespeare's own life account in any way for his unusual treatment of the maternal character can be now but a matter of conjecture. Of Mary Arden we know too little

to determine what she was in herself, or what effect she produced upon her poet son ; while, though it is clear that there was a close tie of love between Shakespeare and his daughters, there is nothing to show what terms existed between them and their mother. Anne Hathaway will always remain one of the problem characters of history, and the "second best bed" will continue to be hurled as a crushing argument by her detractors and her defenders alike. The dust of Shakespeare's life lies undisturbed, as well as the dust of his mortal body; we may seek to reconstruct it, but we can only reconstruct it according to our own fancy.

This only we know of certain knowledge, that although Shakespeare has sounded with the plummet of his genius all the depths of woman's love as wife, daughter, sister, servant, and friend, he has left unexplored that mighty power of motherhood which is one of the great elemental forces of the world, and of which, when found in its perfection, it may be truly said that it "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

MARY BRADFORD-WHITING.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF BUDDHISM.

Thou who wouldst see where dawned the light at last
North-westwards from the "Thousand Gardens," go
By Gunga's valley till thy steps be set
On the green hills where those twin streamlets spring,
Nilajân and Mohâna ; follow them
Winding beneath broad-leaved mahúa trees,
Mid thickets of the sansár and the bir,
Till on the plain the shining sisters meet
In Phalgú's bed, flowing by rocky banks
To Gâya and the red Barrabar hills.—*Light of Asia.*

THE old route to Bodh Gya, the birthplace of Buddhism, by the Grand Trunk Road through Hazaribagh, the country of the "Thousand Gardens," is no longer the road to be followed, except by such pilgrims as come to Gya from the immediate south. The East India railway line is now the great trunk line of communication between Bengal and Behar and the rest of India, and he who would visit Gya, "where dawned the light at last," travels by railway to the station of Bankipore, the official headquarters of the great Mahomedan city of Patna. From Bankipore a branch line of railway runs fifty-seven miles direct south to Gya, and from Gya to Bodh Gaya, which lies seven miles beyond, the traveller must proceed by road.

A happy fortune leading us to Behar, we decided to seize the chance offered and to visit Gya. Leaving Bankipore in the early morning of a bright day in October, the train steamed southward through a smiling landscape along a raised embankment, which for several miles is bordered on either side by pipal trees, *ficus religiosa*, the sacred fig tree. On either hand wide-stretching rice-fields glowed a sheet of golden green in the morning sunlight, broken here and there by glimpses of clear pools of water, shining like mirrors set in frames of green plush, or widening into small lakes, whose surface was broken by tiny wavelets rippling in the fresh morning breeze. Groups and lines of tall palms broke the level expanse, or clustered round red-tiled village roofs, while every now and again dark groves

of heavy old mango trees relieved the stretch of vivid green, which was bounded in the far distance by dark lines of trees, tall palms, "like arrows shot from heaven," showing clear against the pale blue of the sky-line.

Nor was life wanting to complete the picture; here and there on a stretch of higher ground white oxen drew the light wooden ploughs, driven by sturdy brown-skinned cultivators, their shoulders and limbs bare, but with heavy turbans of folded cloth about their heads. Buffaloes laved their shining dark sides in the water, or grazed on the raised borders of the fields; a herd of sheep would be at rest on the wayside, or a drove of lean long-legged pigs, black and bristly, would scurry away, frightened by the rush of the train and heedless of the shrill cries of the little girl who drove them, and who looked as wild and unkempt as her charges. Grey and white egrets stood motionless at the water's edge, doves, blue jays, and slender black kingcrows with long forked tails, perched on the telegraph wires; bright green fly-catchers, with bronzed wings and long tail feathers, darted after their prey; while brilliant blue kingfishers watched the pools from overhanging branches, or plunged with a heavy splash to seize some tiny fish. At the wayside stations, when the train stopped, the silence of the countryside was almost startling, and was rendered more intense, rather than broken, by the murmur of voices on the platform and the continuous chatter of the brown minas in the station trees.

Travellers passed along the road, which in many places runs beside the railway embankment: the bent form of age and the springy step of youth; women dressed in their graceful clinging *saries*, bearing their babes lightly on hip; a Hindu lady in her closely curtained crimson litter; and the dead, shrouded in white and laid on a stretcher, borne head foremost on four men's shoulders, taking their last journey to the banks of the sacred Ganges, there to be laid on the funeral pyre.

As we advanced on our journey the country began to change, growing undulating, with here and there a small hill. Soon the hills among which the town of Gya is set came into sight, and three hours after leaving Bankipore the train steamed into the bare little station at Gya. Greeted on the platform with hospitable welcome, we were soon driving along in a high dogcart, through a bit of picturesque bazaar, under the welcome shade of an avenue of fine trees, through whose branches the midday sun fell in bright patches, past a small *maidan*, or common, at one end of which the little station church stands in the open, like a toy church of some child giant, and so on

to the European quarter of the station. Here the comfortable bungalows stand in their wide grounds, separated each from its neighbour by hedges of aloes or a line of trees; and forming a dark background to all rise the ranges of low rocky hills, within whose sheltering circle lies the sacred city.

The welcome bath and breakfast over, a quiet rest, an hour of pleasant chat at the station club, watching tennis played in the golden light of a clear sunset, and then in the cool evening, with the rosy after-glow flushing in the western sky, and Jupiter rising gloriously in the east, we drove by darkening roads to where the Gya cow keeps lonely watch on a far hill-side. The Gya cow and calf are roughly hewn out of grey stone; the story goes that they were placed in their present position by supernatural agency on a dark night long years ago. Generations of worshippers have worn the stone with their hands placed in prayer on the beast's forehead, wind and rain sweeping over the bare rocks have worked their will on the graven image, the horns have long broken away, and it is only to the eye of faith that the rough figure bears any resemblance to the sacred cow. The image is placed on a small platform of brickwork, and altogether stands about four feet high; its grey outlines were indistinguishable in the gathering dusk against the rising ground until we stood beside it. There is no protecting wall round the cow, no priest in charge; no sign of human life was near as we stood beside it in the clear starlight, the silence of the darkening air broken only by the measured hoot of an owl on the hill beyond; the raised white road on which our waiting pony trap showed a dark group winding on towards the pass in the distance.

The stone cow, the Gye, is said to give its name to Gya, but there is more than one legend regarding the name of the city. Sir W. W. Hunter, in the "Imperial Gazetteer" of India, quotes one which says that the name is derived from that of a Pagan monster, whose fate is recorded in the *Vaya Purana*. His only "crime" was his desire to save sinners from perdition; accordingly, Brahma himself undertook the task of putting a stop to his career. This he effected by treacherously persuading Gya to lie down, that a feast might be held upon his body, and then placing a heavy stone upon him. When the monster struggled to get free the gods prevailed upon him to keep quiet by the promise that they would come and take up their abode on the spot, and that all pilgrims who worshipped there should be delivered from the pains of hell. To assist him in subduing Gya, Brahma created fourteen Brahmans, and the "Gyawals" of the present day claim to be their descendants. The

Gyawals are not recognised by true Brahmans, but they are held in great veneration by the pilgrims, whose fees go to them, and all the sacred sites are in their possession and charge.

We were up betimes next morning, for it was the day when we were really to reach the desired goal of our journey, and hastily despatching an early breakfast, we were soon started on the road to Bodh Gya. The day previous to our arrival there had been very heavy rain, which had washed the trees, cleared the air, and filled the river to its brim; and the freshness of the air, bearing as it did the first faint touch of the approaching cold season, the warmth of the sun, and the buoyancy of the atmosphere, raised our spirits with a joyous sense of exhilaration, as we drove through as lovely scenery as the eye of man may desire to rest upon. Leaving the city, our road lay direct south; to our right stretched luxuriant rice-fields, with here and there a village, now a wayside shrine, and now a small white temple, whose arched entrance showed within a grim and hideous idol painted a flaming scarlet. Trees bordered the roadside or massed themselves in heavy groves, populous with birds, while many a fine pipal tree bore on its massive trunk the sacred vermilion marks which showed it to be an object of worship, to which the garlands of flowers which lay fading in the sun had been freshly offered that morning.

To our left ran the stream of the sacred Fulgo, or Phalgú river, which is formed by the junction of two hill streams, the Lilájan and the Mohâna, which unite near Bodh Gya. The Hindus consider the river especially sacred for the half-mile or so of its length which passes their holy city of Gya, and many offerings are made by the devout in that portion of its sandy bed. The road to Bodh Gya follows the course of the river for almost the whole of the seven miles, at times quite on the bank of the stream, again a little further back, allowing room for a strip of grass land, on which date palms grow in graceful luxuriance, or heavy foliaged trees give the wayfarer grateful shade. The river was in flood when we saw it, and spread from shore to shore, a width of over a quarter of a mile; but at other times it shrinks in its sandy bed, and in the dry season is altogether lost—a river of sand. On the farther bank, some two miles away, runs a range of hills covered with low scrub, and on the level plain between them and the river lies cultivated land, interspersed with trees and tall palms, forming a lovely background to the bright sparkling river which runs in swift current from south to north. In spite of its width the Fulgo is fordable in almost every part, and numbers of villagers were crossing as we passed, bearing their loads on their heads and wading little more than knee-deep in the flood.

When about a quarter of a mile from Bodh Gya we came in sight of the great temple showing through the trees. Then, driving past a massive wall which surrounds the Hindu monastery to which the whole of Bodh Gya belongs, and which is under the rule of an abbot, the *Mahunt*, we passed without entering its heavy gateway and pulled up at the foot of sharply rising ground, up which we walked. And there before us, its massive proportions rising from a square sunken hollow, on whose brow we stood, was the great temple, the sacred shrine which we had journeyed so far to see. The great Buddhist temple marks the spot where Prince Sakya Sinha, the founder of the Buddhist religion nearly 600 years before Christ, attained *Nirvana*, after five years of contemplation seated under the sacred pipal, or fig tree.

The temple as it now stands was restored in 1880–84 by the British Government. Before that period the whole was a ruined mass, from which arose a slender quadrangular pyramid of great height, the lower portion of which was covered up and hidden among the *débris*. As now restored it is a pyramidal pile of masonry, rising to a height of 160 feet. At each of the four corners rises a smaller reproduction of the main spire, and the whole building is covered with architectural ornamentation of the symbolical lotus flower, and with niches containing stone figures. Looking up at the great mass the eye is wearied by the endless repetition of ornament; higher and ever higher the niches, most of them enshrining stone figures of Buddha, headless, perhaps, or armless, scarred or mutilated, but always unmistakably the Buddha, while the central ornament on each face of the pyramid, rising in diminishing size to the pinnacle, is the sacred lotus blossom. Numberless doves and green parrots flutter round and perch on this majestic temple of the great Protector of Life, and their tender moans and shrill cries falling softly through the still air that bright morning on which we stood looking up at the great shrine, formed fit accompaniment to our reverent thoughts of Him who "would not let one cry whom He could save."

Having been dug out of its ruins, the temple now stands in a sunken square, to which the descent is made by stone steps. The main entrance is from the northern side, where the ground, which rises in a steep incline from the road, is much higher than on the other sides. Descending the steps, we walked along a narrow gravelled road and reached the temple entrance, which faces east. Placed beside this entrance are two tall poles, adorned respectively with a gilt cock and a gilded umbrella, votive offering of wealthy Buddhists. Over the actual entrance to the sacred shrine itself, the ancient

temple of thousands of years, is, oh! practical Indian Public Works Department of the nineteenth century, an arch of iron rods supporting a tin street lantern which holds a kerosine oil burner.

The whole immense structure is built over three vaulted chambers one above the other, which pierce inwards in tunnel fashion to about the centre of the pile. Each chamber is entered by a single doorway with heavy stone lintels and stone sockets, and grooves for the doors which are no longer there. Daylight finds admittance through this entrance alone, and it shows at the far end of the lowest chamber a raised stone platform, on which is seated a large gilded stone figure of Buddha, with calm features and downcast eyes, in the usual attitude of meditation, the legs crossed, the right foot with upturned sole resting within the left knee. This is the principal shrine in the temple, the holy of holies, and the great golden figure is surrounded and adorned by the offerings of devout pilgrims. When we saw it the figure was veiled with a silk scarf of gold and crimson, which was removed by a Brahman boy, who came forward to act as our guide. Above the statue was a square canopy of white muslin, which hung in a deep plain border, depending from which were small globes of coloured glass, the whole the offering of a worshipper. On the platform, flanking the central figure, were two groups of small alabaster statuettes of Buddha, with painted hair and lips, to the number of fifteen. They ranged from a few inches to a foot and a half in height, and were all the offerings of Burmese pilgrims, who visit Bodh Gya in large numbers. Hanging from the vaulted roof and the walls were long silk and paper rolls, looking like immensely elongated Chinese lanterns which had become attenuated in the process of lengthening; these were also offerings of pilgrims, and so were a heap of coloured silks thrown loosely in one corner, with tiny oil lamps, small votive tapers, and other decorative paraphernalia.

On the platform before the figure there were several stone cups and a brass bell with figured handle, which the boy priest told us were used by the Hindu *Mahunt* who does daily *Pujah* at the shrine. It seems incongruous that a Hindu priest should conduct the worship at a Buddhist altar, but the temple and the land on which it stands is the property of the Brahmans, and they have long held the right of conducting worship in the shrine. A claim was recently made on behalf of the Buddhist worshippers for the custody of the temple, and the whole question was argued at length before the local law courts, with the result that the Brahman *Mahunt* was confirmed in the position and privileges which had been exercised

by his predecessors for more than a century, and which have never interfered with the rights of Buddhists to worship in the temple.

Before the work of restoration, this lower and chief portion of the temple was inaccessible, as it was buried in the fallen masonry and the accumulated dust of centuries, which rose as high as the second storey, so that the upper chamber was entered direct. The upper chamber is now reached by two steep flights of stone steps, one within each of the corner turrets in front of the temple. These steps, as well as the thresholds and every little niche and corner, were covered with oil and grease from the numerous little oil lamps and candles burnt by worshippers, and the narrow worn steps of grey stone were rendered doubly slippery and difficult by the grease.

Emerging from the stairway, we found ourselves on a narrow terrace, which runs round the temple at a height of about twenty-five feet. The parapet of this terrace is adorned by stone balusters of varying size, each beautifully carved in relief. Some of the small figures of Buddha are exquisitely perfect, but the greater portion are sadly mutilated. The upper chamber of the temple opens on to this terrace; it is of the same proportions as the lower chamber, and a figure of Buddha of the same size as the chief figure is also placed on a platform at the end of the chamber. This image, however, is not gilt, like the other, the gilding of which has been carried out bit by bit by the pious labours of pilgrims, who bring gold leaf as their offering to the temple, and lay it on the image piece by piece, in larger or smaller quantities, each according to his means, till in the course of years almost the whole of the huge idol has been covered. When the chief figure is quite completed the one in the upper chamber will receive its share. The third chamber is situated above the second; it is now closed. The entrance was built up during the work of restoration, as it was thought that an influx of pilgrims at any time might possibly threaten the safety of the whole structure, should there be any undetected flaw or failure in the ancient edifice.

On the western side of the temple, its branches resting against the building, is the "Bodhi Drum," the sacred pipal tree. It is not claimed that this tree is the original one under whose shade Buddha sat in meditation for five long years ere he attained *Nirvana*, but it is said to grow on the identical spot, and to be a scion of the old tree which fell to pieces from age. It is quite small, not more than twenty feet high, and grows on a raised square platform of earth filled into a surrounding wall of masonry which projects from the temple. The branches were covered with bunches of straw placed at intervals, which we found were tied round *layers*, which are

prepared by the Brahmans for sale to the devout at exorbitant prices, to be carried away and reverently planted in their homes in distant lands. Built against the temple, under the branches of the tree, is another platform, the top formed of a thick slab of stone, which is cut in an open pattern of tracery, and is said to be the identical stone on which Buddha sat in contemplation.

Surrounding the temple there was originally a railing of solid stone, built by the great Buddhist King Asoka, of which only a fragment now remains in preservation to show what a fine work it was. Other broken portions of the railing are placed in position round the base of the temple; there is also a restored stone gateway, near it a *stupa* beautifully carved and in good preservation, at its base a kneeling figure. Indeed, the whole square of the temple is crowded with restored buildings and remains, which it would be wearisome to attempt to describe in detail, but all showing how magnificent the original temple must have been, and bearing testimony to the treasure and labour that were lavished on it during successive ages.

A range of modern buildings just by the temple entrance contains various Hindu shrines; in one is a circular stone slab about two feet in diameter, on which are the imprints of two feet side by side, each some twelve inches in length. The Hindu pilgrims who lay their offerings at these shrines have to pay a few copper coins at each to the Brahman in charge. We heard a Brahman, who was persuading two pilgrims to pay their devotions to the footprints, employ a mixture of bullying and cajolery quite in the style of an auctioneer. "What!" he cried, "go away without touching the footprints of *Permasur*" (the Almighty), "just to save two *pice*! Shame on you! Shame! Well, give one *pice*, then, only one *pice*, one *pice* between the two of you, there now! Come away, come!" And the two frugal ones shamefacedly drew near, and putting down the *pice*, touched the stone with bowed heads and hurried away.

The Brahman priests at all these sacred places are great extortioners, and live an idle, useless life of self-indulgence. Even the wandering mendicants, the *Jogis*, for all their matted hair and bare ash-smeared bodies, are, many of them, sturdy, well-fed rogues; they are repulsive creatures to behold. While we looked down from the terrace of the temple three of these *Jogis* came below to worship at the Hindu shrines. One who particularly attracted our notice was young and strongly built, his copper-coloured skin shining through the grey wood ashes with which his face and whole body were smeared. His heavy long hair had been plaited in numerous thin

tight plaits, never to be undone or dressed, each fastened off with a strip of cloth plaited in with the hair, which from dirt and exposure to sun and rain was bleached to a dull tan colour. The dirtiest and smallest possible cotton loin cloth, a necklace of heavy wooden beads, a formidable bamboo staff, and a beggar's gourd, the *Karmandel*, completed this *Jogi's* costume, which was the same as that of every member of his fraternity. To prepare for his devotions this *Jogi*, laying down his staff and gourd, shook down the mass of plaits on his head, stooping so that they should hang forward over his face; he then divided them, and throwing half sideways and backwards, did the same to the other half, so that they crossed above his brow in the form of a high coronet; the ends he deftly folded away under the sides, and thus crowned with the snakelike coils, he entered the lower temple and passed from our sight.

Western civilisation has laid its resistless hand even on these loathsome survivals of the dark ages of the East. An especially hideous *Jogi* not only submitted to be photographed by an European traveller, but asked that a copy of his portrait, cabinet size, should be forwarded to him by post, and gave his name and an address, to which it was accordingly sent. Another *Jogi*, aged and emaciated, painted, ash-smeared, almost naked, poring over a time-worn manuscript in a wayside shrine, looked up to see us pass from over a pair of modern nickel-framed spectacles straddling on his nose. While yet another passed from house to house receiving alms in a gourd, painted scarlet, with enamel paint.

To return to the Bodh Gya temple: on the rising ground to the east is a miserable hut, in whose unplastered walls of clay and broken bricks there are embedded here and there fragments of sculpture from the old remains. There is one low door to this hut, and in the centre of the floor is a rough circular slab of stone about three feet in diameter. The stone is cracked across, and the legend attaching to it says that it cannot be moved from its present position by human agency. Should any effort to dislodge it succeed, an immense snake will be released, and the world will be destroyed. The crack is said to have been caused by an attempt to move the slab by means of five elephants harnessed to it, whose united efforts only succeeded in cracking the stone without disturbing its position. The hut which has been built over the stone is not an inviting spot, and, seeing the shed skins of snakes glistening white in the crevices of the walls, we were glad to leave it hurriedly.

The purely Hindu temples of Gya, though they can lay no claim to antiquity when compared to the great Buddhist pile at Bodh Gya,

are of much interest, and some of them of great beauty, and amply repay a visit. The position of Gya as a sacred city of the Hindus is of comparatively modern growth, dating from some five centuries ago. It is, however, a popular place of pilgrimage, and the number of pilgrims who visit the city is estimated at 100,000 yearly. There are no less than forty-five sacred spots in and about Gya at which pilgrims worship and make their offerings, and as the places must be visited in their regular order and on stated days of the pilgrims' stay, to accomplish the full round occupies thirteen days. All worshippers, however, do not go through the whole number; some visit only one spot, others two or more, while others again visit the full number of forty-five shrines. The object of a pilgrimage to Gya is to free the pilgrim's deceased relatives from purgatory, and he, therefore, before starting walks five times round his native village calling upon the souls of his relations to accompany him to Gya. Arrived there, the pilgrim makes offering at each shrine where he worships of small balls of rice, one for each of the departed souls, while the Brahman who accompanies him on his round as his spiritual guide chants a short prayer.

The principal temple in Gya is built over the impress of a huge foot on the solid rock; it is dedicated to the Hindu god *Vishnu* and is known as *Vishnupad*, or the temple of Vishnu's foot. The *Vishnupad* temple is situated in the heart of the old city and is approached through narrow streets paved with stone, where no vehicles can pass. On the occasion of our visit we left our carriage where the wide street ends, and passed on foot through the close passages. The houses are all strongly built of brick and stone, three and four storeys high. Most have overhanging wooden balconies, many of them quaintly carved and worn and black with age, as are the heavy low carved doors and the wooden pillars which support the verandahs where the shopmen display their wares. In the lawless old days before the British rule was established the wild Mahratta horsemen often attacked Gya, in spite of the sanctity of the town, but were invariably repulsed by the priests, fourteen companies of whom defended the gates, supported by the landowners and men of wealth who took refuge within the walls. The thick walls, small barred windows, and narrow tortuous ways tell of the old times when might was right.

The old city is built on rising ground, and the *Vishnupad* temple is on the summit of a low hill overhanging the river Fulgo. The temple is an octagonal building, rising in a spire about 100 feet high, topped with a pinnacle of burnished brass. It is built entirely

of grey stone, without any mortar or cement; the great blocks have been cut and polished to fit each other, and are dovetailed together with the most perfect exactness. Attached to the temple is a large square porch, round which runs a gallery; the pillars are all of solid stone, and the roof crowned with a rounded dome. The porch, like the temple, is of grey stone, and together they form a building of great interest and beauty. Unfortunately, it is so hemmed in by the surrounding houses that it is impossible to get a good view of the whole. The spire of the temple is adorned, as in all Hindu temples, with small red and white streamers floating from long bamboo poles. To arrange and change these flags men climb the building, and, to assist them, three or four iron chains hang from the topmost pinnacle. Large round links are placed at intervals along the chains, and the men climb by these to the very summit; a task requiring no small degree of both strength and nerve.

The *Vishnupad* shrine is a small octagonal chamber, the low wooden door of which is covered with plates of silver. Within is a shallow octagonal basin with a raised border of silver, and in its centre is the footprint of *Vishnu* imprinted on the rock, and said to be sixteen inches long. No European, nor any of alien faith, are admitted even within the porch; but standing outside we could look into the interior, and saw the basin surrounded by a close circle of worshippers, both men and women, crouching round it and throwing in their offerings of rice and flowers. A Brahman moving round the circle poured water brought from the sacred stream of the Ganges, from the tiny spout of a small brass vessel, on to the offerings as they fell, while another priest sat on the ground among the worshippers and chanted prayers in a high monotone.

Outside, just beyond the temple porch, a stone colonnade leads by worn and difficult steps down a steep, rocky bank to the river, in which numbers of men and women were bathing preparatory to worshipping in the temple. Numerous pilgrims passed to and fro, and each, as they left the temple, their devotions completed, struck a resounding stroke on one of the many great brass bells which hung in the porch to call the attention of the gods to their petitions. In a corner under the porch an old Brahman sat cross-legged on a mat, reading from a yellow manuscript, while a boy fanned him with a large palm-leaf fan. Near by a young black Brahmin bull, a wreath of crimson and white balsam flowers resting on his forehead round his horns, surveyed the scene with calm eyes, indifferent to the incessant clang of the bells and to the passing crowd.

Leaving the temple we passed a group of mourning women

going to worship, probably for the first time after the loss of some beloved one. Walking with quick, steady steps three moved in advance, the chief mourner in the centre; her face was shrouded in her robe and with either hand she clasped her companions close, their other hands meeting behind her back; the voices of all three mingled in mournful lamentation wild and high, echoed by two other women who followed them closely, also clinging together with clasped hands. Numbers of beggars thronged the roadways and sat in pitiful rows against each sunny wall, lepers and cripples, the lame, the halt, and the blind, a ghastly display of the grievous afflictions from which poor humanity suffers; and the crowds in the streets thickening as the day advanced, we were glad to leave the close heat of the narrow streets and breathe the fresh air of the open country again.

Our last trip at Gya was to visit a temple on the summit of a hill called *Ramsila.* Just at the rise of the hill, on the eastern side, is a temple of brick and stone, and then begins a climb of 336 masonry steps, and a most toilsome ascent it proved. The steps have been built by the piety of a local landowner; they are of varying depth and length, adapted to the natural rise of the ground and the shape of the rocks, the tops of which crop through here and there. Half-way up there is a rest house, and on the top of a hill is a raised platform, built up of the great rocks that form the summit, and of masonry, on which stands the temple, which contains images of *Mahadeo* and *Parvati*, and is shadowed by a grand old pipal tree. From the hill-top the temple looks down on the one hand on the Fulgo, flowing under a light iron bridge and round a small, thickly-wooded island, and on the other side on to the railway station. Before it spreads the city, a fair picture of green gardens, with white houses among the trees, the glint of water here and there, and, in the distance, the higher mass of the close-set houses of the old city, while through all temple after temple flashes back the sun from gilded pinnacle, or flutters with the bright gleam of gay coloured streamers. Encircling all the south and stretching away to the north-east run the ranges of hills, and to the north, as far as the eye can reach, extends the fertile plain, golden green with the waving rice, through which runs a straight black line, the iron road of the railway.

The sun was sinking low as we came down from the height, and as we drove away in the cool, sweet evening hour, we bade farewell to the sacred city, our visit to which will long linger in our minds, a light for Memory to turn to when she wishes a gleam upon her face.

KATHLEEN BLECHYNDEN.

"A LIFE THAT FOR THEE WAS RESIGNED."

IT is somewhat less than a score of years since the present writer, sojourning for a brief while in that austere fastness of Protestantism and Orange stronghold, "black Belfast," found himself welcomed, with the marvellously kindly, gracious hospitality which seems the first instinct of every Irish home, into a family circle now long since dissolved, or rather reunited to the beloved of an earlier day, of which they, then, were sole survivors.

They were two old maiden sisters. Frail, wrinkled, bending under the infirmities of age with a delicate gracefulness born of high breeding, they seemed like stranded sea-shells or relics of some earlier day, when women were shielded from the rougher, coarser winds of everyday life.

Like stranded sea-shells too, which, held to living ears, murmur ever of the great sea whence they came, they murmured ever to those who listened of tempests long past and of those troublous times of war and revolution when houses were sacked, properties devastated, every male thing in the family "out," in prison or hiding, or living on sufferance or suspicion, while it fell to the lot of their women to hold the family treasures.

Family silver, precious relics, portrait or miniature bearing their sacred story, all were guarded by loving wife or loyal sister or devoted daughter while home and home circle were not; and these two old ladies, with their gentle yet eager faces, their thin, trembling, wrinkled hands, and bent and wasted forms, were the holders of a traditional treasure, the proud and reverent custodians of relics which meant more to them and theirs than many a *rivière* of diamonds or collet of pearls.

From a younger cousin, a bright-eyed Irishman, whose speaking face glowed with almost reverent pride as he spoke of them, I learned that the pair were maiden daughters of one who had borne the dear title of sister to "a martyr of '98"—to one who had died

upon the scaffold, she gathering and holding "for the family" all those touching little mementoes which sorrowing love will ever, in all ages, hold dear.

We all know how Ireland has been served by those who, once aliens and for the most part of Norman blood, like the family of that popular hero, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, or the man who, "without one drop of Irish blood in him," has held Ireland in the hollow of his hand for years, became *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*—more Irish than the Irish themselves; and it was so also with this family, the Teelings of Ulster. Almost the only Catholic family of distinction in the "black North," and allied from time to time with some of its noblest names, Luke Teeling, their representative in the dark days preceding "'98," was a man of singularly upright and unbending disposition. A "righteous man," so strict in his integrity that not only did his own county, Antrim, select him as its delegate to the National Convention in 1782, but Protestant Belfast passed a vote of confidence in him as their representative also; yet, though devoted son to his unhappy and persecuted country, he had no wish to enter the lists in strife, and would fain have compassed by constitutional means the reform which his younger countrymen were planning in the ranks of the "United Irishmen." And among these his two young sons, Bartholomew and Charles, who, with the daring of their years and the courage of their race, were foremost at meetings and drills, escaping from the paternal mansion by rope-ladders from the windows at night, plotting with kindred souls for the uprising which was to free their land from England's misrule—from the pitch-cap and the gibbet, the inhuman tortures of "Sandys Provost and Beresford's riding school," and other horrors, and rejecting proffers of fame and advancement in the world with the reckless generosity of youth—for Ireland's sake.

Bartholomew, the eldest, is described as a tall, graceful, melancholy youth, a lover of books, and thoughtful for his years; penetrated, even more deeply than those about him, with the bitter sense of wrong and suffering and injustice in all the length and breadth of his unhappy country. Like most of the young "United Irishmen," he had long ago felt that England would never voluntarily give justice or peace to her conquered hereditary foe, and that the only hope of an oppressed and downtrodden people lay in help from without.

Surely none could blame them who knew—as English readers seldom do know—the state of persecution, the penal laws, the reign of terror of a lawless soldiery, which goaded them to that

thought—that France, just springing to a seeming new life of liberty, might come to the help of them and theirs. Whether actuated by this idea, or despairing of success by other means, we do not learn very clearly, but certain it is that, after making a comprehensive survey of the entire coast, defences, and distinctive features of his native country, which examination he accomplished alone and on foot for the most part, young Teeling crossed over to France and became a voluntary exile, entering the French army and serving a campaign under General Hoche.

When the idea of an invasion of England by Napoleon, contemplated at one time, was abandoned, and he turned his ambitious thoughts elsewhere, a smaller expeditionary force, under General Humbert, was fitted out and despatched from La Rochelle, rather to content the importunities of the "United Irishmen" who clamoured for assistance, one would almost suppose, than as a serious undertaking; and with this all too slender army served, and landed in their native country, two or three young Irishmen, who had up to this time been serving in the Vendean campaign under Hoche. They were Matthew Tone, a certain O'Sullivan, and Bartholomew Teeling. The latter, who was only twenty-four years of age, had, by his winning manners and aristocratic bearing, attracted the special attention of the somewhat blunt and undignified republican general, who named him his aide-de-camp at starting, and seems to have brought him constantly forward, so that young Teeling's position, both as *aide* to the French general and interpreter between him and the inhabitants when they required information, brought him into special prominence. He was thus enabled to use his influence on behalf of the defenceless populations of the various towns and villages through which the invading armies passed on their way from Killala, where they landed, to Castlebar, where their most important engagement took place; and it was remarked and testified to afterwards by one of the witnesses called at the trials, that while the "rebels" had indulged in certain excesses which they endeavoured to justify or excuse by pleading that "they only injured Protestants," young Teeling had warmly exclaimed that he "knew no difference between a Protestant and a Catholic, nor should any be allowed, and that as far as he could he would not suffer persons of any sect to be injured." In the letter addressed by Humbert himself, after his defeat, to the president of the court-martial, he recalls the same fact, stating that "Teeling, by his bravery and generous conduct, has prevented, in all the towns through which we have passed, the insurgents from proceeding to the most criminal excesses. Write to

Killala, to Ballina, to Castlebar, there does not live an inhabitant who will not render him the greatest justice."

It seems almost incredible to us now that the French authorities should have permitted so small a body of men as composed Humbert's "army" to land unsupported in a hostile country. We can only suppose either that they believed the Irish people to be stronger, more united, and better prepared for action than they really were, or, as a recent writer suggests, that the real object of the invasion was merely to annoy England and to force a peace. In effect, however, Humbert, with his 700 men, was able not only to marshal and organise to a certain extent the vast but utterly undisciplined hordes which flocked to his standard as he passed along, but even to hold Killala, leave a small garrison there, and march on to attack Castlebar, with its garrison of 6,000 men, eighteen cannons, and an experienced commander.

At the commencement of the campaign, Humbert had issued a proclamation which in all probability was translated or even composed by his young Irish interpreter and aide-de-camp, and ran as follows:—

> Irishmen! You have not forgot Bantry Bay; you know what efforts France has made to assist you. Her affection for you, her desire to avenge your wrongs and ensure your independence can never be impaired. After several unsuccessful attempts, behold Frenchmen arrived amongst you. They come to support your courage, to share your dangers, to join their arms and to mix their blood with yours in the sacred cause of liberty. . . . We swear the most inviolable respect for your properties, your laws, and all your religious opinions. Be free; be masters in your own country! We look for no other conquest than that of your liberty, no other success than yours. . . . Recollect America, free from the moment she wished to be so. The contest between you and your oppressors cannot be long. Union! Liberty! The Irish Republic! Such is our cry. Let us march! . . ."

Spurred by these words, and by the consciousness that they were fighting in a sacred cause, not only that of political liberty, but, as they believed, in that of religious freedom, the raw Irish recruits seconded their more experienced allies so ably that, after a desperate struggle, victory remained with their arms, and the English retired in confusion. After entering and taking possession of the town of Castlebar, Humbert despatched his aide-de-camp, Teeling, with a flag of truce after the flying enemy to treat with them and offer honourable terms of capitulation. By some unaccountable blunder—for other than blunder it can surely not have been—the young envoy was seized and made prisoner by the exasperated English, his escort shot, and his flag taken from him. After being dragged as a prisoner for several miles with the retreating army and subjected to threats

and insults, he was at length brought before the general in command and allowed to present the message which should have been delivered with all ceremony and honour. Both appear to have been in a violent state of indignation; Teeling at the unheard-of reception he had been subjected to, and Lake at the fact of *an Irishman* being the one appointed to bring messages of truce. "You are an Irishman and a rebel, sir," he exploded. "Why have *you* been selected by General Humbert on this occasion?" "To convey to you, sir, his proposal in a language which he presumes that you understand," retorted the young officer contemptuously; and one can picture them as they stood, the Englishman grey-haired and angry, the French-Irishman cool and disdainful, but none the less haughtily resentful of his treatment. "And as to your menace," he went on, "you cannot be ignorant that you have left with us many British officers, prisoners at Castlebar." The situation was strained, and needed a peacemaker; so presently Lake retired, and was succeeded by General Hutchinson, a quiet, gentlemanly man, whose tact smoothed over the awkwardness of the moment, apologising courteously for the lamentable mistake which had occurred, and trusting that it might not be unfavourably represented to the French General. Young Teeling was not to be outdone in politeness, and, after insisting on the return of his flag of truce (which is said to have been one he had himself captured that morning), he took his leave, refusing a proffered escort with the words, "General Hutchinson's honour is my protection"; to which that gentleman responded, "Then General Hutchinson shall be your escort," as he insisted on accompanying him beyond the English lines.

After this came an engagement and another success for the Franco-Irish arms at Collooney, where a somewhat picturesque incident brings young Teeling again prominently forward. As a recent historian tells us:—

> While all acquitted themselves creditably in this engagement it is admitted that Colonel Vereker on the one side, and Bartholomew Teeling on the other, carried off the chief honours of the day. . . . On the other side Bartholomew Teeling bore off the palm from all, both French and Irish. He was a young man of rare endowments, both of mind and body; and, betaking himself to France when the expedition for Ireland was organising, he offered his valuable services to Humbert, and cast in his lot with men whom he believed to be engaged in an effort to benefit his country. The French gave him all their confidence, which he justified by serving as interpreter and negotiator, by managing the Irish, over whom he acquired unbounded influence, and by being always foremost to encounter every danger which presented itself, as at Castlebar, where he greatly distinguished himself.
>
> From the beginning of the conflict at Carricknagat he was the soul of the

movement, and eclipsed all his comrades; but towards the close he eclipsed even himself by a feat which might appear incredible if the evidence of its performance was not overwhelming. Finding the French advance arrested by a cannon which was placed on Park's Hill, under an able gunner named Whitters, and which had already struck down several men in the front of the column, he called again and again on those about him to advance; but meeting no response he set spurs to a noble grey charger on which he rode, galloped down a long stretch of level grass land, which still separated the contending forces, and, pulling up at Park's Hill, and drawing coolly a pistol from its holster, shot dead the formidable Whitters behind his cannon, moving back next moment, amid a shower of bullets, as unconcerned and as safe as one of Homer's heroes in the hands of a tutelary goddess. This episode decided the battle, for when Teeling now called on the men in the column to follow him, they sprang forward to a man and swept everything before them. Teeling's disposal of Whitters is almost the only incident of the engagement now remembered in the neighbourhood. Even the names of Vereker and Humbert have slipped from the people's memories, but Teeling and his famous grey are still as vivid in the traditions of the Ox mountains as they were on the morrow of Carricknagat.

But the brief success of the Franco-Irish campaign was drawing to a close. England at last buckled to in earnest, and sent forth a goodly army to disperse the rebels. An engagement ensued at Ballinamuck, of which the issue could not be uncertain. Humbert, with his handful of men and his two or three Irish officers, were taken prisoners; the unhappy Irish insurgents were slaughtered without mercy, no quarter given, and their French allies, after being detained for a few days in custody, were ignominiously put on board ship and conveyed back to their native shores.

When the French general saw that all was lost on the bloody field of Ballinamuck, he turned to his young Irish aide-de-camp with the words, "Allons, mon brave camarade, nous mourons ensemble!" and no better fate would he who was thus addressed have asked for, than thus to die on the field of battle for Ireland. Unhappily it was not to be so. The little group of men who stood ready to fight to the death were surrounded, overwhelmed, and taken prisoners; and although, as a family tradition records it, the English officers who had sat at his father's table and held the hand of friendship with him and his, most chivalrously refused to recognise the young rebel taken in arms, Bartholomew Teeling was too well-known a figure to pass unquestioned. He was conveyed to Dublin, and a court-martial convened there, to try him on a charge of high treason.

It was noted at the time, and has remained a question of doubtful legality, whether, the civil tribunals being open as usual, young Teeling should have been arraigned before a military one. He was not a British officer, but a civilian in French uniform, and should

thus have been tried, either as a rebel citizen, or, if the alleged naturalisation as a French subject suggested in his own speech were accepted, then as a prisoner of war; but the minds of men were too inflamed, the exasperation of the English public too extreme, to leave room for a calm and judicial mode of procedure. His own commanding officer, General Humbert, finding him excluded from their general release and exportation, protested vehemently against this action on the part of the British Government, and sent a formal demand, in the name of his own Government, for the person of his aide-de-camp, exclaiming passionately to those about him, "I will not part with him! An hour ago, and ere this had occurred he should have perished in the midst of us, with a rampart of French bayonets around him! I will accompany him to prison or to death!" And, when he learned that Teeling was actually about to appear before a court-martial, he sent a second and still more vigorous appeal to its members, repeating that, "I flatter myself that the proceedings in your court will be favourable to him, and that you will treat him with the greatest indulgence."

It seems evident that young Teeling himself, as well as his chief, had surrendered with the expectation of being treated as a prisoner of war; and painful must have been his surprise when he found himself arraigned, not as a French officer, but as a rebel and traitorous English subject. He did not attempt to deny either his identity or his presence among the invaders of Ireland, but took his stand, in the long and well-chosen speech in which he conducted his own defence, on the fact that, being an officer in the French army, he was bound to obey the orders of his superiors, and to accompany his regiment wherever it was sent. The regimental orders which he had received were laid before the court in support of his argument, and a further appeal made to the clemency of his judges by bringing forward various witnesses in proof of his humane exertions on behalf of the vanquished and the defenceless. All was unsuccessful; the court pronounced sentence of death, and although some even of the firmest supporters of the Government declared that its execution would be "an eternal blot on the administration," a petition for twenty-four hours' respite in order to consult certain legal authorities, or adopt other means of defence, was rejected.

It is related in the family memoirs that this petition, drawn up and presented by the prisoner's third brother, George, a youth of some seventeen years (their father being at this time in prison, and the second brother, Charles, a fugitive wanderer among his native hills), was sent, through the medium of one of the highest officials

at the Castle, to the then Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Cornwallis; and that this gentleman, "a man of humanity," as the somewhat quaint diction has it, remarked as he retired to present the memorial: "Your friend *ought* to be saved." Presently he returned, and "after expressing in general terms his feelings of sympathy and disappointment, concluded with this mysterious observation: 'Mr. Teeling is a man of high and romantic honour?' 'Unquestionably,' was the reply. 'Then I deplore to tell you that his fate is inevitable—his execution is decided on.'"

One of the periodicals of the day, *Walker's Hibernian Magazine*, thus recorded the closing scene in "a life that for thee was resigned":—

> On the 24th inst. (September 1798) at two o'clock, this unfortunate and interesting young man suffered death at Arbour Hill, and conducted himself on the awful occasion with a fortitude impossible to be surpassed and scarcely to be equalled. Neither the intimation of his fate nor the near approach of it produced on him any diminution of courage. With firm step and unchanged countenance he walked from the Prevot to the place of execution, and conversed with an unaffected ease while the dreadful apparatus was preparing. With the same strength of mind and body he ascended the eminence. He then requested permission to read a paper which he held in his hand. He was asked by the officer whose immediate duty it was whether it contained anything of a strong nature. He replied that it did; on which permission to read it was refused, and Mr. Teeling silently acquiesced in the restraint put on his last moments. . . . This melancholy consequence from the trial of the unfortunate Teeling was not expected by the public, . . . but we will suppose that the severity of his fate was rendered necessary by the peculiar state of the times. Humanity will drop a tear for the unfortunate fate of a man endowed with such manly qualities and virtues.

And, as a connection of his family wrote, some fifty years later:—

> If death should come, that martyrdom
> Were sweet endured for you,
> Dear Land!
> Were sweet, endured for you!

NORMAN STUART.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

M. EDMOND ROSTAND calls his latest drama a "comédie héroïque," and he is warranted in so designating it, though, in so far as the sufferings of a beautiful soul are concerned, the play is a tragedy. "Vanity Fair" is a novel without a hero; but this play has a true hero, though one who is ugly and grotesque. The scene opens in 1640, when Charles I. was on the throne of England, when Louis XIII. reigned and Richelieu ruled in France. M. Rostand gives us the body, form, and pressure of the time; and we are transported into the days of the great Cardinal. The hero is surrounded by many figures typical of the time, and we live in the period of the *ancien régime.* We meet with the young gallants, especially Rostand's darling, gay Gascons, who are so handsome, so feather-headed, so dashing, and so brave; and we also get a glimpse of the starving poor poets who are eager to find bread and patrons. The nobles are protected by Court and Cardinal favour, and we feel around us the characteristics of the life of 1640 in Paris. M. Rostand can paint manners. There is a colour of resemblance between M. Rostand and Alexandre the Great. Both writers feel deeply the sentiment of *l'arme blanche*, and delight in duellists *de première force.*

In Cyrano we find a strain of D'Artagnan and of Bussy d'Amboise, though they, who are also magnificent swordsmen, are graceful, handsome, and well favoured, while poor Cyrano is morbidly conscious of his terrible personal defects. Dumas' splendid fencers resemble Cyrano as *bretteurs*, but as that only, since they are by no means so great of soul and heart as is Cyrano. They are glorious, but Cyrano is a glory. M. Rostand's comedy is, in the highest sense, French, as regards style, but it is not very French in essence. It is not based upon adultery (Madame Ragueneau does not count); it does not treat of unsavoury depravity; it does not deal with those sexual "problems," so called, subjects which mostly lead to lewdness and point to pruriency. It is a pure and manly play, and can be read or seen with delight as great as admiration.

The heroine is wholly womanly, and entirely chaste. The love

is the honourable love of lady and of cavalier; and there is, behind the love that thinks only of marriage, the noble, the sublime self-sacrifice of a man who is a glorious example of high thoughts seated in a heart of honour, and who is (despite his nose) an ideal hero of romance, and even of something higher than romance. Cyrano foregoes his own chance of happiness, and serves his neighbour to his own infinite detriment and deepest sorrow. He is lacking in facial beauty, but is not wanting in the highest beauty and majesty of the soul. In the whole play is nothing foul, nauseous, or base. The tone of the "heroic comedy" always maintains itself at a lofty level, and we, the seeing auditors or readers, are uplifted to a healthy and virile frame of mind. There is nothing in the work that can cause disgust, and there is nothing that needs pitying excuse.

The drama opens in the Hôtel de Bourgogne on a day on which "La Clorise," a play by Baro, is to be represented. The hall is filled with cavaliers, *bourgeois*, lacqueys, pages, pickpockets, attendants, fine ladies—*buveurs*, *bretteurs*, *joueurs*. The scene is busy and is full; and all these types of the time act and speak characteristically. Among the spectators we meet some—viz. Lignière, Christian de Neuvillette, Le Bret, Ragueneau—that we shall learn to know better. The crowd is generally aristocratic, distinguished, though a little mixed with the *bourgeoisie*. Lignière is a poet, and a *buveur*. Ragueneau is *le pâtissier des comédiens et des poètes*, and himself writes bad verses. While waiting for the performance to begin some of the young gallants fence or play at cards. The actor who is to play the part of Phédon, in Baro's piece, is one Montfleury, who has been forbidden by Cyrano de Bergerac to act for a month. We hear about Cyrano, *cadet aux gardes*; of his terrible swordsmanship, of his Gascon audacity, and of his enormous nose—*et pourfend quiconque le remarque*. Enter into her box Magdeleine Robin, *dite Roxane*, *fine précieuse*, and a murmur of admiration is heard in the *salon* as the beauty takes her place; while one marquis exclaims, "Epouvantablement ravissante!" She is the cousin of Cyrano, is the object of his secret worship, and is the timidly beloved of Christian. She is also honoured by the admiration of the libertine Comte de Guiche, who is married to the niece of Richelieu, but designs to mate Roxane with a complaisant husband, who shall admit the Comte to be her lover.

Christian feels, with regard to Roxane—

> Je n'ose lui parler, car je n'ai pas d'esprit,
> Je ne suis qu'un bon soldat timide,

and finds, he says, a difficulty in either speaking or writing *le langage*.

The Comte desires to be revenged upon poor Lignière, who has satirised the noble in a song. De Guiche descends from the box of Roxane, and, passing along the parterre, is surrounded by a crowd of obsequious courtiers, one of whom is Valvert, the proposed complaisant husband of the fair Roxane. One marquis goes into ecstasies over the ribands worn by sumptuous De Guiche, and asks if the colour be *baise-moi-ma-mignonne* or *ventre de biche?* The Count explains that the colour really is *Espagnole malade.* Christian finds the hand of a pickpocket in his pocket, and the thief, to buy his escape, warns the cadet that a song by his friend Lignière has so incensed a great noble that a hundred bravos are posted at the Porte de Nesle to assassinate the poet on his way home. Christian quits even Roxane in order to warn Lignière; and then there falls a sudden silence on the *salle*, announcing the entry of the terrible Cardinal into a box concealed by a grating. Montfleury commences the play, when a voice cries—

> Coquin, ne t'ai-je pas interdit pour un mois?

and this line is the first one spoken by Cyrano de Bergerac. Of course a tumult arises among the audience; and there is excitement, opposition, noise, and clamour. Cyrano exclaims to those near him—

> Je vous en prie, ayez pitié de mon fourreau:
> Si vous continuez il va rendre sa lame!

He adds, directly afterwards—

> Et j'adresse un défi collectif au parterre!
> J'inscris les noms! Approchez-vous, jeunes héros!
> Chacun son tour! Je vais donner des numéros!
> Que tous ceux qui veulent mourir lèvent le doigt.

The answer to this appeal is silence; and the brilliant *spadassin* carries his point. Montfleury is driven from the stage, and Baro's piece is not played. Cyrano explains that Montfleury is an *acteur déplorable*, and further that "les vers du vieux Baro valent moins que zéro." The ladies are for Baro, but the poet swordsman cries to them—

> Inspirez-nous des vers, mais ne les jugez pas!

Cyrano flings disdainfully a sack of money on to the stage. This sack contains his *pension paternelle*, and leaves the scornful poet without money. The splendid giver cannot even pay for a dinner. He is asked if he have a *protecteur*, and replies proudly—

> Non, pas de protecteur [*la main à son épée*], mais une protectrice!

He admits to a *fâcheux*—

Enorme, mon nez !

explaining that a large nose is an indication

> D'un homme affable, bon, courtois, spirituel,
> Libéral, courageux, tel que je suis ;

and he adds to this explanation a hearty cuff.

At p. 42 occurs the first of those long speeches which the eloquence of Cyrano pours forth. These grand speeches are always flexible, nervous, musical ; are full of point and meaning ; and are highly dramatic as proceeding from the brilliant De Bergerac. The poet Rostand enables the poet Cyrano to speak up to the height of his many-sided gifts. These outpourings are full of fancy, force, and wit. About to fight with the Vicomte de Valvert, De Bergerac offers, while fighting, to improvise a ballad of three couplets of eight verses each. Amid the excited attention of the whole audience Cyrano performs his feat quite admirably ; and, at the conclusion, "le vicomte chancelle ; Cryano salue," as he declaims, while hitting his opponent, "A la fin de l'envoi je touche." The applause is frantic. Flowers and dainty handkerchiefs are showered upon the splendid fighting poet, while the friends of the wounded and discomfited Vicomte support and lead him away. A "voix de femme" cries, "C'est un héros !" His true friend, *Le Bret*, the Horatio to the Hamlet, complains to Cyrano—

> Tu te mets sur le bras, vraiment, trop d'ennemis,

and the haughty Gascon is ravished to hear it. He confesses to Le Bret his love for Roxane in the exquisite lines beginning—

> Un danger
> Mortel sans le vouloir, exquis sans y songer.

Roxane, toute blême, has watched her cousin's duel and triumph, and she sends her duenna to Cyrano to arrange an interview, which he appoints "chez Ragueneau, le pâtissier. Moi ! D'elle—un rendez-vous !" Enraptured, and with a mighty swell of soul, Cyrano demands an entire army to fight with. "Il me faut des géants !"

At this moment of exaltation the unfortunate Lignière enters, and informs Cyrano—

> Ce billet m'avertit—cent hommes contre moi—
> A cause de chanson grand danger me menace.

His reliance upon Cyrano was like that of Oliver Proudfute upon Henry Smith, and was as well bestowed. De Bergerac, delighted at the opportunity, undertakes the protection of Lignière against the hundred bravos of De Guiche ; and a procession is formed, consist-

ing of nobles, officers, actresses, to accompany our Gascon to the Porte de Nesle, and to see the unequal but glorious fight. Cyrano makes the condition :—

> Et vous, messieurs, en me voyant charger,
> Ne me secondez pas, quel que soit le danger !
> . . . .
> C'est compris ? Défendu de me prêter main forte !

He explains to an actress who expressed wonder at a hundred men being hired to assassinate one poor poet—

> Ne demandiez-vous pas pourquoi, mademoiselle,
> Contre ce seul rimeur cent hommes furent mis ?
> (*il tire l'épée, et tranquillement*)
> C'est parce qu'on savait qu'il est de mes amis !

His reasoning only half convinces us. We can scarcely refrain from asking whether Dumas would have appointed so many as a hundred men to murder a satirist or to fight a hero. He might, we fancy, have contented himself with twenty opponents. Meanwhile, with music sounding, with torches gleaming, the officers and actresses flirting, the gay procession marches on to the ambuscade placed and waiting at the Porte de Nesle.

Act ii. opens in Ragueneau's "Rôtisserie des Poètes," in which "Phœbus Rôtisseur" dispenses food, in exchange for flattery, to starving poets. Cyrano has a *rendez-vous* with Roxane at this *boutique*, and, while awaiting her coming, he writes to her a letter of adoration. The fame of his great feat of arms is widely spread, and extorts admiration from all ; but he has been slightly wounded in the terrible encounter, of which he does not boast and will scarcely tolerate mention. He hears that eight of his opponents "sanglants illustraient les pavés," the others having fled. Enter Roxane, with her duenna, and there is a fine scene between the lady and Cyrano. M. Rostand's characters are, as Goethe says, like crystal clocks, of which you see not only the faces but the works inside. Roxane confesses to Cyrano her love for Christian, and declares—

> Il a sur son front de l'esprit, du génie ;
> Il est fier, noble, jeune, intrépide, beau.
> CYRANO (*se levant, tout pâle*) Beau !

Roxane has her choice between the two lovers, and of course chooses wrongly, as Scott's Menie Gray did when she preferred the scoundrel Middlemas to the loyal Hartley. Women are not often good judges of men, and are especially unable to detect nobleness or worth. Christian has become a *cadet* in the company of Cyrano, and

she pleads with the great swordsman to protect her darling from danger and duels.

> C'est bien, je défendrai votre petit baron,

says the generous Cyrano, who had hoped to win Roxane for himself. In all her talk with Cyrano the thoughts of the lady are wholly occupied by her care for Christian. Roxane says—

> Qu'il m'écrive ! [She means Christian.]
> . . . .
> Cent hommes !
> Vous me direz plus tard. Maintenant je ne puis—
> Cent hommes ! Quel courage !

And having got all she wants from the man so terrible to men, but so gentle to woman, she leaves him very abruptly, and never suspects his love or feels for his sorrow. Carbon de Castel-Jaloux, their captain, and the cadets enter, all of them in raptures with the splendid fight of the hero, who seems so indifferent to his glory and is so heart-broken by the defection of Roxane. De Guiche brings his homage ; and Cyrano sings his Gascon song, with its splendid swing and lilt, when introducing the cadets to De Guiche.

> Ce sont les cadets de Gascogne
> De Carbon de Castel-Jaloux ;
> Bretteurs et menteurs sans vergogne,
> Ce sont les cadets de Gascogne !

De Guiche offers him the patronage of Richelieu, but the proud Gascon rejects the offer. A cadet enters with the head-gear, hacked and torn, of the *fuyards*, broached upon his sword ; and De Guiche admits that he had posted the bravos who were engaged to chastise Lignière. Cyrano lets the bonnets glide off the blade to the feet of De Guiche—

> Monsieur, si vous voulez les rendre à vos amis ?

At p. 92 Cyrano speaks another of his long, but never too long and always powerful speeches, on the theme of *prendre un patron, non, merci !* and, in noble lines, declares his preference for

> Ne pas monter bien haut, peut-être, mais tout seul !

The haughty cavalier rather likes making enemies—of courtiers, cowards, and scoundrels.

> La haine est un carcan, mais c'est une auréole !

And yet Cyrano is a true friend to men, like Le Bret, that he

respects and likes. One cadet explains Cyrano's touchiness about any allusion to his fatal nose—

> On ne peut faire, sans défuncter avant l'âge,
> La moindre allusion au fatal cartilage !

but the handsome dolt De Neuvillette, ignorant of the interview with Roxane, dares to insult the hero on this tender point. Cyrano masters himself, and does not resent an insult from the man that Roxane loves. In his generosity, in his lofty chivalry towards a woman he soothes and advises the vaguely jealous cadet, who soon withdraws all his insults. He feels, however, that he has not the gift of talking love; and Christian's feelings wrench from Cyrano the admission that, if he were handsomer,

> J'aurais été de ceux qui savent en parler;

and he proposes that they shall

> Collaborer un peu tes lèvres et mes phrases.
> . . . .
> Je serai ton esprit, tu seras ma beauté,

and Cyrano gives to Christian the letter which he had written to declare his love to Roxane. The anxious cadets return, and find Cyrano and Christian embracing each other. They had expected to find the rash insulter slain by the terrible blade of the great *tireur*.

Christian is to be helped to make love, but no one thinks of the sad warfare going on in the great heart of the unspeakably noble Cyrano. We learn to know him better than Roxane did, and, as we feel with his feelings, and watch his actions, we realise that we are studying a character that may be reverenced as sublime. Roxane liked him well enough to use him for herself and for her lover; but she had not insight enough to comprehend the magnanimous soul or the poetical intellect of the great, brave man whose services she commanded, while she wholly failed to estimate him aright or to reward him at all. He won but feeble gratitude from the woman for whose sake he sacrificed his happiness and hopes.

Act iii. is picturesquely entitled "Le Baiser de Roxane." It is certain that Christian could never, left to himself, obtain such a favour from the fairest fair; but it may be that the eloquent Cyrano could obtain it for him. Oh, the pathos of the many pangs and tortures which the blind lady can inflict upon the sensitive heart and lofty nature of her noblest adorer! Her way of talking about and praising the *bête* Christian must have been an agony to the devoted friend and cousin who—but for his nose—could so well have wooed and

won her for his worthy and lofty self. The scene of this act is a *petite place* before the house of Roxane, and the time is night. Oh, what a peerless and loyal gentleman is our dear Cyrano! We should pity him more if he were not so strong, so noble, and so true. His towering virtues rob him in part of our sympathy.

They speak thus of Christian:—

> ROXANE. Ah! qu'il est beau, qu'il a d'esprit, et que je l'aime!
> CYRANO (*souriant*). Christian a tant d'esprit?
> ROXANE. Mon cher, plus que vous-même!
> CYRANO. J'y consens.

Ah, that "consent" must have cost an effort even to the faithful, ideal hero of highest romance! Knowing what he knows, doing what he is doing, it must have been bitter to him to hear such misjudgment from his idol; an idol served with such annihilation of self. How could she misunderstand so cruelly?

> CYRANO. Il écrit?
> ROXANE. Mieux encore. Ecoutez donc un peu,

and she reads to Cyrano his own letter.

> ROXANE. C'est un maître!
> CYRANO (*modeste*). Oh? un maître.
> ROXANE. Soit! un maître.

De Guiche comes to take leave. The French are undertaking the siege of Arras, and the Count—a *protégé* of Richelieu—goes to the war as *mestre de camp*. He says—

> Je saurai me venger de lui,[1] là-bas.

De Guiche's revenge consists in placing the Gascons as a forlorn hope in an untenable position.

De Guiche observes of Christian, that he is *beau, mais bête.* The troops should depart at once, but the amorous and influential Count proposes to delay his departure for a day in order to see Roxane again that night.

Infatuated Christian becomes tired of being assisted by the cultured, clever Cyrano to letters and to conversation, and determines to speak for himself. Cyrano regrets, well knowing what the result will be; and he judges rightly. Christián's own talk to Roxane is so bald and dreary that he disgusts his brilliant mistress, who rigorously demands *esprit* from her lover; and the dullard, in despair, cries to Cyrano, "Au secours!" With marvellous self-restraint the high-hearted rival proposes to whisper to Christian what he

[1] Cyrano.

should say to Roxane, who believes that she is listening to the man she loves. So successful is Cyrano that he soon wins back her favour for the fortunate young dolt who is so *bête*. Once, carried away by excitement, Cyrano feels "j'ose être enfin moi-même, et j'ose——"; but his noble nature does not dare to imperil the cause of the man she loves so well, if so mistakenly. His words excite such admiration—for Christian—that Roxane exclaims—

> Oui, je tremble, et je pleure, et je t'aime, et suis tienne !
> Et tu m'as enivrée !

Enraptured Christian whispers to Cyrano to ask her for a kiss for him; and the almost superhumanly unselfish hero does ask and does obtain this favour for the dull-witted, handsome young baron.

There must have been a fierce struggle in that great heart before Cyrano could obtain that kiss for Christian; but he does even more, and brings about the marriage of Christian and Roxane. He actually does even this, and finally gives away to another the woman that he loves—as he could love—while knowing that the only merit of Christian is that she loves him. Left to his own resources the young baron could never have wooed or won Roxane. The qualities that she loves in Christian are those which really belong to the ugly, gifted poet cavalier.

De Guiche comes to visit the lady who is even then marrying the cadet. Cyrano manages to detain the Count for a quarter of an hour while the hasty marriage is being celebrated. He does this by an entrancing narrative written with, perhaps, almost the most fantastic wit exhibited in recent comedy. Even the detained De Guiche is interested and delighted; but Cyrano's *souffrances muettes* must have been terrible during his wild mock narrative of a descent from the moon. Roxane cleverly deceives the stupid *capucin* into marrying her to Christian. De Guiche is stupefied, but leaves at once to join his regiment, then starting for the war, and compels the unfortunate bridegroom to accompany him. Roxane implores Cyrano to watch over and guard her husband, who is, of course, to be kept from cold, and kept faithful, and is to write often to her.

> CYRANO (*s'arrêtant*). Ça—je vous le promets !

In Act iv. we find ourselves in the camp with the company of Carbon de Castel-Jaloux at the siege of Arras. His Most Christian Majesty of France has neglected to supply his troops—or at least the gay Gascons—with provender, and our cadets are faint and sick with hunger. Roxane wished to hear often from Christian, and Cyrano writes to her twice a day in the name of the ignorant

Christian; and daily risks his life in conveying his letters to her through the Spanish lines to the post. But a glory comes to the famishing camp; a sentinel announces the arrival of a carriage—"Service du Roi!"—and out of this muddy, dusty equipage descends the radiant Roxane!

> DE GUICHE. Service du Roi. Vous?
> ROXANE. Mais du seul roi, l'amour!

and the dainty lady brings with her all good things—except the duenna. How did the intrepid *précieuse* get through the Spanish lines? She was often stopped.

> Alors je répondais, "Je vais voir mon amant."
> . . . .
> J'ai dit: mon amant, oui—pardonne!
> Tu comprends, si javais dit: mon mari, personne
> Ne m'eut laissé passer!

Roxane gives to the company her handkerchief as a *drapeau*, and bids her intendant, Ragueneau, produce her stores. Out of the carriage appear galantine, ortolans, a peacock *truffé*, red and white wine, and even champagne; and the joyous Gascons have a magnificent and necessary picnic, while the forlorn post of danger becomes filled with a charming party, gay, cheerful, delighted.

In order that he may not appear ignorant when questioned by Roxane, Cyrano tells Christian how often he had written to Roxane letters purporting to come from her husband. "You have written to her much oftener than you thought you had," explains Cyrano, who makes light of having daily risked his life. When asked why she came Roxane says—

> C'est à cause des lettres!
> . . . .
> Ce sont vos lettres, qui m'ont grisée!
> . . . .
> Je lisais, je relisais, je défaillais,
> J'étais à toi.
> . . . . . .
> Et ce n'est plus que pour ton âme que je t'aime!
> . . . .
> Je t'aimerais encore
> Si toute ta beauté d'un coup s'envolait.
> CHRISTIAN. Quoi? Laid?
> ROXANE. Laid! Je le jure!

and the late-enlightened husband says to Cyrano—

> C'est toi qu'elle aime!

Cyrano admits that he loves her, but refuses to tell her of his love.

He urges—

Regarde mon visage!

and Christian replies—

Elle m'aimerait laid!
CYRANO. Ah! je suis bien content qu'elle t'ait dit cela!

Christian proposes that Cyrano shall declare his love, avow his letters, and let Roxane decide between her lovers.

It might well have been that, under such strong temptation, Cyrano would then have told all to Roxane; but Le Bret whispers in his ear the news that the handsome Christian's first fight had been his last.

CYRANO. C'est fini, jamais plus je ne pourrai le dire!

All the time the sound of heavy firing has been going on, and the dying Christian, wrapped in a cloak, is borne in and laid upon the ground. With a divine untruth and a sublime act of deception Cyrano whispers into the dying ear of his rival—

J'ai tout dit. C'est toi qu'elle aime encor!

And at these words the eyes of the young baron close for ever. He had been the unfortunate victim of "le premier coup de feu de l'ennemi." The heavy current of a fierce fight is now raging round them, but Roxane detains Cyrano to speak her praises of the dead—

Une âme magnifique et charmante—

while the hero feels that, without knowing it,

Elle me pleure en lui!

On the body of Christian Roxane finds, stained with his blood, the last letter that Cyrano had written to her. She faints, and Cyrano, in the red rage of fight, seizes the lance to which is attached the *mouchoir* of Roxane, and, with cries of "Poumbé dessus! Escrasas tous!" he directs a terrible volley, and inspires his Gascons to fight desperately.

Un officier espagnol, se découvrant,
"Quels sont ces gens qui se font tous tuer?"

and Cyrano, amid a rain of bullets, chants—

Ce sont les cadets de Gascogne
De Carbon de Castel-Jaloux;
Bretteurs et menteurs sans vergogne,
Ce sont les cadets,

till his thunder voice is drowned in the shock and roar of ferocious battle—and on dead Christian, on fainting Roxane, on fiercely fighting Cyrano the curtain falls.

The whole play is full of action, but the last act is the quietest and the saddest of all. It plays in 1655. The widowed Baroness de Neuvillette is residing in the Convent of the Dames de la Croix in Paris; she is dressed always in mourning, and wears a *coiffe des veuves.* She is sometimes visited by De Guiche, who has become the Duc-Maréchal de Grammont and has greatly aged; but she receives the constant visits of the unwaveringly faithful Cyrano. Roxane wears upon her heart the last letter which Cyrano had written to her in the name of Christian; and she is faithful to the memory of the dead. Cyrano has fallen into poverty and misery.

> Ses épîtres lui font des ennemis nouveaux !
> Il attaque les faux nobles, les faux dévots,
> Les faux braves, les plagiaires.

Says Roxane—

> Mais son épée inspire une terreur profonde :
> On ne viendra jamais à bout de lui.

The true old friend Le Bret speaks of Cyrano being subject to actual famine, and states that he has only one "petit habit de serge noire." In spite of valour, wit, learning, genius, a man who would not be a courtier, and who in 1640 disdained the patronage of Richelieu, could not expect, as he did not obtain, worldly success in the Paris of his day; and his indignation against all baseness and all wrong had made for Cyrano many and powerful enemies who would not hesitate at assassination. De Guiche mentions to Roxane that

> Quelqu'un me disait hier, au jeu, chez la Reine :
> Ce Cyrano pourrait mourir d'un accident.
> . . . .
> Qu'il sorte peu. Qu'il soit prudent.

But prudence was not one of the virtues of the fiery Gascon.

Enter Ragueneau in violent excitement. He had just seen Cyrano issue from his house, and, at the corner of the street,

> D'une fenêtre
> Sous laquelle il passait, est-ce un hasard ? peut-être—
> Un laquais laisse choir une pièce de bois.
> . . . .
> Notre ami, monsieur, notre poète,
> Je le vois, là, par terre, un grand trou dans la tête !
> . . . .
> Courons vite ! Il n'y a personne à son chevet !
> C'est qu'il pourrait mourir, monsieur, s'il se levait !

Roxane had not heard this afflicting news, and as the hour strikes at which her friend should appear she wonders that he is, for the first time, unpunctual. At that moment "une sœur, paraissant sur le perron," announces "Monsieur de Bergerac."

He is very pale, and walks slowly and unsteadily, leaning on his cane. His hat is pressed down over his eyes. By a terrible effort he jests with Roxane and with Sœur Marthe. In spite of the sorrow at his patient heart he always comes to the convent to be even comic, and to bring with him kindly mirth. Of his undying love for Roxane—never a word. He tells her all the news floating in Paris. She calls him her "gazette," and, with a supreme effort to hide his sufferings, he finishes his budget, and then his eyes close, his head sinks, and there is silence. He asks Roxane to let him read that last letter—of Christian—and she gives it to him. With the heroic pathos of a last farewell he reads his own letter aloud.

> ROXANE. Comme vous lisez
> Sa lettre !
> . . . .
> Comme vous la lisez, cette lettre !

While he reads the light thickens and the night falls.

> ROXANE. Comment pouvez-vous lire à present ? Il fait nuit.

He, of course, knows his own letter by heart, and the darkness or the light are one to him. She exclaims—

> Et pendant quatorze ans il a joué ce rôle
> D'être le vieil ami qui vient pour être drôle !

Suddenly, in a flash, the truth becomes clear to her, and she cries—

> C'était vous . . . .
> J'aperçois toute la généreuse imposture :
> Les lettres, c'était vous——
> CYRANO. Non.
> ROXANE. La voix dans la nuit, c'était vous !
> . . . .
> Alors, pourquoi laisser ce sublime silence
> Se briser aujourd'hui ?
>
> LE BRET *and* RAGUENEAU *enter, running.*
>
> CYRANO. Monsieur de Bergerac est mort assassiné.
> . . . .
> Par derrière, par un laquais, d'un coup de bûche !
> . . . .
> Ragueneau, ne pleure pas si fort !

The ex-*pâtissier* has become candle-snuffer to Molière, but is resigning indignantly, because, in "Scapin," Molière has taken a scene

from Bergerac. This flattering news may be even pleasant to the generous dying poet, who admits that

> Molière a du génie, et Christian était beau !

Then at last, too late, Roxane cries—

> Je vous aime ; vivez !

Cyrano has uncovered, and the still noble head is seen wrapped in bandages. He begs Roxane, when mourning for Christian, to mourn a little for him ; and his love replies—

> Je vous jure !

as well she may. He will not die sitting, and struggling to his feet, and resting his back against a tree, cries—

> Ne me soutenez pas ! Personne ! Rien que l'arbre.
> Je l'attendrai debout (*Il tire l'épée*),

and the great swordsman will die sword in hand. He tries to impress the air with his keen blade as he strikes at his old enemies, *le Mensonge*, *les Compromis*, *les Préjugés*, *les Lâchetés*, *la Sottise.* He makes a terrible *moulinet* with his sword, and cries, with dying voice—

> Il y a, malgré vous, quelque chose
> Que j'emporte, et ce soir, quand j'entrerai chez Dieu,
> Mon salut balaiera largement le seuil bleu,
> Quelque chose que sans un pli, sans une tache—et c'est——
> (*L'épée s'échappe de ses mains ; il chancelle, tombe dans les bras de Le Bret et Ragueneau.*)
> ROXANE (*leaning over him and kissing his forehead*). C'est ?
> CYRANO (*ouvre les yeux, la reconnaît et dit en souriant*) Mon panache.

And, indeed, his plume, or crest, had never been lowered, and his honour had never been stained. Cyrano was a kind of chivalrous saint, of clearest honour, and a most terrible and gallant swordsman. He was also poet, *gentilhomme*, and an incomparable lover.

M. Rostand could not, of course, let his matchless swordsman perish by the sword, but yet we feel, with a kind of tender resentment, that a *coup de bûche* is an undignified method of assassination for such a cavalier. The object clearly was to kill Cyrano by a means which, though certainly fatal in the end, would yet work so slowly that it would give him time for a last scene ; and this end could, perhaps, have been better attained by a gunshot wound.

We feel sometimes that the long, persistent blindness of poor Roxane is scarcely credible. A woman—and such a woman—must have discerned the passion in Cyrano's lofty heart ; must have

detected the invaluable help rendered to Christian. It is true that M. Rostand has ingeniously hidden, so far as possible, the assistance rendered by Cyrano; but a woman's fine intuition is not so easily deceived, and we must doubt whether his duplicity would be more effective than her insight.

The ideal Cyrano worships only his one goddess; never descends to baser or stoops to lighter loves. He is capable of perfect and self-denying reverence for woman; and, as is the case only with rare spirits, love with Cyrano has so smitten the chord of self that it has passed in music out of sight. He has overcome self—a conquest how hard and how glorious!—but he is so much the victim of his exalted altruism that we are at times led to fancy that, despite Rostand's art, such self-sacrifice, even from such a royal gentleman, is almost exaggeration, is all but incredible.

If only Roxane could have read his heart she would surely, especially after her widowhood, not have refused him his well-earned and nobly merited reward; and this even in spite of his nose. By the way, Cyrano's eyes must have been wonderful. They were grey, I think, and full of expression: melting in love, or kindling in war; expressing courage, purity, tenderness, or sacred rage. She must have rightly estimated Christian if Cyrano had not helped the Baron; and she could not understand De Bergerac mainly because she was so absorbed in fondness for his inferior rival. But if she had in time recognised the royal nature of Cyrano, and had rewarded him with the love for which he yearned so wildly, if she had done that, we should never have had the tragedy of the hidden passion which was detected so late—so sadly too late. Oh, the pity of it, Iago! One of the most subtle, touching, novel ideas in the play is that Roxane, who consciously loves Christian, is, in so doing, ignorantly loving her greater lover Cyrano. She really loved the fine qualities—the courage, wit, genius, magnanimity—of that most generous rival in all romance, Cyrano; but he, in devoted unselfishness, lent his high qualities to the man who was, in consequence, to succeed in winning that love of Roxane which Cyrano so desired and deserved. She really loved the beauty of Christian and the soul of De Bergerac. In loving Christian she was, in fact, though she knew it not, loving Cyrano—a rare and new imbroglio in a love romance.

Roxane loved an ideal of manhood, but, unfortunately, she attributed the possession of her ideal qualities to the wrong man; she rejected, in piteous error, the grotesque hero whom she really loved, and bestowed her affections on the ignobler competitor. It will, perforce, sometimes seem to us that, during Roxane's

widowhood, some occasion must have arisen on which the flood of genuine passion would have swept away the barriers of artificial restraint; and then there would have been declaration, explanation, and a victory for Cyrano; but M. Rostand has not willed it so. Our dramatist has a fine dramatic and poetical imagination; but he is brilliant and witty rather than humorous. His verse is wholly splendid, and his dialogue is mostly exquisite. You see the thoughts and feelings working in the minds of those who express them in such bright and subtle words. He has power, passion, and pathos, and a singular felicity of construction; and how he can indicate suppressed emotion! His letters to Roxane are beautiful and brilliant, and are full of tender romance. His instructions to the stage manager are as minute and pregnant as those of Sudermann himself. He has the instinct, craft, and cunning of the born dramatist of genius; and his comedy is always delicate and delightful.

Cyrano does not die in fight, or alone; but passes away, murdered, in the presence of his lady and his sword. They occupy fitly his last brave thoughts. To dying Bayard the hilt of his sword served as a crucifix; but the cup-hilted rapier of Cyrano had more ornament than a plain cross bar. The story of the play is admirable; and it is too great to need plot.

We have now followed very briefly the main threads of this noble and moving play. It were idle to spend time in searching for the Saxo Grammaticus, the Holinshed, the Giraldi Cinthio, the story, annal, poem, which may have afforded suggestion to our masterly dramatist. It is enough for us that the work is a creation, a charm, a masterpiece; that it is a splendid addition to dramatic literature, and that the stage is enriched by M. Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac."

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

AFTER CORN HARVEST.

A STRONG wind from the south-east; long clouds, between whose light fringes the sun peeps from a firmament of clear cobalt to blaze upon the southern horizon a bar of gold; a thick mist in the west, out of which the rooks come to their field labours as from behind a grey veil—these are the signs of the early morning, given in promise of a fine day. Towards noon the mist rolls away. The breeze follows the mist. A silence comes over the woodlands—that grief-stricken silence which broods upon the dying year, and which, from the sounds that at intervals break in upon the still hours, is rendered more profound. Russet and yellow leaves strew the fields and lie in heaps along the hedgerows. Still they fall, with a gentle but crisp touch, brushing the undergrowth in their spinning, downward flight.

Hushed are the thousand songs of summer. Hushed is the hum of insect life that filled the long days. Only the robin is now heard in the wood clearing, and what he trills is often interrupted, as if in the remembrance of his loneliness he suddenly forgot the music of his requiem. Only the last feeble bee drones aimlessly past. The grasshopper that unexpectedly chirrups in the sunlight is the ancient one of his family. The frail ephemeral fluttering up from the grass-top is a lonely loiterer loath to bid good-bye to the once radiant world.

There are wonderful tints in the woods—aureolin and crimson upon the bracken, golden and blood-red upon the brambles. The heart-shaped leaves of the withering bindweed—trails of orange and lemon yellow—hang over the hawthorns. Bare and white are the bines of the pink convolvulus.

But all the flowers have not yet faded. In the meadows the last blooms of the hawkbit, ragweed, yarrow, scabious, valerian and knapweed may still be seen among clusters of cup-shaped capsules and downy seed-heads. In the hedges the red berries still cling to the mountain ash and hawthorn and wild rose, to offer food for the silent birds when winter shall be clothed in white.

The salmon are now in the upper reaches of the river, for it is the spawning season, and every gravelly shallow is tenanted by a busy pair. The trout have left the rippling streams—where flies, hatched out in the whirlpools and drowned in the rapids, were formerly an abundant repast—and are now in the deep pools where the water is quiet and the temperature more equable. At this season birds forsake the hedgerows for the open stubbles and turnip fields, there to glean scattered grains or pick up pupæ hidden near the grass-roots. Family cares forgotten, the hare wanders further afield than when the corn was standing. But she returns to her "form" in the early morning, and lies on the top of the sunny bank throughout the day, her scut towards the wind and her ears turned back to catch the slightest alarm. The poacher soon grows acquainted with her regular habits, and learns her "run" from her footprints in the soft mud by the ditch or from a bit of fur in the gap. A day with the beagles, too, is a source of income for him. Then he carefully marks the hare's course, making a note of the gaps through which the hunted creature passes, and of the direction of the wind. If the hounds fail in their quest he secretly rejoices in her almost certain capture at his hands a few nights hence.

One of the best friends I ever possessed was well versed in the poacher's craft. In his early life he had subsisted on the spoils of the field; more recently, however, he had settled down into regular employment and chapel-going respectability. But a strange, uncontrollable longing would ever and anon come to him. Then, a prey to that indefinable feeling of vagabondage which clings to the particular side of nature which the poacher looks upon, but nevertheless anxious to avoid a breach of the law, he would come to my study, and over a jug of ale discuss plans for a lesson in the ways of night and night-prowlers. So the following afternoon saw us in the heart of the country, prepared to practise, up to a certain point, the poacher's wiles on those lands over which I myself, or a friend in the secret, held the sporting rights. Soon I became conversant with the paths usually trodden by unprincipled thieves, and from what I saw I gathered quite enough to convince me that the poacher has never yet revealed his ways to a book-reading public. Fortunate, indeed, for the average sportsman is his silence!

Old Evan's friendship for me dates back to such a day with the beagles as I have already mentioned. Immediately the fussy little hounds had "found" among the ferns at the top of Corrwg woods, and just as I was buttoning my coat for the long run I had promised myself as a welcome exercise, I felt a hand on my shoulders and,

turning, saw the famous poacher retreating towards the copse, and beckoning me to follow.

"Come with me, sir. We'll see the hare a precious deal more than them as goes after her. What's to be gained in watchin' her runnin' at such a bat as them ther' little beagles will never catch her in? I owes a grudge to that huntsman, too, and with all his toot-tootin' I'll bet *he* won't get that ther' hare to-day, unless p'raps my reck'nin's out. No! No law-breakin', sir; I'm too old for larks now. But we'll see some fun, and help the poor hare. The odds is fairer now, twenty to three, not twenty to one timid thing."

Wondering at what he might mean, I followed my guide about half a mile at right angles to the direction taken by the hunt, over turnips and a wheat stubble to the entrance of a narrow grass-grown lane, where only the ruts made by the wheels of great hay-waggons showed a sign of traffic. Walking quickly along the hedgerow Evan stopped at one gap after another, examining the briars and soft spots in the bank. Apparently satisfied, just as we reached the end he whispered that we would retrace our steps. Upon coming to where we had entered the lane, he again closely watched for a sign, at the same time muttering: "Yes, jus' so; I think we're about right; from the direction of the hounds it must be the same one as has this run." Then, after listening to the far-away music to our left, he motioned me to crouch in the bracken which grew along the ditch.

"Now, whatever I do, mind follow me, sir." Five minutes passed. "Here she comes. Keep low!" With a shambling, leisurely stride, down the lane came the hunted animal, straight towards us, betraying no anxiety but for those she knew were on her track, her ears turned to catch the distant babble. Just as she passed our hiding-place out shot old Evan's arm to clutch her hind leg in a firm grasp. As quick as thought the other hand was placed over her mouth to stop her cries. Then up we jumped, and off we started along the fence towards the crest of the neighbouring bank, where last we had heard the beagles' music.

As we came in sight of the furze-covered hill, the last of the hounds could be seen leaving the tangle in the opposite direction. Down we rushed along another hedgerow to the bottom of the dingle. There the hare was carefully dipped in the clear, cold stream that overflowed a cattle-trough, and afterwards released among the thickest of the brakes.

"Aye, it seems to me they'll come to a check up yonder. And if they hunts this scrub again I misdoubt me if they'll wind her well after that cold bath she took." We wandered back in time to see

the beagles completely puzzled, and to hear the members of the hunt make sage remarks anent "riding over the hounds" and "a wretched hunting day, sir; scent lies bad!" Presently the puppies, intent upon some sort of sport, spread out in a long line, with whimpering tongues, in pursuit of the farmer's sheep-dog, which they chased for over a mile towards the farmyard.

Many an October night have I watched the silent lurcher at work, beating the fallow as systematically as any setter, till presently the net flew out and the screaming hare fell entangled in its folds, oftener than not to be released for another chance of life when the old pointer should stand over her in the furrow. Or in the evening, completely hidden among the strewn leaves of late autumn, and enveloped in thick coats and mackintoshes, old Evan and I have crouched together watching the movements of a covey which, enticed by the "tse-wheet! tse-wheet!" of the charmer, had come over the hedge to within a few yards of where we lay. The use of a binocular would frequently enable us to see what they were feeding upon.

The cry of the trapped leveret—a high-pitched, long-drawn "aht! aht!" mimicked perfectly, would—sometimes long before we knew it—bring the anxious mother from the summer corn to where we lay in the clover.

Speaking generally, it is well to keep away from hedgerows when luring creatures by mimicking their cries, for blackbirds all through the year frequent the thickets which divide the fields, and of all notes of alarm theirs are most observed by fur and feather. Many a carefully laid plan have I known spoilt by a blackbird's rattling warning. A furze clump in the middle of the field is a capital spot for observation. Waterproofs and dry leaves screened us almost invariably, and, in certain places used frequently, heaps of these withered leaves were collected beforehand. Consequently, no suspicion was entertained by the field and woodland dwellers, for we were clothed in the garment worn by the woods themselves.

One night, after a varied entertainment had been afforded us by creatures that prowled around for food, a vixen stole into the moonlight of the wood-clearing, and took up her post beside a warren. Presently we heard the "yap! yap!" of the fox in the neighbouring stubble, and shortly afterwards saw a rabbit come quietly down the glade, till, when almost touching its crouching enemy, it was seized and killed. The vixen, taking her prey in her mouth, then went to meet her lord. At the end of the glade he appeared in view, his eyes glittering like live coals. Together they proceeded, quite amicably, to feed upon the rabbit which, apparently, the fox had

driven in from the stubble to the burrow where his mate was waiting. Just as they were finishing their meal, old Evan, mimicking the call of the vixen, uttered a wild "yah!" The effect was instantaneous. At once the jealous creature, with her fur standing ruffled up around her neck and along her spine, came with crouching stealth towards the brambles among which we lay concealed, and actually sniffed at the twigs which hid my companion's face. Something—unknown to us, as we dared not move our heads—must have now occurred, for, after listening intently for a moment, she passed behind and disappeared with the fox into the wood.

The utmost discretion and preparation are needed for the successful study of wild creatures in their haunts. And it is quite an error to suppose that everything concerning the wonderful intelligence displayed by our field and woodland dwellers has appeared in print. Even the earthworm, the commonest of creatures, irrigating our gardens and ventilating the roots of our flowers, was never understood till Darwin wrote the story of its life. Sportsmen are more or less degenerating into mere riding or shooting machines, and as a rule know little of the habits of the creatures they pursue. How few there are who possess, in even a trifling degree, that insight and patience displayed in the writings of White of Selborne, Richard Jefferies, and "The Son of the Marshes"!

The rooks have left their summer haunts on the hillside for the great trees which stand in the valley, whither, in dense array, they fly at approach of night. The squirrel, now that the nuts and acorns have fallen from the hazels and oaks, is frequently seen about the fields near the woods, searching for winter stores.

At the fall of the year, birds and beasts, with the exception of those which are gregarious, forcibly drive their young from their homes. In some cases of speedy maturity the notice to quit is given earlier still; in others only when food in the immediate neighbourhood becomes too scarce to supply sufficient for more than individual wants.

Before the end of October—the time of the first frosts—nearly all our feathered visitors have forsaken our shores. Frosts kill the insect life of the year. Our emigrants—warblers, swallows, woodpeckers, nightjars, cuckoos, and certain other insectivorous birds—when unable to procure their food, leave us for the south, where flies and grubs are always abundant provender. Grain and berry feeders, birds of prey, and those which subsist on almost anything and to whom a change of diet is welcome, as a rule remain in Britain, for winter

with us is rarely severe, and they are always able to procure sufficient food when scattered over a suitable district. Then, too, the holly and larch and furze are snug shelter.

Our immigrants arrive about the time that northern regions are frost-bound. They are either marsh or coast birds, or grain feeders, and come hither only when their former haunts have become frozen, and aquatic life and grain and fruit too safely protected by the grim frost-guardian. This is part of nature's great scheme: the northern dwellers fly towards more open and hospitable shores, away from the direction of the biting blast. Our summer songsters, to whose light pinions a hundred miles are but a trifling distance, when they flit away in their turn towards more genial climes are probably guided to a great extent by the same desire to leave behind them the cold winds.

Intelligent caution is displayed in the direction of their flight, and, I believe, in certain deliberations which seem to precede their departure, for they choose the shortest sea-passages, and often pause to recuperate in Devonshire or Cornwall after crossing St. George's Channel on their way from Wales to the Continent. Hunger and, more especially, thirst are their greatest enemies in migration.

"Drip! drip!" the few green boughs shake off the cold sweat of approaching death. Tread softly over the strewn graves of summer. Harvest is past. Life is falling to sleep. The sun goes early to the west, decked in red and purple splendour. At night, when the moon lies in the arms of a grey cloud, a chill mist hangs upon the shivering earth, veiling the trees and meadows in dim obscurity.

ALFRED WELLESLEY REES.

THE "MONICA'S" CHIEF ENGINEER:

A WRECK ON THE LIBERIAN COAST.

"PAH! who could rest with that abominable din going on?" said Vincent Gordon, second engineer of the ss. *Monica*, then rolling along parallel to the thundering beaches of Liberia, homeward bound coastwise from the Congo, as he turned restlessly to and fro in his narrow bunk. Presently, touching a button, the glow of an electric light shone forth, and the engineer sprang out of his berth, shaking down a procession of cockroaches from the breast of his thin pyjamas.

"More of the beastly things," he grumbled; "it's a wonder they don't eat us alive." Next he carefully drew on a pair of slippers, for fear of the foot-boring jigger insect which the negro passengers bring on board—a precaution it is always well to take on an African steamer.

Slamming the door behind him Gordon went out on deck, and stood for a few moments blinking in the darkness. A faint trail of luminous vapour swept to and fro overhead as the tall funnel rolled in a wide arc across the twinkling stars, and a circle of ruddy light shone through the curtained port of the mate's quarters upon the bridge-deck. Below all was veiled in pitchy darkness, through which he could faintly make out a number of shadowy figures dancing in rings and flinging their arms about in time to the monotonous tapping of native drums and a wailing chant of the Kroo nation. From somewhere forward came the wheezy tones of an harmonium grinding out a psalm tune, and Gordon smiled as he listened. He knew the *Monica's* chief engineer, old Mack of the iron hand and caustic tongue, was forgetting the waste of good coal and the laziness of his greasers, which things usually troubled him much, in music. Also, he knew that beneath his superior's somewhat ostentatious piety there lay a fiery temper, as well as a kindly heart; and it seemed probable that if the negro passengers kept up that kind of thing much longer there would be trouble on foot. As he moved forward, picking his way through the groups of Krooboy labourers

returning home from the sweltering factories of the Oil Rivers or smoking Gold Coast beaches, all wildly excited at the prospect of seeing their beloved "we country" again, something happened. The sharp cling-clang of a pump rose up through the engine-room gratings, and the door of his chief's quarters banged violently to. Then a strident voice cried, "Tak' that, ye misguided heathen, for creating a shamefu' din upon the Sabbath nicht," and a solid three-inch jet of water swept the deck fore and aft.

The weird music ceased suddenly. A howl of rage and indignation rose from the swarming negroes, and again the door of the engineer's room banged viciously. When Gordon ascended the bridge-deck ladder, the captain leaned over the rails and harangued the crowd in the quaint "coast palaver."

"Confound Mack," he presently observed to his mate, "why must the bad-tempered old bear stir them up just now? We've had trouble enough coming down, and I'd never have ventured so near this reef-sprinkled coast but for the satisfaction of seeing the last of them to-morrow." Then the speaker raised his voice: "Keep a good look-out, Mr. Mayne, and hold her a point or two southerly if you see the loom of land;" and a voice answered, "Very good, sir," from the height of the reeling bridge.

"I suppose that pandemonium kept you awake, too," said Gordon, as the mate strolled by, his duck jacket thrown open for the sake of coolness; and the officer answered, "Between cockroaches, and rats, and Krooboys, it's pretty hard to close one's eyes. Besides, I'm not fond of these waters; they find out the reefs by losing steamers on them, which is accurate but expensive. There have been too many boats lost hereabouts on uncharted rocks. The young fourth mate up yonder has been working all day in the stifling hold, trimming raw rubber, and the smell of that is enough to make one stupid for a week. Thought I'd look round myself awhile."

"Why don't you head her out, then?" asked Gordon, and the mate replied, "Well, you know it's usual to land Krooboys at dawn and steam out, in case a Liberian gunboat turns up and wants two and a half dollars a head—more than any nigger's worth—and we should be well clear of the coast."

Then the sound of a piano rose up through the saloon skylights, followed by the words of a hymn, and died away in the darkness over the churning wake.

"The south-coast missionaries," said the mate, glancing down through the opened slides. "It's wonderful what example will do. There's the little gin-trader looking on the same book with the

missionary lady, and singing like an angel. What would she think if she knew how many native wives he left behind in the Cameroons?"

Gordon laughed softly as he turned away. Though this was the first attempt of the *Monica's* owners to compete with the mail-boats, he had heard that such vagaries were everyday occurrences upon the coast, and when he stood above the "fiddly-gratings" the close of the hymn died away, and was lost in the throb of the engines. For a time he waited, listening to the gurgle of water along the bends, and the sleepy roar beneath the bows each time the vessel dipped her nose into a brimming swell. But for this the whole ship seemed strangely silent, and through the stillness the footsteps of the look-out pacing to and fro on the forecastle-head came sharply to his ears. Then the mellow tones of a bell rose out of the blackness, followed by a sing-song cry, "All's well. Lights burning brightly, sir." "All right," answered an invisible person from the bridge overhead, and the 2,000-ton steamer with her freight of African produce and precious lives swept on through the night, phosphorescent foam breaking apart beneath her bows, to reunite in a seething mass of green and gold sea-fire in the screw-tossed wake astern.

Gordon still lingered. His watch was not due yet, and there was a welcome coolness on deck. Then he suddenly stiffened into breathless attention, for a harsh cry rose from the lofty forecastle, "Breaking surf ahead, sir, under the starboard bow it is." The wheel-chains rattled as the helm was jammed over, and a few moments later, when the captain leapt up the bridge-ladder clad in pyjamas, the dull boom of a spouting reef came out of the blackness around. The telegraph clanged out "half-speed"; then, as the song of the breakers grew nearer and louder, the wheel-chains clattered again, and the panting of the engines ceased. Next instant a ghostly mass of white flung itself high into the air close ahead, and a startled cry rang out, "Hard astern, sir, hard astern! My God, we're on the reef!"

The grind of the propeller recommenced, and the *Monica's* bows swang aloft on a long-backed swell; but her engines might not check her way in time, and, as her head came down, there was a dull crunch, followed by a sickening rending of iron on stone, and a cloud of spray burst across her. A long ridge of water rolled in, lifted the steamer up, and flung her forward upon the submerged reef, spouting in sheets of white the whole length of her black wall-side. Gordon held his breath as the smashing and rending of iron recommenced,

and then, as the next sea hove the vessel aloft, she drove right over the rock and slid off into deeper water.

He lingered no more. Whatever might happen on deck his place was in the engine-room below, and when he dropped upon the greasy top platform the gaunt figure of old Mack leapt past him, and sprang out upon the stokehold ladder.

"Haud them down—back there, or I'll split your skull," shouted the chief, and, holding on with one hand to the slippery iron, he lifted a keen-edged shovel. Down in the sweltering depths below, with the red glow of the twinkling furnaces shining upon their sable, oily skins, the Fanti firemen surged about the foot of the ladder. With yells and cries they fought for a place, or clinging to the greasy rungs both front and back mounted in desperate haste, a few white stokers vainly trying to drive them back.

"Doon with ye," roared Mack, and the blue steel whistled threateningly past the head of the foremost climber. The panic-stricken negroes hesitated, undecided whether to risk the probability of a scalding death below, or face the certain danger above. Then the foremost stretched out a sinewy black arm, and with rage and terror stamped upon his twitching face, seized the engineer's foot and strove to shake him from the ladder. Down came the shovel, and the worn edge hit deep into the grimy arm. With a scream of pain the negro loosed his hold and fell backwards, dragging the men beneath with him in his fall. In an instant the gaunt engineer followed them, striking left and right with the flat of his shovel as he drove the frightened men back to their posts.

"I'll get ye oot, when the time comes ; but the first who leaves without an order tastes this. Noo ye understand," he said, swinging the weapon ; and, shaking off the first wild access of fear, the men settled down to work, reassured by the confidence of their chief. When Gordon reached the engine-room he found a fountain of rust-stained water bubbling up out of the crank-pits and swirling about the chequered floor-plates at every roll. Mack, wearing an expression of deadly earnestness upon his rugged face, stood quietly with his hand upon the link-engine and his eyes turned towards the dial of the telegraph, waiting instructions from above. Three vibrating notes rang out above the clatter of the engines, the signal for "full speed ahead," followed by a fourth to show the case was urgent.

"Noo we'll see what iron and skill can do," he said grimly, as the link slid over and the throttle was opened wide ; "anither twenty pound o' steam, Mr. Brown."

Then the mate came down, and his lips were dry as he said,

"For Heaven's sake, drive her all you can. She's going down under us, but the beach can't be far."

Mack leaned over the crankpit rails and pointed significantly to the greasy shower which whirled up and fell hissing upon the gleaming cylinder foot at every revolution. "The fires'll no burn an hour. Tell the skipper we'll do our best," he said, and splashed away to the sweltering stokehold. There the firemen, both black and white, stripped to the waist, worked with desperate energy in the glow of the fires, for they now realised that the safety of ship and crew lay in their grimy hands. So, with much labour of rabble and pricker, they stirred up the mass of crackling coal until the gorged furnaces shone fiery-red, while the iron barrows of the trimmers clanged across the heaving plates, and the water crept steadily higher above their ankles. The baffle-plates were blue-hot, the fingers of the gauges leapt up beyond the safety limit, and the whole place trembled and vibrated with an over-pressure of steam.

"Keep it up, ye're doin' fine," was all their chief said, but his quiet words acted like a tonic on the men, who but a little while ago were half mad with childish fear.

When he regained the engine-room the water was swirling deep across the plates; the rapid, strident clang of a gorged pump, struggling vainly with the rising fluid, contrasted sharply with the grinding throb of the over-driven engines; and the young third engineer came up.

"There's something wrong with the pump rocking lever; bolt coming out, I think. We'll have to stop her," he said, in a shaking voice.

"We stop for nothing," was the sharp answer; "let me see the pump."

With the flickering light of flat oil lamps shining upon their perspiring faces, and blue wreaths of the evil-smelling smoke of burning tallow drifting about them, three men stood beside a maze of shining levers, which opened and shut as they crossed each other like a giant pair of shears.

"Give me the spanner, take ye the hammer, Carson," said the chief; and as a greaser lifted the tool Gordon dashed the sweat from his brow with a grimy hand, and interposed:

"Let me try, it's my work," he broke in; but his chief answered gravely, "Circumstances alter cases. Hold against me, Carson."

The levers swang apart, and into the gap which opened up the two men thrust their arms, while the watchers held their breath. The spanner slipped over the head of the bolt, the hammer clinked, then, just before the steel edges clashed past each other again,

engineer and greaser snatched out their hands, and stood panting to see how much they had accomplished.

"Anither turn," said Mack, and again the risk was faced. Spanner and hammer clinked, and Gordon, with his eyes riveted on the levers, waited until the upward stroke was finished; then with a cry thrust his chief violently backwards. The spanner snapped off like a pipe stem as it passed the point of intersection, and the greaser also flung back his hand—too late. Although further away from the deadly centre, the bar gripped his forearm, and, as it bit deep into the soft flesh, the man uttered a short, gasping cry. When the levers opened again there was blood upon their gleaming surface, and a limp heap lay moaning in the water below.

"Carry him to the platform," said Gordon hoarsely, and the chief leaned against a column shivering slightly and glancing at the clean cut end of the tool in his fingers.

"Fainted dead off," said the greaser's comrades, as they returned and went silently back to their posts, for no man could be spared in that fierce race for life. The buzzing of the cranks grew faster and faster, and Gordon knew that the tip of the propeller was rising as the vessel sank by the head. Still the grim old chief stood beside the throttle-wheel, his keen eyes fixed on the madly racing machinery, until what each man had foreseen came about.

Suddenly, the whole place rattled and shook as the engines flashed and danced at double their previous speed; and a cry rose up above the clanging tumult, "The propeller's clear; she's going under, bows first."

As if in irony, the telegraph rang out, "Done with engines," and when the chief coolly turned the throttle-wheel, the buzzing roar died away, and there was a wonderful silence. Then from the deck overhead came the trampling of many feet followed by the clatter of davit falls; and the chief said, "Open all the valves. Up every man o' ye for his life, the water'll be on the fires." Neither fireman nor engineer needed a second telling, and when they had seen the last of their subordinates safely beyond the platforms, so they thought, Gordon and Mack climbed up on deck.

As they stood beneath the fluttering awnings a vast column of vapour roared aloft from the summit of the funnel. Cinders and ashes rattled upon the canvas overhead, and blinding clouds of steam rolled across the deck from the stokehold gratings.

"Just in time," said Gordon gratefully, "the fires are drowned at last. The dynamo may run a little, and then it will be dark."

Blocks rattled and davit-falls ran whistling out as two big surf-boats sank down on either side of the bridge-deck. A few passengers

stood huddled together against the companion, and the mate was singing out hoarse orders to the men who lowered the boats. From the lighted saloon beneath rose wild howls and the crash of rending wood and breaking glass, and the anxious listeners knew that the black deck-passengers were smashing locker and store-room door in search of plunder. The after well swarmed with shadowy figures, shouting and apparently fighting savagely among themselves for whatever portable article they could lay their hands upon. More than one white man recalled, as he listened, what happened at the sinking of another ship in those waters, when crew and passengers had hard work to escape alive from the maddened Krooboys.

Presently the voice of a quartermaster rose out of the darkness below, "All ready now, sir; send down the lady and the sick," and one by one the seamen lowered the few European passengers into the boats. As they did so the saloon companion echoed with the rush of many feet, and the captain shouted hoarsely, "Jam the doors to, before they get on deck." Four seamen swang back the double doors, and when the bolt shot home the stout teakwood trembled before a blow like that of a battering-ram, as the negroes flung themselves upon it.

"There's no telling what they might have done. Cast down the two well-ladders," said the skipper, smiling grimly; and a fresh pandemonium broke out on the after-deck as the plunderers came out of the alleyways, dragging their booty with them.

"Surely you'll not leave them to drown?" asked a missionary, and the breathless mate answered shortly, "You can't drown a Krooboy, and there's surf-boats and patent rafts aft. Down the ladder with you."

Then a splash of oars told that two boats had got safely away, and there was a confused shouting from the high poop aft as the Krooboys swung the surf boats out, while others, with bundles of miscellaneous odds and ends in their hands, leapt boldly into the sea. At length Gordon found himself in the stern of No. 3 firemen's boat, and when his grimy crew thrust her clear, the steamer lifted a streaming wall-side high into the air, and the angle of the funnel grew sharp as she rolled wildly down upon the opposite bilge.

"Pull for your lives; she's going," he said, and the water boiled about the bows as the men bent over the oars. Then a cry came out of the blackness, "Have you Greaser Carson in your boat?" and, remembering he had seen nothing of the wounded man, Gordon felt his brow grow hot when he answered "No!"

A long white gig flashed past, and the swell about his boat seethed beneath the oars, for waiting for no orders the men slewed her round. A few moments later her nose drove the gig with a crash against the steamer's side, and the two light craft swang wildly up and down, grinding against the rusty plates which rose foot by foot out of the water as the *Monica* listed more sharply over at every roll. Gordon recognised the gaunt figure of the chief engineer clinging like a cat to the rungs of the swinging ladder high above his head; and grasping the wet hemp when the steamer rolled towards them, lifted himself out of the boat. His feet splashed into the sea, and next moment he was hove aloft and pounded against the barnacle-crusted plates, with the backwash roaring below.

When he reached the deck at last, followed by half his men, a warning cry came from the face of the waters: "Back there, for your lives—she's going down." A heavy lurch flung Gordon against the rails, and while the vessel sluggishly recovered herself, Mack said calmly, "There's nae time to lose; down through the alleyway."

In a few seconds more they stood before the engine-room casings, but the iron door was jammed fast in its frame by the list and the bending of the angles.

"Bring the hand-pump brake, for Heaven's sake be quick!" shouted Gordon, and a faint cry came out through an open port, and was drowned in the gurgle of water. A broad-shouldered fireman swang the heavy bar aloft, and bright sparks flew when iron clashed against iron; but there was no sign of any yielding of the door, and the slope of the deck grew steeper yet. Then a greaser hurried towards them, carrying a heavy casting from winch or crane, and Mack wrenched it from his hands.

"Stan' clear," he roared, heaving the weight up to the full sweep of his powerful arms. There was a sharp crash, the door flew suddenly back, and as the engineer plunged down on hands and knees across the threshold the mass of iron fell with a splash into the water beneath. Two men followed their chief into the dark pit, and when they came forth, dragging a helpless, dripping object with them, the grim old engineer dashed the sweat from his forehead and said, "At last—the Lord be thankit!" How they got the wounded greaser safely into the boat no one could quite remember, but when they rowed away from the wallowing vessel a great shout went up from the surrounding boats, "Bravo, well done!"

Then Gordon heard the skipper's voice crying, "She's driving in with the run of the sea; pull clear before you're smashed in the surf, and wait for dawn."

So the oars bent and creaked, and while the boats drew out beyond the reach of the first and smoothest of the parallel, mile-long ridges, which ceaselessly hurl themselves upon the thundering beaches of Liberia, the *Monica* disappeared into the darkness astern. When burning day leapt suddenly from the sea-rim, as it does in the tropics, they managed to land behind a reef, and found that the steamer, although her holds were full to the vanishing point, had kept afloat, driving as by a miracle past outlying rocks, until the surge had cast her ashore.

"A ghastly business," said the captain, standing soaked in sea-water, with the early sunrays beating down upon him; "must have been that confounded current setting more north than usual. It will cost all she's worth to get her off, and how I'm to explain matters to the Board of Trade I don't quite know. The only redeeming feature in the whole affair was the way you and your men brought off that greaser."

"Things micht be waur—an' the ither business was all in the day's work," was the quiet answer, and the *Monica's* chief engineer moved slowly away, a grimy mixture of soot and brine trickling down his rugged face.

HAROLD BINDLOSS.

HENRI BEYLE.

"Un homme à part—étrange et singulier."

HENRI BEYLE—Stendhal Beyle—so styled by the "Master," was treated with the same veiled antagonism by several of his contemporaries; and Victor Hugo, who counted a pseudonym as an affectation, was not alone in resenting the air of distant superiority assumed by one who should of right belonged to the brotherhood—whose age, associations, and freedom from antiquated conventionality marked him out for a colleague, but who displayed a philosophical disdain of romanticism: on his part he had no desire to be classed among the famous writers of his generation, and would have none of what he called the *brevet de ressemblance.*

His ambition was to stand alone—to be different, to be original, even to be misunderstood and under-valued; and could he have foreseen that the history of the nineteenth century might very well be written without the mention of his name, it is probable the omission would have caused him very little dissatisfaction. But he was by no means devoid of vanity, and was even heard to fix the date when he should have attained a just appreciation; this would, he imagined, have come to pass in the year 1860 or possibly a decade later. Time has, however, proved the fallacy of this expectation, for the assent which his colossal presence imposed upon those who saw him and on a few of his intimates ceased to be accorded when his living influence was no more.

His appearance was decidedly impressive; of middle height, broad shouldered, robust and muscular as the Farnese Hercules, his fine forehead, brilliant eye, well-formed but sardonic mouth, gave assurance of unusual strength and power; but he inclined to an *embonpoint*, which greatly increased with age, and deprived him of the majestic bearing to which he might have otherwise laid claim. His hand was beautiful, and was copied by a Roman artist for a statue of Mirabeau, which found a place in the Louvre. Stendhal was notably proud of this fact, ignoring the remark of some satirist that the sculptor in copying the hand had adopted some other salient

lines of his well-developed model. Unattractive and even repellent in manner, he was set down as vain and overbearing; but this was a surface estimate, for, strange as it may seem, one of the dominant traits of his character, concealed with all the strength he possessed, was an extreme, almost morbid, sensibility, curbed and counteracted early in life, and restrained in after years by an overpowering fear of ridicule. It was only in a few of his letters, where he did not take the trouble to disguise or falsify himself, that his true nature, not without affection and sympathy, is to be found.

This master key to his character applied to his work will explain its frequent abruptness and apparent want of finish; he was afraid of spontaneity, afraid of the betrayal of feeling; but the task of the present-day criticism is far more simple than it used to be, and no longer insists on *explaining a man.* It is not now considered essential to discover the springs of thought underlying the part which every one has to play during his lifetime, or carefully to take into account the minor influences which go so far to make the cynic or the optimist. Something of this preliminary information is imperative before a just estimate can be formed of the character and writings of Henri Beyle. He was born at Grenoble in 1783, of a respectable bourgeois family, rejoicing in all the prejudices and pretensions of a little provincial town, where, however, they were considered aristócrats. His grandfather was a learned and literary man and a distinguished physician, and his mother, who came of a good Milanese family, had many friends among the old noblesse; her death when he was only seven years old was an irreparable loss; it begun the isolation which lasted to the end of his days. It was from her that he derived his sensibility and his artistic tastes, and it was upon her country that he lavished all the affection he persistently refused to his own, "the country," as he said, "of independence, nobility of soul, and passionate sentiments." The boy was given up to a treatment composed of neglect and tyranny; unloved, but ruled with arbitrary strictness, his early recollections were full of bitterness, and, in after years, he declared that all that reminded him of Grenoble was like a horrible nightmare. His literary tastes, which at ten years old were already quite decided, met with continual opposition; he was obliged to practise a good deal of deceit in order to indulge his most reasonable wishes, and thereby were fostered a reserve and disingenuousness which was only natural, but doubtless did not endear him to his relations. "Our parents and our masters," he would often remark, "are our natural enemies."

Under such management he never knew the pleasures of happy

children, and when such things were spoken of before him, he would turn away, saying, "Je n'ai rien connu de tout cela."

Neither was he any better off when he was sent to school: his playmates could not understand him, and, not taking much trouble about the matter, set him down as cold-blooded and selfish—he was not exactly unsociable, but he had what Henry James describes as a fine conception of being let alone.

Under such prolonged and unfavourable conditions his shyness and habitual fear and distrust of all those with whom he came in contact became intensified, some of his worst instincts were developed, and when the time arrived when he was thought sufficiently educated to take a place in a Government office, and he found himself not much more his own master, and even more solitary and uncared for than ever, his melancholy increased in so great a degree, and his want of interest in every thing he undertook was so apparent, that all employment had to be given up.

There was no saying to what state of morbid misery he might have been reduced, when by a stroke of great good fortune the one dream of his unhappy boyhood came near to realisation through the interest of Pierre Daru, Minister of War, whose family was connected with his own: he was given a post in the Commissariat, and in 1800 went to join the Army of Reserve in Italy, in such a delirium of joy that he was never able to recall any incident of his journey, his first sight of Napoleon, or his first battle. Regarding the latter there sometimes came across him a dim recollection of having thought as he came away from the field, "And was it nothing more than this?"

Promoted to the 6th Dragoons, he was soon distinguished for courage and coolness; he had a downright love of danger, and during all the horrors of the disastrous retreat from Moscow, there was no one who showed a greater disregard of suffering. It was remarked that during the worst days of that terrible experience his dress was never neglected; patient and self-reliant, the demoralisation of his associates astounded him; his own sang-froid enabled him to endure every hardship without complaint, and he was acknowledged to be one of the few who remained at his post with unabated zeal; a marvel of natural courage, instinctive energy, and an inherent liking for strife and contention.

But when the war was at an end the effects of fatigue and privation became visible, and with broken health and feelings of bitter disappointment, the Emperor's fall left him without a career. The death of his father in 1820, which certainly did not otherwise afflict

him, left him without a penny; but he never allowed financial troubles to disturb what he was pleased to call his "splendid equilibrium"; he found it quite easy to live on music and painting, to the accompaniment of an innumerable succession of love affairs.

Settling down at Milan, for some time he led the life which entirely suited him; but becoming an object of suspicion to the Austrian Government, through his intimacy with some Italian patriots, he was obliged to return to Paris, where it was not so easy to obtain a livelihood, and where goddesses were not so plenty or so fair, and not nearly so romantic; he made no scruple of confessing that there was nothing to which he found himself so completely indifferent as "a pretty little Frenchwoman."

Full of regrets for his mornings amongst the studios, and his evenings at the opera, and having, as he said, nothing better to do, he took to literature.

Anti-national prejudices were very strong with Henri Beyle, and he made himself extremely unpopular by openly expressing the opinion that France possessed no men of genius to compare with the poets and painters of Italy; and this, it may be remembered, was in the early days of romanticism, of Chateaubriand, Hugo, De Vigny, Ingres, and Delacroix. It was with such unfavourable protests that his real self began to be made manifest, and its effect was soon seen in a sort of ostracism. His writings could only confirm the unfavourable impression. It was his boast to be in no degree professional—bound by no rules—belonging to no party, depending solely on the humour of the hour.

Amateur and dilettante, he was incapable of serious and patient composition, asking of literature just what he asked of everything else—that it should give him pleasure; his work bore the impress of carelessness—he felt the seduction of authorship, but could not bring himself to the labour necessary to the perfection of works of value; neither did he possess the critical gift which enables a writer to govern his creative faculty and economise his genius. It followed that he was only read by a few learned men who were struck with his bold and original thoughts; he was sometimes as much overpraised as he was, at others, unreasonably disparaged, and although discussed, assailed, and defended, his books did not sell.

The *Globe*, more favourable to him than most journals, reviewed every book as it came out, and, paying some tribute to his candour, remarked that one peculiarity of his work was that it always appeared out of date: that when all the world believed in classic tragedy and voted Shakespeare a barbarian, he pointed out in his "History of

Painting" that the beautiful was in its essence infinite and various in form; whilst ten years after, when such belief had been recognised and overpassed, he remained in the same position, and was as much behindhand in his views as he had formerly been in advance.

At heart somewhat of a classic, he broke a lance in favour of romanticism, by defining it as the art of presenting people the literary work which should give them the most pleasure; whilst classicism was that which gave the most pleasure to their grandfathers.

His first novel, "Quelques Scènes d'un Salon de Paris en 1827," appeared in that year, but if one expected from the title-page to find some record of the characters and manners of the time there must have been considerable disappointment. It is chiefly the story of two mysterious, ultra-romantic beings who sacrifice their mutual affection to a host of imaginary obstacles, and although the conflict of feeling and reason is detailed at great length with much pathos and delicacy, it has about as much meaning as "Rouge et Noir" and the "Chartreuse de Parme," but is their superior in a sort of juvenile freshness. He consoled himself for the flatness with which his three works of fiction were received by the persuasion that he stood on a platform apart from his fellows; that he alone, in a world remarkable for a growing spirit of egoism, commercial drudgery, and preoccupation, was susceptible of sentiment—that he alone understood how to appreciate, and, above all, *how to love.*

As a writer of history his want of painstaking is very conspicuous: a great interest in the Middle Ages led him to rest content, as soon as he had been bitten by a subject, with whatever records he had happened to find. Charmed with a romance, he would not be much concerned with historical facts, assuming that what was known to himself must be known to everybody else.

The condition of morals during the Renaissance offered him the reflections in which he delighted, and out of the *faits divers* collected here and there for his amusement, he made of history just what Emerson says it always should be—"a cheerful apologue or parable."

But when he condescends to real life—to the life of Napoleon—he throws an admirable light on the days when Paris, escaping from the *Directoire*, became essentially patriotic; when the only cry was *utilité à la patrie*, when the Emperor was regarded primarily as *of use*—the greatest captain the world had ever seen: indeed, he himself at that time followed the universal tone of enthusiasm, and thought less of his own aggrandisement than of the glory of France.

"I had hoped," writes Beyle, "that some of those who has

known Napoleon would have been charged to relate the story of his life. I had waited twenty years, and seeing that this great man remains more and more uncomprehended, I would not die without stating the opinion of those who knew him best—of his companions in arms—for in the midst of all the platitudes one hears, there were also men whose thoughts were free even in the Palace of the Tuileries, then the centre of the world."

This was what Beyle's writings did not always possess—the true ring—for Napoleon was the idol of the army, and no ties are more powerful than those which bind the soldier to his chief.

There is also some historic value, it must be fairly admitted, in the "Chartreuse de Parme," where he wrote of incidents which really took place—of characters who had lived—of scenes with which he was familiar. He describes the political intrigues of petty princes, ambitious churchmen, conspirators, carbonari, all imbued with the violent passions of the time, its fury, its heroism, its utter want of probity and mercy. The novel was reviewed by Balzac in the "Revue Parisienne" with a perfect storm of eulogy, surprising no one more than the author himself, who is said to have burst out laughing when he read it. The enthusiastic critic relates at length the chief incidents of the story, interrupting himself with notes of admiration at the felicity of every new development or any passing reflection which seems to him too true and deep to be overlooked. Balzac divides the literature of the day into two schools—the school of "pictorial images" and the school of "ideas." Of this last he proclaims Stendhal the most distinguished master, the only obstacle to his supremacy being the want of readers sufficiently cultivated to appreciate it, these being only to be found amongst diplomatists, politicians, observers, eminent men of the world, and distinguished artists. Such being the case, if Balzac is to be credited, it is quite conceivable that few journalists took time either to study or to comprehend so great a work. And the truth is that the papers took but little notice of it. But the author of the "Comédie Humaine" was right in asserting that literary men would better understand the merits of the "Chartreuse de Parme"; Sainte-Beuve's award is almost as flattering as his own. He speaks of the author's notable originality, and ranks him amongst the independent spirits, bold and strong, of a much earlier age—a less conventional day. Alfred de Vigny describes the "Chartreuse de Parme" as a work full of just observations on the diplomatic world, but adds that it was a low and hateful world, and that the portraits were so vivid and so little disguised that everybody must recognise them.

Taine gives Stendhal the credit of being a *grand romancier*, and still greater psychologist, but there were others who frankly acknowledged astonishment at so much eulogy. With Victor Hugo a profound antipathy to the man was added to contempt of his work, and Zola calls his personages mere machines, and himself only a charlatan.

Beyle's philosophy, which in his own estimation comes next in force and clearsightedness to his study of love, was hardly so penetrating as he supposed; he had imbued himself with the spirit of old-time thinkers, whose tenets he copied with the utmost fidelity, setting aside modern investigations and conclusions as simply emphatic and declamatory. Helvetius had already laid it down that men were not naturally wicked, but irresistibly governed by their interests; other writers had stated that the actions of a human being resulted commonly from what the laws have put into his head and the climate into his heart, and that if men were duly enlightened as to their true interests, they would seek their own good by being useful, or, at all events, not hurtful to others. In accentuating these certainly not very novel views, Stendhal assured himself of his reasonableness, and failed to remark that he rendered his more original convictions practically harmless, merely narrowing and debasing his models, when he asserts that happiness is the true end and aim of existence, that every exertion, every gift, should be employed for this all-absorbing purpose, and that it is the first duty of genius itself to discover the supreme art of being happy. It did not apparently occur to him that genius has not hitherto directed its search for this *summum bonum* with any very great success. Both theoretically and practically he indulged in a frank unmitigated egoism, was always prosecuting his search, always inquiring of his own mind as to whether he had attained to the felicity which the more he pursued became, as he was obliged to admit, the more illusive. His intelligence forced him to perceive that the struggle was vain, and that every man who thinks must be a sad man. The pure selfishness, which hardly stands in need of much cultivation, he extols as a step in advance, and writes with some self-complacency to one of his friends: "I am not one of those philosophers who can regret the rain when it falls in June because it may injure the hay-harvest or the blossoms of the vine. The rain seems to me delightful because it soothes the nerves, refreshes the air, and gives me pleasure, I reflect that I may quit the world to-morrow, and may not live to taste the wine whose inflorescence embalms the hills of the Mont d'Or."

In another place he boasts that he deplores the Revolution, not for its tragedy, but because it deprives him of the presence of the gay and charming people who never took anything sadly or seriously.

His essay on Love, which he considered the most important of his writings, is no doubt a remarkably subtle analysis of character and temperament, but it is full of illusions—mistakes—absurdities—paradox. His rules and regulations cannot be made to fit so wide and so intangible a subject. It was well said that those who know most about love seldom talk about it, and the remark of Edmond de Goncourt, that love is the poetry of the man who does not write verses, comes nearer to truth than many of Stendhal's elaborate definitions.

One may gather that his own experiences in what he calls the controlling spring of all the affairs of life were curiously disappointing. "What is wanting in the woman one loves," he writes, "is the habit *of a little attention*, and the necessary logic to comprehend!" And "where," he continues, "shall we find the man who, either in love or marriage, experiences the happiness of communicating his thoughts as they present themselves to his mind to the woman with whom he passes his life? He may find a good heart which participates in his troubles, but he is always obliged to change his ideas into very small money, if he would be understood, and it would be absurd to expect counsel from an intellect which needs such a *régime* before it can seize the object submitted to it. The most perfect of women, according to the rules of actual education, leaves her partner isolated in the dangers of life, and very often runs the risk of boring him."

The Revolution of 1830 and the accession of Louis Philippe disturbed Stendhal in the midst of his literary work; he found the Government in accord with his own political views, and was appointed to the Consulship of Trieste, where he spent a year lamenting over his banishment to a dull place with uncongenial surroundings. He was transferred to Civita Vecchia, which was hardly more enlivening, but from whence he permitted himself frequent absences without much regard to official requirements; delightful excursions far and near renewed the spirit of the tourist that was within him, and the want of steady work which made his more pretentious writings so unsatisfactory—his hatred of trammels and his strong objection to give himself any trouble—seemed to belong of right to the wanderer, who from day to day and hour to hour received new facts and new impressions. The want of accuracy in his historic work, the irregularity and sketchiness of his novels and essays, his general want of

order and sequence, were not out of rule in the records of the sight-seer. His "Promenades dans Rome," where he had studied every edifice—was at home in every ruin, and observant of every relic—is a delightful guide-book, and whenever he met with congenial travellers he made himself an invaluable cicerone, contriving even to evade the ennui which was the bugbear of his own existence.

Considering himself at liberty to indulge in his favourite habit of mystification, he enjoyed the pleasure of misleading his friends by dating his letters from every imaginable abode, signing himself by various grotesque pseudonyms, whilst under such innocent diversions he felt as if renewing his past Bohemian light-heartedness; but one day, seated on the steps of an old church, there came upon him the moment, so pathetically described by Victor Hugo, when "the weight of years fell suddenly" upon him; he realised that he was more than half a century old, and felt affected as if by an unexpected misfortune. It came into his mind to write the story of his life, but it was already too late. He had only time to correct some old manuscripts, when he was forbidden to employ his already over-taxed brain with any sort of literary work. The neglect of this advice brought on an attack from which he never recovered.

He had composed his own epitaph in the language of the country he always spoke of as his own, and it was engraved with the date of his birth and death in the cemetery of Montmartre:—

ARRIGO BEYLE,
MILANESE,
SCRISSE,
AMÒ,
VISSE.

C. E. MEETKERKE.

TABLE TALK.

Shakespeare's Earl of Pembroke.

INTEREST is unending in the relations between Shakespeare and his two noble friends, the Earls of Southampton and Pembroke, and the question which, if either of these, was the Mr. W. H. to whom, as their "onlie begetter," the publisher dedicated Shakespeare's sonnets is constantly debated. The balance of opinion between the two is pretty evenly held, though Mr. Sidney Lee, the latest and in some respects the best equipped of the disputants, leans strongly to the side of Southampton. I had the privilege the other day, in common with some other Shakespearean students, of inspecting a portrait of William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke, which seemed likely to throw some light upon the subject. The portrait in question is in the possession of the present Earl of Pembroke, is dated 1630, the year of death, and is, according to the opinion of experts, unmistakably genuine. Some portions have probably been retouched, but the portrait is accepted as that of Shakespeare's Earl. At the back is a vellum script in black letter, consisting of extracts from the eighty-first sonnet. If this writing were genuine the question as to who was the "begetter" of Shakespeare's sonnets would be definitely settled. The man to whom Shakespeare wrote lines such as the following is undisputably the subject of the dedication :—

> Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
> Though I, once gone, to all the world must die !
> The earth can yield me but a common grave,
> When you entombèd in men's eyes shall lie.
> Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
> Which eÿes not yet created shall o'er-read,
> And tongues to be your being shall rehearse
> When all the breathers of this world are dead ;
> You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen—
> Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

Unfortunately the script in question is not later than the close of the last century, and so the entire processes of debate and conjecture have to be resumed.

Mystery Concerning Mr. W. H.

ONE thing, however, the verses on the picture do for us. They carry back the first ascription to the Earl of Pembroke of the dedication of Shakespeare's sonnets into the last century instead of leaving it to the present. This amounts to little, but so far as it goes it is interesting. It is a strange portion of the mystery that surrounds the life of Shakespeare that we are practically in the dark as to who was Mr. W. H. to whom Shakespeare could address lines so admiring and affectionate. Among Shakespeare's friends there must have been many who knew all about him. Had Ben Jonson but happened, during his visit to Drummond of Hawthornden, to have mentioned the matter, we should have learnt all that is to be known. Drayton, again, was most probably in possession of the truth, as were, it may reasonably be supposed, very many more. No one, however, seems to have thought the facts worthy of record, possibly because they were so familiar. Thomas Thorpe, the publisher, had probably no idea of concealment in using initials, though that cannot be positively affirmed. At any rate, the point remains open, and is likely so to remain in spite of the reams of paper that have been covered concerning it. Men of authority have changed their opinions within the last few years, and it is all but certain that a century hence the world will be debating as eagerly and as fruitlessly as now it debates.

Mr. Wyndham's Edition of Shakespeare's Poems.

IT is only in late years that the same scrutiny which has long been customary in the case of the plays of Shakespeare has been applied to the poems. Now even the sonnets are more frequently analysed with a view to arriving at the heart of the mystery they contain than for the purpose of bringing to general recognition their poetical beauties. Mr. George Wyndham, whose new edition of the "Poems of Shakespeare"[1] is the best yet given to the world, is practically the first to draw attention to their lyrical perfection instead of trying to make them fit into some preconceived view. The narrative poems have for centuries been slighted, while around the sonnets has accumulated a "portentous mass of theory and inference." To use Mr. Wyndham's pleasing illustration: "The probing in the sonnets after their author's story is so deeply perplexed an enterprise as to engross the whole energy of them that essay it, so that none bent on digging up the soil in which they grew has had time to count the blossoms they put forth." Hazlitt, one of the soundest of critics, has, as Mr. Wyndham tells us, denounced the

[1] Methuen & Co.

narrative poems as "ice-houses"; and, more remarkable still, Coleridge has found that they stand in need of defence. Mr. Wyndham, on the other hand, maintains that the "Venus," the "Lucrece," and the sonnets are primarily lyrical and elegiacal. "They are concerned chiefly with the delight and the pathos of Beauty, and they reflect this inspiration in their form; all else in them, whether of personal experience or contemporary art, being mere raw material and conventional trick, exactly as important to these works of Shakespeare as the existence of quarries at Carrara and the inspiration from antique marble newly discovered were to the works of Michelangelo."

The Place in Literature of the Poems.

WE have hoped for an edition of the poems such as Mr. Wyndham supplies, and have had long to wait. Now that it has arrived we commend it heartily to those of our readers whom the subject interests, classing the book with the "Diary of Master William Silence" of Judge Madden, and Mr. Lee's "Life of Shakespeare" in the "Dictionary of National Biography," to both of which we have previously drawn attention as the most important contributions to our knowledge of the greatest of Englishmen that modern days have seen; far more important than the huge epitome of conjecture and analysis of Dr. Brandes, which Mr. Archer has recently translated for our benefit. I have not space to deal adequately with the distinguishing features of this latest and best edition. I can only commend to my readers the careful study of a book in which the full significance and value in literature of Shakespeare's poems are for the first time shown. Sonnet Sequences, as every student of literature knows, were among the commonest features of Elizabethan literature. Among these Shakespeare's sonnets stand first. It is otherwise with the narrative poems. The "Rape of Lucrece" in especial stands alone in Elizabethan poetry, and has few fellows in English literature. Leaving out of the question ballads, the romantic stories in English verse that even by courtesy can be called good may be counted on the fingers of one hand. "There are," says Mr. Wyndham, "but two arches in the bridge by which Keats and Chaucer communicate across the centuries, and Shakespeare's 'Lucrece' stands for the solitary pier." The "Venus and Adonis," the "Lucrece" and the sonnets, meantime are "closely united in form by a degree of lyrical excellence in their magery and rhythm which severs them from kindred competitors," and "are the first examples of the highest qualities in Elizabethan lyrical verse." So well is this said that we will not even trouble to ask concerning Marlowe.

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DOWN ZABULOE WAY.

A TALE OF OLD CORNWALL.

BY W. F. ALEXANDER.

A MAN and woman sat together at the top of a big cliff, mostly grass grown, but corniced with ragged, precipitous edges that fell dizzily down to the slow swirl of the waves beneath. They were plain folks, these two, and the autumn afternoon was fresh and genial; yet their attitude was not ostentatiously suggestive of "something between them." It is true that the woman's eyes dwelt a good deal on the brown, keen face of the young fisherman, as he seemed to be; but he, for some reason of his own, preferred to gaze with a ferocious obstinacy at the patch of sea lying just under the brown beak of the next headland southward. It was from the south that the wind was coming, when it came at all.

Below them on the other side, in one of those sheer, well-like coves that are only found on the coast of North Cornwall, a little vessel, a ketch of some forty tons burden, pulled lazily at her anchor. The tourist of the present day would have considered her an interesting addition to the scenery; but at that period, namely, in the first decade of this century, such whimsies were unheard of, and to the plain mind her presence there—in a harbour without a master and quite unrecognised by the Trinity House—had a distinct suggestiveness. You had to consider, of course, the nature of the country inland, the bleak, rugged moor, fantastically sown with mining chimneys and seared with quarries, a slatey, thirsty country, where

miners had plenty of money in their pockets on a market night in Redruth. Noting that, you saw that the place was admirably adapted for the good old trade of outwitting King George's excisemen. Hence the preoccupation of the look-out man, which left him no eyes to spare for the sprightly brown head all but leaning on his shoulder—who could say but the King's cutter might slip into view round Trevose at any moment? However, the crew of the *Francis Beddoe* had been there before, and their business had seldom been seriously interrupted.

The woman felt that opportunities were being wasted. She began to talk—in that soft Celtic voice which belongs to the Cornish sea-board, and which, rather languorous and droning as it always is, seemed in her case to betray a perhaps unfortified confidence in the man beside her.

" Do ye stop in tha cove over 'morrow, Ralph ? " she asked, with a sanguine intonation.

The man glanced round. "D'ye see what wind it is? You'll be telling me, belike, if that 'ull hold to-morrow ? " he ejaculated, with masculine scornfulness. The woman's eye roved in search of that invisible enemy to her peace, the south wind.

" You'll be running up Channel again ? " she inquired acutely.

" Ay, there's barrels o' the stuff for oop Bideford way—'twouldn't be Christian like not to beach them in a wind like thiccy," Ralph said, with a curious blink of the eyes. " Now ye know what I know, Milly Pethick," he said humorously, a little as though speaking to a child.

Milly felt the superiority he implied, and relapsed into silence. But she was of too communicative a nature to waste many of those long minutes on that lonely cliff—so seldom that they were together, too—in mere gazing for a revenue cutter, which plainly was not there. And there were things she knew more of than Ralph Hocken.

" I was at the preaching t'other day, up to Scorrier, since ye was away. Amazin' doings—amazin'," she began, finding her fresh outlet.

The young smuggler beside her merely grunted, but her tongue ran on undiscouraged. " 'Twere amazin' beautiful langwidge, I tell ye, Ralph, and a grand sight of people there. 'Twas the Methodies, they called 'em, and 'twas in the old quarry pit, that's grassed over now, an' the big sides of it were fair black with the people, an' most of 'em groanin' and sobbin' to hear the words—it made me feel as twere summat like the Last Judgment, by a manner of speaking ! "

She paused, with a visible hesitation. "Then they up and sung, and there was I crying that lamentable!" she went on, taking courage, "an' when I comes away I says to myself—'It's well for ye, Milly Pethick,' I says, 'that Ralph isn't to home, or what would he be making of them red eyes you got?'" she ended, with a curious, half-childlike laugh.

The man's bearing indicated that he was vaguely impressed, also that he was labouring not to appear so. He picked a handful of grass, bit at the blades, then whistled.

"You'll be gettin' notions into your head, going along with they Methodies!" he said presently, with an indefinite alarm. His uneasiness was, perhaps, not without ground, for the girl's demeanour was mysteriously changed; she glanced at him now with a quick scrutiny and a certain shame.

"Ralphie, dear," she said, with eyes cast down along the rank, sharp grasses, "there's a heavy thing on my mind!"

"What 'ull that be, Milly?" he asked resignedly, with no surprise.

"I be wondering, Ralph Hocken, when would ye be after marrying me—honest like?" she said brokenly.

"I'll be honest enough for a' that—time coming—trust me for it," he said gruffly, not unkindly.

"Ay, but, Ralph darlin', ye know there's times and times," she went on, leaning closer to him. "A man's time is his own fancy, like, but it's awful different with a woman—it's her need."

The man gazed at her with open-mouthed dismay. "I wasn't thinking it stood so with ye, Milly," he said penitently, though feeling himself hardly used. "By God, what's thiccy!"

"Thiccy" was the revenue cutter, gliding along like a pyramid of white canvas, with all sail set, well past the point. She had slipped round it like a ghost while that too engrossing conversation had been going on; she was coming on with a jaunty feather of spray at her bow; in a quarter of an hour, at most, the business of the *Francis Beddoe*, except in the very doubtful event of her getting out clear, would be wound up with dire results. Hocken raised both hands to his mouth, trumpet-fashion, and shouted fiercely down to the cove below. It was a weird, inarticulate, half-human shout, but it told its tale successfully. Half a dozen men, who had been lounging over the ketch's deck a moment before, sprang to the capstan like cats and whirled the bars round, sending up a sharp clank of metal to the quiet cliffs; the anchor came up dripping, the jib fluttered out. Ralph Hocken, who had kept a panther-like eye on the cutter's

progress while this went on, now determined on joining his ship—at a crisis, certainly, when one of the baser sort would have preferred the chance of watching events from the shore. "We'm be meeting another day, belike, Milly," he shouted to the girl over his shoulder; before she could find a word he was crashing down the breakneck path to the cove, stumbling and sliding with an avalanche of loose stones under his feet. The ketch's dingey had been left for him on the beach below; in a few seconds, as it seemed, he was shoving her off, then his sculls were making big white eddies on the oily surface of the cove, as he rowed furiously after the vessel now clearing the entrance. It had all seemed to happen like a flash, like the darting swoop of a seagull; just that time, it seemed to Milly Pethick, it had taken to turn her narrow world upside down.

But she was not thinking of any remoter issues, as she stood there on the cliff-top to watch that momentous chase. She saw the ketch creep into the open, and into view of the revenue vessel as well; she could hear the creak of the pulley as the smuggler's mainsail went up; but the pursuer, with all her way on already, seemed to be rushing up hand over hand, and the woman above cried out aloud against the unfairness of it. But a moment after, the brown sails of the ketch bellied out with the fresh wind that the cutter was bringing along with her. The smuggler was scudding sturdily, making a good race for her life; the shimmering gap of water between them seemed to remain the same, or almost so. To Milly's eye they seemed to crawl. From her height it looked a procession of toy boats, for all the grim meaning it had, and then—was the gap between the white sail and the brown really lessening? The girl vaguely wondered if it was wrong to pray about a thing like that. Surely not, she reasoned to herself—Heaven could never be quite unreservedly on the side of the excisemen. But now she was wholly absorbed in the act of watching, with face harder set, and lips quivering; the gap was slowly closing, beyond a doubt. Suddenly there came a flash from the cutter's bow, a sparkling column of water leaped up right under the smuggler's quarter, it seemed, and before the dull echo came up, half spent by the distance, Milly knew their shot had missed. Minutes passed while she waited the next with straining eyes; it came, and the water spurted again where the shot fell; then another report answered it, not from the cutter this time—an uncertain, feeble explosion, that hardly stirred the echoes of the cliffs; yet, when she could bear to look again, the topmast of the King's cutter was down, cut in two by that impertinent bullet, and the white topsail lay trailing in the water alongside. "He done it, my Ralphie

done it," the woman screamed, with wild exultation, clapping both hands to the empty air. "Ye'll go home proud to Plymouth noo," she added, addressing the cutter, which was already tacking round, with all hands engaged in clearing the wreckage from her bows.

The smuggler's sail had become a brown fleck on the northward horizon before Milly picked up the basket in which she had brought provisions for the solace of the contraband traders, and began to make her way homewards. It was a barely visible footpath she followed across what seemed an interminably empty moor, with many stone dykes to be climbed, till she reached a cart-track; then, at a certain landmark, which looked like a grim, preternaturally tall gravestone, and was really a ruinous Cornish cross, she turned a sharp corner of the hill, and the village of Zabuloe lay beneath her The route she had come by was known to few of the inhabitants; but the news was there before her, for the other end of Zabuloe straggled down to an inlet of the sea, and its people mostly lived, in the bodily sense, on fish, and mentally on tales of smuggling. All down the street of rickety, white-gabled cottages they were discussing it, each doorstep telling its neighbour how "the English ran right oop on they, and they'm asleep," and how "the boys shot the King's mast right under, tha' did," a feat over which local feeling allowed itself a generous guffaw. The speech of those parts still recognised a rigid distinction between English and Cornish, and smugglers were not called smugglers at Zabuloe; they were spoken of delicately as "them that comes up along whiles," or simply as "the boys."

Milly found her return home a little damping after her hour of keen sensation. The cottage kitchen, with its moist stone floor and low black rafters, seemed unusually stifling; what was worse was that the present Mrs. Pethick, her stepmother, was engaged in curing a haddock, an all-engrossing act to her, and she barely lifted her face from the salting-tub when the girl blurted out her news. "Ay, I do hear there's furious doings, fighting and such like," she said resignedly. "Your father" (the *a* was pronounced so as closely to resemble the sound of baa) "he's oot after tha pigs," she added, as though the two events were very much of equal importance. There was a silence; then certain squealings and scurryings were audible outside, and Pethick himself came in, a loose-limbed, slow man, near the fifties, with an oracular manner of speech.

"Proud doings, I calls 'em, proud doings," he said ominously; "'tis terrible likely there'll be a coming down for some of 'em." Pethick had been "brought in by the Methodies" earlier in life, and remembered the great change he had undergone, at least when events

supplied an opportunity for prophetic gloom. And Milly, subduing herself in a corner of the settle, felt that her father's pessimism was somehow dreadfully contagious.

"I say as Zabuloe's lookin' up wonderful—'tis flat rebellion, they calls it," a more cheerful voice piped over the wicket, and Mrs. Sam Moyse's ruddy, weather-beaten face beamed in on the assembly. "'Tis flat rebellion," she repeated, as though the phrase struck her as exquisitely humorous; for, though a rough old soul, Mrs. Moyse was essentially light-hearted, and the Crack of Doom itself would not improbably have left her chuckling at the confusion it caused among her neighbours. "'Twere a wonderful standing up again the powers that be—a mighty high-spirited deed, I calls it," she added, in evident gratitude for the sensation.

"'Twere Ralph Hocken done it, I most believe—a' told me a' would do it when they'm coming too close!" Milly struck in, too glad of support to remember the claims of discretion.

"Lord, and to hear ye speaking up so smart for 'im," was the instant reply, accompanied by a curious chuckle. "It's well if Ralphie Hocken done no worse than that," Mrs. Moyse added meaningly, but still with unfailing cheerfulness.

Milly's face burned red, and the visitor departed in the midst of a discomfited silence. The elder Pethicks exchanged glances. "'Twill be long enough ere ye see Ralph Hocken scaramouching on these coasts again," the father said, in a tone of dismal conviction.

Slow moving time confirmed that forecast too well. The last autumn sunlight flickered out, and winter came in with sea fog and dark weather, and for one long month, then for another, nothing was heard of the *Francis Beddoe* anywhere that side of the county. Yet the wind blew from all quarters during that time, and from the south pretty often, so that the run from the French coast would have been easy enough if they had a mind for it. Writing was not an accomplishment much cultivated on board of the smuggler—in old days the first thing Milly knew of Ralph Hocken's return used to be a pebble lightly tossed against her window at dead of night, then a low-pitched voice that went through her "fluttery-like," as she expressed it at rare moments of confidence. Though Zabuloe born, Hocken had his reasons for avoiding the place by daylight; so that they used to meet again only when Milly went over to the cove carrying provisions—a service which was the price she paid for the secret of its exact whereabouts, and paid heavily too with the ache of her arms, for the distance was about four miles. But it was the tap of the pebble she thought about, listened for now, often lying

sleepless in her bed, with her troubles keeping grisly watch beside her; and often she heard it in her dreams, and jumping up to open the low window, found the street empty and the great silence of the night above. That silence seemed to her more awful, more ill-boding to her as the months stole on.

"He might have come back just once," Milly thought repeatedly, as she went about her business, helping in the house, minding the pigs out of doors, and so forth. All down the long, winding street of Zabuloe she was conscious that people looked at her queerly, with a certain satirical complacency; that some old acquaintances threw into their "Well, Milly, and how's all prosperin' wi' you?" a kind of roguish intention that sometimes made her wince and hurry on, leaving a half-stifled titter behind her. It was not that Zabuloe people were censorious, she knew that well enough; all that they intended generally was an amicable recognition of the fact that "they Pethicks were no better than other folk, after all."

"He might 'a come just the once," the girl thought after every humiliation of that sort; he might have come on foot across the county—for the one night—that would have been safe enough, surely, in a country where the arm of the law was still so wonderfully slow and uncertain. The idea of Hocken getting someone to write a letter for him never crossed her mind—nor his, probably; it was highly doubtful if the talent of any of his mates rose higher than certain weird hieroglyphics, denoting barrels and hogsheads, with straight dashes in front for the number. Nor was it very clear to Milly what could have happened if Ralph had come. She dreamed vaguely of a secret nocturnal marriage that would set her right with the world—dreamed, too, of his taking her away to some unimaginable place down south, where there would be no more tribulation—she was ready to follow him even to that outlandish France, perilous, blood-stained country as it was, if he chose that. For there was a vein of romance strangely mixed with a vein of seriousness in her, that made her, as Zabuloe said, "sort o' way out beyond other folk."

But Hocken never came, and mid-winter was here already. Even at Zabuloe the affair of the *Francis Beddoe* had ceased to occupy the public mind; the story had been told and retold, and it was very generally forgotten that its denouement was still to seek. Its interest had paled, oddly enough, before one of those strange ferments of religious excitement that sweep now and then with a mysterious spontaneity and a seemingly irresistible force over the mining districts of Cornwall—in short, a Methodist revival. And

Milly Pethick herself, in her then dejected and forlorn condition, was precisely one of those who felt themselves in that strange awakening to be sheaves ready for the sickle, or brands for the burning, as the inscrutable, long-forgotten Will might have decided.

On one Sabbath night far in the winter, she found herself in the new chapel at the mining village of Scorrier. Together with old Pethick and three others of the family, she had tramped some four or five miles of the tremendous ascent up the moors to be at the preaching, for Scorrier was a peculiarly zealous centre of the revival, and the number "brought in" there was spoken of throughout the district with the excited awe that floats around a miracle. The chapel presented four gaunt whitewashed walls, lighted within by train-oil lamps, with rigid, blindless windows, through which the night outside looked preternaturally black; but all that was forgotten in the wonder of the dense crowd that thronged the really narrow space. It was one mass of faces, all common, hard-lined, labouring faces, turned to the preacher with one single expression, as it seemed, of rapt and bewildered and terrified attention, yet so uniform and unchanging that the crowd seemed to have become one creature, with their individual existences lost in a common emotion, and their gaze resembled the gaze of the mesmerised. But it was the wave of sound now and again sweeping through them that told most—the long gasp that went round the meeting at some fiercer denunciation of doom; then a wild, hysterical outcry would struggle up from the thick of the crowd: "We'm all sinners; we'm bound for tha pit, surely!" which swelled into a strange, hoarse volume of sound, lasting till it gathered up the voices of all. "Lord a' mercy on we, a' mercy on we," a long groan mingled with a volley of ejaculations, "'Tis the sure word," or "Praised be His Name," strangely enough, among the commonest; and then the overwrought tension would subside for a moment, till the urgent clamouring voice of the man preaching drew towards another climax. And very often a man or woman would rise, with a face quite altered by a strange, half-frenzied smile, crying, "I've hold on 'im, I've got 'im fast, surely," then stagger forward to the bench for the converted; and so tense was the moral atmosphere, that the people who were groaning an instant before would break out into a chorus of thanksgiving, as though wholly forgetting themselves in the magnetic influence that swept through the crowd.

One of the first to be carried away by that mysterious influence was Milly Pethick. It mattered little that the hubbub made it impossible to follow at all closely the sermon which stirred it up—a sermon no doubt incoherent enough itself, built up of little but

agonised warnings, repeated till the man's voice cracked and shrieked, of the hereafter awaiting his hearers. But, as often happens, as must have happened to many different people on that night, it seemed to Milly Pethick that the preaching bore directly, with a miraculous appropriateness, on her own case. She heard that all present were in a state of deadly sin, and shuddered with a personal conviction of the truth. There was no better or worse among them, no human virtue that would not shrink like a rag in the great burning; she believed it—and in a way that strong condemnation was almost a relief. With panting breath, she took heart a little; she hoped that she was accepting the testimony.

Suddenly the words "unequally yoked with unbelievers" struck her cold again—she could have sworn the preacher's eye singled her out; she could have hated him. The terrible, exalted voice went on and on; she heard him repeating the text, "He that loves father or mother more than Me"—"ay, or sweetheart either," he interpolated, with a swift, bitter emphasis, for he was a young man, hot with his message—and she shook from head to foot, leaning on the back of the nearest bench to support herself. A moment before she had seemed to herself lost in the crowd, so obscure that heaven might somehow pass over her; now she knew her case was judged beforehand; there she stood straight in the path of that flaming damnation. There came a tumult of sound, and the preaching man's voice stopped, exhausted, no doubt; then suddenly a wailing hymn rose, spontaneously it seemed, from many voices:—

> Walking on the brink of sin,
> Tophet gaped to take us in,

it began. Milly felt herself floating on the volume of sound as on water, the dense lines of faces swirled hither and thither; to her confused apprehension the white walls of the chapel were glowing with light, the blank windows seemed to open straight on the outer darkness of the eternal night—like colossal portals, looming to receive the lost. Then everything swam hazily through her tears; an abyssmal sense of helplessness took hold of her. Presently through the dark there emerged a pin-point of light, a childlike confidence that she, Milly Pethick, could not be intended to burn for ever. She went on listening to "the words" with a rapt fascination. Suddenly a hand seemed to push her forward without any will of her own; she staggered through the crowd, held up by an actual hand here and there; her own voice was shrieking something aloud, and she had no idea what she intended to say. Then utter blankness sank on her, and she fainted away. When she recovered herself, she was

propped up on a corner of the penitents' bench; she knew she had made her profession, and marvelled at the power beyond herself that had brought her there. The former Milly had been left behind on that other bench; a new and sinless creature sat here, she believed —it had been given her to believe it.

Milly's conversion was received by Zabuloe with a fairly equal mixture of edification and scoffing. It is true that she went about during the next month with an exaggerated modesty of gait, and eyes abstracted from earth to a degree that was likely in the circumstances to exasperate the children of this world. It exasperated the Church of England parson, among others, till the reverend gentleman, honest sportsman as he was, grew a shade more scarlet in the face as he cited "that Pethick trollop" for an example of the fact that debauchery led straight to Methodism. It was a natural transition to argue that Methodism must lead to debauchery. But other obstinate worldlings, preferring racy anecdotes to doctrine, were content to chuckle openly at the prospect of an approaching scandal among the saints. All surmised that Milly lived in expectation of the return of the *Francis Beddoe.* They were right up to a point, as the world always is; but they failed, in spite of satiric observation of turned-up eyes, to realise the full difference between the old Milly and the new. The former Milly had been the creature of hope and bitterness in wild alternation; she had longed for a glimpse of that dirty brown canvas gliding under Zabuloe cliffs again, had felt something like hatred against the man for whose sake she was a castaway. And now the new creature strove to put aside hope and bitterness alike, and persevered in thinking of his return as a temptation the more. She saw, or strove to see, the text "Be not yoked with unbelievers" written in letters of flame across her dark horizon. Unknowingly she stood at the collision-point of the two wild forces that stirred in the Cornwall of her day—the defiance of the law and the fanaticism of "the Gospel."

No supporter of Church and State in the whole district could be more sardonic over the revival than Jim Sanders, the chief exciseman, a bull-necked, stumpy fellow, with a cunning eye, which oddly belied his, no doubt, acquired bluffness of demeanour. He went about his district knowing himself hated through the length and breadth thereof, with a joke on his lip for every man or woman on his rounds—baiting his hook, he called it—and he dearly enjoyed roasting a Methody; but behind that seeming mirth one fixed idea was ever lying in ambush. That was, of course, his passion for the discovery of clandestine hogsheads, and, no doubt, it was merely

dormant when, on one heavy winter afternoon, he came down the steep hill leading into Zabuloe from Port Isaac, whistling a tune softly to himself, and caught up Milly Pethick, who was driving the family's one cow home from pasture. Having a good sea-eye, he had marked her through the mist that clung between the dripping hedges, while she, glancing back, had descried only a squat figure plodding behind her—not Ralph, she knew at once—and had gone dreaming on, with half an eye to the slow-jogging flanks of the animal before her. Consequently, when he came beside her, with a "Well, Milly, that's a lonesome job for a fine maid like yourself!" she visibly started, and was at a loss for an answer to civilly repulse the implied offer of his company. But exciseman Sanders took that very easily; he proceeded to walk beside her, and inquired with uncommon gentleness concerning the health of the Pethick family, and further about the health of the cow. He recommended a new species of oil-cake for the beast, which, like the rest of creation, was "not as grand as it might be," and Milly became interested in spite of herself. Their talk glided into familiarity.

"They do say ye were brought in by the Methodies up to Scorrier?" the exciseman inquired, with no more than the bluntness common to unlettered folk. Milly, indeed, was used, almost hardened, to the question.

"Yes, Mr. Sanders, I have experienced the great change," said she, in her new manner, with a pious pursing of the lips.

"Well, well, there may be some as is suited that way!" Sanders murmured, with unlooked-for tolerance. "There's honest folk everywhere, I've heard tell."

"'Tain't for some, 'tis for all; 'tis all have sinned, Mr. Sanders," Milly said, with a tremulous unctuousness.

"'Tis folks' feelings boils up yeastly-like in 'em, an' then they sets themselves up for Apostles, free as you please," the other retorted dogmatically. "And them running proud athwart o' the law, too—there's some o' them powerful pious folk as is over deep in defrauding the revenue, I know," he added sorrowfully, but with a gleam of stratagem in his eye.

"That was afore I experienced the blessed change, Mr. Sanders, if ye're meaning me," Milly said, scorning evasion, "and a proud, sad sinner I was in they days, surely. I saw ye onst, Mr. Sanders, and crep' along t'other side of the wall," she ran on, not without a twinkle of quite human feeling.

"Ay, ye would be going over the brow towards Barras Head, likely?"—the exciseman's accent was one of pure gossip as he put

out this tentative feeler. But Milly became suddenly silent, the secrets of the guilty past were secrets still. The enemy tried another tack.

"'Tis a proud thing for a maid like yourself to ha' been mixed wi' such lawless doings," he began, "flying in the very face of King George"—the exciseman solemnly lifted his cap. "'Twould be heavy on your conscience now all's changed wi' 'ee, I'm thinking."

"'Tis true I don't care to be remembered o' it now, surely," Milly answered, with tact.

"Ay, but when we done wrong we must remember, lassie, an' make amends when 'tis possible," the other said, almost paternally. He paused, watching her with a shrewd eye. "It 'ud be some amends," he went on, "nothing to speak of, belike, but it's for King George—bless him—if ye would just gi'e me an indication whereabouts it was they landlouping fellows brought their stuff ashore. 'Twould be handy knowing it when some other gang comes along," he added soothingly, seeing the old Eve in her on the point of flashing out.

"Ye think they be never coming back?" Milly asked blankly, thinking only of the gang she knew.

"Not they; they'm over knowing for that, I'll go bail," the exciseman asserted roundly and scornfully.

"Then why should ye be arstin' such things of me, Mr. Sanders?" Milly inquired pointedly.

"Just because 'tis my business to ask them questions," he said, with a long-suffering air, "me being in the King's service and a right-dealing man, though no Methody. Likewise 'tis your sacred dooty to answer, lassie—in the King's name, mark ye that!"

Milly stood still in the road, half facing him, clearly perplexed; and for a moment the exciseman's highly-trained face was guilty of extreme astonishment. He had all the cunning that a monomania can inspire—his pursuit of contraband cargoes was no less a passion with him than that; but here was an instance where his cunning had merely stumbled by chance on a golden opportunity. He was far from reading what passed in Milly's soul—she herself only read it in fragments—it was confused enough with the old, sad echo of "he will never come," clashing with, "he will come too late," and the opiate sense of her own new-found righteousness smothering it all. And she was no traitor "for sure," but there was the restful thought of offering up her old life as a sacrifice, to be blessedly free of it that way; and certainly there was no craving for vengeance in her, her mind was too full of the thought of salvation for that. To please

the Power above with that sacrifice and to have no ill come of it—surely none could come—that would be laying hold of the blessing indeed. "Folk that were saved should speak truth," she repeated to herself, eyeing the curled sprays of ivy on the stones by the lane side, then glancing up and down, wondering why no one came along. They were quite alone; the only sound audible was the cow cropping the wayside grass, making the most of unlooked-for opportunities; and Sanders showed no inclination to move, for, as it happened, they had halted at a convenient spot, with the first houses of Zabuloe just out of sight at the next turning.

"Was it in Blackapit they come ashore?" he suggested presently, with a coaxing voice.

"Don't you think they'll never come back, Mr. Sanders, sir?" Milly questioned back desperately.

"Who's they?" the excise man exclaimed, with an air of immense perplexity. "D'ye mean the old gang? Lord love ye, he won't come back no more."

"I trust the Lord do love me, Mr. Sanders."

"No doubt He do. And would it be Blackapit?"

"No, it were not," Milly cried, triumphant at having that much to deny.

"Well, it were somewheres else, then," Sanders said patiently. "Would it be Ruthen Cove?"

Milly heaved a great sigh. "Yes, it were," she answered.

"Will ye swear to it, Milly Pethick?" he asked fiercely, catching at her arm.

"Yes, I swear it, sure enough," she said, with a dejection that warranted her truthfulness. "Ye've promised no harm shall come to 'un, haven't ye?"

It was the merest figment of her brain, but the exciseman prudently left her in possession of it.

Milly said not a word on the subject of her singular conversation with Sanders, and the next day that personage himself had vanished from Zabuloe. He was missing throughout the next fortnight, for a good reason, seemingly, as heavy gales blew from the nor'-west all that time, and "white water" swept every cranny of the rock-bound shore, so that no vessel could stand in within bare sight of the coast. The gale dropped at last, but a sullen wind and heavy swell came after it, still running from the northward. And then word went round that the *Francis Beddoe* had been sighted at last, tacking up against wind some twenty miles away. "'Twere a wonder they lived through the gale," all Zabuloe said; "but there, 'twas only peaceful

folk the drowning was for." Milly prayed that the wind might hold, might drive the *Francis Beddoe* into some port to the southward, and so "lead those unhappy men out of temptation," as she phrased it to herself.

Towards sundown on the second day wind and swell subsided together. Milly stood to watch on the low point outside Zabuloe Harbour, and at once knew the meaning of that steely blue in the winter sky, stretching cold and still over quiet waters far to the westward. She gazed at it with quivering eyes, seeing in it a pitiless reality beyond the reach of her hopes or her prayers. Dimly, but surely, a great upheaval was traversing her whole being; it was as though that calm, firm-lined horizon and its wintry light showed her the truth at last; her self-righteousness seemed to dissolve away like a mist before it; she was waking from a dream.

Now she knew herself to be in grievous straits, through her own act, though surely in a state of grace; she ransacked her memory for texts suitable to the occasion, and none would come. The fatal trend of circumstances bewildered her; she gave up thinking, and threw herself on her impulse.

There were a few figures moving about among the craft beached behind the breakwater. Milly paused till the last of these had retreated towards the village, then followed slowly as far as the foreshore inside the harbour. She stood there till the boats and nets about her became an indistinguishable blur in the fast falling twilight. Then, scarcely giving a look for possible watchers, she stole to one of the smaller skiffs lying on the sand, it being now low water, and felt its weight by laying one hand on the gunwale and swaying it a little from one side to another. She passed on to another, then to a third, and the repeated experiment ended in her muttering a word that sounded unregenerate, for these craft were all too heavy by far for her strength. At last she found one that might have been built for her—the lightest there, and with a remarkably low freeboard, to boot—then some quick-breathing moments fumbling at the knots of its painter in the dark, and there she was afloat in it. With some not highly skilful strokes, she paddled it clear of the breakwater, and so into the open sea, bound on a lawless errand in a craft she had pirated. It was an unholy sequel, indeed, to her conversion.

Fortunately she never gave a thought to such subtleties, but pulled steadily at the oars, hoping to reach the mouth of Ruthen Cove before the night grew entirely dark, and then lie off at a safe distance till the *Francis Beddoe* stood in, which would not happen, she knew, while twilight made it possible for the vessel to be sighted

from the coast. So she toiled on, stroke after stroke, over the dun-coloured water, soon gaining a considerable distance from the land, and the night came down thick about her. Still she rowed on, hardly daring to cease for fear lest the thought of the work yet to be done should daunt her. The oars seemed to burn her hands, and her arms drooped with a hardly bearable weakness. But she, fortunately, came of a common labouring stock, well used to aching muscles for many generations; she was desperately in earnest about her errand, too, in her blind, impulsive way—indeed, without both these conditions she could never have ventured on it, seeing the state of health she was in at the time. As it was, she was soon forced to "easy" sadly often, in spite of the tide helping her along.

There was nothing but the dark grey water in sight now, with the moonless night lying heavy on it; no movement but that of a slow, invisible swell that heaved the boat up under her and slid away into the darkness. The silence was like some evil presence near her; she grew frightened at the panting of her own breath.

Then she fancied herself too far out from shore, and giving the boat's head a turn, rowed desperately on till the dull thud of a wave in some undercut hollow of the cliff came to her ear like a voice of doom, and the swishing of the surf seemed to fill the night with sound. Turning her head, she saw it gleam strangely white through the darkness, and there above were looming outlines of the cliffs, vague and appalling in their shadow, towering to a height she had formed no notion of before. They seemed wholly strange to her, like the rocks of some weird, uninhabited shore. On and on the boat drifted, carried largely by the tide, sometimes into the open water of some bay, often perilously near the rocks, when the sough of a wave and a glint of spray would suddenly break the dead quiet, and brave straining at the oars was needed to get clear. Then, standing out, she would lose sight of land again, till the nameless horror of the sea drove her back. The gigantic slopes of the headlands were unrecognised and dreamlike to her eyes; she had long lost all notion of place or time. Vaguely and despondently she hoped to drift somehow into the course of the *Francis Beddoe*. She had no thought of going back.

What were those cliffs, she wondered, asking herself if possibly they were that strange southern coast that she had her alluring fancies about in other days, but never fancied sinister and terrible like this. In among them was a dark hollow, a pit of shadow, that kept her gazing; the strange look of it made her heart stand still, though all but too weary to realise her fear. In another

moment she could have laughed outright, the place was Ruthen Cove itself; she knew it by the rock shaped like a seal's head standing out clear enough against the sky-line. The sudden rally of her vigour allowed her to recognise that the smugglers' ketch could not possibly have arrived yet; there was nothing left for her but to wait, resting on her oars mainly, letting the tide carry her down, till the seal's profile lost its shape, then the few strokes back till it grew clear again.

That interminable up and down movement seemed to have lasted for many hours. The sea and the night had almost lost their terror for her now, but the very cessation of fear could only open another door to weariness. The boat rocked very gently, for the swell was gradually subsiding; the chafing noise of the foam seemed slowly to invade her brain, drowning her will. By slow degrees she was sinking far down into a depth where darkness and watery sound made one element—the oars had slipped from her hold; she grasped them again and pulled a few strokes languidly. Then utter darkness closed round her.

Suddenly she woke, dazed and listening. There were lights in the cove, flickering along the rocky walls, a confused noise, shapes moving, a shouted word of command that dominated the hissing of the surf. In her ears there was the echo of another, more ominous sound that had woke her; she rowed in without venturing to think, and scrambled over the boulders, to stand dumfounded at the crowd of men who surged and swayed in the glare of the torches. The first she clearly saw was exciseman Sanders, a drawn cutlass in his hand, and a devilish glee, it seemed to her, on his face; and then her eye went straight to Ralph Hocken. He stood among a group of some four or five, manacled and crowded together within a ring of armed men, and his face looked deathlier than the others, though all bore signs of heat and bitter excitement. More than one poor fellow lay on the shingle, gashed with the stroke of a cutlass—one, seemingly of the exciseman's party, lay prone on his face with a dreadful stillness. The fight—such a fight as half a dozen could make against twenty, was just over—it was the noise of firearms that had wakened her.

They were lighting more torches now, and by the light that blazed all through the narrow cove Milly could see the *Francis Beddoe* lying there a short stone's throw from the shore, and understood at last what had happened. They must have passed close to her while she was asleep, had anchored without suspicion, then, coming ashore, had walked straight into the ambush laid for them.

All that passed through her mind in a single flash; she noted, too, that none of those men seemed to be aware of her presence. She was standing as yet outside the circle of the torchlight, and instinctively she shrank farther back among the shadows of the rocks. What should they care for her? she asked herself bitterly. Her opportunity was gone.

A movement was taking place among the excisemen guarding the prisoners. Milly watched it, and saw that the escort was preparing to take them up the cliff pathway to some unknown destination inland. Then a wild desire for speech came over her; she sprang forward, brushing past two of the guards with their naked cutlasses, ran blindly against a torch-bearer with an impetus that sent a shower of sparks whirling round them, and before the excisemen recovered from their surprise, had grasped Ralph Hocken's hands in her own. He stared at her amazedly; while one or two among the representatives of the law laughed gruffly at this feminine invasion; but Milly was beyond regarding it.

"I tried to keep awake for 'ee, Ralphie," she panted. "I was oot yonder in a boat—somebody or other's 'twas—to warn ye; but ye were over long coming."

"'Tis main curious to see 'ee along o' these," Ralph said, looking from her to the excisemen, who stood round in a circle, seemingly unwilling to interfere before it was absolutely necessary. "Gi'e us a kiss, Milly, lass," he went on half-dreamily, "'tis kind of public, I know, but 'tis the last ye'll see of me, I'm thinking."

The girl shrank back. "Ye don't know who ye're asking, Ralph," she cried. "Ye don't know I told on ye, as how ye come ashore in this woeful place, an' that's why I pulled the boat down to warn ye. 'Twere all along o' the religion, and ye not coming back an' all—'tis a queer maze now," she said, pressing her hands upon her forehead. "Will ye not say ye forgive me?"

"I don't rightly understand what ye're saying, Milly," he answered, as though rebuffed. The look of a wild animal at bay came over his face again as he glared round him, seeming to realise his terrible situation afresh. "I reckon I be as dead as he is," he said to her in a hoarse whisper. "I done that to 'un," nodding to the prostrate shape of the exciseman lying face forward on the stones, as still as they.

"Ralphie, 'twere my doin'," the girl screamed wildly, and clung to him and kissed him. It was as though that kiss served for a signal; they were instantly pulled apart, for the excisemen had waited long enough, and Milly was pushed back wrestling frenziedly

against two brawny pairs of arms. "'Tis enough flirtations for to-night," a hideously jovial voice said to her. She saw the column of men filing up the steep pathway in the torchlight, and struggled after them. She fell against a boulder. Somebody helped her to rise. The torches were receding farther and farther up among the rocks, and all the light of her dark world seemed vanishing with them. "Us 'ull have to carry the poor thing oop," said the jovial voice again, close to her ear, and then she was grasped and lifted by strong men, staggering slowly over the rough ground, and she knew no more.

Milly's recollections were sorely confused when she woke at her home in Zabuloe, but one sensation remained very vivid in her mind. It was the touch of the thing that bound Ralph Hocken's hands together, a simple rope, not an iron chain, as she had fancied, seeing it from a distance. There was one idea that possessed her, and kept her intently plotting while she lay in bed there in the low-ceiled room, looking quite white and spectral, no doubt, to the people who came and hovered about her, muttering inarticulate sounds of dismay, and who, indeed, resolved themselves mainly, when she came to think of it, into the single form of Mrs. Pethick. There were voices, too, talking on incessantly downstairs, and she struggled to hear what they were saying—in vain, for a long time; till at last she made out the two words that kept recurring like a croaking chorus, and they were "fencibles" and "Bodmin." "There's some says it 'ull be to-morrow," came a voice shriller than the others, presumably that of Mrs. Moyse, and the words aroused the girl upstairs like the shock of an electric coil. Suddenly, without feeling the effort, she was on her feet.

Throwing an old dress loosely round her, she crept softly downstairs and into the back kitchen, the family parliament being assembled in the front, and too absorbed in its debate to hear her. Once there, she possessed herself of the strongest knife she could discover, and sharpened it carefully on the grindstone; then, having concealed it among the ivy at the back of the cottage, she opened the door of the front room and walked in. There was no need for her to assume the air of an invalid; they propped her into an armchair by the fire, and the momentous talk, the very thing she had come to hear, suddenly lapsed. "Poor thing, she do look like a ghostie!" Mrs. Moyse and two other female visitors kept spasmodically remarking to each other, much as though she was not present. Her escapade of last night seemed to be altogether overlooked.

But it was not in the Cornish nature to refrain very long from so

thrilling a topic as the capture of the smugglers, and their ultimate fate. Milly soon gathered the crucial facts—that the prisoners were now in the cellar beneath the market house, which served as a lock-up; that a party of militia, otherwise called fencibles, were coming to escort them to Bodmin, where they would be tried; and also that they would not be moved from Zabuloe till the soldiers arrived. Milly affected a great deal of languor, to induce the others to talk as they would if she were absent, but nothing was said as to the punishment they would receive—unless it was expressed by the sinister gloom of Pethick's headshaking; and once, when the subject was touched on, Mrs. Pethick mournfully fetched the large brown Bible and placed it near her. Still it appeared that the wounded exciseman was not actually dead—but rumour had given him up; and "some do say it's treason," was whispered about the circle. The girl could easily detect the general feeling that the end was too dreadful a thing to be spoken of before her, as yet.

News failed, and the party broke up, and Milly sat there gazing into the fire, plotting and plotting again, though she pretended to sleep, and left the brown Bible untouched beside her elbow. During the afternoon she suddenly felt better, and stepped across the street to a shop kept by one of the leading Methodists of Zabuloe, whom she asked for a bundle of tracts. He readily complied, oblivious of the fact that Milly could not read, and handed the tracts over, austerely hoping that they might bring a blessing. The girl opened out the leaves, and spread them on the counter; somewhat to the tradesman's astonishment, she requested more. "They'm all good words," he said piously, and produced another batch; and Milly gathered them all together with evident satisfaction. "Had the fencibles come yet?" she asked him abruptly. "No," he said, "'twas thought they would come to-morrow." He was clearly under the impression that her mind was wandering.

On the next day the fencibles did actually arrive, and their red uniforms were much in evidence up and down the whitewashed street of Zabuloe, just before twilight. Everybody in the place knew that the fatal march to Bodmin would take place on the day following. The road they would take was, of course, equally a matter of general knowledge.

Far up on the moors, as you go from Zabuloe to Bodmin, is a lonely public-house, called the "Green Stag," the first house of entertainment, or, indeed, of any kind, that you meet with on the tableland, after the stiff pull of some five miles pretty continuously uphill. On the day in question the landlord of the "Green Stag"

was jubilant, since he was perfectly aware that the fencibles would arrive at his door in a gloriously thirsty condition. "'Twas an ill wind that blew nobody good," he was heard remarking with much contentment. Several times in the course of the forenoon he went out to watch for them, and each time saw a thing that puzzled him. This was the figure of a young woman loitering in the road near his door, with a bundle of papers in her hand. He looked all round, and saw everything in its familiar state of desolation—the road, stretching thread-like across the moorland, the rough pastures, the deep hollow away to the left, where the trees and brushwood were, but not a soul stirring except a distant ploughman. Nothing anywhere to account for this unusual presence. He looked again. "Tcha, shouldn't be on tha road, an' she so far on," he muttered to himself. He saw, however, that she was respectably dressed, and turned indoors again.

He consulted "tha wife" about her at length, and at his next sortie, some half-hour later, he approached her in an embarrassed manner, with a view to offering her refreshment. But glancing over his shoulder as he did so, he caught sight of the fencibles approaching, a little black column of men just outlined on the distant brow of the hill, and in his excitement forgot the strange woman altogether.

On came the fencibles, very slowly, it seemed, till at last the red uniforms stood out round the few black figures in the centre, who, of course, would be the prisoners—poor devils!—but the landlord could not but chuckle, for everything was going just as he reckoned. The whole squad halted in front of the "Green Stag"; the sergeant in command energetically bawled for pots of ale, and buried his own nose in the froth of the first one provided. After a minute of furious ale-drawing, charity induced the landlord to demand if nobody was going to treat "they poor fellows," meaning the prisoners.

The sergeant, to whom the question was more particularly addressed, glanced up, opened a much befrothed mouth to cry out, "The man don't want none of your God Almighty rubbish!" and naturally the landlord stared round, following his eye. It was not a comment on his liquor, it was the strange young woman, offering tracts to one of the prisoners.

When the fencibles broke their ranks, Milly had gone straight up to Ralph Hocken, holding her tracts spread broadwise so as to cover her hands completely. His hands were bound together in front of him; she thrust the bundle of papers over them. "Quick, Ralphie, pretend ye're taking them," she whispered. He, on his part, met her

eyes angrily, of course understanding nothing of her purpose. "Ye have given my life away, an' what d'ye want now?" he said hoarsely, and she was staggered for an instant, for she had forgotten how his thoughts must have been running during those days and nights in the Zabuloe lock-up. Then came the sergeant's shout, further demoralising her. But a moment later the sergeant turned round to the innkeeper with, "I'm not the man to refuse 'em a pot; 'tis their last, belike," and for that moment Milly was unwatched.

"Quick, there's a knife in under," she whispered to Hocken, and he still not understanding, she grasped the knife in one hand, still under cover of the tracts, and with a desperate effort of her wrist cut the ropes clean through. "Run, Ralphie!" she shrieked aloud, and in another moment, before a man of the fencibles could grasp the situation, he had clambered over the stone dyke beside the road, and was flying across the pasture towards the hollow and its sheltering underwood.

Of course there was pursuit, but for the moment it was not understood who was to stand by the remaining prisoners, and who to follow the fugitive. Indeed, the fencibles showed no vast alacrity in either proceeding. "Lay hold o' that woman," the sergeant shouted, as in duty bound, but in the prevailing confusion no one heeded the order. The foremost fencibles were still a good twenty yards behind Hocken, and encumbered as they were with their firearms—though no one thought of firing—they had little chance of coming up with him, even if their tight-fitting uniforms, with the rigid cross-bands of the tunic, had not been the worst possible costume for running in that the wit of man could devise. Down he fled, scrambling over dyke after dyke, towards the hollow; till, seeing how matters were going, the sergeant himself joined in the pursuit. At this juncture Milly seized the chance of stealing away, and followed in the wake of the chase, none of the remaining soldiers attempting to arrest her.

She reached the sharp descent overhanging the valley, and watched the red-coats slowly struggling through the dusky undergrowth, beating it apparently in every direction in their search for the fugitive. That patch of woodland seemed such a little thing from up here, that her heart stood still, expecting every moment to hear a whoop of triumph when they laid hands on him. But still there was no sound but the faint crashing of branches, and now the scarlet figures were becoming lost to sight, blurred among thicker recesses of the naked branches. An intense desire to know dragged her on; she scrambled down the slope, forced her way through a hedge, and forded a stream,

ankle-deep, till at last she found herself standing in the coppice. She then saw that, looking from the height above, she had wholly misjudged its extent; it was a spacious valley bottom, with broad sheets of vivid green moss between its thickets, and, better still, whole seas of dead, rusty bracken still standing high enough for a man to lie hidden in, unless you trod on him, and dense clusters of hazels and oaks, in their winter nakedness now, but wonderfully thick-set, and with plentiful hollies in among them, making the woodland denser. Milly wandered on through this wilderness, expecting she hardly knew what, and the sound of the fencibles searching the coppices grew continually fainter. It ceased at last, and she was aware of a great silence in the valley. And suddenly a deathly weakness came over her, and a strange terror followed it.

She hoped, and indeed believed, that Ralph Hocken was far away by now, but a mysterious instinct prompted her to call to him aloud by his name. Her own voice sounded unnaturally thin and shrill to her, as she repeated the call from time to time, dragging herself meanwhile along a half-beaten pathway among the bushes, till, seeing a green bed of moss, the temptation to rest grew overpowering, and she sank down upon it, half swooning. The woodland swam before her eyes with a dream-like vagueness; it seemed to her part of the general unreality of things when Ralph Hocken stepped out of the brushwood, and advanced towards her.

"Be they fencibles gone away?" he asked, glancing warily round him.

"Sure I hope they be," she said, looking up at him with a white face, "for I wanted to say good-bye to 'ee."

"What be talking about noo?" he answered, like a man with business on his mind. "I heard 'ee callin'. Surely ye do go beyond me altogether these days."

She stretched out a hand to cling to him. "I be about to die, Ralphie," she said faintly, and her young lips were bitterly set, so that her voice was only a whisper. "Ye see, I've been out an' about overmuch lately for one in my condition, and now I knows it in myself."

Something in her voice drove conviction into him.

"Come, we'll set that a' straight again," he said, with an affected calm, as he helped her to rise; but his face was very grave, and he seemed wholly to have forgotten his pursuers. He half carried her to a little farmhouse standing beside the lane that led down the valley.

Arrived there, the farm people, recognising the necessity of the

case, at once put Milly to bed, and though no wedding ring was visible on her hand, they, being simple, perhaps half barbarous, people, made no scruple about Hocken remaining with her. She turned to him, very drawn and wan. "Ye'd best be going off, Ralph," she said, with the hard recognition of facts that belongs to the poor. "'Twould be simple like for me to die and the fencibles catch ye too. There'd be nothing left o' either of us then, I'm thinking."

"Ye bean't going to die, Milly," he said, with exaggerated scorn; but she only nodded her head slowly and faintly.

"I'll stay with 'ee, then, s'elp me I will!" he cried out, with big tears streaming down his face. "I'll stay with 'ee, and I'll break their heads like rotted apples if they come nigh, so I will."

"Don't 'ee, now, Ralph," she said, absorbed in her one thought of getting him out of danger. "Maybe I'm not so bad as I'm fancying; but I couldn't bear no noise now, Ralphie."

He remained, however, till the farmer's wife opened the door, and looked at them queerly.

"I don't know who ye be, measter," she said to Ralph, with a curious aloofness in her voice; "but here's fencibles coming oop the road again."

"Do 'ee go," Milly's voice, or the ghost of it, pleaded. "D'ye see, if I'm to die, 'tis no harm if thee art away from Zabuloe altogether. An' if I be to keep in life," she added, struggling with the words, "an' they took and hanged 'ee, what be I to do then?"

He remained bending over her, till there came a thunderous knock at the farmhouse door. The farmer's wife ran in with unconcealed emotion.

"Out at the back door wi' 'ee, and get oot along by the hen-house," she cried in an agitated whisper. "Drat the man, can't ye see 'twould kill the poor lassie to have ye took!"

She pushed him forcibly outside. Either yielding to her sense of the situation, or else from the simple instinct of self-preservation, he took the back way from the farm, and reaching the moors again, effected his escape.

It was by another road that Milly herself escaped from the toils about her, for she and her child lay together, white and still, before morning. Four days later they were buried in Zabuloe churchyard, in the presence of a great concourse of people, attracted thither by the strange story which had got abroad concerning her. They are emotional folks in those parts, no doubt; but when they told how at one moment even the Rector's voice quavered and broke down, it is quite possible they affirmed no more than the truth.

LORD MACAULAY'S ANCESTORS.

"EVERY schoolboy" knows that Lord Macaulay was the eldest son of Zachary Macaulay, who identified himself with the anti-slavery movement in England early in the present century. But even Macaulay's famous schoolboy might have difficulty in tracing his patron's genealogy back to the sixteenth century; and still greater difficulty, perhaps, in describing off-hand any notable deeds performed by the historian's forbears. To the student of heredity, as well as the student of Macaulay, it may be of interest to learn that he came of a fighting, a writing, a preaching, and a political stock; a combination which culminated in the person of one, the pugnacity of whose political temperament was only equalled by the brilliancy and the versatility of his literary genius.

The origin of a large proportion of the Highland clans is a matter of conjecture. Historians differ in ascribing to them, respectively, native and foreign beginnings. The origin of the Clan Macaulay admits of no doubt: it is pure Norse. Macaulay's forbears hailed from Lewis, the largest, that is, Lewis with Harris, of the Western Isles of Scotland, which for centuries lay under the dominion of the Norse marauders. The supposed progenitor of the Macaulays is Olaus Magnus of Norway, who is the hero of an ode, entitled "Olaus the Great, or the Conquest of Mona," written by Lord Macaulay at the tender age of eight. The name Olaus has been variously rendered as Olaf and Olave, and in an ancient manuscript it appears as Olay. Macaulay is the Gaelicised form of Olaf's son, and is synonymous with the modern Scandinavian name of Olafsson. Traces of the Norse occupation of Lewis are evident in numerous place-names, as well as in certain customs and in the folklore of the inhabitants of that island. Indeed, there are Lewis Macaulays to-day, whose Scandinavian appearance is alone sufficient to attest their origin. Some of them claim relationship, necessarily distant, with the great Lord Macaulay, and are quite prepared to assert that his genius was the concentrated result of the use by his ancestors for centuries of a diet of fish and oatmeal! In this view they are supported by no

less an authority than Carlyle, who, on one occasion, upon seeing Macaulay's face in unwonted repose, remarked, "I noticed the homely Norse features that you find everywhere in the Western Isles, and I thought to myself, 'Well, anyone can see that you are an honest, good sort of fellow made out of oatmeal.'" The writer recollects one of the Lewis Macaulays, now dead, who was particularly proud of his illustrious connection. Although his knowledge of general literature was, to say the least, limited, he could recite the "Lays" by heart, and quotations from the "Essays" interlarded his everyday conversation. This was a tribute from a humble clansman which would probably have gratified the kindly heart of Macaulay. Hero-worship among Highlanders is by no means an uncommon sentiment, and the great figure of Macaulay was well calculated to inspire the breasts of his Hebridean namesakes with that feeling.

The first of his ancestors of whom there is any authentic record was Donald Macaulay, who lived in the reign of King James VI. It was a common practice in the Highlands in those days—a practice which is still largely followed—to distinguish the possessors of marked physical peculiarities by nicknames having reference to their infirmities. Donald Macaulay was blind of one eye, and for that reason was known by his fellow-Lewismen as Donald Cam. The one-eyed progenitor of Lord Macaulay was a man of great physical strength, which in those troublous times he had many opportunities of turning to good—or bad—account.

In a book entitled "The Highlands of Scotland in 1750," recently edited by Mr. Andrew Lang, the statement appears that "The common inhabitants of Lewis are Morisons, McAulays, and McKivers" (Macivers); as a matter of fact they are to this day, with the Macleods, the representative Lewis families. The Macaulays were at constant feud with the Morisons, or Clan Gilliemhuire, who were located at Ness, on the north side of the island, and of whom were the breves, or hereditary Celtic judges, of Lewis. It is more than probable that the Morisons knew Donald Cam only too well for their peace of mind. But events occurred during his lifetime which united the Lewis clans in face of a common danger; and Donald Macaulay's prowess was directed into a more patriotic channel than had hitherto been the case. The Macleods—another clan of Norse origin—who, in Donald Cam's time, were the lords of Lewis—were quarrelling among themselves, and with the Mackenzies, of Kintail, in Ross-shire. The latter were scheming to obtain possession of the island. Taking advantage of the disturbed condition

of Lewis, a party of Fife adventurers applied for, and obtained from the King, a gift of the island. Their professed object was to civilise the islanders; their real intention was to supplant the inhabitants by a settlement of Lowlanders. They built houses and "skonses" about Stornoway, the capital of Lewis, and made what a certain chronicler terms "a bonny village of it." But this settlement was of short duration, for the colony was constantly harassed by the islanders, who forgot their feuds in their common determination to drive the hated Sassenachs into the sea. The adventurers had a disastrous time of it, and were finally forced to relinquish their possessions, the right to which they sold to Lord Kintail, chief of the Mackenzies.

Donald Cam took a prominent part in driving the Fife colonists from Lewis, and subsequently sided with the Macleods in their fruitless attempts to repel the Mackenzies when they ultimately took possession of the island. His patriotic spirit rebelled equally against the invasion of his beloved island by Sassenach or Celt, and his courageous and obstinate resistance to the encroachments of the Mackenzies has been immortalised in a Gaelic proverb, "*Cha robh Cam, nach robh crosd*," meaning, "Whoever is blind of an eye is pugnacious," the true significance of which is that it is difficult to overcome a one-eyed person. A careful student can readily see in Lord Macaulay's character more than mere traces of Donald Cam's spirit.

Donald Cam Macaulay had a son who was known as *Fear Bhreinis*, literally the man "or tacksman" of Brenish. The tacksmen of those days were the representatives of the duinewassels of former years, who formed the gentry of a clan, holding land direct from the chief in consideration of military services. This Macaulay was therefore a man of importance in Lewis, and being, like his father, a man of great bodily strength, he acquired a reputation for personal prowess, which has been commemorated in Lewis song and story.

The son of the Brenish tacksman was named Aulay Macaulay, who, forsaking the warlike traditions of his ancestors, entered the Church, and after some disagreeable experiences in his earlier ministerial life, settled down in Harris, adjoining Lewis, where for nearly half a century, until his death in 1758, he discharged the duties of the manse. Of his six sons, no less than five were educated for the Church, the sixth, named Zachary, being bred for the bar.

Aulay's third son Kenneth, nicknamed Kenneth Drover, transmitted to Lord Macaulay the gifts of the historian. True it is that the "History of England" has a world-wide reputation, while the

"History of St. Kilda," written by the Rev. Kenneth, is now barely known even to local antiquaries. In its day, however, the book had a certain vogue. Dr. Johnson described it as "a well-written work, except some foppery about liberty and slavery." The "foppery," it may be noticed, subsequently fructified in the life-work of the author's nephew, Zachary Macaulay. There is reason to believe that Johnson's liking for the book was really due to a statement which it contained, to the effect that a curious epidemic of what would now be called influenza spread over St. Kilda whenever the factor paid his periodical visits for the purpose of collecting the rents. The probabilities are that the islanders had just as great an aversion to the payment of rent as crofters in modern times have shown, and may possibly have shammed illness in order to move the factor's bowels of compassion. That the coincidence of the factor's presence and the influenza were, in the author's mind, not attributable to supernatural causes, is pretty clear from the fact that in another part of the book there are slighting references to some of the superstitions of the islanders. Johnson's mind, however, imbued as it was with superstitious ideas, failed to grasp the humour of the thing, and so we find him gravely praising the author for his "magnanimity in venturing to chronicle so questionable a phenomenon, the more so," he added, "because Macaulay set out with a prejudice against prejudice, and wanted to be a smart modern thinker." Subsequently, Johnson and Boswell visited Macaulay at his manse at Calder, or Cawdor, and while staying there, according to the "Journey to the Western Islands," they visited Cawdor Castle, "from which Macbeth drew his second title." Johnson thanked Macaulay for his book, and said it was "a very pretty piece of topography," a compliment which the author apparently did not relish. Boswell tells us that Johnson afterwards remarked to him that, judging by Macaulay's conversation, he was persuaded that he was not the author of "St. Kilda." "There is a combination in it," he added, "of which Macaulay is not capable." Needless to say, Johnson's *dictum* was sufficient for Boswell, who states that he was afterwards told that the book was written by Dr. John Macpherson, of "Sky," from materials collected by Macaulay. Johnson's opinion, however, was probably biassed by a dispute which he had with his host, to whom he was simply rude. Macaulay appears to have spoken somewhat slightingly of the lower ranks of the English clergy. Johnson turned on him with a vehement rejoinder: "This," he said, "is a day of novelties. I have seen old trees in Scotland, and I have heard the English clergy treated with disrespect. Sir, you are

a bigot almost to laxness." That the great castigator afterwards regretted his rudeness is evident from the fact that he presented his host's son, "a smart young lad about eleven years old," with a pocket Sallust and obtained for him a servitorship at Oxford, of which, however, young Macaulay did not avail himself, as he appears to have gone abroad.

Curiously enough, Johnson, a little later, had a passage-at-arms with the brother of the minister of Cawdor, the Rev. John Macaulay, eldest son of the Rev. Aulay, and grandfather of Lord Macaulay. While passing through Argyllshire, Johnson and Boswell paid their respects to the Duke of Argyll at Inverary Castle, whence they returned to the inn at Inverary where they were to pass the night. John Macaulay was at that time the minister of Inverary, and, as a matter of courtesy, paid a visit to the distinguished travellers, and passed the evening with them. In the course of conversation on the subject of profession and practice, Macaulay made the pertinent remark that he had no "notion of people being in earnest in their good professions where practice was not suitable to them." Johnson flared up at this harmless expression of opinion, and thundered, "Sir, are you so grossly ignorant of human nature as not to know that a man may be very sincere in good principles without having good practice?" Macaulay appears to have taken the rebuff in good part, for the faithful Bozzy chronicles that "being a man of good sense he had a just admiration of Dr. Johnson," and was next morning "nothing hurt or dismayed by his last night's correction." Both Kenneth and John Macaulay appear to have been good talkers, but were, of course, no match for Johnson. But one can imagine what a battle of Titans would have been fought had Johnson met the grandson instead of the grandfather!

It is possible that Johnson's trouncing of the brothers Macaulay was in a measure instigated by their political views, with which he was no doubt acquainted. They were apparently devoted to the Whig cause, and it is clear that the interest which the Argyll family exerted on their behalf was not unconnected with their politics. In 1761 Kenneth procured the parish of Ardnamurchan through the patronage of the Duke of Argyll, whence he removed to Calder, where, as we have seen, he met Johnson. We have also seen that his brother John was minister of Inverary in the Duke's own parish. Previous to this, he had been minister successively of Barra and South Uist in the Outer Hebrides, and the island of Lismore near Mull. While minister of South Uist, he signalised his devotion to the Hanoverian cause by an act which, if successful, would have

shed lustre on his name, or clothed it with infamy, according to the point of view.

A fugitive after the crowning disaster of Culloden, Prince Charles Edward Stuart was skulking in the Hebrides, and had arranged to proceed in disguise to Stornoway, where he intended to hire a vessel which would carry him to France. By giving out that he and his party were the crew of a vessel belonging to the Orkneys, which had been wrecked on the coast of Tiree, he hoped to avoid suspicion and achieve his object. This plan was suggested by Macdonald of Boisdale in South Uist, where the Prince had landed, and it appears to have come to Macaulay's knowledge. There is good reason to believe that he at once placed himself in communication with the Government through his father, the minister of Harris. Word was sent through his agency to the Stornoway people that the Prince had landed in Lewis with 500 men, and was marching on the town with the intention of burning it, carrying off their cattle, and seizing a vessel to convey him to France. On receipt of this information, the Stornoway men naturally rose in arms and prepared for a determined resistance. Luckily for the Prince he never entered the town. The guide lost his way on the moor, the result being that the party spent the night in the neighbourhood of Stornoway, on the opposite side of the bay. This circumstance afforded time for explanations, which were given by Donald Macleod, who accompanied Charles Edward. No attempt therefore was made to capture the royal fugitive, the sole condition imposed by the Stornoway people being that he should at once depart from their coasts—a request which was speedily complied with. Thus did Stornoway, in common with the rest of the Highlands, refuse to accept the blood-money of £30,000 which was offered by the Government for the capture of bonnie Prince Charlie, and thus was the great name of Lord Macaulay saved from the stigma which would have attached to it had his grandfather's plan succeeded.

As South Uist nearly led to the undoing of the Prince, so did it ultimately prove his salvation, for it was there that he met the heroic Flora Macdonald, who, by her woman's wit and daring, saved him from the clutches of his enemies.

The Rev. John Macaulay, A.M. (he had graduated at Aberdeen), ended his days as minister of Cardross, in Dumbartonshire. By his marriage with the daughter of Colin Campbell, of Inveresragan, Ardchattan, he had twelve children. It is worthy of note that the early sorrows of Aulay, his father, to which allusion has been made, were caused chiefly by the action of the Laird of Ardchattan, at

whose instance the young minister was deprived of his stipend. It was while on a visit to the manse at Cardross, with Aulay, John's son, that the patron of the former, Thomas Babington, M.P., met and fell in love with Jean Macaulay, Aulay's sister, whom he subsequently married.

Another Rev. John Macaulay is mentioned in Hew Scott's "Fasti" as having been minister successively of Barra, and in 1771 of South Uist; and in the "Dictionary of National Biography" it is assumed that it was he, and not Lord Macaulay's grandfather, who gave the information which nearly led to the capture of Prince Charles Edward Stuart. This assumption, however, appears to be baseless. The John Macaulay here referred to emigrated to America, where he died in 1776. The minister of Cardross was succeeded in that parish by his son Alexander, of whom there appears to be no further record extant.

Another son, Colin, entered the Indian Army, in which he had a distinguished career, ultimately attaining the rank of General. He was present at Seringapatam, and was, with Sir David Baird, imprisoned by Hyder Ali. He afterwards entered the Civil Service, and was for a time Resident at the native State of Travancore. On his return to England, he sought and obtained Parliamentary honours, as M.P. for Saltash. Wellington appears to have held him in high esteem, and maintained a friendly correspondence with him. He died at Clifton in 1836.

Macaulay's youthful fancy was fired by the exploits of his uncle, the General, and his admiration—as was usual in his callow days—was expressed in poetic form. There is no room, however, for the suggestion that the gratitude of the General had any connection with the substantial legacy which he left his precocious nephew!

Aulay, Colin's brother, to whom a passing reference has been made, possessed literary abilities of no mean order. He graduated at Glasgow University, and while there was a frequent contributor to *Ruddiman's Weekly Magazine*, under the pen-name of "Academicus." After leaving college he crossed the Border to push his fortunes. He became a tutor at Bedford, and subsequently entered Holy Orders, being the first of his family to forsake the manse for the vicarage. Commencing with the curacy of Claybrook in Leicestershire, he obtained in 1789 the living of Frolesworth, and in 1796 was presented by his brother-in-law, Mr. Babington, with the living of Rothley. During the six years which elapsed between his resignation of Frolesworth and his acceptance of Rothley, he travelled on the Continent, chiefly in Holland and the Netherlands; he con-

tributed an interesting account of those countries to the *Gentleman's Magazine.* In 1794 he was travelling in Brunswick in the capacity of tutor to a son of Sir Walter Farquhar. While there he gave lessons in English to the young daughter of the Duke of Brunswick, afterwards Queen Caroline, and he appears to have gained the sincere regard of her mother.

His literary efforts embraced "Essays on various subjects of Taste and Criticism"; "History and Antiquities of Claybrook;" "Two Discourses on Sovereign Power and Liberty of Conscience" (translated from the Latin of Professor Noodt of Leyden), as well as various detached sermons. He married a daughter of Mr. John Heyrick, town clerk of Leicester, who survived him. He left a family of eight sons.

The third and most famous of John Macaulay's sons was Zachary, the father of Lord Macaulay. Zachary Macaulay was a man of remarkable force of character and strength of conviction. Possessed of high ideals and scrupulously conscientious in the discharge of what he conceived to be his duty, he never wavered in his adherence to principle. His life is a record of unshaken fidelity to the sacred cause of liberty, and his work lives after him. He commenced life as a clerk in a London office, and at an early age was appointed book-keeper, and subsequently manager, of an estate in Jamaica, where he had his first experiences of the evils of the slave trade. When the Sierra Leone Company founded a colony for liberated slaves on that island, Macaulay was appointed second member of the Sierra Leone Council, afterwards becoming Governor. With only one colleague to assist him in the discharge of his duties, his labours were almost Herculean. He was Governor, judge, paymaster, and parson all rolled into one.

His health at length broke down under the strain and he returned to England. During his visit to the old country, he met and became engaged to Miss Mills, the daughter of a Bristol bookseller, and a former pupil of Hannah More. He was soon, however, back at his duties in Sierra Leone, where he had varied exciting experiences.

Finally leaving the island which he had governed so wisely, he reached England in 1799, married, and was appointed Secretary to the Sierra Leone Company. He subsequently started business as an African merchant, in partnership with his nephew, young Babington, and for a time the firm prospered. Zachary Macaulay's heart however lay elsewhere than in his business; his energies being devoted to the suppression of the slave trade. He became editor of the *Christian Observer*, the organ of the so-called Clapham sect,

and was the man who, while shunning publicity, pulled the strings of the anti-slavery movement. His nephew proved an incompetent business man, and the firm ultimately ceased to exist, Macaulay losing a fortune of £100,000 thereby. For the rest of his life he was largely dependent on his sons, Thomas Babington and Henry, the latter of whom had succeeded him at Sierra Leone. He died in 1838. A fitting memorial to the great Abolitionist was placed in Westminster Abbey soon after his death. To his influence was directly attributable all that was best and noblest in the life and character of his eldest son, Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay.

WILLIAM C. MACKENZIE.

PARIS AND THE BLIND.

THIS is not a history of any one institution, but a slight and imperfect sketch of what Paris has done for the blind in the last 600 or 700 years, from Saint Louis to Valentin Haüy and M. Maurice de la Sizeranne.

Though with the nineteenth century the subject gains greatly in variety and changes entirely in character, modern philanthropy of a manly kind taking the place of mediæval charity and religious privilege, there is one old hospital whose story, with many romantic vicissitudes, covers the whole of the long period mentioned, and will probably outlive this generation and many more. The 300 blind people and their successors for whom, under circumstances not well known, Saint Louis founded the hospital that still bears the old name of *Les Quinze-Vingts*, were by no means the least important among the inhabitants of Paris, quite down to the Revolution. Their buildings were something like a *béguinage*, streets of houses, church, school, infirmary, mills, and shops, all walled round and making a little city within the city; occupying, too, the best situation in Paris, part of the Rue St. Honoré and the present Rue de Rivoli, near the Palais Royal and the Louvre. The blind community, enriched by gifts, endowments, and privileges, possessing farms, and managing its own affairs under the easy rule of a Royal Almoner, was also a community of the sturdiest beggars ever known. The noise they made crying in the streets, "Aux Quinze-Vingts, pain Dieu!" was extremely annoying to studious persons. They also clanked their bowls and prayed and begged aloud in the churches, disturbing the pious. At one time their own church was the most fashionable in Paris; this was in the time of the Regency, when the Duchess of Orléans and all the Court crowded there. But the golden days of the Quinze-Vingts were drawing near their end. Not long before the Revolution, the Cardinal de Rohan attempted as Almoner to reform them, and succeeded in ruining them. Their valuable property was sold at a loss, and the community, dismal and shrunken, retired to the buildings they now inhabit in the Rue de

Charenton. There is much real degradation and sadness mixed with the history of these poor uneducated people, whose faculties no one had ever dreamed of training, and whose talents, if they had any, led them naturally, in the eighteenth century, into such trades as that of a mountebank. No more privileges for them now, no more religious importance as *les pauvres de Dieu.* The first great modern benefactor of the blind, Valentin Haüy, was moved to begin his life's work by seeing ten Quinze-Vingts performing in a burlesque concert at the fair of Saint Ovide, in 1771, dressed absurdly with asses' ears and singing low songs to the lowest of audiences. A caricature representing this scene is preserved at the Musée Carnavalet.

The endowments of the old Quinze-Vingts vanished away either in the hands of Cardinal de Rohan, financially quite an untrustworthy person, or of the Revolution, which devoured all. The hospital, as it now exists, has an allowance from the State, and is counted among the national *établissements de bienfaisance.* It is no longer managed by its own chapter, but by Government officials, and is an almshouse for 300 people, poor, respectable, and hopelessly blind. With flowers, birds, and any little occupations of which they are capable, their life has all the cheerful content which seems to be the mysterious compensation and privilege of blindness. They have a reading-room, a billiard-room, a bowling-green, a choral society of their own, lectures, concerts, a band that plays in the courtyard. M. Péphau, the excellent director, not contented with making his 300 happy and comfortable, undertook some years ago to extend the work of the Quinze-Vingts beyond its own walls and numbers. He was the means of establishing there a consulting hospital for the blind, and at the same time he founded a National Society to help blind workers, and in connection with it the Ecole Braille, which gives a good primary education and teaches blind boys and girls to earn their living by chair, brush, and basket-making, needlework, printing, book-binding, &c. This is what the blind want, and what their best friends want for them—instruction to enable them to earn their own living independently.

All modern philanthropy in France, as concerned especially with the blind, must be traced back to Valentin Haüy, whose name ought to be, but is not, well known in England. He was born in 1745, the son of a poor weaver in Picardy. His own intelligence and the devotion of his parents helped him on from school to college, and while still quite young he was earning his living in Paris by teaching and translating. The philanthropic spirit of the time seized

upon him; he grew up in a world passionate for doing good, either in theory or practice. Diderot had written his Letter on the Blind; the Abbé de l'Épée had founded his school for the deaf and dumb; and Valentin Haüy, at twenty-five, only wanted an opportunity to throw himself into some work of the sort. His choice was made for him by the spectacle we have already mentioned, of the blind men performing at the fair of St. Ovide. From that time he set himself to study the blind, to find out what they were really capable of in the way of instruction. It was a difficult subject, for there was little or no existing experience to help him. At last, having satisfied his mind that something at least was possible, he set to work to teach a blind boy who sat begging at the door of Saint-Germain des Prés. In the course of instructing this boy, François Lesueur by name, he half accidentally discovered, by means of some letters printed in relief on a card of invitation, that his pupil could feel the shape of these letters with his finger-ends, and so describe them. This was the beginning, the origin of the Braille system, the root idea of all that has been done in educating the blind. After this, Haüy's one wish was to increase his number of pupils; he succeeded partly by the help of his elder brother, also a remarkable man, the Abbé René Haüy, who discovered the science of crystallography. At this time he had just been admitted to the Academy, and among his scientific friends he was able to find those who could help Valentin; for a blind school could not be carried on without funds, the pupils being generally incapable of paying. It just suited the ideas of the time, however; charitable people of all ranks were delighted; Valentin's writings were read and praised at the Académie des Sciences in 1785, and the following Christmas saw him and his pupils invited to Versailles, complimented by the King, petted by the Court. After this the work advanced with great strides: Valentin Haüy's orchestra of blind boys and girls—for music, then as now, was the study that pleased them best—was to be heard, by the Archbishop's permission, in Saint-Eustache and Saint-Roch. When Louis XVI. was hurried to Paris in 1789, leaving his musicians in ordinary behind him, Valentin Haüy presented his blind choir to sing in the chapel of the Tuileries.

One must judge a man according to his time, and perhaps it is not fair to think less of Haüy because of his proceedings during the Revolution. One should not, perhaps, confidently expect a hero of philanthropy to be a reasonable man. He was an enthusiast, a person of one idea, like most founders and inventors. The world might crumble around him, kings and institutions might perish,

Christianity might go the way of the rest, so that nothing came in the way of the education of the blind. A French Vicar of Bray, all governments were alike to him. But it is a little sad, even sickening, to read of the poor *aveugles nés* conveyed in their own triumphal car at the public ceremonies of the Revolution, and to imagine them in the train of Robespierre at the Fête of the Supreme Being. It is also sad to read of Valentin Haüy and his pupils as followers of La Reveillère-Lépeaux and his mock religion, which called itself *théophilanthropie*, and to think that Valentin officiated at the ceremonies of this religion in Saint-Sulpice, dressed in a sky-blue tunic and pink sash, with a white robe open in front. The absurdities of the Revolution were quite as startling as its horrors, and needed almost as much the stern repression of Napoleon. Valentin Haüy and his fellow-comedians fled before that great restorer of reason and decency. His pupils found a temporary refuge with the Quinze-Vingts, and after a few years of struggle and disappointment, he was summoned to Russia by Alexander I. to found a blind school at St. Petersburg. On this journey he visited Louis XVIII. at Mittau, and was kindly received. Louis promised that he would not forget his work in the future, and kept his word effectually. One of the first events of the Restoration was the establishment on a secure basis of *l'Institution Royale* (now *Nationale*) *des Jeunes Aveugles*, on Valentin Haüy's lines. Before his death in 1822, he had the happiness of seeing this great school, really grown from his own foundation, in full working order. Russia had been more than disappointing; but a new Paris was found at last ready to forget the old hero's aberrations and to honour his unselfish genius. There he died a Christian, modestly saying, when his life's work was praised, "I am only an inventor of spectacles."

Valentin Haüy's statue, with François Lesueur at his feet, stands in the courtyard of the Institution des Jeunes Aveugles, in the Boulevard des Invalides. The school moved into these fine buildings in 1843, having had till then a rather chequered career. But its earlier days were distinguished by at least one famous pupil —Louis Braille—certainly, by the invention of his type for the blind, in the first rank of their benefactors. The Jeunes Aveugles is one of the best, if not the very best, among schools for the blind. It admits about one hundred and sixty boys and eighty girls, above ten and under fourteen, many of whom remain till twenty-one. As to ordinary education, it teaches reading and writing on the Braille system, the French language and literature, history, geography, arithmetic, mathematics, and natural science; aiming first of all at

the mental and intellectual training of the pupils. Music is really the chief subject, the favourite occupation. Many of the pupils have distinguished themselves as musicians, especially as organists; they have excellent appointments all over France. Others are successfully trained as makers and tuners of instruments. There is splendid technical teaching for all those who are not fit for higher pursuits—turning, netting, chair-making, basket-making. And when their school days are over, the blind lads and girls are not thrown on to the world to look after themselves, but are taken in hand and helped by the Société de Placement et de Secours, connected with the institution and partly supported by subscriptions from its old pupils, who are various in position and in fortune. They do their philanthropic work very thoroughly in France.

A visit to the Jeunes Aveugles is even more interesting than painful. When you meet its inhabitants in the corridors and on the wide staircases, it is you, not they, who are confused and not quite happy. Now and then there is a meeting to be remembered, as with the slim figure and pathetic face, bordered with lank fair hair, of a little English girl. Her parents lived in the north of France, and Paris was thus more convenient than London for her education. An English voice and touch filled the sad face with delight, for the child's heart was English, though she had never seen her country.

We mentioned just now the name of M. Maurice de la Sizeranne, well known in modern Paris among benefactors of the blind. Himself blind from childhood, he has consecrated his life and means to the service of his fellow-sufferers. And this in no sentimental fashion. The most active and unselfish of workers, full of spirit and cheerful courage, his one idea of helping the blind is to teach them to help themselves. Nothing more penetrating and more sympathetic has been written on the subject than his book, "Les Aveugles, par un Aveugle," from which many of the notes here used are taken. The blind have never had a better or more brilliant advocate, who dwells far more on compensations than on privations, and preaches courage and energy in every line. The Comte d'Haussonville, in his charming preface to this book, in which he playfully accuses M. de la Sizeranne of trying to persuade us that happiness lies in being blind and contented, tells a pretty little story of his own: that a blind man was sitting one evening in a dark room, when some one came in and cried thoughtlessly, "Why, you are in the dark!" "Oh," the blind man answered, "You know it is always light for me."

Perhaps such minds are not very common, either among the

blind or the seeing; but in any case, it is not pity but intelligent help that M. de la Sizeranne wants for the blind. With this view, while still quite a young man, he founded the Association Valentin Haüy, now so well known among Parisian works of charity. There are more than 40,000 blind in France, and about 10,000, we believe, in Paris alone. Institutions like the Quinze-Vingts, the Jeunes Aveugles, and others yet to be mentioned, can only help a very small proportion. The Association Valentin Haüy is a general bureau of assistance for the blind of every age and condition. M. François Coppée is its President, and it counts among its active helpers many people distinguished in the literary world, as well as in the world of French society. It has spread and developed largely since its foundation in 1883, and was recognised by the Government as of "public utility" in 1891. No limit of religion or of nationality bounds its efforts in any direction; and few societies of such modest and quiet exterior, with such an absence of noise and fuss in working, are doing such real and splendid work.

The house in the Avenue de Breteuil (No. 31) does not advertise itself to the public in any way. It has no smart upholstery, no paid clerks and secretaries. But here are carried on, by true lovers and helpers of the blind, a whole list of useful works that we can only touch upon. To begin with, information is to be found here on every subject connected with blindness, its causes, its cure, and excellent advice is published in the Association's pamphlets, which are many. Here three periodicals are edited and published: *Le Louis Braille*, a monthly magazine printed in Braille type for educated blind persons, and dealing with special subjects connected with the blind; *La Revue Braille*, a weekly paper, also printed in relief, and containing public news, and articles on literature, science, music, and politics; *Le Valentin Haüy*, a monthly paper in ordinary type, for those who interest themselves in the blind. In the upper rooms of the house is a large library in Braille, and a library of books translated from all languages, also a museum of things made by the blind, and—more practically valued by many of the poor people themselves—a depôt of old clothes, a savings' bank, a recreation room. Here they can have gratuitous advice on law and medicine, given by two members of the Association. But its work for the blind goes far beyond its own premises. It searches out the objects of its interest, looks after the education of children, provides for their learning a trade, helps those who are already established, follows them by correspondence wherever they may go, supports, as far as possible, the old and sick. In Paris it has its own workshops, where the blind

are taught such trades as making brushes and paper-bags. This last is a new and rising industry, started by the Association in the last two or three years. It has the great advantage of being easily learnt by those who are too old, too stiff-jointed and comparatively helpless for any handiwork that requires ingenuity. M. de la Sizeranne thinks that no blind man or woman need beg for their living, when they can earn 2 f. 50 c. a day by paper-bag making. Quantities of waste paper, sent from all parts of Paris and the provinces, provide the material for the work carried on at two *ateliers*, one at headquarters in the Avenue de Breteuil, the other at 62 Rue Saint-Sauveur. M. François Coppée, in his last year's address, remarked that if M. de la Sizeranne happened to meet Belisarius holding out his helmet for *sous* on the Pont des Arts he would certainly carry him off to the Avenue de Breteuil and teach him to use his sword in cutting up old papers. As for Homer, in like circumstances, he must learn to tune lyres—for blindness and beggary must never again be mentioned in the same breath.

Another society, the objects of which are to a certain extent the same as those of the Association Valentin Haüy, is the Société des Ateliers d'Aveugles, which has its headquarters in the Rue de Jacquier, and a depôt for its manufactures in the Rue de l'Échelle. It was founded in 1881 by a committee, of whom M. Krantz, the senator, was at the head, and Sir Richard Wallace one of the members. Its chief work is the carrying on of a technical day-school in the Rue de Jacquier, where the usual trades—chair, brush, and basket-making—are taught to thirty blind men between the ages of eighteen and forty.

Besides these different schools and societies, whose leading idea is to make the blind independent by teaching them to earn their own living, there are two communities in Paris which, like the Quinze-Vingts, but on more distinctly religious lines, offer a home to the helpless and incurable among them. These are the Frères de Saint-Jean de Dieu and the Sœurs Aveugles de Saint-Paul. An interesting account of each of these great charities may be read in M. Maxime du Camp's book, "La Charité privée à Paris." As far as we know, they are not recognised by the French Government as of "public utility," but the hearts of most French people go out to them, and they are rich in friends if not in worldly goods. The Brothers of Saint-Jean, an old order with a romantic history, have a house in the Rue Lecourbe, founded by M. Augustin Cochin, one of the best Frenchmen who ever lived. There they devote themselves to the nursing and teaching of more than 300 diseased

children, about forty-five of whom are hopelessly blind and too miserable, too ill and helpless, for admission into the great school of the Jeunes Aveugles. But their education is not neglected. Hardly any of them prove incapable of learning music, which is taught here with wonderful success; and a few have left the *asile* to earn their own living as organists and teachers.

Many people in England, no doubt, heard of the Sœurs Aveugles de Saint-Paul for the first time when they read of the fire at the Bazar de la Charité, where two of the Sisters, Sœur Marie-Madeleine and Sœur Sainte-Claire, lost their lives so tragically. These were among the seeing Sisters who form two-thirds of the little community, and Sœur Marie-Madeleine was the dearly-loved and patient teacher of many helpless blind girls, whom she had trained from the vague and ignorant misery of their lives into intelligent activity. The community was founded in 1852 by Anne Bergunion, the first Superior, who had begun her work in 1849 by taking in and teaching a few young girls incurably blind, who had till then no home but the streets. With the help of the excellent Abbé Juge this good work grew and prospered. Now, after many ups and downs, it is established at No. 88 Rue Denfert-Rochereau, in a house that once belonged to Chateaubriand, which, with all its bareness and poverty, has a certain quaint picturesqueness. About twenty of the Sisters are blind; but they take a full share in the works of the community, and manage the printing press, which, besides other varied work, prints the periodicals published by the Association Valentin Haüy. This society is also connected with the Sœurs de Saint-Paul by the brush-making industry for girls which it has established in their house. From eighty to a hundred blind women and children find a home here. The old are nursed and cared for, the young and middle-aged are usefully and happily employed in housework, needlework, knitting, &c.; the children are educated, here again music being a favourite study. Boys and girls alike, the Sisters of Saint-Paul receive them gladly and cry out for more, especially under six years old; for a blind child's training and teaching cannot begin too early.

It is difficult to realise how much thought and intelligence, activity and self-denial, are represented by the different works, with one object, sketched so roughly here. One and all, and one hardly more than another, they seem to echo and to prove the Vicomte de Broc's fine words in the Report he drew up last year for the Association Valentin Haüy, and read at their general meeting: "Donner de l'argent, c'est beaucoup; mais rien ne vaut le don de soi-même."

E. C. PRICE.

JOHN WILSON CROKER.

ACCORDING to the biographer of Lord Macaulay, a person need possess but a very moderate reputation, and have played no exceptional part, in order to have his memoirs written. How comes it, then, it may be asked, that so considerable a personage as Croker was has not had what Carlyle styles "posthumous retribution" paid to him? It is true that a mass of his correspondence has been collected and published under the editorship of his friend the late Mr. Louis J. Jennings; but the biographical thread which connects the letters in those volumes is of the slenderest description, and although "the true life of a man is in his letters," we would fain have a complete biography of the great reviewer, a biography which would for ever dispel the calumnies that grew around his name, and made it in some men's mouths a synonym for all that was base and contemptible. Whether for good or ill, Croker early in life made it a rule never to reply to any attack that was made upon him, no matter how vile or slanderous it might be, but to live it down; and from this rule he never, with one notable exception, deviated. From one point of view this had for him an advantage, for so numerous were the attacks made upon him and the slanders hurled at him, that were he to have replied to them, he would have had his hands so full that he would have found but little time for literature and politics, to both of which his life was devoted. The disadvantage at which his self-imposed rule placed him was the sufficiently obvious one that the slanderer mistook the silent contempt with which he was treated, and was reinforced by various smaller fry, who repeated and spread what they either knew to be false or did not trouble to investigate. Thus we find him variously described as "one of the most murderous critics that ever lived—a veritable assassin, who used pen instead of dagger." "The man who killed Keats by his violent attack on him in the *Quarterly Review*." "The wickedest of reviewers." "A man of low birth and no principles." "A defamer whose path was paved with dead men's bones." "A bad, a very bad man," wrote his enemy Macaulay in his diary, "a scandal to politics and to letters."

That all these statements were at variance with the truth a few facts will go to show. His father, John Croker, was descended from an old Devonshire stock, and held the position of Surveyor-General of the Excise and Customs in Ireland. Edmund Burke described him as "a man of great abilities and most amiable manners, an able and upright public steward, and universally respected and beloved in private life." His mother was the daughter of the Rev. Robert Rathbone, of Galway, and was a lady of culture and refinement. It was in the town of Galway that their son, John Wilson Croker, was born on December 20, 1780. Having a slight stutter, he was early sent to the school of the great elocutionist James Knowles (father of Sheridan Knowles), in Cork; but although an improvement was effected, he never altogether conquered the impediment. From here he was sent to another school in the same city, kept by a French family, with whose language he acquired a great facility. He then was sent to Mr. Willis's school in Portarlington, where at twelve years of age he was "head of the school, *facile princeps* in every branch, and the pride of the masters." So great and retentive was his memory that he had Pope's "Homer" by heart. From Mr. Willis's he went to the more advanced school in the same town presided over by the Rev. Richmond Hood (who in later years became the second Sir Robert Peel's classical tutor), and he then passed to Trinity College, Dublin, where he was entered in November 1796. During his four years' residence there he won a distinguished place among brilliant contemporaries, was conspicuous as a speaker in the Historical Society, and gained several gold medals for essays. He left Trinity (which he later had the honour of representing in Parliament) with a B.A. degree, obtaining that of LL.D. in 1809.

Being destined for the law, he entered himself at Lincoln's Inn in 1800, and for the two following years devoted himself to legal studies. He varied these labours by contributing to periodicals of the day, and collecting a vast mass of literature bearing on the French Revolution, a subject which deeply interested him, and to the study of which in all its aspects he gave so much attention that he came to be considered about the best-informed man in all England regarding it.

He returned to Dublin in 1802, and two years later created a sensation by publishing (anonymously) a sort of imitation of the "Rosciad," entitled "Familiar Epistles to Frederick E. Jones, Esq., on the Present State of the Irish Stage." It was in octosyllabic verse, and although having both point and sparkle, was vastly inferior to

Churchill's masterpiece. Jones was, it may be mentioned, lessee of the Crow Street Theatre, and Dublin society raved about the book. One journal said the author was an "infamous scribbler," while another declared it was evident that he was "a well-educated gentleman." With characteristic coolness, Croker published in the successive editions (it went through five in a year) an abstract of the conflicting praise and abuse lavished upon his book. A few extracts will serve to show the nature of the satire :—

> Next Williams comes—the rude and rough,
> With face most whimsically gruff,
> Aping the careless sons of ocean,
> He scorns each fine and easy motion ;
> Tight to his sides his elbows pins,
> And dabbles with his hands like fins ;
> Would he display the greatest woe,
> He slaps his breast and points his toe ;
> Is merriment to be expressed,
> He points his toe and slaps his breast ;
> His turns are swings—his step a jump—
> His feeling fits—his touch a thump ;
> And violent in all his parts,
> He speaks by gusts and moves by starts.

The acting-manager, Fullam, was thus dealt with :—

> Come, then ! lead on the rear guard, Fullam,
> Who with deputed truncheon rule 'em ;
> And tho' the buffo of the band,
> Tower the second in command
> (Thus, as old comedies record,
> Christopher Sly became a Lord).
> Cheer up ! nor look so plaguy sour—
> I own your merit, feel your power ;
> And from my prudent lips shall flow
> Words as light as flakes of snow,
> For should I vex you, well you might
> Repay't by playing every night,
> And—furnished with most potent engines,
> *Gubbins* or *Scrub*—take ample vengeance.
> But truce to gibing, let's be fair—
> Fullam's a very pleasant player ;
> In knavish craft and testy age,
> Sly mirth and impotence of rage,
> He's still, though often harsh and mean,
> The evenest actor of our scene.

Montague Talbot, famous in light comedy parts, was highly praised :—

> He reigns o'er comedy supreme—
> By art and nature chastely fit
> To play the gentleman or wit :

Not Harris's or Colman's boards,
Nor all that Drury Lane affords,
Can paint the rakish *Charles* so well,
Or give such life to *Mirabel*,
Or show for light and airy sport
So exquisite a *Doricourt*.

The phenomenal success of this book induced him to publish another, and in 1805 appeared "An Intercepted Letter from J—— T——, Esq., written at Canton, to his friend in Dublin." This was a vigorous satire on Dublin city, and recalls to mind Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," which, however, lives, while Croker's work, having run through seven editions in twelve months, is utterly forgotten.

These, however, were but the recreations of a busy man, for, having been called to the Irish Bar in 1802, he joined the Munster circuit, and soon enjoyed a considerable practice, which was in a measure due to the important position held by his father. This brought him into contact with O'Connell, with whom he had, as he told his friend Charles Phillips,[1] a "sharp encounter of wits" at their very first meeting; but no ill-will followed, and when they met some years afterwards in London they greeted each other cordially.

In 1806 he married Miss Rosamond Pennell, daughter of William Pennell, afterwards for many years British Consul at the Brazils. This marriage was the happiest event in his life, and they lived to celebrate their golden wedding just a year before he died. In a letter to a friend, written shortly after his marriage, he thus describes his wife, who was his junior by nine years:—

Don't indulge yourself in fancying my dear wife to be one of those fine and feathered ladies who have a little learning, a little language, a little talent, and a great deal of self-opinion. She is nothing like this. She has none of what Sir Hugh Evans calls "affectations, fribbles and frabbles." She is a kind, even-tempered, well-judging girl, who can admire beauty and value talent without pretending to either, and whose object is rather to make home happy than splendid, and her husband contented than vain. In truth, she is all goodness, but for literary tastes she has, as yet, none, and her indifference on this point becomes her so well that I can hardly wish for a change.

He now turned his attention to active politics, and on the collapse of the "Ministry of all the Talents" he stood for Downpatrick, and was elected. Thus early he advocated the Catholic claims for

[1] Author of *Recollections of Curran*. When Phillips was writing this book he wrote to Croker for reminiscences of the great Irish orator and advocate. Croker replied: "I have never, even in my youth, been able to *sit down to remember*. Conversation breaks through the surface that time spreads over events, and turns up anecdotes, as the plough sometimes does old coins."

Emancipation, which at the general election in 1810 cost him his seat for Downpatrick; but he was returned for Athlone. He advocated similar views in his "Sketch of Ireland Past and Present," published in 1807. This was a brilliant success, speedily going through twenty editions, and, remarkable to relate, seventy-seven years afterwards (*i.e.* in 1884) its lustre was found sufficiently undimmed to justify its republication.

This sketch contains a fine passage on the character of Swift, which Sir Walter Scott copied when he came to write his memoir of the immortal dean. It is worth while quoting it:—

> On this gloom one luminary rose, and Ireland worshipped it with Persian idolatry, her true patriot—her first—almost her last. Sagacious and intrepid, he saw—he dared; above suspicion, he was trusted; above envy, he was beloved; above rivalry, he was obeyed. His wisdom was practical and prophetic—remedial for the present, warning for the future. He first taught Ireland that she might become a nation, and England that she must cease to be a despot. But he was a Churchman; his gown entangled his course and impeded his efforts. Guiding a senate, or heading an army, he had been more than Cromwell, and Ireland not less than England. As it was, he saved her by his courage, improved her by his authority, adorned her by his talents, and exalted her by his fame. His mission was but of ten years, and for ten years only did his personal power mitigate the Government; but though no longer feared by the great, he was not forgotten by the wise; his influence, like his writings, has survived a century; and the foundations of whatever prosperity we have since erected are laid in the disinterested and magnanimous patriotism of Swift.

On the night that he first took his seat in the House of Commons he made his maiden speech. Something which had fallen from the lips of no less a person than Grattan on the state of Ireland stimulated him into replying, and notwithstanding that he spoke after so illustrious an orator, his speech elicited warm commendation, and was the means of his becoming acquainted with Canning, who asked to be introduced to him, and together they walked home to his lodgings. This acquaintance ripened into friendship, which ended only with Canning's death. It may not be out of place here to mention that amongst several poems which Croker published, and which are not devoid of merit, his lines on the death of Canning are considered very fine.

Among the many able speeches which the famous Duke of York case called forth, none were better or more effective than Croker's, who had in a short time made quite a name for himself in parliamentary debate, and was a formidable opponent, as Macaulay afterwards found out, and grew to hate him for it.

With the outbreak of the Peninsular War came the necessity for Sir Arthur Wellesley (afterwards Duke of Wellington) to take up the

command, and as he was at the time Secretary of State for Ireland, Croker was recommended to him by Perceval as the most competent man to look after the duties of the office. So well did he discharge the duties imposed upon him that when, in 1809, on the reconstruction of the Cabinet consequent upon the duel between Canning and Castlereagh, Perceval became Premier, he appointed Croker Secretary to the Admiralty. At first Croker hesitated about abandoning his profession, which was now yielding him a fair income, but as he was pressed to accept the position (to which was attached a salary of £3,500 a year) he consented, and held the secretaryship for twenty-one years, retiring in 1830 with a pension of £1,500 a year, having in the meantime been made a Privy Councillor. His tenure of office at the Admiralty was memorable in the history of that department. Gifted with a quick eye, marvellous powers of mastering details, and untiring industry (he used to be at his desk at nine in the morning, often working until four or five in the evening), he kept affairs in a state of efficiency not common in those days. Within a month from his accepting the office he felt constrained to resign, being unable to gloss over a series of defalcations discovered in his department in the accounts of one of the King's personal friends. His resignation was not accepted, and his reasons for tendering it being inquired into, none more highly appreciated his zeal and rectitude in the public service than George III. himself.

These twenty-one years during which he was at the Admiralty were also the busiest in his literary life. He had shared the councils of Sir Walter Scott, Canning, and George Ellis in arranging for the establishment of the *Quarterly Review* in February 1809. His first article was a review of Miss Edgeworth's "Tales of Fashionable Life," and it appeared in the third number. He did not contribute to it again until the tenth number, in 1811, but from that until 1854, except for an interval in 1826 and 1831, scarcely a number appeared without one or more papers from his pen. In all he wrote for it upwards of two hundred and sixty articles.

During those forty-three years innumerable books came before him for review, and very many he most undoubtedly severely handled; but in no instance did he adversely criticise any work that on its merits (or demerits, rather) did not deserve it. The reviews of the *Quarterly* were so severe, and so numerous were Croker's contributions to it, that it is not to be wondered that he sometimes incurred odium for scathing articles that were not from his pen. For instance, Gifford, its editor, hated Leigh Hunt, and he abused Keats because he was his friend, and Croker had this article ascribed to him.

When occasion or friendship called for it Croker could be silent. Thus, when Alison brought out his "History of Europe," which, as everybody knows, is not remarkable for its unvarying accuracy or breadth of view, Lockhart (who had succeeded to the editorship on the death of Gifford, in 1826) asked Croker to deal mercifully with it, as its author was a near neighbour and friend of his. Croker, finding that he could not conscientiously praise it, abstained altogether from reviewing it. In the light of this fact, it is rather amusing to find Alison (in a letter to a friend) complaining of "the want of kindness on the part of the editor of the *Quarterly* in neglecting his work."

Like W. S. Gilbert's "King Gama," Croker "could tell a woman's age in half a minute—and he did," and by the term "female Methusaleh" so enraged Lady Morgan that she vowed she would put him in her next book, which she did as "Crawley" in "Florence MacCarthy." *A propos* of this, Peel, who was then in Dublin, wrote to Croker:—

> Lady Morgan vows vengeance against you as the supposed author of the article in the *Quarterly*.[1] You are to be *the hero* of some novel of which she is about to be delivered. One of her warm friends has been trying to extract *from me* whether you are the author of this obnoxious article or not; but I disclaimed all knowledge, and only did not deny that it was to be attributed to you because I thought you would be indifferent to Lady Morgan's hostility.

The shaft, as far as Croker was concerned, missed its mark, for he never read any of her novels, though it is not true that he ever boasted that he never read a novel in his life; for he told Charles Phillips that he had Scott's novels almost by heart, and that he dated his distaste for novel reading to Theodore Hook's "Gilbert Gurney," which, from knowing its author, he tried to read, but gave up the attempt after two or three efforts. In this way he missed Disraeli's "Coningsby," in which, under the transparent fiction of "Rigby," Croker is caricatured with Disraelian mercilessness.

Sir Robert Peel, whose letter has just been quoted, was, from 1812, when he became Irish Secretary, down to the period of his Corn Law measures, Croker's intimate friend, and was godfather to his only child, a son born January 31, 1817. This child, christened Spencer Perceval, was the joy and the hope of his parents during his short life: he only lived three years, dying May 15, 1820. The blow was a severe one to Croker, and the grief to which he at first gave way unnerved him, and gave a colour to his whole later life. It was only the fear of mischief to health of mind and body that kept him from resigning his office, for he feared to be idle and unemployed; and although he continued to prosecute his literary labours,

[1] A review of her *France*.

the chief incentive to exertion was gone—all his hopes were buried with his son. While his grief was still fresh upon him he wrote the following lines to be inscribed upon the tombstone when he himself and his wife [1] should be laid to rest:—

> Oh, pity us, who lost, when Spencer died,
> Our child, our hope, our pleasure, and our pride,
> In whom we saw, or fancied, all such youth
> Could show of talents, tenderness, and truth,
> And hoped to other eyes his ripened powers
> Would keep the promise they had made to ours.
> But God a different, better growth has given—
> The seed we planted here now blooms in Heaven.

A poignant sorrow, when it does not chasten, often embitters, and the death of his son did nothing to diminish the acid which not infrequently ran through his writings.

It was about this time that the Earl of Yarmouth, afterwards the third Marquis of Hertford, became intimate with Croker, and formed so high an opinion of his abilities, shrewdness, and sound common sense, that from seeking his advice and assistance on matters of business, he eventually entrusted to him the entire management of his estates and business affairs generally, his almost constant residence abroad rendering this peculiarly convenient to him. For this Croker accepted no salary or remuneration of any kind; but in his will the marquis bequeathed him his cellar of wine and £21,000. His position in the house of this nobleman laid him open to some imputations, the truth or falsehood of which a complete biography can alone clear up. It did not affect his social position in the slightest degree, although it afforded Disraeli the opportunity for the caricature already mentioned, and furnished Thackeray with material for a more delicately drawn but equally untrue portrait.

Croker's position in the world of letters was now a most important one. His long connection with the *Quarterly Review* had brought him into relation with the literary lights of the day, who numbered him amongst their friends. "He was," says Sir Theodore Martin, "the friend and confidant of many of the best and ablest men of his time; a pattern of sincerity, consistency, devoted loyalty, and unselfishness." Sir Walter Scott, who was associated with him on the *Review*, gave him most cordial assistance with his "Boswell's Johnson" (of which more anon), and owed the idea of his "Tales of a Grandfather" to the "Stories from the History of England," which Croker wrote for an adopted daughter.

[1] She survived him three years, and died November 7, 1860.

When Southey brought out his immortal "Life of Nelson," he took occasion to dedicate it to Croker, "who," he wrote, "by the official situation which he so ably fills, is qualified to appreciate its historical accuracy, and who, as a member of the Republic of Letters is equally qualified to decide upon its literary merits."

And Mr. John Murray did not hesitate to offer him 2,500 guineas for a "History of the French Revolution," a work which Croker had often meditated, but never found leisure to finish. However, his numerous scattered essays on the subject, which, as has been mentioned, was a special one with him, were collected and published. There is no need to enumerate the many works which he wrote and edited, most of which are of great historical value, or to more than refer to several translations of important works by foreign authors, but his great work—the one on which his chief claim to literary recollection rests—is his edition of "Boswell's Johnson," which he brought out in 1831.

The idea of this book had for a long time occupied his mind, and he first proposed it to Mr. Murray in a conversation he had with him on January 8, 1829, and then more fully explained in a letter written to him the next day:—

> As Dr. Johnson himself said of the *Spectator*, a thousand things which everybody knew at the time have, in the lapse of years, become so obscure as to require annotation. It is a pity that Malone did not apply himself to this line of explanation—*he* could have done with little trouble what will cost a great deal to any man now living. I know not whether there is any man who could now hope to do it well; but I am also satisfied that I should, *at this day*, do it better than any man, however clever or well-informed, will be able to do it twenty years hence. . . .
>
> If, however, there be any of your literary friends whose greater leisure or better information would enable him to do the work earlier or more satisfactorily, you are quite at liberty to make use of my hints and employ him to carry them into effect. I shall be glad to see the thing done, but I have no great desire to be the *doer*. So you are quite at liberty on that point.

Murray at once replied, offering him 1,000 guineas for the work. There is no doubt that he was probably the only man then living who was capable of doing it, for his knowledge of the political and social history of Johnson's time was perhaps second to none, and, besides, he knew the most celebrated survivors of the generation which could remember Johnson and Boswell; and his social position enabled him to prosecute his researches in every direction. The work cost him two years of laborious and painstaking research, and that, undeniable faults apart, he did it well is attested by the fact that his successors have been able to add but little to what he has done.

That he was engaged on it was of course well known in the literary world, and so bitter was the feeling of Macaulay towards him, that he expressed his determination to destroy it if he could. In the House of Commons passages of arms between the two were frequent and fierce, and not always was the victory with Macaulay. Impartial critics declare that Croker was often more than a match for his opponent, as he certainly was on the occasion of the Reform Bill debate, when, in an elaborately prepared speech, Macaulay attacked the House of Lords, pointing to the downfall of the French nobility as a warning of what might result from a want of sympathy with the people. Croker in reply pointed out the baselessness of the analogy (the passage is really eloquent, but too long to quote), and contemptuously referred to "vague generalities, handled with that brilliant imagination which tickles the ear and amuses the fancy without satisfying the reason."

It is quite clear from Macaulay's own letters that, from being irritated with Croker, he grew to hate him. "See whether I do not dust that varlet's jacket for him in the next number of the 'Blue and Yellow.' I detest him," he wrote in July 1831; and again he wrote to Macvey Napier,[1] "I will certainly review Croker's 'Boswell' when it comes out." In September the "review" appeared, and opened with several pages of abuse of Croker "which" said the *Athenæum* of May 17, 1856, "reads in our calmer days so much bad taste and bad feeling." Macaulay, however, gloried in his achievement, and went about declaring that he had "smashed the book." This was hardly true, however, as upwards of 60,000 copies were sold.

Croker would not condescend to reply to his assailant, or to refute his charges of inaccuracy, but his friend John Gibson Lockhart did it for him in one of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ"; and his detailed answers to Macaulay's charges were so conclusive that they were subsequently reprinted along with the charges in the later editions of the work. This refutation further angered Macaulay, who had cultivated his animosity until it became a morbid passion. He again attacked Croker for "literary incapacity," inaccurate writing,"[2] and

[1] Then editor of the *Edinburgh Review.*

[2] In this connection it should be noted that when Macaulay's Essay on Warren Hastings first appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* it contained the startling statement that "it would be unfair to estimate Goldsmith's true powers by such a pot-boiling piece of drudgery as the *Vicar of Wakefield.*" His attention having been drawn to the singular ineptness of this criticism, he changed it in the collected edition of his Essays to the very different opinion that "it would be unjust to estimate Goldsmith by the *History of Greece.*"

"slender faculties." It is little to the point in Macaulay's defence that he was, as he himself admitted, "addicted to saying a thousand wild and inaccurate things, and employing exaggerated expressions about persons and events." This does not excuse or cover entries made in a diary. The truth is, he was himself a living illustration of his own saying, "How extravagantly unjust party spirit makes men!" How paltry was the spirit which actuated him may be seen from his describing as a "new cant word" the term "Conservative," which, in an article in the *Quarterly* in January 1830, Croker had used for the first time towards the Tory party.

It is refreshing to turn from this acrimony to pleasanter episodes in Croker's life. When Crofton Croker (of "Fairy Legends" fame) migrated from the Irish Athens to the modern Babylon, the Secretary to the Admiralty, to whom he bore a letter of introduction from Tom Moore, appointed him to a clerkship in his department, which he held for nearly thirty years, retiring in 1850 with a pension. It was at his instance that his friend Peel came to Maginn's assistance when misfortunes had encompassed that reckless genius. And Thackeray, always a child-lover, was quite touched on one occasion when he learned how Croker had had the school-children in his neighbourhood over to his house for a Saturday to Monday holiday. "They'll destroy your flower-beds and upset my inkstands," said Croker to his wife; "but we can help them more than they can hurt us."

Literary men will not think unkindly of him for having founded the Athenæum Club; and the acquisition of the Elgin marbles for the British Museum must always redound to his credit.

Having, after twenty-one years at the Admiralty, retired from the secretaryship, he likewise retired from Parliament on the passing, in 1832, of the Reform Bill, which he had strenuously and consistently opposed, finding himself, as he said, "unable spontaneously to take an active share in a system which must subvert the Church, the peerage, and the throne—in one word, the Constitution of England."

Although pressed by Peel to re-enter Parliament and take office under him when he came into power in 1834, he adhered to his determination, but gave him his full and cordial support in the pages of the *Quarterly Review*. It was under Peel's direct inspiration that he wrote the long series of Protection articles in that review during the Corn Law agitation, and when, from having placed himself in a false position, the Minister found that he had to destroy the system which he had been returned to power to preserve, Croker was perfectly consistent in maintaining his own position, and for this he has been charged with "leaving the munificent hospitality of Drayton

Manor, only to cut up his host in a political article." "Calumniate boldly," it has been said, "for some of it will stick," and truly Croker had more than his share of misrepresentation. Peel was merely the victim of circumstances which he had to a great extent created for himself, and Croker's high sense of duty would not permit him to abandon principles which he had thus far vigorously and consistently upheld. The friendship which had existed between these two men for upwards of thirty years was now broken, and its severance caused considerable pain to Croker, who wrote to Peel a letter which can only be described as affectionate; but Peel was bitter, and replied coldly. They never met again.

Another and still more painful episode in Croker's life had yet to come. His friend Moore, whose acquaintance he first made when, as a boy of sixteen, he went to Trinity College, died in the spring of 1852. To Lord John Russell, whose friendship Moore had enjoyed almost from the time he went to London, he bequeathed the task of editing his "Memoirs, Journals, and Correspondence." Now, Maginn in his portrait of Russell in *Fraser's Magazine* accurately described him as a compound of "pride, pertinacity, and frigidity, with a taste for attempting departments of literature foreign to his nature." When we add that he was strangely oblivious of the truth of Pascal's saying that "if everybody knew what one says of the other, there would not be four friends left in the world," it is not surprising that his performance displayed evidences of defective judgment, not to say bad taste.

When the book appeared Croker learned for the first time that his friend, "the poet of all circles and the idol of his own," had been slandering him in his letters and in his diary, the while he had been asking and receiving favours at his hands. This was too much for Croker, who had disdainfully borne the attacks and the calumnies of his enemies, but could not silently suffer this stab in the back. He indignantly repelled the charges brought against him, not so much for what had been published, but that Lord John Russell had made the *suggestio falsi* that there was more behind, but so damaging that he dare not publish it. Croker deliberately challenged him to publish anything more, stating his firm disbelief that there was anything reserved half so vile as had been given to the world. The controversy which ensued was exceedingly bitter, and resulted in the complete triumph and vindication of Croker, who was deeply grieved at the pain which, through the *mala fides* of the biographer, had been inflicted on the poet's widow.

"By his warmth of declamation," said Lord John Russell, "and

by his elaborate working out of details, he was a formidable adversary."

The life of a writer has been said to be a warfare upon earth, and Croker's experience was largely in support of the proposition. From his first appearance in literature to his last he was the object of unjust and unsparing attack. Political differences largely accounted for this, as did also the fact that he was frequently on the winning side. "His sarcastic sallies," said the *Quarterly Review*, writing of him some years after his death, "and pungent wit made him many enemies . . . but it is not to be endured that the authority of Macaulay should be evoked in order to support false and railing accusations against the private life of a writer who for fifty years rendered important services to letters and to literary men."

His alleged sins of criticism in the *Quarterly* were not more grievous than those of the "Blue and Yellow,"[1] many of the criticisms in which have been food for the mirth of a later generation. As a critic, Croker was perhaps somewhat *borné*, but as an active political life hardly conduces to the soundest judgment on literary subjects, this would be his misfortune, and not his fault. He reviewed "Waverley" in the *Quarterly* for July 1814, and "Guy Mannering" the following January, and also "The Antiquary" when it appeared a year later; and each of these reviews was full of warm yet judicious praise. This may seem little at this late day, but it must be borne in mind that these immortal works appeared anonymously, and had to be judged solely on their merits, to which not all critics were equally alive. "When the reputation of authors is made," says Sainte-Beuve, "it is easy to speak of them *convenablement*: we have only to guide ourselves by the common opinion. But at the start, at the moment when they are trying their first flight, and are in part ignorant of themselves, then to judge them with tact, with precision, not to exaggerate their scope, to predict their flight, or divine their limits, to put the reasonable objections in the midst of all due respect—this is the quality of a critic who is born to be a critic."

In criticising a poet he would

> Insist on knowing what he means—a hard
> And hapless situation for a bard;

and although, as has been shown, he was not the writer of the article on Keats, the poetry of the school to which Keats belonged was especially distasteful to him. The fondness which he had shown when a boy for the poetry of Pope grew into admiration as his

[1] i.e. *The Edinburgh Review.*

judgment ripened, and the task which he set himself in his old age was a collected edition of this poet's works. the notes for which he was engaged upon up to the day of his death.

His judgments on literary and political matters, even after his retirement from parliament and public life, had great influence. As a politician he was always at least consistent, and Irishmen especially should remember that he advocated the Catholic claims nearly a quarter of a century before the passing of the Emancipation Act by a Government of which he was a member. He sometimes held extreme views, and supported them with vigour, and occasionally with bitterness. Had he imparted less of a certain arrogance of tone into his speeches, he might have made fewer enemies; and his manner towards strangers or those who did not know him certainly savoured of harshness; but, as was said of Dr. Johnson, there was "nothing of the bear about him except the skin."

As depicted by Maclise in *Fraser's Magazine*, he is shown to have had a fine, intellectual head of the type of Canning, with a kindly and slightly melancholy expression of face. The same impression is conveyed by the fine portrait of him painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and when we add that he was slightly under the middle height, slender, and well knit, the reader has a faithful presentation of the outward appearance of this most remarkable and much maligned man. Forty years have passed away since he died, on August 10, 1857. Let us hope that we may not have to wait many more years for that complete biography which all who love justice will be glad to see; for calumny need only fear the truth. Let us also hope that his biographer, whoever he may be, will approach his subject in the right spirit, and will "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

P. A. SILLARD.

OXFORD.

PASSING in review the annals of Oxford during the many centuries in which that town has played an important part in the affairs of the nation, the point most conspicuously seen will be that the chronicle contains not one narrative, but two—the story of a City and the story of a University. The early days of Oxford as a City are lost in the obscurity of the past. In the eleventh century, however, the town had acquired no slight prominence, as is shown by the fact that the Danes thought it worth their while to journey from London to attack it. In the "Domesday Survey" we find recorded the existence of 243 houses paying "geld," besides 478 houses paying no "geld." By the time of the Conquest, therefore, the City of Oxford may fairly be said to have outgrown the throes of its infancy, and to have become a definite centre of human activity.

It is at this period that we first encounter the name of Robert d'Oilgi. Settling in Oxford, he erected the Castle, and thus introduced into the life of the neighbourhood a strong military element. He seems to have been of a very acquisitive disposition, and on one occasion he seized a field belonging to a monastery, but this augmentation of his property being followed by a particularly unpleasant dream, he decided that a change in his course of action would be advisable. Accordingly, he restored the field to the monastery, and set to work to gain the goodwill of the Church. Among other noteworthy works, he built (or, according to some authorities, merely restored) the tower of St. Michael's Church. This tower is still standing, and is now one of the oldest buildings in Oxford: it was certainly built before the beginning of the twelfth century. Although attached to a church, its purpose was military rather than religious, and the arrows shot from its windows must have been an excellent protection to the great North Gate of the city.

The good work initiated by Robert d'Oilgi was carried on after his death by his nephew and namesake. It was this second Robert d'Oilgi who built the Priory of Osney, famed throughout the whole of monastic Europe for its luxury and its magnificence. The story

of the foundation of Osney furnishes a quaint illustration of human nature. Robert's wife, Edith, was walking one day by the river with her confessor, Ralph, when she heard some magpies chattering on a tree. She asked Ralph, who was supposed to understand the language of birds, what the magpies were talking about. He told her that they were souls in purgatory, and with wily arguments suggested that she should found a monastery where intercession might be made for them. Edith thereupon persuaded her husband to build Osney Priory. One feels no surprise at learning that Ralph was appointed Prior. Under Henry VIII. the Priory became for a time the Cathedral of a new diocese formed by a division of the See of Lincoln; but it did not long enjoy this distinction, which was speedily transferred to the present Cathedral. Alas, that of all the glories of Osney nothing now remains save a few yards of ruined wall, and the Christ Church bells! Great Tom once sounded from the Western Tower of Osney; but Tom was "renatus," as his own inscription informs us, in 1680.

Oxford has ever been a home favoured of the Goddess of Romance, and in 1141 we find an Empress playing a part in the drama—a drama that was almost a tragedy. King Stephen was then at war with his cousin, the Empress Maud, and, having driven her from London, he besieged her in Oxford Castle. Stephen himself occupied Beaumont Palace, built by Henry II., just outside the north wall of the city, and from there he kept close watch on the Castle for ten weeks in the depth of winter. The food in the Castle failed, and the Empress and her garrison were reduced to a state bordering on starvation. The cold was intense, the river frozen, and the country covered with snow. Surrender at last seemed inevitable. But the frost which had borne so hardly on the beleaguered warriors stood the Empress in good stead. One night, clad in white that she might attract no notice against the snow, she was lowered stealthily from the Castle walls, and, accompanied by only three trusty cavaliers, she crossed the frozen river. How easily imagination sees that midnight flight from Oxford—the four figures creeping, gliding, hurrying across the snowy fields, clinging closely to the shadow of the hedges, startled by each trivial noise, and with ears astrain to catch the first whisper of pursuit. But Oxford slept on, unconscious of the night's adventure, and when, next day, the Castle surrendered to Stephen, the Empress had reached the comparative safety of Wallingford. Such are a few of the incidents in the city's early history.

Concerning the origin of the University numerous conjectures

have been rife. A well-known legend is that which attributes its birth to the foundation of University College by King Alfred in the year 872. This theory has been proved to be absolutely fictitious, despite the fact that University College celebrated its "millenary" in 1872! The two earliest references to the Alfred myth are to be found in the "Proloconycon," written by Ralph, a monk of Chester, in 1357, and in a petition presented by the College to King Richard II. As a matter of fact, University College cannot claim for itself any corporate existence prior to the thirteenth century.

One of the earliest known facts connected with academic Oxford dates from the year 1129, when Theobald of Etampes resided there, and exercised control over sixty or more students. It was still early in the twelfth century when Robert Pullein came to Oxford to lecture on theology; and a few years later he was followed by Vacarius, who took as his subject Roman law. The student population steadily increased until the beginning of the thirteenth century, when, according to Matthew Paris, there were 3,000 scholars in Oxford.

In the middle of the thirteenth century we see traces of an attempt at systematic arrangement in the scholastic life of Oxford. In School Street there were more than thirty lecture-rooms, devoted to astronomy, theology, law, and other studies. The students lived for the most part in private lodgings, known as "hostels" or "entries." Sometimes a number of students would club together to rent a whole house, and would live in common, appointing the senior student as responsible head of the establishment. In the course of time these houses of students developed into licensed "halls," and the senior student assumed the title of "principal." There was no examination for admission to the schools, the matriculation ceremony being merely an oath to keep the peace. The acquisition of learning was no easy matter. Books existed only in the form of costly manuscripts, and even these were few and difficult of access. Lectures afforded almost the sole means of instruction. Most of the students were poor, and some even had to beg each mile of their road to Oxford.

The most important event of this epoch was undoubtedly the rise of the College system. In 1249 William of Durham bequeathed a sum of 310 marks "to the University of Oxford," for the support of ten Masters of Arts, who were to be natives of Durham. It was not, however, until 1292 that the work sustained by this fund was consolidated into "the Great Hall of the University," afterwards known as University College. The present buildings of the college date only from the seventeenth century.

Balliol College owes its creation to a very different cause. It seems that in 1260 John de Balliol committed some outrage against the churches at Tynemouth and Durham. As part of the penalty of his wrong-doing he was condemned to a public scourging. To escape this disgrace he founded Balliol College, the work being carried on after his death by his widow, Devorguilla, whose share in the task is commemorated by the linked shields still borne by the college as Arms.

But, important as were the endowment of University College and the establishment of Balliol, a far more noteworthy achievement was inaugurated in 1264, for in that year was issued the celebrated Foundation Charter of Merton. This charter incorporated the scholars maintained by Walter de Merton, at Malden in Surrey, into a distinct and organised institution, which was placed under the care of a Warden, estates being assigned to it to provide for twenty students at Oxford. Ten years later Walter de Merton removed the entire settlement from Malden to Oxford, where he founded Merton College on its present site, utilising the parish church of St. John as a college chapel. The founder's primary object appears to have been to promote a system of education which should be entirely free from monastic interference. No monk or friar was to be allowed a place on the foundation, and the taking of vows was prohibited. Each student was to be apportioned a shilling a week for his board, and was to wear a special kind of uniform. In study, philosophy was to take precedence of theology. The original chapel of the college remains to this day, the choir being a fine example of thirteenth century architecture.

Whilst University, Balliol, and Merton Colleges were in process of formation, the builders were not idle in other directions. Chief among the work they had in hand was the erection of the church of St. Mary-the-Virgin, the University Church of Oxford. This church was for a long time the only building available for the transaction of University business. Here meetings were held, degrees conferred, and statutes promulgated. Here, too, were kept, until the fifteenth century, the very few books that constituted the University's apology for a library.

The fourteenth century was a period of even greater activity than its predecessor. It was during the first half of this century that the colleges of Exeter, Oriel, and Queen's were founded. Although the aggregation of students into colleges rendered it more easy for the authorities to enforce discipline and order, yet we still find a spirit of lawlessness pervading the daily life of the scholars. Riots were of

frequent occurrence, but the greatest and most memorable of these was that of St. Scholastica's Day (February 10), 1354. On that day Walter de Springheuse, rector of Hamedon, together with some of his friends, visited the Swyndlestock Inn at Carfax, in the centre of the city. They found fault with the wine, and threw the tankard at the landlord's head. Blows were exchanged, and a few minutes later the bell of St. Martin's Church summoned the townsmen to battle against the University. The members of the University were then collected in the usual manner, by ringing the bell of St. Mary's Church. A serious conflict ensued, the weapons being bows and arrows, sticks, clubs, and stones. The fight continued until nightfall, without any marked advantage being gained by either side. Next morning hostilities were recommenced by the Town. The University held its own during the day, but in the evening the students were defeated and forced to retire, about forty of their number being killed. Of the latter many were scalped by the Town, which, in the hour of its victory, resorted to barbarities almost incredible. But retribution was swift and sure. The Sheriff was removed from office, while the Mayor and the Bailiffs were sent to the Tower of London. The University was given enlarged authority over the city, and its privileges expanded to such an extent that a hundred years later the city was absolutely under its control.

The years that followed the outbreak on St. Scholastica's Day were a time of exceptional success for the University. The most lasting monument of this period is, without question, the foundation of New College by William of Wykeham. Provision was made for seventy scholars, all of whom were to have been educated previously at the College at Winchester. These scholars were, moreover, to be poor, and under twenty years of age. They were to study civil law, canon law, theology, philosophy, astronomy, or medicine. The rules of the college were very strict in their prohibition of games and sports, the injunction extending to the use of bows and arrows, stones, or other weapons, to gambling, and to "dancing, wrestling, or other incautious or inordinate games in chapel!"

Of the first seven Oxford colleges none was in any sense of the term a monastic institution, a fact not without significance when one considers the circumstances of the age. Another point to be noticed about these colleges is that their members were exclusively of the classes technically known as "scholars" and "fellows." The admission of "commoners"—the technical name for undergraduates not assisted by the college funds—was a much later innovation. Although the students were now more comfortably housed, the

conditions of daily life were still unsophisticated. Men rose at five o'clock in the morning, dined at eleven, and supped at five o'clock in the afternoon, while at eight o'clock in the evening the college gates were locked for the night. Lectures commenced at nine o'clock in the morning, the lecturer wearing a black gown with a hood, and the students standing during the discourse. The administration of discipline was vested entirely in the hands of the Chancellor of the University, who could excommunicate, banish from Oxford, fine, or imprison, any offender. The Chancellor's Court was held either at his own house or in St. Mary's Church. Jurisdiction over the Town was shared between the Chancellor and the Mayor.

The vigour of the fourteenth century was succeeded, in the fifteenth century, by a period of decided retrogression. The resident members of the University decreased in number to less than a thousand. These were for the most part drawn from the very poorest classes, and begging became such a nuisance that Parliament passed a statute restraining students from soliciting alms on the highways without a special licence from the Chancellor. The foremost studies were logic, rhetoric, philosophy, theology, and law. An eloquent testimony to the unsettled state of the University is to be found in the fact that three fellows of Oriel were complained of for parading the streets at night, robbing, wounding, and even murdering those whom they encountered.

But the stagnation and corruption were not so supreme as some writers would have us believe; for it is to the fifteenth century that we owe the inception of those two great efforts, the Divinity School and the University Library. The Divinity School is still standing, and, despite the diversity of scenes which it has witnessed, very little alteration has been made in it since it was opened in 1480. It is certainly one of the most beautiful rooms in England. The stone roof is a wonderful example of groining, and the heraldic bosses adorning it are exceptionally interesting. The windows were at one time filled with stained glass, but this was destroyed by the Puritans under Edward VI., the entrance to the building being then used as a pig-market. Late in the seventeenth century the Divinity School was restored by Sir Christopher Wren.

During the building of the Divinity School, Duke Humphry of Gloucester presented his collection of six hundred manuscripts to the University, the books being housed in a room specially built for them over the Divinity School. Among the manuscripts were copies of Livy, Seneca, Apuleius, Petrarch, Dante, Boccaccio, and a translation of Aristotle.

While one set of masons was busy upon the Divinity School, another set, not 200 yards distant, was engaged in rebuilding the Church of St. Mary-the-Virgin. This church was still the scene of a very large number of academic functions: in fact, it was used far more frequently for secular than for religious purposes. Thus, to the sound of hammer and chisel, passed the closing years of the fifteenth century.

Early in the sixteenth century a change took place in the nature of the studies pursued at Oxford. The initiative was due to Richard Fox, Bishop of Winchester, who founded Corpus Christi College, and endowed readerships in Latin and Greek for the benefit of the whole University. Until this time classical learning had been almost unrecognised at Oxford. Latin was, of course, in use colloquially for certain scholastic purposes; but it does not appear to have been studied with any special regard to its literature. Greek had hitherto been practically an unknown tongue.

Two years after the foundation of Corpus, Oxford received a visit from Cardinal Wolsey and Catharine of Aragon. The University, with much foresight and diplomacy, surrendered its charters to Wolsey, who persuaded the King to grant fresh charters embodying yet more extensive powers. One of the new clauses provided that there should be no appeal from any judgment passed by the Chancellor of the University, "whether it be just or unjust."

Wolsey was in all things a man of boundless energy and gorgeous ideas. His plans for Cardinal College, to be founded by himself, were magnificent; but his sudden downfall brought the work to a standstill. Some years later the College was definitely established by Henry VIII., and then received the name of Christ Church.

After the death of Henry VIII. there ensued an era of darkness and devastation. The Royal Commission, or "Visitors," of Edward VI. arrived in Oxford, armed with an authority which was virtually without limitation. Altars, images, statues, and organs were demolished with ruthless hands. Works of art which had occupied years of genius and of labour in the making were annihilated in an hour. Libraries were pillaged, and nearly every book containing geometrical figures, rubricated letters, or illuminated title-pages, was burnt as popish or impious. Duke Humphry's library was scattered or extirpated so completely that only two of the manuscripts are known with certainty to have found their way back to the present library. The climax of the Visitation, the effort which, above all others, it is perhaps most difficult to forgive, was the destruction of the splendid reredos in the Chapel of All Souls

College. So disheartened were the college authorities that the structure remained in its wrecked condition for more than a century. Under Charles II. the whole was covered with plaster, on which was afterwards painted a fifth-rate fresco. With the lapse of a few generations the very existence of the reredos passed from men's memories. In 1870 some workmen happened to knock a hole in the plaster, and found behind it the ruins of the old carved stone-work. The plaster was then entirely removed, and the present reredos constructed on the model of the original. The reconstruction was carried out under the direction of Sir Gilbert Scott. As it now stands it is said by many critics to be the finest example of its kind in England.

In 1554 Oxford was called upon to witness the martyrdom of Ridley and Latimer. The place of execution was just in front of Balliol College, and the sermon at the stake was preached by Dr. Richard Smith, on the text: "Though I give my body to be burned and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

On the same spot, a few months later, followed the martyrdom of Archbishop Cranmer. Immediately before his execution he was brought to the nave of St. Mary's Church, and here he made his unexpected and famous withdrawal of his previous recantation. He was then hurried away to the stake. The iron girdle placed around his waist, together with a part of the actual stake, is still to be seen in the University Museum. The exact site of the martyrdom is now indicated by a small stone cross inlaid in the pavement in Broad Street. The event is further commemorated by the Martyrs' Memorial—a beautiful monument, designed by Sir Gilbert Scott on the model of the Eleanor crosses. The memorial was erected, amid considerable opposition, in 1841. The bill for the burning of Cranmer was still unpaid in the reign of Elizabeth. The document runs as follows:—

Chardges layd out and paide for the burninge of Cranmer as followethe:—

First for a c. of wood fagots vi*s*. Halfe a hundrethe of furze fagots iii*s*. iiii*d*. For the cariage of them viii*d*. Paide to ii. labourers xvi*d*.	xi*s*. iiii*d*.

Bearing in mind the conditions of the period, it is not astonishing to read that, under Queen Mary, learning steadily declined at Oxford. Nevertheless, two new colleges, Trinity and St. John's, were founded in this reign, the founders in each case being Catholics.

In 1560 there died at Cumnor, four miles from Oxford, Amy

Robsart, wife of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Her funeral at St. Mary's Church, in the choir of which she was buried, was one of the most imposing ever celebrated in Oxford. Canon Jackson has brought together a mass of evidence to refute the story of Amy Robsart's murder, as told by Sir Walter Scott in "Kenilworth"; but the Reverend Canon's effort is a lamentable example of iconoclasm. The legend was picturesque, and surely, therefore, it might have been allowed to rest undisturbed.

Under Elizabeth a fairly successful attempt was made to revive the prosperity of the University—a task in which the Queen herself took a warm interest. She specially asked that "eminent and hopeful students" should be recommended to her for important posts under the State. The various schools, which, under Edward VI., had been used as markets and for drying clothes, had by this time been restored to their proper uses. The students were now drawn from a better social class. But, although luxury was more prevalent, the sanitary condition of the city was very unsatisfactory, and Oxford not infrequently suffered from that terrible scourge, the plague.

The University has, in the course of its history, accepted gifts from a very large number of benefactors, but probably there are few who will be remembered longer than Sir Thomas Bodley. After serving his country faithfully for many years, Bodley resigned his State appointments and came to live in Oxford. He still possessed energy and enthusiasm, and these valuable characteristics he directed towards reconstructing the University Library, so wantonly laid waste by the Visitors of Edward VI. At the beginning of the seventeenth century the "Bodleian" was formally opened, and thus originated one of the most famous libraries in the world. From that time until the present day it has steadily increased the number of its literary treasures—and the amount of its illiterate trash. It now contains upwards of half a million bound volumes, as well as thirty thousand manuscripts.

It was at the commencement of the seventeenth century that there arose one of the architectural curiosities of Oxford—the Tower of the Five Orders—in the Old Schools Quadrangle. This tower takes its name from the fact that it is ornamented with columns exemplifying the five orders of architecture: Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite. The architect, Thomas Holt, took late Gothic as the basic principle of his design. The carved figures are intended to portray Peace, Plenty, Justice, Fame, and King James I. These figures were originally gilt, but when King James visited Oxford they so dazzled his eyes that he ordered them "to be whitened over."

The inhabitants of Oxford appear to have been thirsty souls in the time of James I., for we read that three hundred ale-houses then existed in the city. It was in these days immediately preceding the Civil War that Oxford attained the summit of its prosperity. According to Antony Wood, the University then included on its lists four thousand resident students.

But this spell of calm and well-being ushered in a period of tumult, of struggle, and of difficulty. For the next few years Oxford becomes practically the centre round which revolves the history of England. The storm was heraided by the charge preferred against Archbishop Laud, one of the principal clauses being that Laud had set up over the door of St. Mary's Church a "very scandalous image" of the Virgin, crowned, and holding the Child and a crucifix. Alderman Nixon, a grocer and rabid Puritan, swore that he had seen people bowing to the image. It was thereupon mutilated by the Puritans. The porch, a singularly beautiful piece of architecture, has, together with the offending statue, been restored in the present century by Sir Gilbert Scott. Over the gate of All Souls was a carving depicting souls in Purgatory, and this also would have been defaced by the Puritans, had it not been for the special intervention of Alderman Nixon. It is delightful to learn that All Souls was in the habit of buying its groceries at Alderman Nixon's shop.

A month later, on October 29, 1641, Charles I. entered the city and made it his head-quarters. All available hands were set to work to construct fortifications, every member of the University being called upon to assist personally in the labour. Gunpowder and arms were stored in New College and the Divinity School; food and clothing, in the other schools and in the Guildhall. College plate to the weight of 1,500 lbs. was handed over to the King and converted into money at a mint specially set up for the purpose in New Inn Hall. Such part of the Parliament as remained loyal accompanied King Charles to Oxford. In July, 1643, Queen Henrietta Maria arrived in the city, and from that moment the demoralisation of study was complete. Charles, together with the more important members of his staff, occupied Christ Church: the Queen and her Court took possession of Merton College. Most of the students were turned out of the colleges to make room for the followers of the King; such as remained cast aside all thought of learning, and swaggered about the city with the mincing graces of Cavaliers. M.A. degrees were showered wholesale upon the prominent members of the King's suite; but of B.A. degrees earned by students not fifty were conferred in a year. Every quadrangle and every alley was

gay with the Royalists. Ladies thronged the cloisters and the gardens, and Aubrey tells us that they came to the chapels "half dressed like angels." But, as the months passed onward, a note of care was heard half whispered in college groves. At last it became clear that the Royalist cause was doomed. In April, 1646, the King fled in disguise from Oxford, and two months later the city surrendered at his command. Fairfax, the leader of the Parliamentary forces, was himself a lover of books, and he carefully guarded the Bodleian Library from injury.

The capitulation left Oxford in a state truly deplorable. The number of students had again decreased to less than a thousand, and the majority of these were idle and dissolute. The condition of the city was even more pitiable than that of the University. Whole families were penniless and starving. All Souls, with boundless generosity, passed a resolution that only one meal a day should be served in the College, in order that the money thus economised might be devoted to the relief of the poor. The consummation of desolation was reached when Parliament sent Presbyterian Visitors, who put to each member of the University the question: "Do you submit to the authority of Parliament in this present Visitation?" About 400 refused to submit, and were expelled. But, although the University was shorn of its independence and glory, the spark of life still flickered fitfully through the gloom, and the Protector himself endeavoured to fan the flame. Thus, we find that, when the reduction of the University funds was proposed by the Barebones Parliament and supported by Milton, it was Cromwell himself who offered opposition.

The Restoration saw a marked revival in academic energy. It is true that the Bodleian Library was virtually deserted, and that, for nearly a century, the annual number of matriculations was less than a hundred; but against this must be set many evidences of progress. Benefactors gave money, old buildings were restored, and new buildings were erected. It was towards the close of the seventeenth century that Gilbert Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury, built the Sheldonian Theatre to a design by Wren, and presented it to the University for the performance of the "Act" or "Commemoration," and for other secular functions that had previously taken place at St. Mary's Church. It is now one of the most important buildings in Oxford. For discomfort in seating accommodation it is probably unequalled by any building in Europe.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century the coach service between London and Oxford was so far improved that passengers

were carried the whole distance in one day, the fare being 10*s.* for the journey. Coffee-houses, too, were opened in Oxford, and in 1677 Antony Wood asks: "Why doth solid and serious learning decline, and few or none follow it now in the University? Answer: Because of the coffee-houses, where they spend all their time."

In the early days of the eighteenth century Oxford was a stronghold of Jacobitism. Under George I. this party was so indiscreet that the King sent a body of dragoons to Oxford, at the same time giving a present of books to the University of Cambridge. This provoked Dr. Trapp, Professor of Poetry, to write the following witty lines:—

> Our royal master saw with heedful eyes
> The wants of his two Universities:
> Troops he to Oxford sent, as knowing why
> That learned body wanted loyalty:
> But books to Cambridge gave, as well discerning
> How that right loyal body wanted learning.

In the eighteenth century a very large number of books was printed at the University Press, and many new lectureships were founded. The University received also some exceedingly generous gifts at the hands of various benefactors. Chief amongst these acquisitions was the bequest of Dr. Radcliffe, who left money for the foundation of an infirmary, an observatory, and a medical library. The latter—now known as the Radcliffe Camera—was designed by Gibbs, and was opened with much ceremony in 1749. Its imposing dome is a landmark for miles around. Another noteworthy bequest was that of Sir Robert Taylor, the result being the present Taylor Institute.

From a scholastic point of view, matters were not so satisfactory as they ought to have been. About the year 1770 John Scott—afterwards Lord Eldon—then an undergraduate of University College, was examined in Hebrew and history for his degree. Only two questions were asked him. The first was: "What is the Hebrew for a skull?" and to this Scott answered "Golgotha." The second question was: "Who founded University College?" and he replied "King Alfred." He passed.

With the nineteenth century the University entered upon a new era of expansion. The story of this epoch is too well known to need description here. The revision of the Examination Statutes, the rise of theological training schools, the "Oxford Movement," the University Extension agitation, each has left its mark, for good or for evil, upon University education. With the future this article is not concerned; but the writer may perhaps be permitted to suggest that

the Extension movement and the Local Examination system, together with other similar attempts to reduce Oxford to the level of a superior Board School, cannot fail to exert an influence prejudicial to the prestige of the University—a prestige that ought to be cherished by all who love to look back on the glorious days they spent in that City of Dreams.

CECIL J. MEAD ALLEN.

VICTORY.

(By the heroine of Browning's poem, "The Worst of It.")

WHAT, is he buzzing about it still,
The poor slight man I have left behind,
The hollow of purpose, infirm of will?
Does he bear me a grudge, does he dare to judge
Me—me in his purblind limited mind,
And prate to me of his good and ill?

Hold hard, sir! Grant me a moment's grace.
I tell you, *you* are alone to blame,
You and your theories. Oh, your face,
Bloodless and cold, your arm's loose fold,
They were ice to my spirit of fire and flame,
But I bore them bravely, a long year's space.

Yes, a whole long year you maundered and moped,
Loved me and doved me, billed me and cooed,
And of nothing better I dreamed or hoped.
Till a bolt from the blue flamed forth, crashed through,
And the earth breathed hard, with its landmarks strewed,
And broadly a door of deliverance oped.

You prepared me yourself. For, remember, you said,
Not once, nor twice, but a score times o'er,
That life without love was a thing thrice dead.
Would a man be true—and a woman too—
To their being's purpose, the Kohinoor
Must be sought, you taught, in the heart, not head.

And our seventy years are given for this,
To prove, by living, our spirit's might
To grasp, at the critical instant, bliss
Shall make us or mar, test the thing we are
By the best we would be—who, finding light,
Would once the darkness he soars from, miss?

'Tis the moment's choice that must ruin or save.
  Great issues, strong for eternity, join
In the deed that sums us coward or brave.
  Whoso, fearing a crime, abstained in time,
Why, "the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin"
  Were the tokens at once to adjudge him knave.

Well, the moment came, when the man for me
  Knelt at my feet and besought my love.
In a flash I knew him—'twas he! 'twas he!
  If coldly in pride I had turned aside,
How, how should I answer to Heaven above,
  Being false to your sage philosophy?

One look! and the mortal screen gave way,
  Broke down between us; our spirits mixed.
Yea, time and space broke wide that day,
  And let us through to eternity, new
And startling. Promptly my fate was fixed.
  My affinity called, and I might not stay.

He bore me off, like a masterful thief,
  To a rock for us two—was not that the phrase?
In a moment's horror, bright, bloody and brief.
  Not yours was the blood, be it understood;
Oh, we left you unharmed, in the glorious blaze
  Of our triumph, its blessedest best relief.

Yet you dare to compassionate me, who have found,
  As you preached yourself, life's best reward,
Was true to myself, despised the sound
  Of the world's coarse sneers, as it cavils and jeers;
Brute world, that nothing or rare or hard
  Can tempt from its swine-trough, flat on the ground.

"I am named and known by that moment's feat:"
  You, doubting, desponding, are lost, I fear.
You will shuffle along, with your gouty feet,
  Life's broad highway, till your dying day;
No ecstatic minute to crown you complete,
  No deed that shall bring you Eternity near.

You will live out your life, dull, cold, correct.
  I shall starve, laugh loudly, feast, agonise,
Be happy. You said this was best, recollect.
  I have gained and attained, and remained unstained;
So, should we encounter in Paradise,
  It is *I* must give *you*, sir, the cut direct.

T. S. O.

CHAMFORT.

ALTHOUGH when the French *Pensée* writers are enumerated the name of Chamfort is rarely mentioned, the fact that, while the dramatic and critical works that won him a seat in the Academy are well-nigh forgotten, many of his epigrammatic notes on men and manners have become household words, gives him a claim to a place among La Rochefoucauld, Pascal, Nicole, Vauvenargues and Joubert,—no one of whom excelled him in that conciseness, point, and finish which tell as much in the making of a Pensée as does the *ton* in the proverbial making of a *chanson*. It was of Chamfort and Rivarol that Balzac said: "These men were wont to put the substance of a good book into a witticism; but nowadays you will hardly find a scrap of genuine wit in a whole volume." And M. Sainte-Beuve, while he criticises severely Chamfort's character, writes: "His name will always be attached to a number of concise, pointed, stirring and picturesque sayings which fix themselves in your memory whether you will or not."

The aim of these pages is to present to the reader a sample of those maxims and anecdotes which—though none of them were printed in his lifetime—were so widely circulated among Chamfort's many friends and admirers. As was the case with the Pensées of Joubert, they were found written on small pieces of paper,—but carefully, as if with a view to publication. Much that Chamfort wrote in this way is lost; but his latest editor, M. Stahl, tells us there is reason to believe that there are manuscripts of Chamfort which are withheld by those into whose hands they have chanced to fall. If this is so, and if the secreted remains consist chiefly of anecdotes and "characters" of the same stamp as most of those which form so large a part of M. Stahl's volume, their loss is hardly to be regretted, for their publication would but furnish superfluous proof of the dissolute state of the society in the midst of which Chamfort's lot placed him, and of the unflinching freedom with which he delighted to expose its diseased condition. Among these the most characteristic are such as relate to the *société des grands* of the period immediately preceding the Revolution. Into the midst of this society Chamfort

was plunged, and, as it were, compelled to be its satirist. A singularly handsome person, a most fascinating manner, and brilliant conversational powers, conspired to open the doors of the élite of Paris to the young man whose birth was not only obscure but clouded by a mother's misfortune. To that mother the more than fatherless youth was a most devoted son. The young Nicolas (for he did not assume the name of Chamfort until he reached man's estate) had shown an early taste for letters. His success at the college of which he was a bursar was such that its principal, wishing to secure to the Church so hopeful a pupil, promised him promotion if he would take orders. He declined the proposal, the priestly office having no attractions for him; but his straitened circumstances rendered him not unwilling to aid a quondam schoolfellow by supplying him, in consideration of a small honorarium, with manuscript sermons. This lasted for about a year; after which he spent a wearisome time as secretary and travelling companion to a wealthy Belgian. He now turned with ardour to literature, and, after two years' varied work, he competed—as was then the wont of literary aspirants—for the Academy prizes. Chamfort won the prize for poetry, which, with the successful production of two dramatic compositions, sufficed to procure him admission to the republic of letters. But Fashion so far robbed Literature of the amiable young poet whose début was found worthy of the comments of Voltaire, Diderot and Grimm, that he produced no works of importance, if we except his *Eloge* of Molière and his *Eloge* of La Fontaine,—the latter gaining for him a prize which had been regarded as secured in advance by La Harpe, by whom he had been worsted in an earlier competition. A tragedy—tragedy-writing was so much in vogue that it could hardly be shirked by a fashionable poet—played at Fontainebleau won for its author the compliments of Marie Antoinette, a pension from the king, and a Secretaryship to the prince de Condé, from which he contrived to retire without giving offence. In 1781 Chamfort became a member of the Academy.

His letters furnish sad but interesting illustrations of a slavery from which habit made it impossible for him to break away. He writes: "My life is a tissue which contrasts strangely with my principles. I have no liking for princes,—and I am a prince's attaché; my republican maxims are well known,—and I live among courtiers; I love poverty,—and riches are my only friends; I flee honours,—and honours have been showered upon me; I wished to become a member of the Academy,—and I never go near it; I regard illusions as a luxury essential to life,—and I live without an illusion; I hold

that the passions are more useful to man than his reason,—and I have destroyed my passions.". . . "That I have loved glory, I confess; but it was at a time when experience had not taught me to value things at their true worth,—when glory presented itself to my imagination as a pure passion, not incompatible with some degree of repose,—a source of heartfelt joy, and not an endless surging of vanity. But time and experience have enlightened me. I am not one of those who can look to dust and noise as the aim and fruit of their efforts."

He withdrew to the quiet of Auteuil, where he spent two happy years in the society of a lady whose age and culture made her a fitting companion[1] for a man who was so sick of the frivolous life of Paris. Her sudden death was a blow that well-nigh crushed him; and when he was able in his letters to revert to his calamity, his outbursts of grief were marked by none of that bitterness with which he was usually too ready to bewail the ills (whether his own or others') that flesh is heir to. Another heavy sorrow was the loss of his mother. The letter in which Chamfort tells a friend of this bereavement, which must long have been expected, would alone justify his biographer's strictures upon the criticisms of M. Sainte-Beuve, who concludes that the heart of the satirist of the vices of society was utterly devoid of feeling. "You must surely think," Chamfort writes to his friend, "that every evil has fallen upon my head. Alas! you would be far from the truth. A little more than two months ago I had the misfortune to lose my mother. *You* are not among those who will tell me that her four score and five years must have prepared me for this loss."

"To Liberty, the ideal mistress of our youth," Chamfort was to devote every remaining energy. The bursting of the storm of the Revolution had been foreseen by him. He writes to a lady: "You seem very sorry for the decease of our friend the late Despotism; but you do not know that this death has surprised me but little. I have received with pleasure my prophet's *brevet* from your hand. The too great suddenness of the collapse will be embarrassing for a time; but we shall pull through!"

Henceforward the man of the world was merged in the patriot citizen. Roederer, one of his biographers, writes: "Chamfort has been reproached for the ingratitude he showed towards the friends whose generosity he had enjoyed in their palmy days by the ardour with which he assailed the abuses upon which they had lived. A reasonable charge, this! That Chamfort was not ungrateful is

[1] That this union was sanctioned by marriage there is little reason to doubt.

proved by his adherence to his despoiled friends." He goes on to say: "If Chamfort gave nothing to others, he gave nothing to himself. He inveighed against pensions until his own was taken from him. . . . In the course he followed, not only was he unbiassed by self-interest, but he always stood in his own way." From the same writer we learn that the day after the pensions were suppressed, he went with Chamfort to visit Marmontel at his country place. They found him and his wife bewailing the ruin the decree had brought upon their children. Chamfort took one of them on his knee and said: "Come, my little man, you will be worth more than we; some day it will be for you to weep that the tears your father has had the weakness to shed over you were wrung from him by the prospect of your being less rich than he." When asked what Chamfort had done for the Republic, Roederer replied: "Chamfort was incessantly printing, but the pages were the minds of his friends. He has left behind him no political writings; but he has said nothing that will not eventually be committed to writing. He will long be quoted. In more than one book words of his will be repeated that are themselves the germs of good books. . . . We may safely say that the service an energetic phrase may render to the most important interests is not generally esteemed at its true value. There are important truths that avail nothing because they are swamped in voluminous writings. They are like a precious metal in solution; in that condition it is useless, and its value cannot be tested: to render it serviceable, the craftsman must convert it into bars, refine it, test it, and put upon it a stamp that will be recognised by every one who sees it. In like manner, a thought, before it can become current coin, must be weighed and tested by the eloquent man whose impress will strike every eye and be the warrant of its sterling worth. Chamfort has been a diligent coiner of money of this sort. He did not distribute it himself among the public,—this was a charge which his friends voluntarily undertook; and certain it is that more things have survived of him who wrote nothing than of many whose utterances have, during the last few years, been so laden with words."

Chamfort had been one of the first to enter the Bastille, where he spent a month which he always looked back upon with horror. "Imprisonment," he would say, "is neither life nor death. Such a middle state is unbearable. I must either open my eyes upon the sky or close them in a tomb." He swore he never again would be taken alive.

He was at the Bibliothèque Nationale, of which he had been

appointed librarian by Roland, Minister of the Interior, when a second attempt was made to arrest him. He made no effort to escape. Closing the door of his room, he loaded a pistol and discharged it against his forehead. The wound was not mortal; and, surprised to find that death did not ensue, he endeavoured to effect his purpose by opening his veins with a razor. At this moment the door was forced, and while surgical aid was being afforded him he dictated the following declaration. "I, Sebastien-Roch-Nicolas Chamfort, declare that I have sought to die as a free man rather than be led to prison as a slave. I further declare that if any attempt is made to drag me to prison, I have strength enough left to finish what I have begun. No man shall ever again imprison me alive." In describing to a friend what he had done, he said: "I remembered Seneca, and would fain have opened my veins in his honour; but he was a rich man, and had a warm bath and everything he wanted. I am a poor fellow with nothing of the kind at my disposal."

He survived his terrible injuries for some weeks. He was not imprisoned, but was kept under the surveillance of a gendarme in his own pay. He died, aged fifty-five years, on the thirteenth of April, 1794.

Before presenting to the reader our gleanings from Chamfor 's Pensées and Anecdotes, we cannot do better than append to this short sketch a few passages translated from M. Stahl's introductory essay.

"In Chamfort there are two men. Of these the literary man can hardly be said to exist for us. His comedies, his tragedies, his verses, his pictures of the Revolution, his academic studies, hardly deserve to survive the circumstances that produced them. They were the work of a superior intellect, a lover of literature, who sought and found success by following the beaten track, but who, in his endeavour to keep within conventional lines, does not so much as allow himself to suspect that there is in him any true originality. But the other man, the moralist, the satirist, the philosopher, the politician—our author of maxims, portraits, characters and anecdotes—has a fair claim to live. His personality is so lively that it detaches itself by vigorous sallies in the midst of the most brilliant personages of the day, and, waiving aside all opposition, takes its place in the foremost ranks of our literature.

"Strangely enough, the true Chamfort, the Chamfort who was destined to live, was only known to his contemporaries by his spoken words.

"It is the drift and scope of his work, which was in his lifetime but a *spoken* work, that constitute his true title to the regard of posterity. As soon as it was printed, it threw into oblivion his writings.

"Chamfort had a presentiment that this would be so. He took small account of his academic lumber, and at last was annoyed when it was belauded in his presence.

". . . What is left of Chamfort suffices for his renown. His placé in our literature comes immediately after the seventeenth century moralists. As a writer, he is almost always their equal. He speaks the charming language of La Bruyère; he has the keen eye of La Rochefoucauld: but he is even more concise than they. He possesses in the highest degree, and this quite naturally, what the former never sought, and what the latter was ever aiming at,—*dash*. He was a master of the art of saying much in a few words; but he was always lucid. If he has less of that fulness of phrase and calmness of thought which characterise the prose-writers of the golden age, and which can be obtained only by a mind at rest—a rest which was impossible in the epoch at which Chamfort lived—he has in its stead the determined and vigorous emphasis of his time.

" If common consent has not awarded to him his proper position, it is because justice has not yet been done by our own age to the era which Chamfort represents. But, come what may, a place will be assigned him in that glorious phalanx of representative intellects to which Rabelais, Montaigne and Voltaire belong, and the roll of which will go down to posterity."

Calumny is like a wasp against whose buzzings it is best to take no action unless you can be sure of killing it; if you come short of that, it is certain to return to the charge more spiteful than ever.

If you would avoid being a charlatan, eschew platform oratory. When once on a platform you must either play a part or be pelted.

Conviction is the conscience of the intellect.

Nature has willed that wise men as well as fools should have their illusions, in order that they should not be made too unhappy by their wisdom.

There are well dressed follies just as there are well dressed fools.

We give our friends the full-face view of truth: we allow our masters a glance at its profile.

What avails it for a man to make believe that he has fewer weak points than other people? Let him have but one, and let that one be known, and it will be ample for the world's purpose. To escape, he had need be a *heelless* Achilles.

Conversation is like a sea voyage. You lose the land im perceptibly.

There are certain men whose virtues shine to better advantage in private life than in a public capacity. A rich setting would spoil their lustre.

One reason why the proceedings of corporations and assemblies can hardly be other than stupid, is to be found in the fact that in a public deliberation the best things that can be said for or against the matter or person in question can seldom be uttered aloud without great danger or extreme inconvenience.

Naturalists tell us that with all species of animals degeneration begins with the females. Philosophers, in their study of civilised society, may apply this observation to morals.

In handling great matters, men show themselves in the light they deem fitting; in dealing with small concerns they show themselves as they are.

It must be admitted that it is impossible to live in the world without sometimes playing a part. But while an honest man only does this perforce and in self-defence, the false man is on the look out for his opportunity.

Importance without merit obtains respect without esteem.

A man who is at once wise and honest should, in duty to himself, join to the purity which satisfies his conscience the prudence which forewarns and forearms him against calumny.

A man of very superior qualities is often thereby unfitted for society. Ingots of gold are not things to take to market, but shillings and pence.

Three powers govern men; the sword, gold, and public opinion. When despotism has destroyed the last, it is not long before it loses the other two.

The history of free peoples is alone worthy of attention. The history of peoples under the sway of despotism is but a collection of anecdotes.

If you wish to please in the world you must be content to allow

yourself to be taught many things you know perfectly well by people who know nothing about them.

Many a man about court is hated for the sheer pleasure of hating. They are lizards that have achieved nothing by climbing but the loss of their tails.

Spéron-Spéroni shows very well how an author's expressions may be quite clear to himself while they are obscure to his reader. "It is," he says, "because the author goes from the thought to the expression, while the reader goes from the expression to the thought."

Philosophy, like medicine, has many drugs, few good remedies, and scarcely any specifics.

Most editors of selections of poems or witticisms resemble those who when eating cherries begin by picking out the choicest, and end by clearing the dish.

The reason why so many books succeed lies in the correspondence between the mediocrity of the ideas of their authors and those of the general public.

Most of those benefactors who affect to conceal themselves after doing a good deed flee after the manner of the Galatea of Virgil: *Et se cupit ante videri.*

M. T . . . one day said to me that, generally speaking, when a man has done some good and courageous act from a really worthy and noble motive, it is quite necessary, if he would pacify the envious, to affect some motive that is less creditable and more commonplace.

There is a pride in which are comprised all the commandments of God, and there is a vanity which embraces all the seven deadly sins.

It is often vanity that urges a man to display the whole energy of his nature. Join to a piece of pointed steel a slip of wood, and it becomes a dart. Wing this with a couple of feathers, and you have an arrow.

If Diogenes lived in our days he would have to carry a dark lantern.

Those who try to harmonise whatever they do with public opinion are like players who, when public taste is bad, play badly to gain applause. Some among them would succeed in playing

well if public taste were good.—An honest man plays his part as well as he can, without regard to the groundlings.

The friends we make after a certain time of life, and by whom we try to replace those we have lost, are, in comparison with our old friends, what glass eyes, artificial teeth, and wooden legs are to real eyes, natural teeth and legs of flesh and bone.

I retain for M. de la B . . . the feeling a worthy man experiences when he passes the tomb of a friend.

On the stage *action* is everything, and the finest speeches would be insupportable if they were nothing but speeches.

One of the great secrets of the dramatic art is to keep up the contrast between the player and his positions.

Great crimes should never be committed on the stage unless strong passions diminish their atrocity.

Our self love makes us feel pleasure in seeing on the stage our faults allied to noble qualities.

Religious Dogmas.

I once heard a pious man who was condemning people who discuss their creed say very naïvely: "A true Christian does not examine what he is told to believe. If when you have to take a bitter pill, you chew it first, you will never be able to get it down."

A Pun.

A theatrical agent, in urging M. de Villars to exclude pages from the free list, remarked: "Many pages, my Lord, make up a volume."

A Perch.

Madame de . . . used to say of M. B . . . : "He is respectable, but commonplace and crotchety. He reminds one of the perch, which is clean and wholesome, but insipid and full of bones."

Reading Large Print.

M. . . . said of a young fellow who did not see that a lady was in love with him: "You are very young: you can only read large print."

Bourdaloue at Rouen.

A preacher said: "When père Bourdaloue preached at Rouen he caused a great deal of disorder. The workmen left their shops,

the doctors their patients, &c. *I* preached there the following year, and set everything right."

Fontenelle and the Collection.

A collection was made at the Academy, and there was a louis-d'or short. A member whose avarice was well known was suspected of having withheld his contribution. The collector said: "I did not see the gentleman put in, but I believe he did." Fontenelle settled the question by remarking: "I *saw*, but I don't *believe*."

Fontenelle and Death.

A lady of ninety years of age said to M. de Fontenelle, who was ninety-five: "Death has forgotten us." "Hush!" replied Fontenelle, putting his finger on his lips.

An Idea.

A conceited dolt interrupted a conversation by: "I have an idea!" A wit remarked: "Astonishing!"

The Abbé Maury's Candidature.

The Abbé Maury was trying to get the Abbé de Beaumont, who was old and paralysed, to tell him about his early life. "Ah! my friend," said the old man, "you are taking my measure!" By which he meant that Maury was looking up matter for the eulogium before the Academy.

The Death of the Grand Monarque.

A courtier said: "After the death of his Majesty, there's nothing one can't believe."

Fontenelle's Gallantry.

M. de Fontenelle, then in his ninety-seventh year, having just paid Madame Helvétius a thousand pretty compliments, passed her, on his way to the table, without seeming to notice her. "See," said Madame Helvétius, "what account I should take of your gallantry! You went by without looking at me." "Madame," said the old gentleman, "if I had looked at you, I should not have passed by you."

Portrait of Madame de Nemours.

M. de Vendôme remarked of Madame de Nemours, who had a long hooked nose and red lips: "She is like a parrot eating a cherry."

Portrait of M. d'Epinay.

Diderot was asked his opinion of M. d'Epinay: "He is a man," he replied, "who has eaten two millions without saying a good word or doing a good deed."

Two Representatives.

In a dispute that the representatives of Geneva had with the chevalier de Bouteville, in which one of the representatives spoke rather warmly, the chevalier said: "Do you know that I represent the king, my master?"—"And do you know," retorted the Genevan, "that I represent my Equals?"

HENRY ATTWELL.

THE BRAIN-POWER OF PLANTS.

EVERY biologist feels the difficulty which confronts him in attempting to draw a line of demarcation between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. This difficulty is clearly shown by the fact that there are certain organisms that are claimed by both zoologists and botanists as belonging to their respective departments of natural science. Yet at first sight nothing would seem to be more widely different from each other than an animal and a plant. But if we consider more attentively the vital phenomena manifested by plants and animals we shall very soon see that there is abundant reason for believing that the differences between these organic productions are not after all so very great.

Every living body, both plant and animal, consists in its embryonic form of a single cell, and not only this but the lowest plants and the lowest animals are in their full-grown mature state merely minute single cells. From this comparatively neutral starting-point, in the sense of presenting the minimum known amount of differentiation, the most important feature generally stated to be evolved only by the members of the animal kingdom, is the specialisation of structure that enables them to feed on organic matter taken into the body in a solid form. But this, as I shall show, is not confined to animals only.

A second supposed mark of distinction is the possession of a nervous system which has culminated in the higher groups of animals in the development not only of special senses but of sense organs. But the possession of a nervous system, sensibility, and even brain-power is also to be found in the vegetable kingdom. It must also not be forgotten that many of the lower groups of organisms universally classed as animals are entirely destitute of every structural trace of a nervous system.

Although no trace of nerve tissue is present in any member of the vegetable kingdom, yet many plants manifest distinct movements which are responsive to external agencies; these movements agree in important and essential points with similar movements shown under

similar circumstances in connection with animals and which in the latter are the outcome of nervous excitement or brain-power. Some will naturally exclaim, "How can plants be possessed of brain-power if they have neither brains nor nerve tissue?" In that case I would reply that certainly no one has yet discovered the brain of a plant, yet at the same time many of their movements and much of their life history point to the fact that they are possessed of a power much higher than instinct, and which seems very close to that faculty of reasoning which no one disputes is found among at least the higher groups of animals.

Including the genus homo, each individual of the higher genera is, in a greater or less degree, the owner of a mass of nervous matter generally contained in the head, known as the brain. This brain is the seat of all its nervous energy, movement, and sensibility. It is divided into centres, each of which is an area for the conscious perception of the different forms of sensory impressions, and also for the transmission of energy to the different muscles. Ferrier, Horsley, and others have mapped out the brain into motor areas and centres.

The term "centre" involves the following mechanism: A sensitive surface; a nerve going to a nerve-cell or group of nerve-cells from which passes a nerve-fibre to a muscle. Every portion of the brain has been proved by experiment to have certain exclusive functions. So the brain may be looked upon as a motor which keeps the wonderful machinery going that produces all the various movements of the animal frame. But all motors must, in the first instance, be under the control of some power. What then is this power, and where is it situated?

The animal brain is composed of grey and white matter; the former consisting of nerve-cells communicating by numerous fine processes with the latter or nerve-fibres. These cells discharge impulses to, and receive impressions from, the nerve-fibres. But we have just seen that the brain is divided into various collections of these nerve-cells called centres, each centre having nothing to do with transmitting impulses to, or receiving impressions from, any other part of the body than that to which it is connected. Where, we ask, is this power, which gives these cells the faculty of discharging impulses? Science is silent. What it is, is comparatively a question more easily answered. It may be a kind of protoplasm or it may not. Its existence and its effects cannot be doubted; it permeates not only the animal but also the vegetable kingdom. We may describe it in a word as *brain-power.*

The modern student of plant-life no longer regards the objects of

his study as so many things that merely demand arrangement and classification, and whose history is exhausted when a couple of Latin or Greek names have been appended to each specimen. On the contrary, the botanist of to-day goes beneath the epidermis and seeks to unravel the mysteries of plant-existence. To him a plant is no longer an inanimate being, but stands revealed as an organism exhibiting animal functions, such as breathing, irritability, circulation of sap or blood, sleeping, and other various complex movements, which are certainly equally as well defined as are the analogous traits in the existence of the animal.

We have seen that these functions in the higher animals are performed by the agency of various nerves, &c., and that there must be a power behind the different nerve-cells of which the brain is composed. The brain itself cannot be looked upon as the source of all nerve-power, but merely, I repeat, as an intermediate motor which only serves for the more perfect transmission of energy. This motor is absent in plants, but does it follow that the power or force is itself non-existent? Some say this power even in the higher animals, and still more so in the vegetable kingdom, is merely instinct. Instinct, a great authority tells us, is only "blind habit or automatically carried out action." This being so, then instinctive actions only move in one direction, and cannot adapt themselves to circumstances.

It is perhaps sometimes difficult to actually define whether a given action is instinctive or intelligent. Another writer defines instinct as "reflex action into which there is imported an element of consciousness." This element of consciousness is, in instinctive action, very small or practically non-existent. As for example the Lemmings, in their instinct for going right ahead, will drown themselves in the sea. On the other hand, it is not instinct but intelligence which prompts a spider to first cut off the wings and then the legs of a fly it has caught before attempting to carry it away. Nor is it instinct when the sphex wasps provide fresh meat for their future larvæ by storing insects, caterpillars, &c., which they have first stung in their chief nerve centre, with the result that the victims are not killed outright, but only paralysed. These instances give some idea of the difference between instinct and reason.

Those acquainted with the habits of plants know full well that they, too, have the power of adapting themselves to circumstances, and have many movements and traits that are the very reverse of automatic and instinctive. Numerous instances could be given in which not only are the signs of sensibility as fully developed in the

plant as in the animal, but many phases of animal life are exactly imitated.

As an example of extreme sensibility, take that wonderful plant the Mimosa, sensitive not only of the most delicate touch, but, like several other genera, of the approach of darkness or of even a shadow thrown upon it, of which the poet speaks :—

> Weak with nice sense, the chaste Mimosa stands,
> From each rude touch withdraws her timid hands;
> Oft as light clouds o'erpass the summer glade,
> Alarmed she trembles at the moving shade,
> And feels alive through all her tender form,
> The whispered murmurs of the gathering storm;
> Shuts her sweet eyelids to the approaching night,
> And hails with freshened charms the rising light.

Numerous species of Mimosa possess this property, and indeed most of the genera in a greater or less degree. They have leaves beautifully divided, again and again pinnate, with a great number of small leaflets, of which the pairs close upwards when touched. On repeated or rougher touching the leaflets of the neighbouring pinnæ also close together, and all the pinnæ sink down, and at last the leaf stalk itself sinks down and the whole leaf hangs as if withered. After a short time the leaf-stalk rises and the leaves expand again. This trait of the leaves assuming a withered appearance is very analogous to that which is found in many insects, and in fact all parts of the animal kingdom, of feigning death at anyone's approach or when slightly touched.

The Mimosa, too, goes to sleep when night comes on, or even a dark cloud passing over the sun will cause its leaves to fold up and the stalk to sink down, and in fact the whole plant goes to sleep. In going to sleep the Mimosa is not, however, at all singular, many species of plants closing their leaves and flowers at night. On the other hand there are some which, like the beasts of the forest, hail the setting sun as a signal for activity. This sleep of plants, which is the same physiologically as animal sleep, does not exist without reason. The art of sleeping is, in the higher animals, symptomatic of repose in the brain and nervous system, and the fact of plants sleeping is one proof of the existence of a nervous system in the members of the vegetable kingdom.

Plants sleep at various hours and not always at night. The duration of plant sleep varies from ten to eighteen hours. Light and heat have little to do with plants sleeping, as different species go to sleep at different hours of the day. Thus the common Morning

Glory (*Convolvulus purpureus*) opens at dawn, the Star of Bethlehem about ten o'clock, the Ice Plant at noon. The Goat's-beard, which opens at sunrise, closes at mid-day, and for this reason is called "Go-to-bed-at-noon." The flowers of the Evening Primrose and of the Thorn Apple open at sunset; and those of the night flowering Cereus when it is dark.

Aquatic flowers open and close with the greatest regularity. The white Water Lily closes its flowers at sunset and sinks below the water for the night; in the morning the petals again expand and float on the surface. The Victoria Regia expands for the first time about six o'clock in the evening, and closes in a few hours; it opens again at six the next morning, and remains so till the afternoon, when it closes and sinks below the water.

For upwards of 2,000 years continuous attempts have been made to elucidate the phenomena of sleep without success; many theories have been promulgated, but they have fallen short of explaining it. We know that sleep rests the mind more than the body, or, to put it in another way, the mere physical, as apart from the nervous portion of the organism, can be rested without sleep. Negatively the effect of sleeplessness proves the value and necessity of sleep. And this is seen in a marked manner in the case of plants.

Electric light has been used to stimulate the growth of plants, and, coupled with other means of forcing, a continual period of growth secured, thereby obtaining earlier maturity than would have been the case under ordinary circumstances. In most cases plants treated in this way were prevented from sleeping, the result in the case of perennials being to greatly weaken their constitution, the following year's growth being poor and scanty, and in some cases they were scarcely alive.

The carnivorous plants afford further evidence of the existence of nervous energy or brain-power in plants, among which the Venus's Fly-trap, *Dionæa muscipula*, which Linnæus called "the miracle of nature," is the most elaborate, and is the climax of the order *Droseraceæ*. The leaves, about four inches long, consist of a spatulate stalk, which is constricted to the mid-rib at its junction with the broad blade. The halves of the blade are movable on one another along the mid-rib. Round each margin are twenty to thirty long teeth which interlock in rat-trap fashion with those of the opposite side. The centre of the leaf bears numerous rose-coloured digestive glands, and there are on each half of the blade three sensitive hairs. The blades shut up in from eight to ten seconds when one of the sensitive hairs is touched.

When an insect is caught or a piece of raw meat is placed on the leaf, the blades close up and the glands immediately pour out a fluid which is practically similar to the gastric juice of the animal stomach in its digestive properties. The matter of the insect body or of the meat is thus absorbed into the substance and tissues of the plant just as the food eaten by an animal is digested and goes to build up its fabric or repair waste.

The animal digestion can only be carried on by the brain-force acting by means of a nerve upon the gastric glands. We may therefore concede that it is the action of the same power in the plant that produces the same effect. The motor is absent but the motion is there. This movement in plants when irritated and the act of digestion is seen also in the Sundew, and there are many species in whose flowers and leaves muscular movement is seen when irritated.

The Hedysarum of Bengal is an example of movement without external cause. This plant gyrates the central leaflet of its pinnule. The properties of its lateral leaflets are, however, the most remarkable, for they have a strange power of jerking up and down. This motion will sometimes stop of its own accord, and then suddenly, without any apparent cause, commence afresh. The leaves cannot be set in action by a touch, though exposure to cold will stop the motion. What is more amazing in the movements of these leaflets is, that if they be temporarily stopped by being held, they will immediately resume action after the restraint is removed, and, as if to make up for lost time, will jerk up and down with increased rapidity.

The power of spontaneous movement is also seen in the seed spores of certain seaweeds and other lowly plants. These spores move about in water with freedom, and the filaments of many of the liverworts exhibit a capacity for extraordinary motion. In the spores of the potato fungus (*Pythoptora infestans*) we have another well-marked instance of the power of movement according to circumstances. When the spore-cases burst, a multitude of little bodies escape and if these gain access to water—a drop of dew on the potato leaf for instance—they develop a couple of curious little tails, by means of which they swim about after the manner of tadpoles.

Then there are the unicellular plants, the desmids and diatoms, which dart about hither and thither in the water. It is noteworthy that all these movements can be arrested by the application of chloroform or a weak solution of opium or other soporific.

It is not in the fully developed vegetable organism alone that we

find evidence of the existence of brain-power, but this power begins to display itself with the sprouting of the seed. In the commencement of plant life we find, as in the case of the pea (to give an easily tested example) that the root emerges at one end of the seed and the shoot at the other. What causes the former to descend and the latter to ascend? If the seed is so placed that the root comes out at the top, the result is the same, for the root immediately turns round and grows downward and the shoot *vice versâ.* This cannot be caused by gravitation, although Darwin once thought so, as the force of gravity would have the same effect on the shoot as on the root. There can only be one reason, and that is the existence of a directing force or brain-power.

There is no structure in plants more wonderful than the tip of the root. The course pursued by the root in penetrating the ground is determined by the tip. Darwin wrote : "It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the tip of the radicle, endowed as it is with such diverse kinds of sensitiveness, acts like the brain of animals."

It is unnecessary to adduce further illustrations in proof of the fact that brain-power can, and does, exist apart from a visible brain. When we see the irritability of the sensitive plant, transmitted from one part to another, exhausted by repeated artificial excitant, and renewed after a period of repose, it is difficult to dissociate it from animality. Still less can we witness certain organs taking determinate positions and directions, surmounting intervening obstacles, moving spontaneously, or study the manner in which they are affected by stimulants, narcotics, and poisons, and yet declare these phenomena to be caused by a different power which produces similar actions and effects in animals. Vital activity is the rule and inertness the exception in plant life; and this fact seems to impress upon us the error of that form of argument which would assume the non-existence of the higher traits of life in plants merely because the machinery is invisible.

It has already been mentioned that the lowest forms of both animals and plants are individuals whose bodies are merely single cells. It is worthy of note too that the earliest embryonic state of all the higher animals is merely that of a single minute cell. It is a wonderful fact that the embryonic forms of plants and animals, birds and beasts, fish and fowl, the Mimosa and man are so exactly similar that the highest powers of the microscope are unable to trace any distinction between them. From an evolutionary point of view there is nothing after all so very wonderful in this. If there were no signs of intelligence in the vegetable kingdom the cause for wonder

would be greater. If thought is the product of evolution, it must have had its beginnings. The reason why the intelligence of all living organisms has not reached to the same stage as that of the genus homo, is merely because in them the evolutionary process appears to have stopped. For anything we know it may have taken as many thousand years to evolve the intelligence of the Mimosa as it has that of man, although of course the latter is an incalculably greater distance ahead. As Professor Drummond says: "Mimosa can be defined in terms of man, but man cannot be defined in terms of Mimosa." This problem of the evolution of intelligence is one to which we are naturally led when considering the intellectual traits of lower organisms, but to consider it even in a superficial manner would be beyond the scope of this paper.

ARTHUR SMITH.

RAILWAY PASSENGERS AND TUNNELS.

THE Londoner is easily diverted, and one of his chief sources of amusement some years ago was the erratic route of the Underground Railway. John Leech, it may be remembered, gave an entertaining sketch in *Punch* indicating the surprise of the domestics in a town house at the sudden appearance of a stoker's head through the kitchen floor, with the polite remark: "Excuse me, marm; but can you 'blige me with a scuttle o' coals, as the water in the hengine 'as gone horff the bile?" Since the appearance of this skit the railway traveller to and from and round about the city has endured much on the subterranean line. A special providence seems to have safeguarded him from asphyxia; still he is prone to gasp and curse as he inhales the remarkable atmospheric compound that broods over the steel track of the Metropolitan. With the object of making his journey more pleasant, a special committee sat last year to consider the best methods of tunnel ventilation; and it is possible that with the help of science, assisted by the purse of Fortuna, the underground way will yet be fit to live in.

Tunnels have since the inception of the railway system been a source of perplexity to engineers, and of fear and annoyance to passengers. Half a century back the tunnel was a gruesome burrow, arousing so much consternation and dread that it threatened for a time to kill railway enterprise. It was gravely asserted that if the passenger got through it alive, the chill or the noxious air would give him a shock severe enough to undermine the strongest constitution. So objectionable did the thought of tunnel-travel become that a party of experts was organised to go through the tunnel beneath Primrose Hill, in order to reassure the railway traveller that there was no danger either to physique or lungs. These experts reported—they were sanguine men—that they found the tunnel dry, of an agreeable temperature, and free from smell. They did not notice

effluvia of any kind. The lamps in the carriage were lighted, and in their transit the sensation experienced was precisely that of travelling in a coach by night between the walls of a narrow street. In fact, they were rather delighted than otherwise with their exploit, and expressed the opinion that tunnel-travelling was by no means detrimental to health.

Lieut. Le Count, an authority on early railway construction, did all he could to strengthen the faith of the passenger in this matter, writing: "So much has been said about the inconvenience and danger of tunnels that it is necessary, where there are yet so many railways to be called into existence, to state that there is positively no inconvenience in them, except the change from daylight to lamplight." All men are not philosophers, however, and one passenger took a more serious view of the vicissitudes of underground travel. This gentleman, in the days when it was customary to hoist private equipages on low trucks attached to the train, resolved to journey to Brighton in his own carriage. "In Balcombe Tunnel the truck conveying his carriage became disengaged from the train. The unfortunate occupant, perceiving the train leaving him, called after it, but in vain; and finding it proceeded on its journey he became dreadfully alarmed, being afraid to alight, and not knowing whether in a few minutes he might not be dashed to pieces by the next train. He had not been long in this suspense when an engine entered the tunnel, puffing away and the whistle screaming. He now considered his doom sealed, but the engine proved to be a pilot one sent to look after him, the truck and carriage having fortunately been missed on the train arriving at the next station."

Some passengers were fearful lest they should be drowned by sudden inrush of water from hill streams; others were apprehensive that the sudden concussion of air caused by the passage of the locomotive would so violently shake the brick fabric of the tunnel that the arch would collapse, and they would be crushed to death. The latter disquietude particularly related to Box Tunnel, and it was not allayed till General Pasley, under instructions from the Board of Trade, thoroughly inspected the tunnel and reported that it was perfectly sound. By-and-by the confidence of the passenger in the security of underground travel became greater, and he confined his criticism rather to the repellent condition of the atmosphere than to the probability of tunnel fall. He read, it is true, with a certain amount of unrest, of the perils of tunnel-making—how in some instances the water broke through the quicksand or gravel, and the men had to be rescued on rafts; but he hoped for the best,

and in 1845 did not refuse the invitation to enter the train that made the experimental run through Woodhead Tunnel, on the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway, lately christened "The Great Central." In a rare pamphlet on "Manchester Railways" the following entertaining account is given of the journey: "A train of about twenty carriages left the Sheffield station at ten o'clock this morning, drawn by two new engines, accompanied by the chairman, the directors and their friends. Precisely at five minutes past ten the train was put in motion, and got under rapid way. The weather was extremely unpropitious, owing to a tremendous fall of snow. The train reached Dunford Bridge in three-quarters of an hour, where it remained twenty minutes for water. It then proceeded through the tunnel at a steady pace. It was 10¾ minutes passing through this great subterranean bore, and on emerging into the 'regions of light' at Woodhead the passengers gave three hearty cheers, making the mountains ring. It speedily passed over the wonderful viaduct at Dinting, and arrived at Manchester at a quarter-past twelve o'clock, the band playing 'See the Conquering Hero Comes!'"

There are no fewer than thirty-five tunnels over 1,000 yards in length on English lines, and those of notable extent are the Severn Tunnel on the Great Western 7,664, the Totley Tunnel on the Midland 6,226, the Stanedge on the North-Western 5,342, Woodhead on the Great Central 5,297, and Bramhope on the North-Eastern 3,745 yards long. The difficulties encountered in the making of these tunnels were enormous; but they were overcome, though the men in some instances were often in peril through subterranean flood, and were obliged to work in waterproof garb like divers at the bottom of the sea. But it is singular that after spending wealth far greater than that of any American millionaire on the construction of necessary underground ways, the railway companies should be, apparently, so indifferent to their adequate ventilation. Possibly they have endeavoured to encourage inventive genius to discover means of driving the vitiated air out of the longest bores; but judging from the present stuffy condition of nearly every tunnel, one must come to the conclusion that either the inventive faculty is decadent, or the cost of purification too great. Vast improvement has been made in rail track, speed of travel, and train equipment; but the tunnel itself, though better drained, walled, and arched than of yore, still clings to its vile odour and stifling misery. It is possible to send pure currents of air through the deepest roads and into the farthest headings of the coal-mine; but it seems to be "beyond the

wit of man" to ventilate a long tunnel. Woodhead Tunnel, through which the shareholders travelled nearly fifty years ago with buoyant hopes and ringing cheers, is such an evil-smelling place that even Lord Wharncliffe, the chairman of the company, puts his handkerchief to his nose in disgust when he goes through it.

The old fear of tunnel-riding is dead, but there is scarcely a subterranean track in England that is not ill-ventilated, even if ventilated at all. One of the most grotesque phases of our civilisation is the conduct of the passengers in any compartment as the engine gives its piercing warning whistle, and the train plunges into the tunnel. The sliding windows are pulled upward out of the door slots with a bang. The ventilation slits near the carriage roof are quickly closed. Everybody's lips are shut tightly too; or if indiscreetly opened there is a cough, or gasp, or anathema against the company. The politest man is impelled to be fierce in a tunnel, and if the absent-minded passenger by the door forgets his duty, yells: "For heaven's sake, shove the window up. Do you want us to be poisoned?" The infant mind, busy with strange unfolding thought, fancies that the tunnel is a necessity to the locomotive's comfort—a place specially designed to enable the engine "to close its peepies." Impatient lovers, and couples on their honeymoon, occasionally etherealise the tunnel into the haunt of Anteros, the god of mutual love; but level-headed folk who have settled down to the unpoetic realities of life do not hesitate to speak of the underground way, whether beneath hill, river or city, as an unmitigated nuisance.

In various parts of the country attempts have been made to clear the fetid tunnel atmosphere by means of air-shaft, Guibal fan, and other apparatus, but the results are far from gratifying. They may satisfy the directors, but the passengers, like "King Gama" in the comic opera, have still something to grumble at. Chemical agency as well as mechanical appliance will probably be required to purify the unwholesome air that makes a long tunnel nauseous and stifling. The committee's panacea for the purification of "The Underground" is the adoption of electric traction. Meantime they might suggest that the locomotives at present in use should consume their own smoke, and that the busiest tunnels, wherever they penetrate, should be illumined by electric light.

JOHN PENDLETON.

THE TUDOR GARDEN.

IT was not until the days of "the high and magnificent princes" of the Tudor line that gardens in our sense of the word were general throughout the realm. When in perfection they were equally stately and beautiful, and, in their natural variety, far superior to the commonplace blazes of colour in geometrical shapes which make up the modern garden, wherein all individuality seems sacrificed to conventionalism.

The Tudor garden at its best—as it served for the retiring place of the learned and accomplished men who marked the era—is described in the noble essay of Bacon which is an English classic. In an age when *fin de siècle* self-conceit and shallowness finds all literature not "up to date" obsolete, and asserts that Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray (not to mention many another name) are "too long-winded," it may not be needless to quote some of those immortal phrases.

"God *Almighty*," says the statesman, lawyer, philosopher, and wit—whose intellect in its many-sidedness still stands unrivalled in the glory-roll of Britain—"first planted a *garden*; and indeed it is the purest of humane pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man. . . . I doe hold it, that in the royall ordering of *gardens*, there ought to be *gardens*, for all the *moneths* in the yeare; in which severally things of beautie may be then in season."

This is a progressive idea to which all our modern fashionable ones, as enunciated by head gardeners, are opposed. A great blaze of colour for a limited period is *their* idea. But this is outside my theme. Perhaps the nearest approach on a miniature scale to the Tudor garden is to be found in the delightful old-world cottage one in such of the counties as lie "far from the madding crowd," in remote counties where the wheels of life move slowly, where the sight and smell are gratified as the wayfarer leans over the wicket which opens between the thick edges of whitethorn, and which is odorous on either side from the ample bush of sweetbriar always prominent in such gardens.

Whether the garden in the Tudor days lay stately behind the noble's castle or the less imposing but sufficiently substantial manor-house of the small landowner, or on a smaller scale ornamented the homestead of the flourishing and sturdy yeoman whose ancestors had dwelt for generations in the same place, there was a similarity in the flowers and fruits, the contour and proportions which marked it. As time went on the science of gardening improved, and thus during the Tudor reigns successively the system grew in beauty, until becoming that idealised by Bacon.

Before the reign of Henry VII. gardening as a general thing was little known in England. The monasteries had always encouraged cultivation; amid all the wars and woes of centuries the peaceful art of horticulture had been among the other benefits they conferred on a community torn by wars and feudal oppressions.

With the settled despotism of Henry VII. and his tyrant successor there was in things social that calm which, however deceptive, characterises the rule of an iron hand. And the spread of gardening on a much more elaborate scale was one of its accompaniments. Quaint and formal to our ideas these stately gardens, and yet with a wealth of delightful English blossoms, some of whose very names are poetry, and amid which fair maidens indulged in the high-flown language of euphuism, and the elaborate play on words which marked the conversation of fashionable youth of the period.

To the square garden with its fruit and flowers was usually added a smooth-mown bowling-green, and very often a fish-pond. Often in such ancient demesnes can the situation of the vanished fish-pond now grassed over be marked by the circular depression in the area of the turf. The red roses of the House of Lancaster were of course in the ascendant among flowers. Roses of various kinds, and that which, as Bacon says, comes later, "the musk"—the out of fashion, delightful, ancient rose which every rose lover of the genuine as distinct from the conventional class prizes wherever he finds it. Violets, daffodils, anemones, wallflowers, double white violets, gillyflowers, pinks, sweetbriar, lilies, tulips, peonies, marigolds, periwinkles—white, purple, and blue—great favourites these, as will later be shown—hollyhocks, musk, crocuses, and hyacinths—these were the most esteemed flowers in the Tudor garden, as Bacon's fragrant list shows. But there were also according to "Euphues and his England" (black letter, 1605), which is a description of a visit in Elizabeth's reign to English country houses, "Sops in Wine" and "Sweet Johns." The hero of the story, who has arrived from Naples, remarks to some of the beauties who invite him with much

word fervency, to choose a posy, "Here are so many in one plot as I shall never find more in all Italie."

No garden of the period probably surpassed that attached to the "fair house at Chelsea" where dwelt during his prosperous days Sir Thomas More. Statesman, orator, scholar, and wit, he was unsurpassed if equalled in Europe, and to the qualities which make up this description he added those of a gentle piety which never failed him in his after calamities, and a serene and high-tempered courage which enabled him to lay his head on the block with an innocent jest on his lips. At the time when his garden was in its greatest beauty, however, he was in high favour with Henry VIII. "The King," says Erasmus, More's great admirer, "would scarcely ever suffer the philosopher to quit him; for if serious affairs were to be considered, who could give more prudent counsel? Or if the King's mind was to be relaxed by cheerful conversation, who could there be a more facetious companion?"

Throughout the winding walks of that garden, bright and odorous with the flowers already named, the silver Thames flowing musically close by, Henry would walk in converse with More, his arm round his favourite's neck. Even then, however, amid the flowers and sunshine typical of the temporary sunshine of the capricious monarch's favour, the keen insight into human character which More possessed enabled him to see the shifting nature of that favour. Walking in that garden which with his son-in-law, Roper, husband of that favourite daughter, Margaret, whose filial piety at "that last memorable scene" of More's life has immortalised her name, More was congratulated by his son-in-law on the King's favour and familiarity.

"I thank our Lord, son," said the calm philosopher, "I find his Grace my very good lord indeed, and I believe he doth as singularly favour me as any other subject within this realm; howbeit, son Roper, I may tell thee, I have no cause to be proud thereof; for if my head would win him a castle in France, when there was war between us, it should not fail to go." July 6, 1535, when "before nine o'clock of the morning" (by the despot's special order) More placidly laid his head on the block, verified his prescient words.

Trees of odorous blossom are among the charms of the Tudor garden as described by Bacon in words which make us perceive their waving boughs and multitudinous fragrance. The Victorian garden does not regard such bloom as among that which makes up the charm of petals. So much the worse for the modern garden and the limited ideas which define it. Above the old-world blossoms which

loaded the air with fragrance from the borders were ample varieties of those which courted the higher airs 300 years ago. First let us, however, recur to the periwinkle, always conspicuous in border and by shrubbery. It was sung as "pervinckle" by Chaucer 500 years ago. It had in France and thence in England occult associations, and was supposed to be medicinal for various things—cramp especially. But particularly was the periwinkle, as the English rendering of the original name has it, popular from its long duration of blossom, and the trailing beauty of its foliage in contrast with the blossoms. So it is now with all who love the old ways in gardening and abhor the mere "bedding out" of a blaze of colour for a brief period of the year. To such as desire a feast for the eye most dear is the place where the

> periwinkle's bloom
> Like carpet of Damascus loom,
> Pranks with bright blue the tissue wove
> Of verdant foliage.

The deep green of the leaves is one of the most refreshing sights to the eye in contrast with the deep blue of the blossoms—this being now the commonest variety, though as already mentioned showing popularity in the Tudor day with the white and lighter blue. Perhaps this flower, so neglected by the mere imitative fashionable gardener to-day, is so valued by those who can appreciate it from the fact of its being among the few blossoms which, in the days we describe as in the present ones, cheer the bleak aspect of the garden in November.

Of the flowering of trees our Tudor predecessors had a warm appreciation, and reckoned such blossoms as among the indispensable adjuncts of a garden. Nor were they wrong. In one of his letters to a correspondent Lord Beaconsfield remarked that woodland scenery was that which unlike mountains and lakes never tired the observer. So of trees. No one who has any tincture of imagination in him can ever grow weary of watching the continual delights of a tree, even a solitary one in a London back garden. Some of course there are who, like the Lord Carnarvon of Pepys's time, think that trees "are only excrescences of Nature provided for the purpose of paying debts." But such are in the minority.

The favourite trees which added to the delights of a Tudor garden were varied. The pear trees in blossom were chief among them. And what lovelier sight does spring offer than apple, pear, and plum trees in bloom? The two former present to the eye

> One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
> Of mingled blossoms.

As for the plum, its snow-white bloom stands alone. But for this tint and amplest luxuriance the flowers which robe

> Of virgin whiteness, like the snow,
> The clustered cherry,

are most opulent, because the cherry is so laden in every branch with its white blossom that not a leaf or stem is visible except where three or four leaves appear at the extremity of each branch. Well, then, instead of regarding the blossoms of these trees as mere preliminaries to fruit, as do our moderns, the Tudor garden lovers believed in those things of beauty, and ranked them among the most prized spring blossoms.

By the way, it would seem that the cherry-tree, though introduced into England in the Roman days, was first in fashion and excellence in Henry VIII.'s time. His fruiterer, Richard Haines, who seems to have been one of the fortunate members of his humbler *entourage* who preserved his favour—the loftier ones mostly found their way ultimately to Tower Hill—introduced new sorts from Flanders, and these were planted in Kent, whence grew the fame of Kentish cherries still flourishing. There is an account of a cherry-orchard in Kent in 1540 of thirty-two acres which produced fruit that sold in those early days for £1,000, an enormous sum, as land at that time let at a shilling per acre.

The blossoms of the mezereon with glossy green leaves and red but deadly berries, of the almond tree in crowded pinkness, of the "cornelian," of the hawthorn, the mayblossom always prized—though with that quaint country superstition (defied by London excursionists in the spring who load themselves with boughs) that "bringing it into house means death"—were also ornaments of the garden. There were other indispensable adjuncts—the rosemary and the lavender bushes, rivals in popular affection with the sweetbriar.

As for the evergreens, a glance at Bacon's essay shows us how our ancestors loved the winter beauties of the garden. "Such things," says he, "as are greene all winter" (speaking of November, December, and January), "holly, ivy, bayes, juniper, cipresse-trees, eugh, pine-apple-trees, firre-trees." The mournful associations of modern life with yew and cypress seem unknown to the healthier mind of an era when there were no nerve "problems" or introspective novels.

Grass made a leading feature. Ample areas of well-mowed ever-green grass which should delight the eye. Not the scrimpy "lawn," with its limited space cut up into octagonal and other beds of

verbenas and calceolarias. But space and verge enough to feast the eye and afford room for a bowling-green. The game was as popular then as golf is now. Whether the splendid imperturbability of Drake in finishing his game when the Spanish Armada was in sight would find its parallel now in any modern general or admiral playing golf when the enemy's battleships' smoke was clear on the horizon we will not say.

Of all the Tudor gardens the most thorough perhaps, and probably not nearly so delightful to its occupants as many humbler ones, were those of Kenilworth. The magnificent favourite whose memory is darkened with the mysterious and tragic story of poor Amy Robsart was successful in making his garden as himself—conspicuous among his contemporaries. Laneham has left a full description, albeit he seems, like a modern reporter, to have been obliged to observe it surreptitiously. To the north of the castle it lay a terrace ten feet high and twelve feet in breadth, even under foot, and fresh with evenly-mown greenest grass running parallel with the castle wall; obelisks and spheres were its ornaments, interspersed with stone effigies of the heraldic cognisance of Leicester, the white bear "on goodly bases." At each end stood a fine arbour redolent with trees, sweet of blossom, and various flowers. "Fair alleys of turf" marked the paths; others were paved in contrast with smoothest sea sand. The garden itself was divided into four even quarters. In the middle of each stood on a base two feet square a porphyry square pilaster with a pyramidical pinnacle fifteen feet high, pierced and hollowed and surmounted by an orb. All around these were the most fragrant flowers and herbs—showing the combination of the *utile* and *dulce* peculiar to the age—and mingled with these were fruit trees of all kinds. In the midst of the garden—an assimilation to more modern tastes—there was erected a square aviary twenty feet high, thirteen long, and fourteen broad, with large windows—two being in front, two at either end, and each five feet wide. These windows were arched and separated by flat pilasters, which supported a cornice. The roof of this aviary was made of wire-net, the meshes an inch wide. The cornice was gilded and painted in imitation of precious stones. With due attention to the habits of birds, eaves in the wall were added to the aviary, for shelter from sun and wind and for building. At either end stood "fair holly trees" for the birds to perch in. These comprised English, French, and Spanish ones, and probably here were some of the earliest canaries—literally from the Canary Islands.

In the middle of the garden was a fountain with an octagonal

basin rising four feet high, two figures of athletes in the midst, standing back to back, and in their hands upholding "a fair marble bowl," from whence various pipes distilled continual streams of water into the reservoir. This latter contained carp, tench, perch, bream, and eels. On the top of all the ragged staff, the cognisance of the house, was displayed, while, with the usual taste for classic allegory which then prevailed, on one side Neptune drove his sea-horses with his trident, on the other stood Thetis with her dolphins.

Triton, Proteus, the Nereids, were "engraven with exquisite device and skill," surrounded by whales, sturgeons, tunnies, and conch shells. And characteristic of that love of practical joking which could and did exist simultaneously with wide and extensive classic learning and love of euphuism, and which some of the highest personages occasionally indulged in, there was a tap, by the turning of which any unwary spectator could be drenched at the pleasure of anyone knowing its effect, and who admired that sort of humorous performance.

Glancing at the humbler contents—the vegetables—of the Tudor garden, we do not find at the earlier part of the era such variety as in flowers. Indeed, according to Hume, there were not till the termination of Henry VIII.'s reign either salads, carrots, turnips, or other edible roots produced in England. He adds that such of these vegetables—a small proportion and only by the wealthy—as were used were imported from Holland and Flanders, and that Queen Catherine, when she wanted a salad could only get one by despatching a messenger thither on purpose. Hops were first introduced from Flanders in this reign and also artichokes. Apples and pears, however, though indifferent in quality up to this era, had for centuries been acclimatised, and strawberries and gooseberries plentiful. As to salads, however, Hume's remark must be construed with some modification, for in a homely sense salads had always been procurable in England. Winter and watercresses abounded; the people had also "common alexanders" eaten as celery is; rampion, rocket, borage, and goose-foot, or "Good Henry," are mentioned among herbs, while sprout kales served for greens, which, indeed, must have been much in request, seeing the quantity of salt meat eaten perennially. On the whole, however, until in Henry VIII.'s reign the Flanders gardeners exported their vegetables, the kitchen garden in England—save in the case of the monasteries—was very limited. The reign of the second Tudor saw many novelties, and so the art of gardening and variety of flowers and vegetables improved and increased, till culminating in the long reign of Elizabeth. Pippins seem to have been introduced in

1525, and the damask rose in 1522 had been brought to England by Linacre, the King's physician. Currants were brought from Zante and planted in England in 1533, and in the same year Cromwell, Earl of Essex, introduced the musk rose and several sorts of plums from Italy, while apricots are contemporaneous with cherries in 1540. So that by the time Bacon wrote his famous essay, both the Tudor flower and kitchen garden were well stocked with beauties and dainties. Undoubtedly the first general improvement in gardening is due to Holland about 1509, and the Dutch experts found apt pupils enough in garden-loving Englishmen of various ranks.

The main characteristic of the elaborated Tudor garden would seem to be its stately, simple, and ample scope and verge, within which it was the aim of the owner to cherish a succession of trees and flowers, so that from the beginning to the end of the year there might be always something to delight the eye. This might give a hint to some very ambitious modern gardens, which for a longer or shorter period look desolate indeed after having for a space blazed out into a brilliant array of colours. Some of the trees and flowers of the ancient days are neglected now by modern taste, but to the mind which can appreciate the full beauty of the idea there is a perennial charm in such a garden as Bacon sketches, which in varying degree and aspect was and would be now from January to December "a thing of beauty" and a "joy for ever."

F. G. WALTERS.

HER ANSWER.

IF you had come
Ten years ago,
And your mute lips the love had spoken
Your eyes betrayed, ah ! then unbroken
Had been the bowl at love's clear fount,
And you had drawn and drunk ; but lo !
Your lips were dumb
Ten years ago !

E. GIBSON.

TABLE TALK.

Famine in India.

FAMINE in India is to the knowledge of many of us ever near at hand, and is, I am afraid, likely so to remain. With the causes of. this "effect defective," to use the words of Polonius, I may not deal any more than I may with the remedies to be applied, which are unfortunately outside my ken. I have, however, been reading with painful interest a book by Mr. F. S. H. Merewether, a special famine correspondent of Reuter, entitled, "A Tour through the Famine Districts of India."[1] A book sadder in perusal than this, or giving a more vivid picture of the suffering, chronic in certain districts of India, is not to be found. I have no wish to harrow the feelings of my readers or to draw from Mr. Merewether's work any political lesson that can serve a party purpose. I am saying nothing more than all will concede in asserting that a tendency and desire exist to minimise the importance of facts that may tell against those in office. When, accordingly, last year news of famine reached us from the North-Western Provinces of India and from other districts, the order went forth from certain quarters that there was to be no famine. I have myself heard from Anglo-Indian lips that the so-called famine was a figment of the imagination, and that discontented observers went out determined to find what, in fact, had no existence.

What is Starvation?

AGAINST these assurances that all was well one could always pit the existence of relief works, and the fact that in comparatively prosperous districts every tenth soul of the entire population was in receipt of some form or other of Government relief. In the January of last year Mr. Merewether undertook, on behalf of Reuter's Agency, a tour of the famine districts, which was ultimately extended over between four and five thousand miles. Every form of hospitality

[1] A. D. Innes & Co.

was afforded him by those in authority, and every opportunity of obtaining exact information. He travelled with a Kodak, and took in his progress pictures of the worst cases that came under his observation. Now that the result of these is given in a book, the authority of which none will dream of disputing, the nature and extent of the suffering of famine-stricken races of India become apparent, and we can no longer hug ourselves, after our wont, in comfortable delusion. I have, of course, no power to reproduce the pictures which constitute the most terrible portion of Mr. Merewether's appeal, if such it may be considered. He shows us, however, in pictures the fidelity of which is no more to be disputed than the sadness, a number of natives of Central and North-Western India who are, one may say literally, skeletons covered with skin, with limbs in which the bones are as easily traceable as if they were uncovered. I must be pardoned, in the absence of ocular demonstration, for giving in an abridged form one or two of Mr. Merewether's assertions:—

> Starvation kills Indians very slowly; the present famine had been preceded by years of . . . what would be starvation in white men's countries; . . . the bodies of the victims had been reduced gradually, but still life lingered, if that can be called life which enabled them to draw breath and move feebly the bones that were their legs and arms. The fat of their bodies had first been consumed, leaving only gristle and sinew. Finally (what I should not have supposed possible) these also were attacked; there are left the shrunken veins, the nerves, which now but imperfectly transmit the impulse from the brain, which is itself anæmic and scarcely human; the wasted internal organs, and the skin, which is shrivelled, cold, and dry to the touch. . . . As for the faces of the children . . . the dark skin is stretched on a fleshless skull, the lips are mere skin and shrunk back from the teeth; the eyes glimmer dimly in hollow sockets, unless, as is often the case, they have been eaten away by the ophthalmia which is among the consequences of starvation. The neck is hardly larger than the spinal column and insecurely supports the skull. The scalp is frequently attacked by a disease which completely covers it with a kind of thick, hard, whitish scab—a skull-cap of death. The inside of the mouth is subject to ulcerous swellings, hard and painful, which force it open, prevent the swallowing of food, and discharge a viscid matter. The bones of the legs are often raw with ulcers, on which swarms of flies settle and feed. Well (says Mr. Merewether, the worst of whose description I have omitted out of regard to my readers), this is starvation.

English Dealing with India.

THE foregoing picture, taken at Mirgang, I will supplement with a record at Bilaspur, my excuse being that this is taken from what is a supposedly charitable institution in which relief was being doled out, over 600 wretches being crowded into a space sufficient

perhaps for a fourth of the number. The filth and stench were appalling:—

> Outside the pale I found a man dying of dysentery absolutely uncared for. A couple of yards away lay the still warm corpse of a man from which the flies arose in myriads as I approached to examine him. A group of poor skeletons, scarcely human beings, were squatting close by worn down by suffering and disease to the last stage of callousness and apathy. I questioned them about this man, and they replied, "Yes, sahib, he is dead. He crawled here this morning, but was too late for the morning meal, and he has died. He told me he had had no food for four days." Here was a man who died of starvation under the very eyes of the authorities, and within hand-grasp of the food which might possibly have saved his life. . . . Inside the walls, if one can call the thorn fence such, the sights were of the most horrible and pitiable description, and I say advisedly and with due reason, from personal observation, that the inmates of this supposedly charitable institution were being condemned to a horrible and lingering death.

Here I pause, not because the subject is exhausted. I could fill pages with similar matter. Why have I brought these terrible sights before my readers? Because the truth in these and other things rarely reaches a feeling, disinterested, charitable, and responsible world. The same pen that supplies the passages I have quoted writes that the officials had not sufficiently grasped the real importance of the situation. He adds: "From high quarters the *hookum* [order] had gone forth, there was to be no famine in Central India, and the subordinates of Government were trying to carry out the order." It is not of Cuba I am speaking, nor of Spanish dominion. It is of English rule and England's India.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE

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SHADOWS.

BY EMILY CONSTANCE COOK.

Yet ah, that Spring should vanish with the rose!
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
—The nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows?

MAMIE was dying.

In the pretty, peaceful room opening on to the garden, amidst all the delightful sights and sounds of summer, Mamie had to die.

Only seventeen years old, poor Mamie! with all her pleasures and joys and hopes, like the Fata Morgana, a delusive dream, never to be realised, missing—

Honour, labour, rest,
And the warmth of a babe's mouth
At the blossom of her breast.

At the foot of Mamie's little bed her mother sat, with bowed head; beside her was a grey-robed Sister from the nursing home; hardly a sound broke the June stillness.

Mamie did not want to die; she wanted very, very much to live. She enjoyed life; she liked going out to dances and parties; she liked being admired; she liked being thought clever; she wanted to grow up to be a great genius—but, above all, she wanted to win the prize in her examination. She had worked *so* hard for it, and had thought of nothing else for so long; it did seem hard that she should die before she could get it.

The tassel of the window blind, waving gently to and fro, made

a pattern of light and shade on Mamie's bed; her fingers played restlessly with the sheet. Oh! how tired she was of that particular pattern! How long, how long it seemed that she had been in bed! Many, many days—first days of pain, fever, and tossing to and fro, days when she knew she had been cross and fretful to everybody—and now only weakness and feeling, oh! so tired.

The light from the garden flickers and fades; Mamie opens her eyes again; a grey-headed doctor is standing by her bed; he looks grave; he seems to be talking to somebody.

"Has the class-list come out yet?" asks Mamie, rousing herself. She asks this question regularly every day. "No? Then perhaps you can tell me—tell me the principal exports of Bombay? And I can't, no, I never *can* remember the name of the capital of the Isle of Wight."

Mamie relapses into a doze. "Over-pressure," mutters the doctor, holding her thin little wrist. Somebody in the room seems to sob.

Now it is darkness again. Mamie does not know how long she has been asleep. Some one—the Sister—is giving her a drink. Mamie does not want anything; she only wishes they would leave her alone.

Why are the birds awake so early? Ah, it is morning again. Mamie is always glad when it is light enough to count the row of bottles on the shelf—anything but that tiresome pattern of the blind on the bed. Oh, that ugly blind! But some one draws it up, and "visions of the world appear" from outside; the delicious scents of June float in through the French windows from the lawn there. A little sparrow hops in, impertinently chirping. Mamie turns her head to watch him. Happy little sparrow! *he* has not got to die yet.

"Shall I read a Psalm?" says a soft voice. It is the Sister. Mamie does not answer. She is so tired, tired; and it makes her head ache to think. She listens mechanically:—

"*Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off.*"

Can that be the nurse reading? and how far distant her voice sounds! Mamie raises her eyes and sees—not the far away country, but the sweet mystic eyes of the Child in the arms of the Sistine Madonna, watching her from across the room. "Poor Mamie," the Child seems to say—so wistful are His eyes, so divine His pity.

Mamie looks at the Child, and she feels that it will understand her. Has she worked so hard, all these years, for nothing? Is she to lose the prize just as it is within her grasp? What, then, was the

use—what was the use of it all? Mamie had made such plans for the future, she was to be beautiful, clever, a genius—yes, the greatest genius the world had ever seen. Everyone would be proud of her, everyone would love her—ah! how charming and how great she would be: and now this was the end of it all? What was the use, indeed?

Mamie tosses restlessly to and fro; her spirit "flutters and fumes for breath"; her poor little white soul cries out against extinction. Is that the doctor again? Who said "no hope"? Yes, yes, there *shall* be hope. Mamie *will* live.

"*When thou goest through the darkness I will be with thee.*"

Ah yes, Mamie wants some one with her in the dark. She has always been afraid of the dark—Who was that sobbing? Mamie tries to ask, but she cannot speak; with all her strength she cries in her heart for life. And the Divine Child in the picture seems to bend forward and say, "Poor Mamie, you shall live. You shall see that life itself is only sorrow. Go to sleep and dream."

And Mamie falls asleep, and dreams.

It seems to her that she is well and strong again. Her cheeks are rosy; there is light in her eyes and lips. She will not trouble about learning or examinations any more. They are empty, after all. That was not what life was given for. No, she will live, and love. Since she must marry somebody, she will marry Tom—it is easy to choose, since so many boys have said they liked her. They walk about the meadows hand-in-hand and are happy. Then they are married, and the organ is played in church, and Mamie has pretty frocks, and everyone kisses her. The frocks are really nicer than Tom is. Tom does not seem always so nice after they are married as he was before. Sometimes they quarrel, sometimes Mamie cries, and her pretty eyes are red. And a faint shadow gathers at the end of the room, and rolls slowly towards Mamie. And Mamie knows it is the Shadow of Disappointment. And the Shadow passes, but it leaves two little wrinkles on Mamie's pure white brow.

"*Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity.*"

Whose was that voice in serious monotone? Is it the nurse? No, Mamie has no nurse. . . . She is well and strong. . . . But time goes on, and now Mamie has a baby. A little, dear, soft baby who cuddles up to her and croons, with blue eyes and fluffy, golden hair like the angels. Oh! how Mamie loves the baby! She clutches it tightly, she holds it to her breast, she opens her little frilled night-gown—ah! poor little breast, so wasted and thin! The baby cries;

it is hungry. Ah, take it away, it is heavy! Mamie feels too weak to bear it.

Some one moves forward and gently lifts a pillow which was weighing on Mamie's arm. . . . Mamie breathes more easily. And looking into the dim distance, she sees another shadow roll slowly up towards her. And Mamie knows it is the Shadow of Suffering. And it leaves two more wrinkles on Mamie's brow.

But again the time goes by, and now Mamie has grown sedate and serious. She no longer runs and skips and laughs, but she sits all day and knits in a big garden chair, and the cat sits at her feet. Her hair has grown grey, and the pretty wavy curls have vanished from her head. . . . Now Mamie begins to feel old and tired—oh, so very, very tired—almost so tired that she does not want to live any longer. And Mamie sees a third shadow draw slowly up out of the void and roll towards her. And the shadow leaves many wrinkles on Mamie's brow, and crow's feet round her eyes. And Mamie knows that it is the Shadow of Old Age.

"*My days are like a shadow that declineth; and I am withered like grass.*"

Still the same insistent voice! Mamie opens her eyes, and sees the grey-robed Sister by her bedside. Ah! she has been dreaming. It was the Child in the picture that made her dream . . . she remembers it now. . . . How much better she feels! She will get up. How pleased the doctor will be when he comes this evening. Oh, yes, and the examination! Surely the post will bring news to-night. "Mother, has the letter come yet?"

But Mamie does not see how a deeper shadow than any creeps up silently out of the gloom. And the Sister reads on:—

"*And behold, a throne was set . . . and One sat on the throne.*"

Mamie sees a great white throne, and herself sitting on it. She seems to be without her body, and yet of it; she feels suddenly strong and well. A sea of faces surges beneath her; a roar of voices ascends to her: "Mamie's first! Mamie's first!" they all cry.

"Oh, mother, mother," she cries, with a great, glad shout: "I'm first in the examination! I'm first!"

But the shadow comes up silently, surely, and blots out for ever the gay, kind world. Mamie's head falls back; the little rippling, fair curls on her temples grow damp; her little hands clutch at the quilt. . . .

"*Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.*"

The nurse reads. But Mamie does not hear. The fourth shadow, the Shadow of Death, hangs over her.

" She's going," the nurse says quietly.

" Mamie, Mamie," cries the poor mother, " speak to me. Listen, listen " (with a sob), " the letter has just come, and *you* have got the prize ! "

But Mamie has passed away from the World of Shadows to the Land that is very far off.

THE RECORD OF THE SIKHS.

IN the early years of the sixteenth century, when the Papal Court was filled with alarm, and the heart of Europe stirred to its depths by the defiant preaching of the homely monk of Thuringia, who was destined to lift from the necks of millions the galling yoke of the Roman priesthood, a man rose up in the Punjab to proclaim a similar reformation, to inveigh against the false doctrines taught in the name of Hinduism, and to denounce idolatry and the ignoble superstitions with which that religion had become impregnated.

This Guru, or teacher, Nanuk, was born at Talvandi, near Lahore, in the year 1469, before the arrival in the land either of Moghuls or Portuguese. Devoting himself at an early age to a religious life, he wandered from shrine to shrine seeking inspiration. His sanctity of character brought him the usual flock of disciples anxious to serve so holy a Guru, and to these he expounded the principles of what he conceived to be the true faith. Henceforward his followers were to be known as Sikhs, or disciples, from the Sanskrit *Sishya*, and their master was to be *the* Guru.

Nanuk's doctrines were largely founded on the teaching of his predecessor, the reformer Kabir, who, though born a Mahomedan, had been converted to Vaishnavism. But setting his face against popular superstitions, he held that the worship of Vishnu should be pure monotheism, and therefore attempted to join hands with the Mahomedans, whom he regarded as serving the same Supreme Being under another name. Nanuk had similar aspirations; recognising an element of truth in each system, he endeavoured to collect material for a purer faith out of both, and, without rejecting Hindu sacred poetry and mythological fiction, he preached the unity of the Godhead, universal toleration and benevolence, and strict morality. In short, he substituted good works for empty professions of faith. He swept away the incubus of caste, and opposed the Brahmans by teaching that neither birth nor race need disqualify, that persons of high and of low degree are equal before God.

Nanuk's creed has, however, been correctly termed pantheistic

rather than monotheistic, for it inclined towards pure Brahmanism—as we may call that phase of religion which followed both the Nature-worship of the *Rig-Veda* and the adoration of single gods of varying precedence (or henotheism, to use Professor Max Müller's term) of the later Vedas, and which was distinguished by worship of the eternal, impersonal spirit, Brahma—a creed soon to degenerate into the all-embracing system of polytheism, now known under the unsatisfactory term Hinduism.

The first Guru was a man of such purity, humility, and charm of character that Mahomedans willingly acknowledged him a prophet of God, and, at his death, a dispute arose as to whether his body should be burned as a Hindu or buried as a Mussulman.

There is something ironical in the reflection that, in spite of the mutual belief in one God and a mutual antagonism to idolatry, this attempt to unite Hindus and Mahomedans only resulted in the deadliest hatred between the two sects—a hatred which has in no wise abated.

The first Moghul emperor, Baber, had too much on his hands to pay close attention to the insignificant new sect, and during the glorious reign of Akbar the tolerant, and also under Jehangir and Shah Jehan, the Sikhs were free from persecution. It was not until a much later date that the brotherhood was destined to develop military tendencies of such a nature as to cause alarm to the Moghul rulers. But towards the close of the seventeenth century, when the fanatical zeal of Aurungzebe had developed into a mania, the attempts of that monarch to suppress the Sikhs resulted in a corresponding enthusiasm on their part, and they clung to their faith more tenaciously than ever.

That the obstinate sect might be finally disposed of, the Emperor caused Tegh Bahadur, the ninth Guru, to be tortured and executed. From that moment the Sikh religion became militant.

The new Guru, Govind Singh, son of Tegh Bahadur, impelled by revenge, devoted his followers to worship of the sword. He proclaimed liberty, equality, and fraternity; he commanded them to add the name *Singh* (lion) to their other names, to keep their heads and beards unshorn, to wear blue garments, to avoid tobacco in every form (though the use of bhang and opium was not forbidden), and always to carry a sword. He allowed them to eat any flesh save that of the cow, and also abolished caste, foreseeing the strength that this would give his forces by establishing unity of aim. The very distinctive community thus created he named the *Khalsa* (the liberated). Members were admitted by a kind of baptismal rite,

when an oath was taken not to worship images, never to do obeisance to any other than a Guru, and never to turn the back on a foe.

Govind Singh refused to appoint a successor, but gave instructions that after his death the Sacred Book—the *Granth*—should for all time be considered their Guru.

By this time their creed was less simple and austere than as taught by Nanuk. The Sikhs were no longer the eclectic sect which their founder had intended, but had resumed many of the ignoble practices of the body from which they had broken. In many respects, however, no change had occurred. They still regarded graven images with scorn and rendered the same complete submission to their Gurus. Over and over again it is impressed in the *Granth* that "The Guru is guide; the word of the Guru is law." The reverence in which this Sikh Bible is held is thus described by Sir Monier Williams[1]:—"Brahmans maintain that God may infuse his essence into images, but they never make an idol of the written Veda. The Sikhs, on the contrary, deny that God associates himself with images, but believe that he is manifested in a written book (the Granth). This is treated as if it had a veritable personal existence. Every morning it is dressed out in costly brocade and reverently placed on a low throne under a jewelled canopy. In the evening it is taken to the second temple, where it is made to repose for the night in a golden bed." This temple, of which the *Granth* is the divinity, is the exquisite Golden Temple of Amritsar, built by Ram-das, and considered second only to the Taj Mahal for beauty.

The Hindu doctrine of Metempsychosis, with its eight million forms through which the soul must pass, also commends itself to the degenerate (in a religious sense) descendants of Nanuk's disciples.

In the present day there is an undoubted tendency on the part of the Sikhs to revert to Vaishnavism. An ever-increasing number now observe Hindu ceremonies and festivals, and even consider it worth while to conciliate the Hindu deities; whilst the exclusiveness of caste is no longer unknown to them. A very long time must elapse, however, before complete absorption takes place.

The vast majority of converts to the Khalsa were of the Jat race, a fair number of Khatris or Northern Rajputs being attracted, but few Mahomedans or pure Rajputs. The Jats, who form almost half the population of the Punjab and of the Rajput States, are sturdy husbandmen and yeomen, and are believed by some authorities, including Tod, to be descended from the *Getae* of the Greeks, a Scythian tribe which helped to overthrow the Græco-Bactrian power,

[1] *Religious Thought and Life in India.*

and who, it is supposed, settled in Northern Hindustan after the Indo-Scythian or Turanian invasion, about 100 B.C. Our information regarding this race under the name of the *Yueh-chi* is chiefly drawn from Chinese sources.

The relationship of the *Yueh-chi* to other races has been much discussed; by some they have even been identified with the Goths. Professor Max Müller, however, considers this derivation of the Jats "not proven," and Dr. Trumpp regards them as descendants of the first Aryan settlers in the Indus valley. Their language—a pure Sanskrit tongue—certainly favours his view.

No sooner had Govind Singh created the Khalsa than a sanguinary struggle against the paramount power ensued. Aurungzebe, however, was too strong a man, and though the Sikhs were knit closer together and their military capabilities brought out, they seemed to make but little impression on the Moghul power. Aurungzebe died in the year 1707, whereupon the Hindu leaders in all quarters of the Empire, foreseeing the decline of the Moghul rule, waxed aggressive. Bahadur Shah, the new Emperor, was soon weighed in the balance against his predecessor, and found wanting.

Within twelve months of the death of Aurungzebe, Govind Singh, the tenth and last of the Chief Gurus, met his fate at the hands of two Pathan brothers, in settlement of a blood feud. This did not tend to lessen the religious animosity, and the struggle for independence waxed fiercer and fiercer. The quondam religious brotherhood, after defeating one of the Governors of the Empire, sacked the town of Sirhind with atrocious accompaniment.

This success augmented the Sikh ranks considerably, all the outcasts of the Punjab, as well as numbers of low-caste Hindus, finding it profitable to become converted. That he might have a free hand in dealing with this new element, Bahadur Shah hastened to conciliate the Rajput princes by concessions calculated to make his bigoted predecessor turn in his grave. This accomplished, the Sikhs were for a time kept under, and for a lengthy period they suffered persecution with great firmness—thousands being executed with torture rather than forsake their creed.

During the second half of the last century the Sikh organisation improved in a wonderful manner. The various districts gathered themselves into confederacies known as *misls*, under capable leaders, and successfully resisted both Moghuls and Afghan invaders.

In the year 1764 the Moghuls had to call in Mahratta mercenaries to defend the Empire, and, in response to the call, Sindhia and Holkar—ever ready to subordinate religious prejudice to pecuniary

gain, or to fight side by side against either co-religionist or kindred race, but equally prompt to stand aloof or even turn traitor, were the other pillar of the Mahratta Empire hard pressed—used their influence to drive the Jats and Sikhs from the Delhi Province. In spite of these combinations the dominion of the Khalsa was paramount in the Punjab by the year 1780—Pathan attacks were less frequent and less dangerous, whilst the Moghul Empire was but a shadow of its former might. The brotherhood had formally assumed the character of a nation, and had issued coinage from which the name of the Moghul ruler was absent.

But now a power, mightier by far than the Sikhs, was advancing, inexorable as fate, its boundaries spreading more rapidly than theirs in all directions. Inevitable it seemed that a terrible shock must result at some not distant date, but through the wisdom of Ranjit Singh the blow did not fall until the middle of the next century.

This future Maharaja was the son of a Sirdar of one of the *misls*. He was born in 1780, and in his twentieth year was already regarded as one of the foremost chieftains. In his early days he was probably greatly influenced by the careers of his father's contemporaries, Madhaji Sindhia and Mulhar Rao Holkar, who had risen to sovereignty from a position similar to his; the former, indeed, having just failed to snatch the dominion of Hindustan, a failure largely due to the jealousy of the rival house of Holkar. These great Mahratta houses have ever kept up the family traditions of jealousy and distrust. So late as the year 1858, Sindhia, as the good boy, was rightly petted and made much of, and in addition to his K.C.S.I. was given an increase of territory; whereas Holkar was put in the corner for a time, and when found not guilty and brought out, though decorated with the Star of India, he received no grant of land.

Ranjit Singh proved more sagacious, if perhaps less brilliant, than the Mahratta princes; and about the year 1812 he had by force, cunning, or persuasion brought most of the Sirdars under his sway. Possessing all the qualities of a leader himself, he saw that his material was the finest in Hindustan, and to disarm jealousy he took good care to proclaim that he acted always as the servant of Govind and of the Khalsa. The popularity which this brought him amongst the soldiers did not turn his head, for, unlike most Eastern conquerors, he was never deceived as to his own limitations. Fond of power as he was, his sagacity never misled him as to the futility of any attempt to measure himself against the British, with whom he remained in friendship until his death in 1839.

Having repeatedly defeated the Afghans, he turned his attention to the Rajas of the petty hill states, then in 1818 he captured Multan. The next year he expelled the Afghans from Kashmir and annexed that kingdom, and a little later again defeated them and took Peshawur. This aroused the Pathan tribes to intense fury. *Jehads* or religious wars were preached by the mullahs, and for many years the Khalsa warriors were hotly engaged, rarely without complete success. In 1838, however, Dost Mahomed, the new Ameer, swiftly gathered together a large army, and defeated the Sikhs before Peshawur; but the Barukzai chief had to withdraw without taking the town.

The "Lion of the Punjab"—one of the most remarkable figures of the East—died the following year. Neither commerce, industry, nor art had been encouraged by his rule. His whole attention had been given to creating a solid State out of the loosely organised *misls*, and the fighting machine thus produced is without a rival in Indian history.

His co-religionists numbered well under 2,000,000, yet he had brought under their sway over 20,000,000 people.

Following upon his death came the first Afghan war, and the mismanagement and consequent disasters aroused in the Sikh mind the idea that their late ruler had been mistaken about the invincibility of the British. The traditions of Ranjit Singh luckily remained fresh, and the new Government stood loyal and even allowed the passage of reinforcements through their country. But, later, the usual disputes and intrigues arose as to the Succession, and a state of anarchy followed the assassination of several of the claimants. The nation becoming restive, the influence of the militant anti-British party increased, and troops were moved towards the frontier. The British, anxious to avoid collision, viewed these movements with apprehension, and strengthened their forces. Exaggerated accounts of these preparations filled the Sikhs with alarm, and further anarchy prevailing, the Sikh army became insubordinate and shortly took the real power of the State into its own hands. In December 1845 the warlike party could no longer be restrained; the Sikhs crossed the Sutlej, and war was declared. At once the insubordination ceased; at once the army of the Khalsa returned to its old discipline and loyalty.

Our men, under Sir Henry Hardinge, the Governor-General, and Sir Hugh Gough, the Commander-in-Chief, first encountered the stubborn and well-disciplined enemy at Moodkee, and there inflicted a severe defeat.

The next encounter was at Firozshah, where the Sikhs fought with such courage and determination, that when night intervened they had more than held their own and the odds seemed in their favour; but with the return of daylight the wearied British seemed to acquire a new lease of vigour, and victory at length crowned their arms. Our loss here in killed and wounded numbered about 2,500, many of whom were treated with shocking barbarity. So treacherous and fanatical were the enemy that many of them fired on British officers who had spared their lives. On the other hand, occasional gleams of chivalry and magnanimity on their part were observed during the war.

The battle of Aliwal was on a smaller but more brilliant scale, and resulted in a complete rout of the brotherhood. Still the stout Sikhs were undaunted; they again faced the alien, until the awful loss sustained at Sobraon quenched their ardour for a time. The Nasiri and Sirmur battalions of Gurkhas (soon to fight side by side with these same Sikhs in defence of the British Raj) had taken part in the last two battles with conspicuous success.

The democratic army of the Khalsa, filled with religious zeal, has been aptly compared to Cromwell's Ironsides, and the greatness of our loss speaks volumes for the material against which our men had to contend. No less does the fact that in face of such determined and trained opposition the British army was, within two months of the outbreak of war, able to enter Lahore, speak for the sturdiness of the Europeans and of the Poorbeah[1] sepoys, and for the ability of their leaders. But the butcher's bill was terribly heavy; in these four engagements the British loss amounted to 1,500 killed and 5,000 wounded.

The Government being unwilling to experiment with the obvious dangers and difficulties attendant on annexation, an attempt was made to establish a strong and friendly native rule. Dhulip Singh, reputed to be the infant son of Ranjit Singh, was recognised as Maharaja; Major Henry Lawrence, of the Bengal Artillery, was appointed Resident at Lahore, where a British garrison was to remain for some years, and the Sikh army was reduced. The Jalandar Doab —the country between the rivers Beas and Sutlej—being more easy to control and administer, passed over to the company, and as a further punishment a large war indemnity was asked. Poverty being

[1] This term, meaning "the man from the East," was first applied to the Oudh sepoys enlisting in the Bombay army; but it was afterwards used indiscriminately for all mutinous sepoys, Oudh being the recruiting ground for the Company's Bengal army.

pleaded, the State of Kashmir was accepted in lieu thereof. This kingdom was then sold to Golab Singh, Raja of Jammu—a Dogra Rajput—as a reward for remaining friendly and loyal—to his own interests.

Henry Lawrence was now master in the Punjab, and in the ranks of his lieutenants figured his brothers John and George, Herbert Edwardes, Abbott, Nicholson, and others; men thoroughly in sympathy with their chief, and who were later to illumine so brilliantly the pages of Indian history. But though the Sikh soldiery sullenly acquiesced in the decision of their Durbar to accept a British Protectorate during Dhulip Singh's minority, they were still not satisfied as to the futility of resistance, and were before long ready to again try conclusions.

The treachery of Mulraj, Governor of Multan, resulting in the murder of two British officers, was the spark that kindled the second Sikh War.

The combustible material burst into flame: the army gladly endorsed the act of treachery, and on all sides rose up religious leaders to pour oil on the fire by summoning their followers to "strike for God and the Guru." The military instincts of the hardy peasantry were aroused; they remembered their former prowess and the days of Ranjit Singh; they beat their ploughshares into swords, left their fields to the women, and hurried to the fray.

In their scattered districts, alone among an alien race, Henry Lawrence's band of workers strove desperately to keep their men in hand, but the pressure was in most cases too great. Their beloved chief was on leave in England, and the absence of his influence was sorely felt. Lieutenant Edwardes, however, held his little force loyal, and for some time preserved peace on the border, and "Jan Larens" kept the Jalandar Doab quiet in spite of the uproar around.

It was not considered advisable to move troops against Multan until the end of the hot season, so the city was not retaken until the following January. In the meanwhile Lord Dalhousie, the new Governor-General, gave utterance to the memorable words, "Unwarned by precedent, uninfluenced by example, the Sikh nation have called for war, and, on my word, sirs, they shall have it with a vengeance."

The first two actions at Ramnuggur and Sadulpur were, to put the best face on it, unsatisfactory, whilst the first big engagement, Chilianwala, was even worse. At this place the Sikhs had shown their usual skill in the choice of position and disposal of forces to make the most thereof, and their advantage was increased by

mistakes on the part of some of the British leaders. Altogether, it is not surprising that when the Sikhs finally fell back unconquered, our loss was over 2,300 killed and wounded, three regiments had lost their colours and four guns had fallen into the hands of the enemy. More grievous than all these, British cavalry had given the reins to blind terror, and, on hearing or imagining the order "Threes about," had turned and fled in amongst their guns followed by the jeering Sikh horse.

But it was no doubtful issue at Gujerat. For the first time Gough's guns outnumbered those of the enemy, and by the masterly handling of these the brave army of the Khalsa was crushed for ever. The Sikhs showed a bold front until the last, but they "had it with a vengeance," and told one another that "Ranjit Singh is indeed dead."

It was now evident that there was no alternative, so the Government reluctantly resolved on annexation. To render a rising more difficult in the future, the whole population was disarmed. The disarming of a people, among whom the carrying of weapons was universal and really necessary owing to the prevailing brigandage, was a delicate and humiliating matter, and it was carried out in a conciliatory though firm spirit.

Sir Henry then proceeded to put down dacoity and thuggee, and even reclaimed many of the low-caste class given over to this latter abomination with such success that they did useful work before Delhi as sappers and miners. The administration was carried on by a Board, of which Sir Henry was President and Mr. Mansel and John Lawrence the other members. Though each of the brothers loved and admired the other above all men, it is well known that they differed widely in their views, and Mr. Mansel was set the unenviable task of reconciliation. But this short-lived Board did its work well. Infanticide and other horrible cruelties formerly practised became things of the past; the resources of the country were developed as they had never been before; a network of roads and canals was spread over the land; irrigation and sanitation—previously almost unknown—were brought to a high state of perfection. In spite of the expense of these public works—and when we consider one of them, the Grand Trunk Road, we can form some idea of their magnitude—the Punjab was able to meet it; and, though the duties were abolished on more than half the articles formerly taxed, the revenue rose in eight years from 134 lacs to 205. The Board was backed up in a wonderful manner by the personal influence of that brilliant band who made themselves beloved and

trusted by the natives. Prominent amongst those whose work was to bear good fruit were such soldiers as Edwardes, Nicholson, Abbott, Becher, Lake, Taylor, James, Cotton, and Henry Lawrence himself: whilst Robert Montgomery, Macleod, Thornton, Barnes, Ricketts, and others upheld the prestige of the civilians. Everyone knows how Nicholson was worshipped as a god by the wild Bannuchis, and that the more he tried to thrash this religion out of them, the more divine he became. That Colonel Abbott was almost as great an object of adoration to the sterner men of the north is less well known. And it must be remembered that the aim of the President's life had been to render unnecessary the policy for which he was now working, for his ideal had been to establish a strong and independent bulwark between British territory and Pathan marauders. But the wars and consequent annexation had been forced upon us, and none knew better than he that there would have been no peace for India had the Khalsa been left uncontrolled.

At the close of 1852 the views of the two brothers had diverged so widely that both felt bound to resign. Sir Henry's resignation was accepted, and he was transferred to the residency of Rajputana; the Board collapsed, and the younger brother was appointed Chief Commissioner. Sikh soldiers from the districts which had not risen in 1849 were encouraged to enlist, and the famous corps of Guides increased. This corps was raised in 1846, from the wildest and toughest spirits of the border side. Men of all races and creeds; men of no race or creed; big, truculent Afridis, and jovial, little Gurkhas; brigand chiefs and leaders of dacoits, were all allowed to enlist, if only they were known to be strong and daring and skilful enough, and in this way an outlet for some of the most turbulent spirits was provided. As an instance, a daring robber-chieftain, Futteh Khan, whom none could capture or subdue, was offered the position of officer of the Guides, and he and all his men were enrolled, and proved most useful and faithful.

> Last night ye had struck at a border thief,
> To-night 'tis a man of the Guides.

In 1852 occurred the first frontier war since Peshawur had come under British rule. The war was forced upon us by the seemingly ineradicable falseness of the Afridis. The tribesmen had sold to Sir John Lawrence the right to make a road through their country, but no sooner was the price paid than they treacherously attacked the men engaged in construction and murdered them all. The trouble was soon settled, and the tribesmen were taught a lesson which was before long forgotten.

The Sikhs, both foot and horse, rendered a good account of themselves on this occasion, and, later, on the Momund and Yusufzai borders. An easier task was set these soldiers of the Khalsa at Pegu in the Burmese war of 1853. There the fourth Sikh Infantry won its first laurels, and the fierce, bearded men created a sensation and aroused much curiosity amongst officers and sepoys of the Madras regiments.

Four years later the great wave of the Mutiny passed over the Northern lands, to shatter itself against the Punjab, and the administration of that province was no longer an experiment.

Well was it for us in that hour that the two brothers and their disciples had governed the land with no other thought than the doing of their duty to the glory of God, to the honour of their native land, and to the interests of their subjects. But let us not attempt to conceal the fact that it was also well for us that the Sikh hatred of the Mussulman still prevailed, and that the prospect of sacking the Moghul capital fascinated his imagination by offering to gratify his revenge and his greed at the same time. Ancient prophecies, foretelling that some day the Sikhs should pour down to the sack of Delhi were called to mind, and passed from mouth to mouth.

No sooner did the news reach John Lawrence that the rebel regiments from Meerut had entered Delhi and that the last of the Moghuls was proclaimed, than he offered to raise corps of irregulars, and, at the same time, advised Lord Canning to trust the Sikh Rajas of Patiala and Jhind, as well as the Gurkhas. He decided that the Guides, the 4th Sikhs and the 1st and 4th Punjab Native Infantry could be spared, and, in due course, sent them to Delhi. The great Cis-Sutlej chieftains, who had been saved from the clutches of Ranjit Singh, soon gave proof that confidence was not misplaced. The Maharaja of Patiala occupied Thaneysur, Kurnaul, and Umballa, and thus kept open our communications along the Grand Trunk Road, besides lending 5,000 men. The Raja of Jhind also helped to guard the highway, and went with a contingent to Delhi, and troops were placed at the disposal of the Government by the Sikh rulers of Kapurthala and Nabha. Numerous Sikh recruits offered their services, keen to show the Poorbeahs how helpless they would be without their British leaders against the stern warriors of the Khalsa; keen also to loot and pillage and plunder.

Away from the Punjab the attitude of the Sikhs varied considerably. Since the annexation many had been drafted into Hindustani regiments, where the Punjabi was often looked down upon and taunted by the Hindu, as a member of a conquered race and a man

of low caste. No wonder that, assured of his own fighting superiority, he hailed the opportunity of revenging this insolence. On the other hand, in the regiments where the Sikhs had been treated considerately, or where—the mutiny having been planned with deliberation—they had been flattered or bribed, they elected in many cases to cast in their lot with the rebels.

At Benares, the Ludhiana regiment of Sikhs, after a few moments' hesitation, joined the mutineers, and, firing at its officers, was cut into lanes by Olphert's artillery. It then fled with the Mahomedan and Hindu corps, a disgraced regiment, though not wholly through fault of its own. When the doubtful regiments were paraded for disarming, the Ludhiana Sikhs had not been warned of the intention to exempt them; so, seeing the loaded muskets of the whites and the lighted port-fires of the artillery, they were seized by panic and acted with the others.

At Allahabad was posted a wing of the Firozpur regiment of Sikhs (Brasyer's Sikhs, now the 14th B.N.I.). These sullenly assisted at the disarming of the other native regiments; uncertain how to act but overawed by the cool courage of Lieut. Brasyer. As will be seen, this regiment rendered loyal service. Three hundred of them marched—alas! too late—with Renaud's small force to relieve Cawnpore; and a still larger number entered Lucknow with Havelock. Under him they helped to win the battle of Fathpur, and led by Brasyer and the late Havelock-Allan they stormed the Imambara and the Kaisar Bagh in magnificent fashion, and with the 78th Highlanders, fought their way through the streets of Lucknow. The opportune arrival of Havelock's army added this regiment to the Lucknow garrison. The corps proved an acquisition, for not only was its loyalty never in doubt, but it developed an unexpected aptitude for counter-mining operations and frequently foiled the enemy's designs.

At Shahjehanpur the 28th N.I. mutinied whilst the English residents were at church, and would have murdered them all had not the Sikhs of the regiment proved faithful. Though less than one hundred in number, these overawed the rebels and rescued the Christians.

Rattray's Sikhs (originally Bengal police, but now the 45th B.N.I., distinguished by the metal quoit worn on the turban) behaved grandly at Patna, the head-quarters of the Wahabis, the most extreme Mahomedan sect. Feeling sure that a *jehad* was being preached in secret, the Commissioner, Mr. Taylor (that strong man who was so badly treated by Government for saving his district in a

more effective but different way from that thought proper by his superiors in Calcutta) sent for Rattray's men, who were forty miles away. As they marched in they were subjected to threats, taunts, and abuse from Hindus and Mahomedans alike, and the priests of the Sikh Temple went so far as to refuse them admission, unless they would promise not to fight on the side of the infidel. Hardly had they arrived before the green flag was unfurled. Thousands of fanatics made for the houses of the whites, intent on murder; only to be confronted by Rattray and the bayonets of one hundred and fifty of his men. Sikhs and Wahabis, the two sects whose doctrines bind them to live by the sword, stood face to face; the opportunity to avenge the insults was taken, and within a few moments the Wahabis were in full retreat, leaving numerous dead.

Subsequently the inconsistent sepoys of the 7th, 8th and 40th Native Infantry, stationed at Dinapur, the military station of Patna, after, in characteristic fashion, fluctuating between loyalty and disloyalty, finally revolted, and—there being no Mr. Taylor nor Brigadier Cotton at Dinapur—they were allowed to break loose with their arms. The pandies made for Arrah and would have slain every European had not Mr. Taylor promptly despatched fifty of the Sikhs to the magistrate of that town, Mr. Herwald Wake. This gallant civilian had asked for help, but begged that the Sikhs might not be sent as he distrusted them, and now they were to take a glorious revenge. The fifteen Europeans with the fifty of Rattray's fortified two houses, and these they held for a week against 6,000 trained sepoys, some of whom were also Sikhs. These latter appealed to the religious prejudices of their countrymen, besides offering shares of the treasury plunder, but Rattray's Sikhs stood the test and answered with bullet and bayonet until the arrival of Vincent Eyre's relief force. Still another detachment of this corps, with two companies of H.M. 23rd, defeated over 3,000 rebels at Chattra, and recovered great stores of ammunition, numerous guns, bullocks and elephants, as well as stolen treasure. The gallant 45th have reason to be proud of their record during the mutiny.

But, whilst massacre was following massacre throughout Bengal, John Lawrence and his lieutenants were riding out the storm in the Punjab, though Hindu and Mahomedan regiments were all disaffected and many were marching down to Delhi. Lahore, Govindgur, Amritsar, Firozpur, and the important arsenal of Philour were in turn secured against the rebels. At Ludhiana a few companies of the 4th Sikhs held in check three rebel infantry regiments and one of

cavalry for a time, but, lacking support, had to allow the pandies to escape.

The loyalty of the Protected Sikh States never wavered throughout the anxious time during which the Sikh population of the Punjab eagerly awaited news from Delhi. Would the insignificant British force there more than hold its own, or would it do less than that? Until reinforcements and siege guns arrived "they couldn't do more and they wouldn't do less."

And with still greater anxiety the Chief Commissioner awaited the Delhi news. He perhaps above all men appreciated the difficulties and dangers there. Had the little army taken a backward step, the vaunted British supremacy would have been a thing of the past as far as the Punjab was concerned. No more would the wild men under his charge have been impressed and awed by the cool, easy manner in which his assistants discharged their duties in the face of thousands of mutinous sepoys, whom they bearded as though backed by an English Army corps.

Equally important was the query, "What news from Peshawur?" What might not have happened had Dost Mohammed's hatred of the English prevailed over his love of gold, or had he thought it policy to call the tribesmen to arms to win back beloved Peshawur, taken from them by Ranjit Singh? But Edwardes and Nicholson were there, and all was well. The Punjab movable column was formed to patrol the country, and all Sikhs were taken out of the Hindustani regiments, away from contamination, and formed into separate corps. The Brigadier in command at Peshawur conceived the daring project of disarming the four native corps, in spite of indignant remonstrance from the British officers who, believing their men faithful, almost refused to obey. But Cotton knew his duty and the disarming was carried out, with Sikhs and wild frontiersmen looking on in bewilderment, wondering at the power which enabled these few Englishmen, standing alone in a hostile country, to act as though they held their foes in the hollow of their hand, and inferring that the British must possess resources of which they knew nothing. The bewildered sepoys obeyed mechanically. The tribesmen and the Sikhs, watching the turn of events, doubted no longer that the dominant race had some unknown, invisible strength which they could not comprehend, and, inspired by belief in our power, they hesitated no longer. Recruits swarmed in, bringing their own horses, matchlocks, and swords. The "Indian Cossacks," of Hodson's Horse and other cavalry regiments were thus formed, and the 8th, 9th, 14th, 16th, 18th, and 19th Punjab Infantry

recruited at Peshawur itself, and officered by Englishmen whose own regiments had mutinied. Then the Punjab leaders began to see that they were not only to save the province, but the empire.

To follow the Guides, Lawrence despatched the 1st P.N.I. (Coke's Rifles) the 2nd P.N.I. and the 4th Sikhs to Delhi, and recruited numbers of Sikh gunners—old artillery men who had learned their trade under Ranjit Singh's French instructors—who had fought against us, but were now to toil staunchly for us in the trenches before Delhi.

On September 20, 1857, the capital of the Moghuls fell before the onslaught, and the Sikhs fulfilled the prophecy by sacking the town. By this time the members of the Khalsa formed a considerable proportion of the attacking force, and were distributed amongst the following corps :—Hodson's Horse and the 1st, 4th, and 5th Punjab Cavalry; the 1st, 2nd, and 4th Punjab Native Infantry, the 4th Sikhs, the Raja of Jhind's contingent and a number of gunners and sappers. Most of the above, notably Hodson's Horse, the 1st Punjab Cavalry, and the 4th Punjab Infantry, did gallant service at Lucknow and elsewhere before the close of the war. The first-named (now the 9th and 10th Bengal Lancers) was a large corps of irregulars formed by Hodson soon after the outbreak. It included within its ranks many of the horsemen who had rendered rather too good an account of themselves (from our point of view) in the Sikh wars, and who had driven our dragoons before them at Chilianwala. The "flamingoes," as they were nicknamed, proved invaluable.

The troops engaged in the first defence of Lucknow numbered only 927 Europeans and 765 Sepoys, mostly men of the 13th, 48th, and 71st Bengal Native Infantry, who had remained faithful when their comrades deserted. Sir Henry had taken the precaution to segregate the Sikhs of the various regiments and form them into a separate corps, which resisted all attempts to sap its fidelity. Indeed, the gallantry of the faithful Sikh and Poorbeah Infantry at Lucknow is too well known to need more than a passing tribute.

In the numerous encounters in which Sir Colin's army was engaged, thousands of wild Sikh horse and steady Sikh infantry bore a distinguished part.

Noteworthy amidst all these was the rush of the 93rd Highlanders and the 4th Punjabis, when the Sikanderbagh was carried by assault. Foremost through the breach sprang a Sikh native officer, eager for glory, only to meet his death at the hands of his countrymen of the revolted Ludhiana Regiment. Amidst fierce yells of *Jai Khalsa jee,*[1]

[1] "Victory to the Khalsa."

the same regiments together stormed the Begam Kothi, one of the finest achievements of the war, and the Sikhs of this corps again attracted notice at the battle of Cawnpore, when Sir Colin Campbell was forced to fall back on that town.

Returning to the Punjab we learn that, in the meanwhile, the Sikh sepoys at Multan had helped to suppress the revolt of the 62nd and 69th Native Infantry, and the murder of a few of their brethren by these Mahomedans reviving the hereditary religious animosity, the Sikhs had taken a terrible revenge and nearly destroyed the two regiments. But, on the other hand, in July 1858, when the British cause was secured, a large number of Sikhs of the 18th Native Infantry mutinied, and would have murdered their officers had not the scheme been nipped in the bud by the arrest of the ringleaders.

Whilst war was raging in all its fury around Delhi and Lucknow, the troops of many of the native states revolted, and in these troops were numerous Sikhs. Sindhia for a time seemed to hold the fate of India in his hands. For whilst Delhi and Lucknow were held by the rebels, the position of Gwalior was so central with these two cities as its wings, and the name and prestige of Sindhia so powerful among the Mahrattas, that one whisper of encouragement from him would have inflamed all Central India. But by bribes and threats, by cajolery and advice, at the risk of his throne and of his life, he kept his mutinous army in hand until the British power was again established and the mischief it could do comparatively small. At Indore Holkar's troops rose against their Prince, and, though a few Sikh Sowars of the Bhopal contingent charged with Colonel Travers through the mutinous ranks, the remaining Sikhs imitated the little Bhils in refusing either to fight under or to turn their arms against their officers. At the time of the terrible massacre at Jhansi the 12th Native Infantry were stationed within that state, and of this regiment some Sikhs were the first to mutiny and to fire at their officers.

A number of Sikhs served in the Central India Field Force and acted well, not only throughout the arduous campaign in which Sir Henry Rose chased Tantia Topi from one Mahratta or Rajput state to another, but until the mutiny was finally stamped out, and the reign of the *Kumpani Bahadur* at an end.

Before passing on to the next campaign it may be pointed out that, owing to the tendency of several writers to class nearly all Punjabi soldiers as Sikhs, the latter have received rather more than their share of the credit due to those sepoys who fought on our side during the years 1857 and 1858. Presumably because the Sikhs had

been the ruling race in the Punjab, and formed the backbone of the 80,000 troops which that province supplied against the rebels, General Sir James Hope Grant, in "Incidents of the Sepoy War," speaks of the march of "The Sikh Guides" and of Coke's Rifles and other Punjab Infantry as though Pathans, Hill Rajputs, and Punjabi Mussulmans were not represented therein. Before writing down all these Punjabi sepoys as Sikhs we must remember that the adherents of that sect never formed more than ten per cent. of the population, and that even the battalions designated "Sikh" as distinct from "Punjab" infantry have not been composed entirely of Sikhs.

Analysing for example the 4th Sikhs during the Burmese war of 1852, we find the regiment composed as follows:—Sikhs 500, Pathans 150, Punjabi Mahomedans 100, Gurkhas and Hindustanis 150. The Gurkha regiments alone have had the distinction of containing but one class of men in their ranks. Neither must we delude ourselves with the idea that the majority of Sikhs remained loyal from love of the English. That they and all Punjabis had acquired a profound respect for British courage and justice cannot be doubted, but in spite of the admiration accorded to the Lawrences and other administrators—amounting in the Bannu and Hazara countries to positive adoration of Nicholson and Abbott—many other considerations entered into their calculation. Amongst these were the Sikh hatred of the Mahomedan and contempt of the Hindu, Mussulman and Hindu antagonism, and the love of fighting and of looting which is inherent in both Sikhs and Pathans.

Mr. G. O. Trevelyan, in "Cawnpore," holds with considerable truth that "we are regarded by the natives of Hindustan as a species of quaint and somewhat objectionable demons, with a rare aptitude for fighting and administration. Foul and degraded in our habits . . . not altogether malevolent, but entirely wayward; a race of demi-devils—not wholly bad, yet far from perfectly good, who have been settled down in the country by the will of fate."

Two years after the conclusion of the great mutiny (which Sir Lepel Griffin describes as "perhaps the most fortunate occurrence that ever took place in India"), a French and English expedition was sent to the North of China, and although the calibre of the enemy was not equal to that of their hereditary foes, the Sikhs of the force had occasional chances of proving their value. The Ludhiana Sikh regiment (saved from extinction by the faithful few and now entitled the 15th Bengal Native Infantry) and the Sikhs of the Punjab Infantry fought for the first and last time by the side of continental troops, and together repelled the attacks which the Tartars

now and again made with great courage. This courage was by no means consistent, for on one occasion a sowar of Probyn's Sikhs was heard to compare the Chinese to wild fowl, "very difficult to overtake and harmless when caught."

The year 1864 was marked by the outbreak of a religious war, on a fairly large scale, on the Swat Frontier. This was to some extent a sequel to the Sepoy Revolt, and is known as the Umbeyla Campaign. The Firozpur Sikhs (the 14th), the renowned 23rd Pioneers, the 11th Bengal Lancers, and many Sikhs of the Punjab Native Infantry regiments and of the Guides again proved what a valuable acquisition to the fighting strength of the Indian Army our late enemies had become. The campaign proved a much more arduous undertaking than the Government had expected, the enemy defending their villages and attacking the invaders with great daring and skill. The Sikhs soon found that the tribesmen were much more formidable antagonists on their native hill-sides than on the plains; and the hillmen on their part, when fleeing from a successful counterstalk by Gurkha or Pathan sepoys, would jokingly shout to these to go back and send out the Sikhs and the Europeans, as they made better sport.[1]

When war broke out in 1867 with Abyssinia, Punjabi Infantry and Cavalry were sent with the Bombay regiments to the land of Prester John. The 10th Bengal Lancers (the Duke of Cambridge's own) added to the reputation for dash which they had acquired as Hodson's Horse, and the 12th Bengal Cavalry (formerly 2nd Sikhs) gained laurels for the first time. That splendid and well-known regiment, the 23rd Punjab Pioneers, was particularly in evidence, and the men of this corps were selected as chums by the naval brigade, and, though unable to speak one to another, the friendship and *camaraderie* between the blue-jackets and the Muzbi Sikhs[2] was most marked.

Right thankful were our Sikh regiments for the chance offered by the Afghan Wars of 1878–80, of paying back old scores. A very large number of Sikhs, in many Punjab regiments, went forth to war, and of these perhaps the 3rd Sikhs and the 23rd Pioneers returned with the most glorious records.

When the Kuram Field Force won the first brilliant success of the war, the 2nd and 5th Punjab Native Infantry helped to capture the Spingawi and Peiwar Kotals.[3] The Sikh companies of the 29th

[1] *Forty-one Years in India.*
[2] The Muzbis are drawn from a lower class and caste.
[3] Kotal—the principal hill commanding a pass.

immediately closed up on the firing of the treacherous shots from the Pathan companies, and afterwards did all they could to wipe out the stain. The 3rd Sikhs under Colonel Money and the 21st Punjabis gallantly stormed the Shutargardan; and, left behind to hold the crest, met attacks by Ghilzais many thousands strong, until the time came to take the offensive; then they scattered their assailants to the winds.

In the desperate fighting at Charasia the 23rd Pioneers and the 5th Punjabis supported the 5th Gurkhas and 72nd Highlanders when storming the heights, and when Roberts's victorious army entered Kabul the Sikhs had the satisfaction of patrolling the capital of their hereditary foes. The 2nd Punjab Cavalry, the 2nd Sikhs, and the Bengal Native Infantry had their fill of fighting with Sir Donald Stewart's division, especially at Ahmed Khel, where the 19th Bengal Lancers were thrown into confusion by the charge of between three and four thousand Ghazis. The madmen penetrated to within a few yards of the staff, there to be arrested by the 3rd Gurkhas, who, forming rallying squares, mowed the Ghazis down. The Sikh Horse arriving on the scene, repeatedly charged the fanatics and finally crushed them, but not until they had lost over 2,000 men. To the steadiness of the 2nd Sikhs in this engagement the completeness of the victory was also largely due. The 3rd Cavalry, the 2nd, 3rd, and 15th Sikh Infantry, the 23rd Pioneers, with other Punjabi regiments, as well as Sikh gunners of the mountain batteries took part in the great march, and at its close the 2nd and 3rd Sikhs again came to the front at the battle of Kandahar.

The 13th Bengal Lancers (4th Sikh Cavalry) helped to gain the victories of Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir in September 1882. In March 1885 the 15th Sikhs and 9th Lancers (Hodson's Horse) landed at Suakim, and a few days later successfully encountered Fuzzy at Hasheen.

When shortly afterwards the Arabs, profiting by the British disregard of all principles of warfare, surprised McNeill's unprepared zerebas, the Ludhianas fought as staunchly as their British comrades in that grand defence. Mr. James Grant, in his history of the Soudan campaign, evidently considers that the reputation of the Berkshires and of the two companies of marines can be enhanced by disparagement of the steadiness of the 15th. He is in error; their courage was already beyond all praise; why not "let the dark face have his due"? Although the Sikhs were at a disadvantage, for the lines of fencing of the Indian zereba were unfinished and the baggage animals stampeded upon them, they stood their ground nobly and even

charged the myriad enemy with the bayonet. The 17th Bengal Native Infantry (the loyal Poorbeahs) got a little out of hand and commenced firing wildly, but this in no way disturbed the equanimity of the Ludhianas.

In the difficult guerilla warfare which followed the deposition of King Theebaw, many Sikhs took a hand, and have, up to the present day, filled the position of military police in Burma with remarkable success. This duty they have also performed in various possessions from Hong Kong to Central Africa, where Sir H. H. Johnstone speaks in terms of the highest praise of the men of the 23rd and 32nd Pioneers. Sikhs have also fought—invariably with credit—in the numerous frontier wars of recent years. Four of these expeditions to punish and prevent raiding may be mentioned as occurring in the year 1891. These were the Zhob expedition, under Sir George White, in the direction of the Kandahar province; the campaign under Sir William Lockhart to the Miranzai valley, south-west of Peshawur; the second Black Mountain expedition, to the north-east of Peshawur; and the important campaign against the Hunzas in the north of Kashmir. This last was pre-eminently a Gurkha triumph, but the few Sikh gunners did their share. No exploits of unusual brilliancy are recorded during the Waziristan campaign, but the story of the defence and relief of Chitral Fort abounds with them. The 14th Sikhs and the 32nd Pioneers shared in the honours of the fine march of Colonel Kelly's column. With the main body were the 4th and 15th Sikhs. At Malakand the two regiments and the Guides carried exceptionally strong positions in the most spirited manner, and the Swatis being unused to cavalry, the 11th Sikh Lancers instilled into their minds a wholesome respect for that arm. The incident which appeals most to us, however, is the heroic sortie of Lieutenant Harley and his forty Sikhs. The troops defending the fort consisted of one hundred of the 14th Sikhs and three hundred Kashmir Infantry. The native officer of the Sikhs, by the way, had taken part in the defence of McNeill's zereba. On April 16 it was found that a mine had been successfully brought to within a few yards of the fort.

Countermining being impossible, Harley made a sortie with his handful of men, cleared the enemy from the summer-house, whence the operations had been directed, and in the face of the Chitrali and Pathan army, destroyed the mine and returned to the fort, though not without suffering very heavy loss.

The details of the campaign of 1897 will be fresh in the minds of most readers, and more interest has been taken in, and greater tribute

paid to the native soldiers than on any previous occasion. Though not expected to prove quite so useful as the Gurkhas on the hill-sides, there has been no room for doubt with regard to their staunchness.

From the first shot fired at Maizar, where two companies of the 1st Sikhs covered nine miles in ninety minutes in order to rescue Colonel Bunny's handful from the treachery of the Tochi tribesmen —and where, even at this early stage, many sepoys of the 1st Sikhs and 1st Punjab Native Infantry were mentioned in the despatches for conspicuous gallantry—down to the latest operations of Sir William Lockhart in the Tirah country, the record is consistent. We read of such old friends as the 45th Sikhs, led by another Lieutenant Rattray at Chakdara, or of less-known regiments, such as the 35th and 36th Sikhs, behaving at Fort Cavagnari and elsewhere as sturdily as any of the regiments of the mutiny.

Sir Lepel Griffin has placed on record his conviction that the Sikhs form the backbone of the Indian army, for the following reasons. Gurkhas, though at least equally valuable as infantry, are by no means so plentiful, and are an independent race. Pathans are apt to become homesick, and dislike to be stationed at any great distance from their native land. Difficulty is experienced in enlisting pure Rajputs in any number. But the Sikh is always ready to enlist and to undertake duty across the "Black Water," even should that duty be to fight an epidemic in Hong Kong, or to chase Arab slave dealers in Central Africa, if only he be well paid (for the Sikh has several Scottish qualities). He is equally good as horse or foot, at defence or in attack; he appreciates the value of discipline and is devoted to his duty.

FREDERICK P. GIBBON.

"THE JUSTICE OF PEACE HIS COMPANION."

THE above is the quaint title of a little volume bound in very well-worn calf, which I happened to light upon the other day, and found so full of interest that it seems selfish not to introduce it to others. It was printed in the Savoy in the year 1723, and must then have been quite up-to-date. Its sub-title is "A summary of all the Acts of Parliament, whereby one, two or more Justices of the Peace, are authorized to act, not only in but out of the sessions of Peace." It was begun by one "Samuel Blackerby, late of Gray's Inn, Esq.," and finished by Nathaniel Blackerby.

It has all the appearance of being intended to slip naturally into the Justice of the Peace's pocket, and its alphabetical arrangement must have been very handy for the magistrate's clerk in nice dilemmas. The little book, so harmless in appearance, may well have been the arbiter of many destinies, and the rigid judge of many a first offence, orchard robbing, poaching, and such-like; and the limits of its power were perhaps familiar enough a hundred years ago to the hardened offender.

Let us turn over some of its pages. Some of the provisions we find in them are sufficiently surprising, even if they were never enforced, and sometimes we rub our eyes at the intolerance, pig-headedness, and actual cruelty which defaced them, and perhaps defaces still, our Statute Book; but here and there we find material for a smile, or even a laugh, hidden away among Offences and Penalties.

It is well in these days of scouring the country upon the wheel to be acquainted with the legal definition of "rogue," and to be advised at what point roguery becomes "incorrigible"; for mere "rogues" are in danger of being apprehended by the "Constable, or other Officer, Inhabitant or any other there being," and having been conveyed first to the presence of a magistrate, "may be punished by being *whip'd till bloody, &c., ut infra.*" "Incorrigibleness" in the

eyes of the all-powerful Justice requires the rogue to be committed to the house of correction, or county gaol, to hard labour till the quarter sessions. "And Rogues, &c., refusing to be examined, or on Examination giving a false Account of themselves, their Birth, last Settlement, &c., are to be deemed *incorrigible Rogues*, of which the Justice is to inform them, during Examination." Let us, however, be quite sure of the definition of a rogue, lest even to-day we fall unawares into the tender mercies of Dogberry and Verges. They are catalogued as follows:—"Patent-Gatherers, or Collectors for Prisons or Gaols, wandring for that purpose; Fencers, Bearwards, Common Players of Interludes, Minstrels, Jugglers, *though not wandring*; Gypsies or Egyptians, or wandring in their Habit or Form; Pretenders to Physiognomy, or Palmistry, or like crafty Science, or Fortune-telling, or like phantastical Imaginations; Users of any subtile craft, or unlawful Games or Plays . . ." [Stat. 12 Anne, sess. 2, c. 23, sect. 1.] The bicycle and camera we observe with gratitude are not actually mentioned, but it is surely open to question whether they would not be naturally included, if not under the "crafty science," yet in the roll of "subtile crafts or unlawful Games or Plays" for be it noted under "Games not lawful," that "Dice, Tables, Cards, Bowls, Coits, Cates, Logats, Shove-groat, Tennis, Casting the Stone, and Football," are all included under one common ban, and all liable to the penalty of "Six shillings and eight Pence a time" [Stat. 33 Hen. VIII. c. 2, sect. 12], a sum that is increased to twenty shillings if you are an artificer or an apprentice (except at Christmas time, when the rigour of the law was slackened), and reaches the sum of forty shillings if you yourself "Keep a House of Unlawful Games." But alas for Hamlet, and the emblems of poor mortality in the grave-yard—"to play at logats" with anything was illegal in England, if not in Denmark; and alas for our hostesses at garden-parties (forty shillings a time), and alas for the cult of football, or indeed any game with a ball in it, and alas for the homely rubber, and for votaries of Shove-groat and Cates, if they have any modern descendants. All these and the whole athletic system are built like a giddy tower upon shifting ground—for they all fall under Stat. 33 Hen. VIII. c. 2, sect. 12.

"Reading the Riot Act" is a familiar phrase, but it was not the Act itself that justices were required to read to riotous and tumultuous assemblies within their jurisdiction, but a proclamation directing their attention to it. Twelve persons it seems may be considered under such circumstances enough to constitute a riotous assembly, "and if they continue together an hour after, 'tis Felony without Clergy."

(Stat. 1 Geo. I c. 5, sect. 1.) The form of the proclamation is as follows :—

"Our Sovereign Lord the King chargeth and commandeth all persons, being assembled, immediately to disperse themselves, and peaceably to depart to their Habitations, or to their lawful business, upon the Pains contained in the Act made in the First Year of King George for preventing Tumults and Riotous Assemblies.

"God save the King."

The attempts of Elizabethan legislation to fix wages by statute and to secure greater fixity of labour are well known, but perhaps few of us realise their extreme rigour. A servant refusing to work for statute wages, or leaving his work without giving a quarter's warning, is naturally open to be brought before a magistrate, and "bound over to the Sessions." And a master putting away his servant without a quarter's warning may forfeit forty shillings. The list of trades to which these regulations are applicable is interesting. They are the following :—"Clothiers, wollen-weavers, tuckers, fullers, clothworkers, sheermen, dyers, hosiers, taylors, shoemakers, tanners, pewterers, bakers, brewers, glovers, cutlers, smiths, farriers, curriers, sadlers, spurriers, turners, cappers, hat or felt makers, fletchers, arrowhead makers, butchers, cooks, and millers." I suppose a list like this, drawn up for legal use, fairly well covers the commercial middle class life of the days of Elizabeth.

A labourer wishing to obtain work away from home had to carry with him a testimonial signed by a Justice of the Peace, stating that there was not sufficient work in the place where he dwelt, "that he might get work in other Shires in the Time of Harvest," and the Justice is entitled to a honorarium of one penny for his signature (stat. 5 Eliz. c. 4, sect. 23). A servant who obtains a second situation without previously securing such a testimonial is "to be imprisoned till he procure one: if he procure one not in twenty days, to be whip'd as a vagabond" (*i.e.* it may be supposed as above "until bloody"), and a master engaging such a servant should forfeit five pounds.

Legislation of the same date, "the spacious days of great Elizabeth," on the provision of dwellings for the poor theoretically and upon paper reaches a very high level. Statute 31 makes it an offence to erect a cottage without four acres of freehold that is liable to a penalty of "ten pounds to the Queen," and in default of remedying it a further penalty of forty shillings a month is to be imposed. A visionary "three acres and a cow" positively pales before this actual enactment. Further, the owner or occupier of a cottage, suffering any more families than one to dwell there, forfeits

ten shillings a month to the Lord of the Leet. But alas ! in a note our companion practically, and with a certain undercurrent of unconscious humour, fines down the two generous ideals of those "spacious" days; his gloss reminds the budding J.P., who might think that he was called to administer justice in Utopia itself that "31 Eliz. c. 7 extends not to cottages in cities, boroughs, or market-towns (*sic*) or provided for labourers in mines or quarries, within one mile of them; or for seafaring men in a mile of the sea, or a navigable river; or for keeper, warrener, shepherd, or herdsman; or an impotent person; or to cottages which by order of Justices of Assize, or Justices of Peace in Sessions, shall be decreed to continue for habitation." When those various categories are dissevered from the mass of cottage-dwellers it will be seen that very few remain (to say nothing of the "cottages in cities, boroughs, or market towns") to claim the luxury of "four acres of freehold" as granted in the sixteenth century.

How did our forefathers legislate with regard to the observance of Sunday? "1 Car. I." can scarcely be considered a Puritan enactment, and it provides "a penalty of three shillings and four pence for the poor, or in default to sit in the stocks three hours" for all persons "being present at bear-baitings, bull-baitings, interludes, common plays, and any other unlawful pastimes on the Lord's Day." A statute two years later fixes twenty shillings as the penalty for "carriers, waggoners, carmen, or wainmen travelling on the Lord's Day about their respective business." The lawyers of the Restoration again in the twenty-ninth year of Charles II. made it penal for persons over fourteen years of age to do "any worldly labour or business on the Lord's Day, works of charity and necessity excepted"; and persons "publicly crying or exposing to sale any wares, except milk," were liable to have their goods seized and sold for the benefit of the poor. The same statute also forbade the use of a boat or wherry on the Lord's Day, "except allowed by a Justice."

The interesting statutes about "Burying in Wollen" (woollen) belong to the next year (30 Car. II.). It was required that an affidavit should be presented within eight days of the funeral to a Justice of the Peace, or failing that to the minister, "that the person was buried in wollen." The penalty is rather enigmatically stated—"Five pounds to be levied by Distress, and sale of the Party's goods; if he has none, of the Person where the Party died, or of any other who put the Party into the Coffin"—but none the less it was a reality.

Let us note one or two points which bear on the everyday life of the people. First, the lighting of the streets. This was in great

measure dependent on those whose houses abutted upon the street itself, who were required by an enactment of the second year of William and Mary "to hang out lights every night from the time it is dark, till 12 at night, from Michaelmas to Lady-Day, or to pay to the Lamps"; the penalty for not so doing was two shillings for each offence.

Again, there were such things as parochial libraries in the reign of Queen Anne, and then, as now, borrowers of books had a professional standard only of honesty (books were more valuable then), and it was possible for the curators of such institutions to obtain a special search-warrant from a justice for use in such cases.

The highwayman, of course, in grim reality and without the aureole of romance, Black Bess and all, was a "common object of the country" 150 years ago, and it was the duty of all good subjects to try to cope with him. If you attempted to apprehend such a desperado and were killed in the attempt, your executors could claim £40 from the sheriff. This indemnity was scarcely enough to kindle a burning passion in the English mind for the extinction of the pest.

From the Restoration onwards the provision of "carriages for the King for ready money tendered" has been enacted more than once. It is the duty of the magistrate, upon notice by warrant from the Lord High Admiral or some of his subordinates, to issue warrants to places "not twelve miles distant from the place of landing, to send sufficient carriages at 1*s.* a mile for every Tun of Timber, and 8*d.* a mile for all other Provisions."

King George I. should be received into the Pantheon of Smokers (where Sir Walter Raleigh, Kingsley, and Tennyson are enshrined), for the legislation of his reign protects the purity of tobacco most stringently. The Justice is directed to grant special warrants "to search for and seize Walnut-tree leaves, Hop-leaves, &c., cut, mixed, or manufactured to resemble Tobacco, and the Engines, &c.," and to secure such dangerous rubbish at the King's cost till quarter sessions, when it is to be "openly burnt or destroyed at the King's charge." The servants and labourers employed in the nefarious business are to be committed to the common gaol with hard labour for a period not exceeding six months.

Several pages of our little volume are devoted to statutes connected with the tanning industry. It would be manifestly presumptuous for mere laymen to attempt to penetrate into the sacred secrets of the craft to which we owe our shoe leather, for it is deservedly called "the *Mystery* of a Tanner" in a way significant

enough to banish the profane. But yet I commend to your sympathy the tanner condemned to stand upon the pillory three days in the next market for "hastening the Tanning of his Leather by giving it unkind Heats by hot Wooze (whatever that may be) or otherwise." (1 Jac. I. c. 22, sect. 17.)

Those who know the by-ways of the City of London will be interested to see a list of the remains of the ancient "Liberties," where for a very long time the law had scarcely any footing at all. Anyone opposing the execution of a process in those nests of infamy were to be committed to gaol, "without Bail or Mainprize." The places catalogued were these:—"White-Fryers, Savoy, Salisbury Court, Ram Alley, Mitre Court, Fuller's Rents, Baldwyn's Gardens, Mountague Close, the Minories, Mint, Chink, or Deadman's Place." Some of these parts have still an ugly sound, but for the most part little "resistance to process" is expected from their inhabitants.

Below "*Process*" my eye catches "*Prophecies*," and I read that "the publisher or setter forth of any fantastical or false Prophecy, with an attempt to raise sedition," was, under Elizabeth, to be subjected to a penalty of £10 and one year's imprisonment, and for a second offence to forfeit all his goods and to be imprisoned for life. The prosecution was to be within six months. This seems to provide but scant time to prove whether the fantastical prophecy be true or false after all.

The well-known laws as to attendance at church, dating from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, are of course most searching and stringent, but they are all, we remember, robbed of their sting by the legislation of 1 William and Mary, by which Protestant Dissenters were declared to be exempted from their penalties. Previously, persons not repairing to church forfeited twelve pence for the poor, and by an earlier statute "persons above sixteen, absenting from Church above one Month, impugning the Queen's authority in causes Ecclesiastical, frequenting conventicles, or persuading others so to do, *under Pretence of Exercise* of Religion," were required to conform at once, or abjure the realm, having previously undergone imprisonment.

It is instructive to notice that a statute of Charles II. was in force by which incumbents "not reading Divine Service once a Month" were liable to forfeit five pounds for every offence. There seems to be a subtle connection between this and the above.

The many pages of the Companion that are occupied with "Papists and Popish Superstitions," with their vexatious and humiliating restrictions on personal liberty, disclose the tremendous

power wielded in matters of the conscience by magistrates often opinionated and prejudiced. The greatest enemy of the Pope nowadays would shrink from forbidding his followers the exercise of the worship they understand, and would surely deprecate the breaking-up of crucifixes in open court, the searching of Roman Catholic houses for books and relics, and a year's imprisonment for being present at Mass.

Stat. 5 Elizabeth again bears heavily on believers in the traditional mode of fasting, but is delightfully quaint in its wording. "Persons preaching or otherwise avouching, or notifying, That any eating of Flesh, or forbearing of Flesh, is necessary for the Service of God, otherwise than as other political laws allow," are to be punished "*as spreaders of false News.*"

Such is some of the light of reality which an old calf-bound book can cast on the lives of Englishmen 150, 200, 300 years ago. Coming from the practical wear and tear of everyday, with no halo of romance around it, it seems to bid us to be grateful for the tolerance, the comfort, and the progress of our own time, and to boast with Glaucus,

ἡμεῖς τοι πατέρων μέγ' ἀμείνονες εὐχόμεθ' εἶναι.

W. J. FERRAR.

THE ANGELS OF THE DIVINE COMEDY.

WHILE the angels of Milton have been likened to the glorious athletes of the Sistine Chapel, beautiful but altogether human, Dante's angels are reflected more truly in the tender, spiritual and yet strong and triumphant creations of Fra Angelico. No earthly models sat for the angels of the angelic brother. He had so often seen a vision of angels that he needed no earthly models any more. He had "seen their white robes, whiter than the dawn, at his bedside as he awoke in early summer. They had sung with him, one on each side, when his voice failed for joy, at sweet vesper and matin time; his eyes were blinded by their wings in sunset when it sank behind the hills of Luini." And nothing earthly enters into Dante's conceptions of the angels which he describes with such pathetic longing to again behold them. He, too, has seen his vision. Through his pages runs this procession of glorious beings such as only he can sing, such as only Fra Angelico can paint. The breath of heaven is around them, the light of heaven is in their faces, they follow each other like the figures in some mystic dance; there is strength, grace, vitality in each, but above all there is a wonderful individuality, distinctiveness, which eludes analysis. A line, a touch, a something which we know not how to grasp, and the picture is there complete, perfected, drawn for all time, engraved for ever on the heart of literature.

The first of this "family of heaven" is found in the ninth canto of the "Inferno." Dante and Vergil have come to the sable lagoon, wrapt in morass fog through which the red-hot mosques of the sad city of Dis are dimly seen: "red pinnacle, red-hot cone of iron glowing through the dim immensity of gloom; so vivid, so distinct, visible at once and for ever." A little boat takes the travellers through the stagnant canal, and we remember

> Visendus ater flumine languido
> Cocytos errans,

as well as the *tristique palus inamabilis unda* of Vergil. While making their way towards the city, the pathetic incident of the meeting with Philippo Argenti occurs; the exasperate spirit Florentine, "forgotten by history and immortalised in song." "Thou seest I am one who weeps," he says, raising his squalid form from the black mire; but for him the other Florentine has no pity. "With weeping and with wailing, maledict spirit, do thou remain," is Dante's reply as he recognises him of whom the gentle Vergil has nothing but evil to recount:—

> This was an arrogant person in the world:
> Goodness is none that decks his memory;
> So likewise here his shade is furious.

And they turn away: "quivi 'l lasciammo; che più non ne narro:" "there we left him; more of him I write not!"

Arrived at the gates of the city of Dis more than a thousand sad spirits endeavour to bar their entrance, and even Vergil quails when he finds the doors are shut against him. The difficulties of the way are further increased by the appearance on the "high tower with red flaming summit" of the three Furies, wreathed with green snakes and their temples crowned with little serpents, threatening the intruders with the sight of the Medusa, placed here, perhaps, because the only one of the *Gorgones* who was mortal. But help is at hand; and that help is brought by the first angel of the *Commedia.* For,

> Now there came across the turbid waves
> The clangour of a sound with terror fraught,
> Not otherwise it was than of a wind
> Impetuous on account of adverse heats,
> That smites the forest, and without restraint
> The branches rends, beats down, and bears away;
> Right onward, laden with dust, it goes superb.

Superb, too, is the angel who comes in this whirlwind, but there is no description of the glories of his face or of his robes. They are hinted at, not expressed; and the picture is perhaps more exquisite for the lines left out. "Ah! how he appeared to me full of disdain," exclaims the susceptible poet who is for ever studying the faces of those he meets. "More than a thousand ruined souls" flee before the angel who passes over the river marsh with soles unwet, fanning with his left hand the unctuous air from his face, "and only with that anguish seemed he weary." He opens the door, for to him there is no resistance, and then returns along the black fen,

> And spake no word to us, but had the look
> Of one whom other care constrains and goads
> Than that of him who in his presence is.

This disdainful angel had come to a world to which all good was foreign, the very territory of evil. And yet even here, in their own land in their own high places, the principalities and powers of darkness can but fly before the strength that is in this one celestial visitor, collapsing at the first on-coming ray of his brightness.

The angels of the "Purgatorio" are altogether of another type to this, the sole angel of the "Inferno." The first occurs in the second canto, and fitly to understand its beauties we must again consider the *setting*, the world in which it is placed.

A great writer has said, wrongly as I venture to think, that the forms of the external world, by which I suppose he means what we call nature, have made but little impression on Dante. "He leaves to others the earth, the ocean, and the sky. His business is with man." And Dante's business is indeed with the spirit world of man, that is the subject of his picture. But yet his whole work is gemmed with recollections of the sweet Latin land which he has left for a time. No other writer, not even Shakespeare, is so absolutely *permeated* with remembrances of nature; amid the glories of heaven, his thoughts go back perpetually to the glories of earth; amid the stifling airs of the "Inferno" they are ever with him too. His scene is laid in other realms than those of nature as we know it, but at the least hint he turns aside to the old familiar things. Eyes smarting with hell smoke look beyond and see flowers uplifting their heads in the morning sun; starlings in their winter flocks; turtle doves flying home to their sweet nest; the falcon alighting far from his master, "sullen and disdainful;" the hoar-frost copying on the ground the outer semblance of her sister white; the fire-flies in the valley—eyes and ears are full of such things as these when the man is surrounded by darkness and shrill cries. Nature is not his theme indeed as it is Wordsworth's; but it is constantly in his thoughts. Not as if in parentheses do these images recur to him, but as if they were always close to him in his sad journey. And when he leaves the hopeless world, it is with a sigh of relief to find that he can

Again behold the stars.

And in the first canto of the "Purgatorio," how the whole man rejoices in the beauty and light which he once more sees around him in the mystic world into which he is entering. For it is indeed in some respects a world like our own: there is the sea, there are the stars, the valley with its radiant flowers, the forest, sun-rise, sun-set. But there are, too, the seven terraces or circles in which the seven mortal sins are expiated, reached by narrow staircases, each with its porter

angel. These angels are the poet's rendering of the text "Gaudium erit coram angelis Dei super uno peccatore pœnitentiam agente," and as each circle and the sin which it represents is left behind, there is an angel ready with words of rejoicing and benediction to guide the souls to the next height.

The whole first canto is full of little touches, drawn altogether from nature, which impress the feeling of hope, of restoration, on the mind. First we read of the sky, "the sweet colour of oriental sapphire," awakening new delight in the heart of him who has come from the dead air of the Inferno, from its blackness, its darkness, its smoke. The eastern hemisphere was smiling in the rays of the fair planet Venus; and in the south are the stars of the Southern Cross, "rejoicing in their flamelets seemed the heaven." Dante is gazing at these beautiful things when he sees "a solitary old man," Cato, the guardian of this portion of the Purgatorio, who bids Vergil gird Dante with a smooth rush—"this little isle—yonder where the water beats upon it—bears rushes above the soft mud:" and because it would not be meet to go before the angel "with eyes possessed by any cloud," to wash his face, blackened still with the smoke of the Inferno which he has left. Then as they go on their way, the dawn, the dawn of Easter sunrise, "vanquishes the matin hour," and

> Sì che di lontano
> Conobbi il tremolar della marina.

This sunrise at the commencement of the journey through the realms of hope produces the same brightening mental effect as does the daybreak at the opening of the "Electra" of Sophocles; and while poets in all ages have loved *κυμάτων ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα*, with Dante the thing becomes something more than a glimpse of merely material beauty. It is a parable. We are in the world of life, of movement now; the dead marsh of inaction which was never lit by sunshine is left behind. The sun is arising, the tide is flowing.

And over the whole of the first canto is spread

> The silence and the calm
> Of mute, insensate things.

He who has so long walked through gloom and darkness, amid horrid shapes and shrill cries, cannot linger long enough over, cannot turn eyes or thoughts away from, the stillness and beauty of this district which is the prelude to the seven mystic circles of cleansing. And I suppose no lover of Dante ever sees the rushes by some little bitter pool without recollecting the humble plant,

type of Divine Grace, which, as Vergil plucks it, springs up again unwasted; or looks upon a dewy field at morning time without remembering the exquisite picture of Vergil spreading his shadowy hands on the wet grass, and with its moisture removing the stains of smoke from Dante's tearful cheeks.

All these and other beauties prepare for the coming of the first angel of the world of hope. The poets are still lingering on the borders of the sea like those—

> Who go in heart and with the body stay,

and in this very indecision, this absence of haste or fear, the peaceful impression of the first canto is carried on into the second. Thus lingering, a light appears to them—such a light as that of the red planet Mars when he glows through thick vapours in the low west above the ocean floor. A light—"May I again behold it!" says Dante, wistfully recollecting what was more glorious than the sunrise. And as it comes nearer and more near he discerns the angel's wings, those celestial pinions which are both oar and sail to the boat wherein he comes—

> Make haste, make haste, to bow the knee!
> Behold the angel of God! Fold thou thy hands!
> Henceforward shalt thou see such officers!

says Vergil; and in the original there is a hurry, an excitement, an eagerness to prepare his companion for a sight so different to that of the demons and hopeless spirits in the other world.

> Then as still nearer and more near he came
> The bird Divine, more radiant he appeared
> So that near by the eye could not endure him.

Beatitude is written on his face; and with him he brings more than a hundred "fortunate spirits," who sing *In exitu Israel*, the Easter psalm, as they come. The angel makes the sign of the cross over these souls, and when they have landed on the shore he departs, leaving them gazing around at the unfamiliar and yet infinitely peaceful world in which they find themselves. We cannot help noticing again the contrast between this celestial pilot, his face like a benediction, this bird of God, and that other pilot, the ferryman of the livid fen in the "Inferno"—

> Who round about his eyes had wheels of flame,
> Charon the demon, with the eyes of hawk.

How different, too, are the souls "who as dead leaves flutter from a bough," "as futile, as despairing," land from Charon's boat, to this

troop of happy spirits, setting forth, somewhat leisurely indeed, for that mountain where they

> Strip off the slough
> That lets not God be manifest to them,

and who have even time to listen to Casella's song, quiet and contented, like doves feeding at peace in the green meadows, as if they almost "forgat the cleansing that would make them fair," and for which they have come to this hopeful world.

Turning to the eighth canto of the "Purgatorio," we come to our third angel.

> 'Twas now the hour that turneth back desire
> In those who sail the sea, and melts the heart,
> The day they've said to their sweet friends farewell,
> And the new pilgrim penetrates with love,
> If he doth hear from far away a bell
> That seemeth to deplore the dying day.

The two poets are waiting for morning in a spot described in the seventh canto, where amid the green grass and glowing flowers, amid the sweetness of a thousand odours, placid spirits sit to sing their Compline Office. The description of the exceeding brilliancy of the hues of the flowers, of the emerald of the grass (fresh emerald such as that just opened by the illuminator, says Mr. Ruskin on this passage), of the thousand fragrant odours, is one of Dante's great achievements. In this valley are gathered kings and princes, among them the "king of the simple life," our own Henry III. Compline goes tranquilly on, and the army of the gentle born, pale and humble, join in *Te ante lucis*, the office hymn. Then come those words, variously interpreted, which usher in the next two angels :—

> Reader, fix well thine eyes upon the truth,
> For now indeed so subtile is the veil,
> Surely to penetrate within is easy.

"Perhaps," says A. J. Butler, "the key is to be found in the fact that the angels are clad in green. In the parallel passage, 'Inferno' ix. 37–63, it may be observed that the Furies, by a kind of infernal parody, are 'girt with greenest snakes.' As they summon Medusa or Despair to turn the gazer into stone, so here we have our attention called to Hope, which animates the souls of the righteous." The waiting souls gaze upward, and Dante sees coming from on high two angels with flaming swords, but the swords are deprived of their points.

> Green as the little leaflets just new born
> Their garments were, which by their verdant pinions,
> Beaten and blown abroad, they trailed behind.

What life and motion there is in this "beaten and blown abroad," what delicacy of description in the little green leaflets "just new born"! Dante can look upon the "blond heads" of these celestial birds, but not upon their faces. As with all his angels, these are hidden in the radiance of their own brilliance: they are flaming bright as fire.

The two take their stand on each side of the crowd of souls. For the serpent is even here among the grass and flowers—"perchance the same which gave to Eve the bitter food"—and the celestial falcons have come to drive it away. Hearing their green wings cleave the air, "the evil streak" disappears, and the angels wheel upward to their posts on high, "flying back abreast," for order is heaven's first law.

Leaving this portion of the "Purgatorio," the prelude to the seven terraces, we come to the fifth angel of the Comedy, and one which strikes the keynote of the "Purgatorio." For there, as Carlyle has told us, the doctrine of repentance is asserted in a manner more moral than anywhere else. "Men have, of course," he says, "ceased to believe in these things—that mountain rising up out of the ocean, or that malebolge with its black gulf. But still, men of any knowledge at all must believe that . . . penitence is the great thing here for man. For life is but a series of errors, made good again by repentance, and the sacredness of that doctrine is asserted by Dante in a manner more moral than anywhere else."

If this be so, then that angel of penance, that courteous porter who sits at the gate of the first circle of the "Purgatorio," may well be looked upon as its central figure. The whole of the ninth canto in which he appears is full of beautiful things, and among the most beautiful are the first twenty lines, which Cary has translated with much felicity:—

> In that hour
> When near the dawn, the swallow her sad lay,
> Remembering haply ancient grief, renews,
> And when our minds, more wand'rers from the flesh
> And less by thought restrained, are, as't were, full
> Of holy divination in their dreams—

words which, in their mixture of the freshness of morning with something too of sadness, are a fitting introduction to the vision of that angel, which is perhaps the most tenderly beautiful of all Dante's dreams. He sits at the door of the first circle, which is entered by a strait and narrow way. Three steps, diverse in colour, led up to the door. The first step is of white marble, so polished and so smooth that

Dante sees himself reflected in it, and here is mystically set forth that introversion, that response to the Divine γνῶθι σεαυτόν, which is the beginning of the soul's true penance. The second step is tinct of deeper hue than *perse*, the dark black purple so dear to Dante's sad soul, and is of burnt, uneven stone, cracked all asunder and across. This is the broken and contrite heart, the contrition without which the angel raises the keys in vain; but it was left, I believe, to Miss Rossetti to discover the cross in the cracks, lengthways and across. The third step of porphyry, red as blood, and which rests massively above the others, is Divine Love. And the last step of all, confession, which is the threshold of the door, seemed as stone of diamond for brightness; and it is a coincidence at least that one of our own poets has the same image—

> For since confession pardon wins,
> I challenge here the brightest day,
> The clearest diamond; let them do their best,
> They shall be thick and cloudy to my breast.

But the angel himself! Such was his face that Dante cannot look on the glories of it, and in his hand he held a naked sword which so reflected back the sunlight that "oft in vain I lifted up mine eyes." In strange contrast to this dazzling brilliance is the hue of his robes. Most of the angels of the Divine Comedy are clad in the colours of green leaves of spring or the pink of sunset clouds. But this one

> Ashes, or earth that dry is excavated,
> Of the same colour were with his attire.

From beneath these penitential vestments he draws forth two keys, one of gold, one of silver; the golden key signifying the authority of the confessor, the silver the necessary science and discretion which enable him to use the first aright. But "Wherever faileth either of these keys—

> So that they turn not rightly in the lock,
> . . this entrance doth not open,
> More precious one is, but the other needs
> More art and intellect ere it unlock."

And then what beautiful pitifulness, tenderness, there are in the other words of this compassionate angel, the very colour of whose robes is a reminder that man, whose sin he judges, is but earth: a remembrance that he is but dust.

> From Peter I have them; and he bade me err
> Rather in opening than in keeping shut
> If people but fall down before my feet.

A whole world of divine wistfulness is summed up in these three lines. They are full to overflowing of the hopefulness which characterises this portion of the Comedy, and recall the spirit of that other beautiful description in the fifth canto of him who by "one poor little tear" gained an entrance into the abodes of restoration.

The angel of penance has impressed the marks of the seven mortal sins on Dante's forehead, the outward and visible sign of those soul-stains which must be cleansed away in the journey which lies before him. And then the massive door swings open, and as they enter he hears the *Te Deum* sung with sweet melody—

> Ch' or sì, or no s' intendon le parole.

We now come to the angels of the seven circles, which must be noticed with less detail than the preceding ones.

The first circle is that in which the sin of pride is punished, and into it the poets are ushered by the angel of penance, as we have already seen. Cantos 9 to 12 are descriptive of this terrace; and in the twelfth canto we are introduced to that angel who points out the ascent to the second circle, that of the envious souls. Dante is in one of his day-dreams, his mind full of those who have sinned through pride, and whom he meets in the first circle—shades who go

> Beneath a weight,
> Like unto that of which we sometimes dream,
> Unequally in anguish round and round
> And weary all, upon that foremost cornice,
> Purging away the smoke stains of this world.

But Vergil rouses him:

> Lift up thy head
> 'Tis no more time to go thus meditating,
> Lo, there an angel who is making haste
> To come towards us . . .
> With reverence thine acts and looks adorn
> So that he may delight to speed us upward,
> *Think that this day will never dawn again.*

Then the "fair creature" is seen coming towards them, clad in white, and his face like the quivering star of the morning. By a stroke of his wings he obliterates the mark of pride from Dante's forehead and shows them the stairs to the next circle. And as they turn towards it, they hear *Beati pauperes spiritu* sung "in such wise that speech could tell it not," the blessing on those who have made this first step in the purification of their souls, and have become poor in spirit.

Cantos 13 and 14 are devoted to the second circle, that of the envious; and here mysterious spirits, unseen to Dante's mortal eyes, float past them uttering their witness for kindness and charity. In the fifteenth canto comes the angel who shows the poets the staircase to the third circle. It is three hours past noon, and the sun is shining in their faces as they journey towards the west; but a splendour greater than that of the sun causes Dante to shade his eyes with his hands, and he finds that this brilliancy is the reflection of a still more brilliant light which is coming towards them. To Dante's questioning, Vergil replies:—

> Marvel thou not if dazzle thee as yet
> The family of heaven . . .
> An angel 'tis, who comes to invite us upward.

With joyful voice this angel points them onward, and as they go they hear *Beati misericordes* sung by those who are left in the circle of envy, of mercilessness.

Cantos 16 and 17 are those of the third circle, which is enveloped in thick smoke as, we remember, is that circle in the "Inferno" where the like sin, anger, is punished. Dante goes through its dun air seeing nothing, but hearing voices—prayers of those souls who on earth were violent and fierce, and who now cast themselves on the meekness and gentleness of the Agnus Dei:—

> Everyone appeared
> To supplicate for peace and misericord
> The Lamb of God who takes away our sins.

Out of this "foul and bitter air" he comes at sunset. He is again in a trance of thought; but as sleep is broken by a sudden light, so his day dream, "this imagining of mine," is broken in upon by rays of brightness. It is the angel who leads the poets to the fourth circle, and he too is dark with excessive bright: "in his own light he himself concealed." As the first step of the stairs is reached, Dante feels a movement as of wings which fan him in the face; and he hears the angel pronounce those blessed who are cleansed from ill anger: *Beati pacifici.*

The fourth circle is a sort of landmark in the upward journey. The sins punished in the former circles are those of want of love: pride, envy, anger. The sins punished in the three last circles are those of misplaced love: avarice, gluttony, luxury. But this middle circle is that of the lukewarm, the slothful souls, souls neither hot nor cold: guilty of *accidia*, a word which has somehow crept into our theological language, and which we use a little regretfully, although

Chaucer has used it, because we have no English word which will quite express its full meaning. In this circle all is tumultuous haste, the haste as of the whirlwind; and yet the pale ghost of the abbot of San Zeno, to whom Vergil addresses himself, is courteous even in his haste. He shows them the way to the fifth circle; and in the nineteenth canto comes the angel who ushers them into it, and who speaks to them in a manner "gentle and benign such as we hear not in this mortal region." With his swan-like wings he obliterates the mark of sloth from off Dante's forehead, "affirming those *Qui lugent* to be blessed, for they shall have their souls with comfort filled."

The connection between this blessing and the contrary virtue to the sin of Sloth is not as plain as that between the other beatitudes and the vanquished sins, the acquired virtues, to which they are appropriated by Dante. But we must not, perhaps, expect to find a fitness, which Dante was not careful that we should always find. The penitents in this middle circle have at least wept their sin; are diligent in that portion of their penance; the blessing is indeed fit, if it has not the more palpable fitness, at first sight, of the other blessings. And taking this fourth circle as a midway station between the first three and the last three circles, we may feel that the benediction applies in some degree to all, and radiates the brightness of penitence, its solemn joy, on all the circles alike.

The fifth circle, that of the avaricious souls (cantos 20 and 21), is next traversed, and in it Dante and Vergil are joined by Statius, whose term of sojourn in the mild shades of Purgatory is completed, and who accompanies the other two poets in their journey upward. Here the angel who ushers them into the sixth circle is sketched in the merest outline, but he erases another sin from Dante's forehead, and commences the benediction—"Blessed are they who thirst" for righteousness instead of for this world's treasure.

The sixth circle is that of the "starving gluttons," who stand around beautiful trees laden with fruit, which hangs ever out of reach. "A simple vice simply punished, the reader will feel," says Mrs. Oliphant, "though it is evident that it bulked more largely in Dante's eyes." The angel who leads them into the seventh circle is described at more length than the preceding ones, and there are here two other angels also, of whom we must say a word. But first, as Dante, Vergil, and Statius are journeying along the lonely road, they hear a voice :—

> Why go ye thinking thus alone ye three?
> Said suddenly a voice, whereat I started
> As terrified and timid beasts are wont.

The angel who speaks is all shining red as molten metals or glass, and the air around him is full of fragrance as of spring herbage and flowers, while the movement of the angelic plumes as they brush away another stain from Dante's forehead diffuses an odour of ambrosia. But he has all the winning courtesy of the rest of these majestical creatures as Dante saw them: "If it may please you to mount aloft, there it behoves you turn; this way he goes who goeth after peace," he says as he shows them to the last circle.

The glad angel who ushers the poets to the summit of the mount of purification appears just as the day is departing, standing outside the purifying flame and singing in "a voice by far more living than our own." He tells them that they must pass through the fire before they can reach the height; and when Dante makes the final plunge into suffering and emerges on the other side, the second angel of this circle is heard singing in the fading daylight: *Venite benedicti Patris mei.*

When morning dawns they reach the terrestrial Paradise, the almost heavenly forest. The birds are singing among the branches of its trees, the breeze rustles through the leaves, a little rivulet runs down the midst of it. How different is all this to that other forest, "savage, rough, and stern":

> Which in the very thought renews the fear,
> So bitter was it, death is little more.

Of this description Ruskin says: "The tender lines which tell of the voices of the birds mingling with the wind, and of the leaves all turning one way before it have been more or less copied by every poet since Dante's time. They are, so far as I know, the sweetest passage of wood description which exists in literature." And yet they are compressed into a few lines.

But the last angels of the "Purgatorio," not one but many, what can I say of them?—"Soldiery of the celestial kingdom," "Ministers and messengers of life eternal."

> Ye keep your watch in the eternal day,
> So that nor night nor sleep can steal from you
> One step the ages make upon your path.

In the last cantos we find no isolated angelic figures, but an exceeding great army of angels, a glorious host, the sevenfold flames upon their faces. The steps of the poet keep time to their music; the melody of their songs runs through all the last pages of the book; they are interwoven into its very texture. When Beatrice's severe

compassion is bitter to him, they stay from strewing the celestial flowers to comfort him with *In te, Domine, speravi*; as he comes through the waters of Lethe, in which the last hold of sin upon the soul, the remembrance of it, is taken away, they encourage him with another psalm; and amid their celestial saraband they pray Beatrice to turn her holy eyes on him who to see her "has ta'en so many steps." And when, in the "Paradiso," he comes forth into a land of yet greater glory,

> The song of those who sing for ever
> After the music of the eternal spheres,

is still enfolding him. But here, it seems to us, Dante's human words fail and faint. In the 21st canto of the "Paradiso," where the angelic host is seen in its undimmed splendour, he who has soared so high, at last suffers the limitations of his humanity. He comes of a race which has no celestial language: he has seen his vision but his words are not adequate to express that vision. He has reached the highest—and "the highest is not capable of being spoken outwards at all." To his mind the gathering together of those washed and made white, the great multitude which no man can number, takes the likeness of a snow-white rose—

> The Rose Eternal
> That spreads and multiplies and breathes an odour
> Of praise unto the ever vernal sun.

"Behold," says Beatrice to the wondering poet, "of the white stoles how vast the convent is! Behold how vast the circle of our city!" And here, clad in the livery of heaven, white robes and wings of gold, their faces as the living flame, the angels are at home.

> In fashion then as of a snow-white rose
> Displayed itself to me the saintly host,
> Whom Christ in His own blood had made His bride.
> But the other host, that flying sees and sings
> The glory of Him who doth enamour it,
> And the goodness that created it so noble,
> Even as a swarm of bees, that sinks in flowers
> One moment, and the next returns again
> To where its labour is to sweetness turned,
> Sank into the great flower, that is adorned
> With leaves so many, and thence reascended
> To where its love abideth evermore
> Their faces had they all of living flame,
> And wings of gold, and all the rest so white
> No snow unto that limit doth attain.

And here, and here only, we feel that Milton has done better because he has attempted less.

> That undisturbed song of pure concent
> Aye sung before the sapphire colour'd throne
> To Him that sits thereon
> With saintly shout and solemn jubilee,
> Where the bright seraphim in burning row
> Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow,
> And the cherubic host in thousand quires
> Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
> With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
> Hymns devout and holy psalms
> Singing everlastingly.

In these lines Milton has if possible surpassed him who stands all but first among the first.

C. T.

A NORTH SEA REVOLUTION.

WITHIN the last ten years a change has been made on the North Sea which is without parallel in the history of fishing. Steam is altogether pushing out sails, and so rapidly are screw vessels growing in number that before long the picturesque smack is sure to be a relic of the past.

While at work upon this paper I had a simple illustration of the great revolution which is taking place upon the North Sea. I saw an ordinary steam trawler which in five weeks had earned £700 for her owners. She was then in harbour, and her crew, sharers of her great good fortune, were reeling about in various stages of intoxication. They had been celebrating the event for a week. Side by side with her were a number of sailing vessels which for several weeks, on account of continued bad weather and calms, had not earned enough to pay for their bait. In some cases the bait—boxes of herring—had been returned to shore, probably to be disposed of to the unwary as early kippers. No greater contrast could have been afforded than that of the prosperous—and drunk—members of the steamer, and the quiet, hopeless-looking men on the smacks who for so long a period had not been earning even bread.

By way of showing how things have developed, a few simple figures may be given relating to the chief British fishing ports. Hull recently owned 169 smacks, against 458 ten years ago; Grimsby had 402 smacks, compared with 804 at that time. Of steam trawlers Hull had 241, with a tonnage of 14,455; while Grimsby had 232, of 13,008 tons. In sail and steam fishing craft Grimsby possessed 632 vessels, of 41,259 tons; while Hull had 408, of 27,450 tons. Yarmouth and Lowestoft also lead Hull in the aggregate number of fishing vessels owned, but these are mostly smacks.

In every respect fishing appliances are being brought up to date. This points to increased profits for owners and employed; undoubtedly it means more safety and a better mode of life for that army of 20,000 men and boys whose lives are practically spent on

the wild waters of the North Sea, and who pursue their calling in such dangerous and uncomfortable circumstances.

Mr. C. H. Wilson, M.P., who is chairman of one of the largest companies engaged in the North Sea industry, their fleet being established about six years ago, recently in public very ably summed up the present position of North Sea fishing. I cannot do better than quote from his words. "Of late years," he said, "there has been a very great alteration in its conduct. Steamers are rapidly superseding the old sailing smacks with which the trade was formerly carried on. The increase is something marvellous, and the number of steam trawlers now approaches a very large figure indeed. I should think that in Hull and Grimsby, upon which we pride ourselves as being the chief ports connected with the North Sea fishing trade, there cannot at the present time be fewer than 500 steamers connected with the trade. It is extending all round the coast. The sailing smacks, as a rule, go out into the North Sea for a considerable time, and remain there; but the business is conducted in two ways. One system is called 'single boating'—that is, a sailing smack or a steamer goes out on its own account, and is away a few days, and if it is successful, brings its cargo of fish into port. The company with which I am connected, which is called the Red Cross Company, has a fleet, including those building, of nearly 100 vessels. They go out into the North Sea; the sailing vessels remain there perhaps ten weeks, and the steamers in connection with the fleet, which are calling every day, remain perhaps five or six weeks. Then there are steam carriers employed, which almost day by day collect the fish and bring it to Billingsgate; and here in London, to a very great extent, all those who are consumers of fish are dependent upon the fleets connected with Hull, Grimsby, and Yarmouth. The business is carried on day by day, winter and summer, and it is one of hardship and great danger. Every now and again terrible storms occur in the North Sea, and frightful loss of life and property is occasioned. I hope that the changing from sailing smacks to steamers will in future reduce to a very great extent this loss of life."

No one who knows from experience what the North Sea is to smacksmen can fail to agree with Mr. Wilson, or hesitate to hope that the revolution which is now in progress will soon have reached its ultimate development. Only by steamers can the best work be done on the fishing grounds, and only on board of these craft can the fishermen enjoy any real comfort when at sea. The smacks are picturesque and cheap, but they are in these days both helpless and unprofitable, and their impotence in bad weather means a heavy

annual death-roll. It is the exception for steamers to suffer in a gale, but no storm sweeps over the fishing grounds without bringing death and devastation to the crews of sailers. Sometimes, but rarely, a steam trawler will founder—two fine Hull boats went down in a recent gale—but as mere life-preserving structures they are as much superior to the smack as a mail boat is to a wind-jammer.

As to the loss of life amongst smacksmen caused by a North Sea gale, there are some memorable instances on record. There must be many who vividly remember what is known as the "great March gale" of 1883. That season was marked by a fearful storm in which more than 360 smacksmen and boys were lost, and enormous damage was done to the fishing vessels, a large number of which sank bodily with their crews. With regard to mere damage, every gale causes much of it. In one storm not long ago a large number of smacks were nearly wrecked, and about 100 from Lowestoft alone lost their gear. It is calculated that the damage done to smacks during that gale was £12,000.

Such a revolution as that of which I write inevitably leads to keener competition. One recent instance will show that the struggle for business on the North Sea is in every way as sharp as business fights ashore. One night a skipper off the Horn Reef had a haul of fish on which he reckoned that he would clear a profit of £50. He had to go thirty miles from the reef to the fleet with which he was fishing, so that he might deliver his catch to the carrier for conveyance to market. He hurried back to the reef with all speed, and found that there were already five trawlers scooping up the fish. Next day there were twenty-five, for good and ill news spreads as fast on the North Sea as anywhere else, and if the fish had held, there would have been 125. Wherever the fish goes, there goes the fisherman also, the hunt being kept up in the most persistent and remorseless fashion. No wonder, in view of this state of affairs, that a well-known authority has declared feelingly that he would not be a haddock for anything, because there is no chance whatever nowadays of escaping the trawlers' nets.

The revolution also means that as the fishermen grow more eager to gather the harvest of the sea, the harvest is in peril of becoming smaller. There has long been an outcry against the way in which some smacksmen deal with immature and spawning fish, and much injury has been done to the supply through the thoughtlessness and carelessness of the catchers. But on the North Sea the scientist is stepping in, and measures are being taken for the preservation of the fish supply which were undreamed of even two or three years ago.

Growing attention is being given to the question of fish culture at sea, and artificial hatching is being employed with so much success that young fish are now caught in large quantities where they have not been seen before this method of replenishing the grounds was tried. So amazing is the fertility of fish that in a few minutes, by taking proper measures, one may pour into the sea eggs enough to produce, when incubated, more fish in number than the whole contained in the 100,000 tons that now pass yearly through Grimsby Market, which is by far the leading fish centre in the United Kingdom.

If this plan is intelligently and extensively adopted, there will be even a more wonderful development in the means of catching the fish than there has been of late, great as it is. A generation ago sailing smacks exclusively were engaged in trawling over the North Sea grounds; now sails cannot possibly hold their own with steam, and at every fishing port are to be seen dandies, cutters, yawls, luggers, and mules which are for sale, and obtainable almost at the price of firewood. There is at Yarmouth alone a depressing procession of such craft.

It is inevitable that with the increase in the number of steam fishing vessels there should be a diminution in the number of sailers. Few sailers are now launched, but, on the other hand, steam trawlers are being built with astonishing rapidity. It is only fourteen years since steam power for fishing purposes came into operation at Grimsby, but so enormous has been the development of steam trawling that there are now at that place more than a dozen public companies, some of which pay extremely large dividends. At the time of writing, regardless of the statements made concerning the hardships under which the trawling interest suffers, Councillor Richard Simpson, of Hull, known as the "Steam Trawler King," has no fewer than forty-six steam trawlers and carriers being built. Probably by the time this paper is published they will be engaged in fishing. Recently also other owners, principally limited companies, have ordered large numbers of these handy little craft, and soon the North Sea will be even more alive with them than is the case at present.

Side by side with the North Sea revolution has been the growth of the fishing industry. This is best shown by the Board of Trade Returns. According to these statistics for 1896 the value of the fish landed at English and Welsh ports during the three preceding years was £5,291,476, £5,437,917, and £5,510,421 respectively. Most of the fish was caught in the North Sea, the value of that landed at Grimsby alone being £1,340,521 in 1894, £1,418,895 in 1895, and

£1,463,395 in 1896. In tons only there were landed at Grimsby in 1894, 88,448; in 1895, 92,462; and in 1896, 100,726. The returns for 1897 showed that the quantity of fish landed at English and Welsh ports—7,946,108 cwt. (excluding shell fish)—was larger than in any one of the eight successive previous years which were reviewed, and that its value, £5,568,978, was very much larger.

It would be difficult indeed to estimate, even approximately, the value of the steam and sailing vessels which are at this moment fishing in the North Sea, but the total sum is necessarily a very large one. The number of first-class fishing steamers, smacks, and boats of fifteen tons and upwards registered at English ports at the beginning of this year was between 3,500 and 3,600, and by far the greater number of these are employed in the North Sea fisheries. The number of craft of the same description registered at Scottish ports was just over 3,400, and these are employed almost exclusively on the North Sea grounds. It would be scarcely possible to strike an average value for a sailing vessel or for a steam fishing craft, and thus work out approximately the total worth of the North Sea vessels. A really first-class up-to-date screw trawler, fitted with all modern appliances, is not to be had for less than £5,000, and this sum is being regularly paid at present by owners for such a steamer. As a rule, however, the value of the steam screw trawler is not equal to this; but it must be remembered that these craft have been built specially for the trade within recent years, and are for the most part kept in a state of excellent repair, so that their depreciation has not been as great as might have been supposed. Some of the smacks are worth not far short of £1,000; the value of many is about £500, but there are many owners who would be glad to realise some of the sailers for a less sum than this.

It is strange that inland so little should be known not only of this revolution, but also of the fishermen themselves and their appliances and work. The crudest ideas still exist as to the sort of craft with which North Sea fishing is done, and these ideas prevail largely because there are so few means of showing people what class of vessel is actually employed. Comparatively few visitors to seaside resorts which are also fishing ports ever trouble to learn which are fishing vessels and which are not, and are quite unable to distinguish a smack or steam trawler from a trading sailer or steamship. Not many days ago I heard a professional man inform another—a lawyer—that a smack which was warping out of harbour, on the Yorkshire coast, for the fishing grounds was a ship which was going to Newcastle for coal. Not long before this, at the same port, a young lady

asked, pointing to a steam paddle trawler, if, when at sea, the vessel ran on the ground on her wheels! So fondly is the belief cherished that fishing is done from very tiny craft which are absent from port a night or a day, that it is most difficult to prove to many people that vessels of considerable dimensions are employed in the industry, and that numerous North Sea smacks are not much short of 100 tons burden, while some of the steamers are of nearly 150 tons net. These, however, while partially engaged in trawling, and fully equipped for the purpose, are engaged chiefly as carriers between the fishing fleets and the London, Grimsby, Hull, or other markets where the catches of fish are sold. No wonder that when such ignorance as I have mentioned exists, there should be those who urge that it is the duty of county councillors and educational bodies to arrange for lectures on such subjects as "Our Fisheries," "Fish Culture," and "Fish Catching."

Smacks and "liners" are fast disappearing from the North Sea. The "liner" leaves port for a week or so at a time, her successive catches being preserved in ice until she has enough fish on board for market, when she runs home to dispose of it. Having got a fresh supply of ice on board, she leaves port again.

A North Sea smack is, as a rule, built on beautiful lines. There is plenty of width and strength about her bows, but there is need of both in order to withstand the savage battering of North Sea waves when they are in evil mood—and that is pretty often. There is more deck room on a "liner" than is to be enjoyed on board a trawl smack, where the trawl beam and the great net occupy a good deal of room.

On the whole, line fishing does not mean an easier life for the smacksman than trawling. His lines have to be baited, and as they have a total length of ten miles, this is a long and laborious task. In getting in the lines extensive use has to be made of the boat which is carried on the deck. The revolution means, for one thing, the gradual abolition of the "liner" and the many dangers which surround her and her crew. Much of the work which falls to them has not to be undertaken by the crews of the steamers. Especially noticeable in the latter case is the absence of the heavy boat duties.

With the liner the old-fashioned trawl is departing. This consists of a stout beam with an iron "head" at each end. When the beam is dropped into the sea it sinks to the ground, and the "heads" keep the mouth of the net distended. The net is towed over the ground, and gets gradually more or less filled with fish of all sorts.

Sometimes the catch is very plentiful, often it is only moderately good, and frequently it is very poor. When the time for hauling comes, the beam is raised by steam power to the level of the deck, the "cod-end" of the net is turned in over the deck, and the fish are tumbled in a struggling heap on board.

Although the beam trawl is still very extensively used by both sailing and steam vessels, it is rapidly being superseded by the beamless trawls. These have a greater spread of net, and therefore an increased catching capacity; and as the latest form has two separate bodies in the net, one may still be fishing when the other has been torn away by sunken wreckage or rough ground. The successor to the trawl beam is a "shutter," as it is technically termed. Four shutters are carried by a screw trawler, two on the port, and two on the starboard side. Over the pulley on the block suspended from the centre of the "shutter" runs a warp, or stout rope, fastened to one end of the mouth of the net; and another warp runs from a similar "shutter" forward. So with the other side of the vessel. With this, as with the beam trawl, the gear on only one side of the vessel at a time is employed, that on the other being a reserve.

By means of a small vertical boiler the heavy work of getting up the trawl on board sailing smacks is now done—a great advance on the old days when this laborious work was done by hand. Smacksmen are not specially clever engineers, and sometimes when the boiler and engine go wrong they do not know quite what to do. Then their native resource asserts itself, and they make ready to grapple with the enemy. If a boiler is obstructed, they argue, the thing to be done is to remove the obstruction. Cases have been known in which this has been accomplished by firing up for every ounce of steam the boiler is worth, then retiring to the most remote part of the bows until the pressure has done its work. As a rule this rough but dangerous method is successful, but sometimes there are nasty accidents on board the smacks through explosions.

A large number of old fishing vessels are now employed as traders, and of late not a few have been sold to foreigners for this purpose. They are handy, and the working expenses are small. As a rule, the crew consists of two men and a boy.

Notable amongst North Sea fishing craft are the "Scotchmen" which are so much in evidence during the herring season. These vessels leave the Scotch ports on the East Coast in very large numbers, and are familiar objects to the seaside visitor to that part of Great Britain. They are very similar to the Cornish herring boats, but have a much greater spread of canvas. They are broad of beam

and have very little freeboard; indeed so low in the water are they that the prudent Scot will fly into a place of refuge when anything like a strong breeze springs up. A peculiarity of many of these boats is that the wheel is placed horizontally instead of vertically. Perhaps the Scotchmen are the least affected of all North Sea fishermen by the revolution; but steam is creeping in even amongst them, and as to its power, they have proof enough in any spell of calm weather. While they are idle and helpless the dirty little steam herring boat is gathering the harvest of the sea in the most handsome fashion.

Unfortunately many sailing vessels are lost every year on the North Sea through collision, and there is no doubt that a host of fine smacks have been sent to the bottom by some badly managed big ship. It is a case of crash! and to the bed of the sea, as a rule, if the weather is thick; for stout as a smack is, she can be smashed up in the twinkling of an eye by an over-sea boat meeting her bows on. Not long ago, in a fog, the *Fürst Bismarck*, one of the finest Atlantic steamers afloat, cut down a Yarmouth smack, causing the loss of several lives; while shortly afterwards, in another fog, three smacks were run down, carrying many fishermen with them.

North Sea smacks, like all old institutions, have their romances. Some years ago a Grimsby firm built a smack and christened her *Dr. Lees*, out of compliment to that veteran of the temperance cause. The vessel continued in active service until the day of the doctor's funeral. At about the same hour as that in which the funeral was taking place the smack ran ashore off Ymuiden, Holland, and became a total wreck.

With few exceptions the steamers fishing in the North Sea are built of iron, a few being of wood, and a larger number of steel. Of all the registered steamers only about thirty are paddle, the rest being screw vessels. The paddle boats, for the most part old tugs, run largely out of ports between the Humber and the Tyne, and work principally alone, being absent for a day or two at a time. They are capable of working on rougher ground than the screw boats.

There are about 140 foreign steamers, all screw, fishing in the North Sea. With few exceptions these also are of iron and steel. Many are English-built. Some of the latest smacks also are of iron.

The victory is to the strong, and on the North Sea the powerful modern screw trawler has matters pretty much her own way. If there is any fish about she will get it, and run to port with it.

There is not much of the romance of the sea about her; she is simply and solely a money-making invention, and battles with wind and weather as part of her daily trade. What are her expenses, and what are her net earnings? These are the questions which are always present in the skipper's mind. The company for which he works—most of the steamers are owned by companies—put at his disposal a well-nigh perfect machine, and expect him to get the best results. That he spares no labour to attain this end, and that he is pretty successful, are shown by the fact that in a year a first-rate steamer can make net earnings of from £1,100 to £1,600; in other words, she will provide a return of from 10 to 40 per cent. on the capital invested.

The total cost of running a high-class steam trawler for a year is heavy—nets, warps, coal, crew's wages, insurances, &c., making a considerable inroad on available funds. The gross earnings of one first-rate steamer in a twelvemonth were £4,000, her gross expenses being £2,860, leaving the net earnings £1,140. Another vessel had £1,598 net earnings on £2,580 gross expenses, so that the cost of running her was about £50 weekly. Her total earnings, £4,178, were at the rate, in round figures, of £80 a week.

Of course, it must not be assumed that all fishing in the North Sea is as profitable as this. Just as some ocean steamship shares are first-class money-making concerns, so are some of the North Sea fishing companies; but it is equally true that while there are many shipping combinations which are very poor investments, there are shareholders who wish they had found other means of making profit than are afforded by the North Sea fishing-grounds.

WALTER WOOD.

TENNYSON, THE MAN.

"THE worth of a biography depends upon whether it is done b one who wholly loves the man whose life he writes, yet loves him with a discriminating love. Few of these gossiping biographies are the man, more often the writer." Such were the remarks made by the poet to his son in 1874 on the "compliments and curiosity of undiscerning critics." Of the whole-hearted love displayed by the son in the recently published Memoirs of his father there cannot be a doubt; and if the keeping oneself in the background, and allowing the subject of the biography to reveal himself to us by the record of his everyday life—his conversations with his friends, his interchange of letters with all ranks in society, from the Queen herself down to the Lincolnshire labourer who wrote to him from the United States about the old Somersby days, his hopes and fears for his work, his general outlook on men and affairs, and his unfailing sympathy with the joys and sorrows of humanity—are not evidences of the power of discrimination on the part of the writer and compiler of these volumes, additional emphasis, at least, is given to the truth of the poet's own words:—

> For whatsoever knows us truly, knows
> That none can truly write his single day,
> And none can truly write it for him upon earth.

The lives of men of genius are not always pleasant reading: there is often a want of harmony between the inner and the outward man; they have not learnt how to accommodate the outward life to the interior vision. But no such misgivings assail us as we turn the pages of these volumes. The life of Tennyson, like the life of his great predecessor Wordsworth, adds one more striking testimony to the truth of Milton's noble words:—"He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem; not presuming to sing praises of heroic men or famous cities unless he have in himself the experience and practice of all that which is praiseworthy." From the reminiscences contained in these Memoirs of the poet's early life in his father's rectory, down

to the latest recorded conversations between himself and his son in the summer of 1892—the year of his death—there is the gradual unfolding of a life rich in promise, attaining its meridian splendour in the strength of a magnificent manhood, and continuing unabated its creative energy beyond the allotted span of human existence.

Since Wordsworth gave currency to the saying "The child is father to the man," a more peculiar interest than ever has attached itself to the early years of those distinguished by supreme gifts of heart and mind. We like to observe and welcome the premonitions of coming greatness. In the case of Tennyson these indications were plainly marked. He probably had written, and in great measure destroyed, before he attained the age of fourteen, more verses than any other great English poet of whose early productions we have any record at all. His grandfather seems to have indulged in the first prophetic anticipations, saying of his grandson, then aged fourteen: "If Alfred die, one of our greatest poets will have gone." Happily for the world, the boy did not die; but after a short spell of education at the Louth Grammar School—a miserable period of his life, so these Memoirs tell us—he passed under the able supervision of his father, an excellent scholar, and in due course of time followed his elder brothers to Trinity College, Cambridge. His fame had preceded him there, and he at once found himself the centre of as remarkable a set of young men as either of our great Universities has ever seen. The names of this group have been so long distinguished in the literary and political history of the age that it is needless to allude to them here. Suffice it to say that the great reputation of Arthur Henry Hallam, which "In Memoriam" did so much to foster, is seen to be fully deserved, and his letters to the poet evince a rare subtlety of intellect, combined with the tenderest and most loving human affections. He was always the constant and discriminating champion of his friend's early poetry, his generous and sympathetic consoler under the stress of ignorant and spiteful criticism, and a firm and confident believer in his greatness and ultimate triumph. Of Tennyson during these early Cambridge days the following descriptions are interesting, as showing how the personal appearance of the poet at this time struck his contemporaries. A friend describes him as "Six feet high, broad-chested, strong-limbed, his face Shakespearean, with deep eyelids, his forehead ample, crowned with dark wavy hair, his head finely poised, his hand the admiration of sculptors, long fingers with square tips, soft as a child's, but of great size and strength. What struck one most about him was the union of strength with refinement." On seeing him first

come into the hall at Trinity, Thompson said at once, "That man must be a poet." Arthur Hallam "looked up to him as to a great poet and an elder brother."

It was during his residence at Cambridge that several poems which the present Lord Tennyson has printed for the first time in these Memoirs were written, one of which—the "Hesperides"—the poet regretted he had not inserted amongst his published "Juvenilia" in the completed works. In 1831 Tennyson left Cambridge and returned to Somersby to help his mother, as his father was ailing, and his two elder brothers had left home. Within a month his father had died, and upon him devolved the duty of looking after the affairs of the afflicted household. The friends of this period have spoken of "the exceeding consideration and love which the poet showed his mother, and how much they were struck by the young man's tender and deferential manner towards her." All this time he was busily engaged in study and meditation, striving to perfect himself in the art which he felt was to be his life work, and in the letters to his friends, his hopes and fears on this score are freely expressed. Two years later, in 1833, came the great sorrow of his life, destined to prove the most momentous crisis in the history of a great soul—the death of A. H. Hallam.

As in the lives of everyone, even the least distinguished amongst us, there are spots of time that stand out with a certain pre-eminence, and either form fresh starting-points for further progress in spiritual growth, or else serve as melancholy beacon lights, apprising us of the heights from which we have fallen, so it is made perfectly clear in these Memoirs that in the period of doubt and despondency which followed the death of his friend, when the foundations of the world seemed out of course and the solid earth melting under his feet, until he was left face to face with those two awful realities—God and his own soul—the baptism of fire did its appointed work, and a finer temper was imparted to his spirit, which at length emerged into the calm atmosphere of a purer and clearer faith. To the poet meditating on the grave issues of life and death during the seventeen years which followed his great loss, "the workings of many hearts were revealed," and what he learnt in suffering he afterwards taught us in song.

In the same year, and in the same month, which saw the publication of "In Memoriam," Tennyson's long-deferred marriage took place. How great a blessing this union proved, the poet's own allusions to his wife, and the son's account of his mother in the chapter to which the motto "Like noble music unto noble words" is prefixed, form a beautiful testimony. From this chapter the

following tribute paid by the son to his mother—veiled as it is in the modest reticence that knows there is a joy of the heart as well as a sorrow with which no stranger should intermeddle—may be quoted:—

> It was she who became my father's adviser in literary matters. "I am proud of her intellect," he wrote. With her he always discussed what he was working at; she transcribed his poems; to her, and to no one else, he referred for a final criticism before publishing. She, with "her tender spiritual nature" and instinctive nobility of thought, was always by his side, a ready, cheerful, courageous, wise, and sympathetic counsellor. It was she who shielded his sensitive spirit from the annoyances and trials of life, answering (for example) the innumerable letters addressed to him from all parts of the world. By her quiet sense of humour, by her selfless devotion, by "her faith as clear as the heights of the June-blue heaven," she helped him also to the utmost in the hours of his depression and of his sorrow; and to her he wrote two of the most beautiful of his shorter lyrics, "Dear, near, and true," and the dedicatory lines which prefaced his last volume, "The Death of Œnone."

To make the picture complete of the woman who was so much in every way to the poet, the testimony of one who was not a stranger, but an honoured friend of the family, and a frequent visitor at both Farringford and Aldworth—may be added. The late Master of Balliol concludes his "Recollections of Tennyson," which find a place at the end of Vol. II., with an affecting tribute to Lady Tennyson, written only a few days before his death:—

> I can only speak of her as one of the most beautiful, the purest, the most innocent, the most disinterested persons whom I have ever known. . . . It is no wonder that people speak of her with bated breath as a person whom no one would ever think of criticising, whom everyone would recognise, in goodness and saintliness, as the most unlike anyone whom they have ever met. Though not claiming to possess intellectual powers, which she assuredly has, she was probably her husband's best critic, and certainly the one whose authority he would most willingly have recognised. Yet with all her saintliness she is not at all puritanical in her views, either in regard to him or to anyone else. She has considerable sense of humour, and is remarkably considerate about her guests. The greatest influence of his life would have to be passed over in silence if I were to omit her name.

After the marriage, Twickenham was the first home, but finding the Thames Valley unhealthy, the Tennysons moved to Farringford, in the Isle of Wight, which was a home to them for more than forty years. Here the poet and his wife "settled to a country life at once, looking after their little farm, and tending the poor and sick of the village." His object in thus cutting himself off from society, and only seeing his many friends from time to time—and never was man more greatly loved and honoured—was to avoid distracting influences and "live a country life of earnest work."

Of the fruits of that retirement from the world his poetic life

during the next forty years is at once an eloquent witness, and a convincing illustration of the truth of that great saying of old, "Wisdom is justified of her children."

The Memoirs from this point fall into a sort of natural division of chapters arranged according to the titles of the various volumes of poems in the order in which they first appeared, a considerable space being devoted to questions relating to "Maud" and "The Idylls of the King." All this is in accordance with Tennyson s view, that his true life was to be sought for in his works; and, of course, the elucidation of various passages in some of the greater poems, either from notes contributed by the poet's most intimate friends, or, as is more frequently the case, from Tennyson's own explanations of his meaning, taken down by his son, add considerably to the autobiographical hints which reading between the lines of the poet's works supplies. Tennyson, like Wordsworth before him, took himself and his art seriously, and not the least interesting parts of these volumes are those dealing with the poet as his own critic.

Though in his early life he was a poor man, he was never in too great a hurry to publish, keeping his poems by him, and striving to bring them as near perfection as was possible.

The following extract from a letter written to James Spedding about 1835 is a good illustration of the painstaking and laborious artist:—

> *I do not wish to be dragged forward again in any shape before the reading public at present*, particularly on the score of my old poems, most of which I have so corrected (particularly "Ænone") as to make them much less imperfect, which you, who are a wise man, would own if you had the corrections. I may very possibly send you these some time.

And this devotion to his art cost him no small amount of self-sacrifice; it caused his engagement to the woman he loved to be broken off, and it was not until ten years afterwards that, having caught the ear of the public with "In Memoriam," he renewed the engagement, because he felt himself in a pecuniary position to marry; though he might have made money long before by writing popular short poems for the magazines, as some of his friends tried to persuade him to do.

In composing his poems he kept constantly in view a favourite art maxim of his, "The artist is known by his self limitations." Numerous examples of his practice in this respect are referred to. We learn, for instance, that several stanzas were omitted from the "Palace of Art" because the poet thought the poem was too full. In the "Dream of Fair Women," also, the four opening stanzas of the poem as it appeared in the edition of 1832 were cut out,

perhaps because, as Edward Fitzgerald said to him, "They make a perfect poem by themselves without affecting the dream." "The Gardener's Daughter" is another piece which has undergone this rigid pruning. Some forty odd lines called the "Ante-Chamber," originally intended as a prologue to the whole poem, never left the manuscript form. Taken by itself, the "Ante-Chamber" is quite on a level with the rest of the idyll, and the portrait in the first fifteen lines appeared to some of his friends to be an adequate representation of the poet himself:—

> That is his portrait painted by himself.
> Look on those manly curls so glossy dark,
> Those thoughtful furrows in the swarthy cheek;
> Admire that stalwart shape, those ample brows,
> And that large table of the breast dispread,
> Between low shoulders; how demure a smile,
> How full of wisest humour and of love,
> With some half-consciousness of inward power,
> Sleeps round those quiet lips; not quite a smile;
> And look you what an arch the brain has built
> Above the ear! and what a settled mind,
> Mature, harbour'd from change, contemplative,
> Tempers the peaceful light of hazel eyes,
> Observing all things.

The best instance, however, of this sacrifice at any cost to secure totality of effect in a poem is given us in Aubrey de Vere's account of the "Reception of Tennyson's Early Poems" (1832–45):—

> One night, after he had been reading aloud several of his poems, all of them short, he passed one of them to me, and said, "What is the matter with that poem?" I read it, and answered, "I see nothing to complain of." He laid his finger on two stanzas of it, the third and fifth, and said, "Read it again." After doing so, I said, "It has now more completeness and totality about it; but the two stanzas you cover are among its best." "No matter," he rejoined, "they make the poem too longbacked; and they must go at any sacrifice." "Every short poem," he remarked, "should have a definite shape, like the curve, sometimes a single, sometimes a double one, assumed by a severed tress or the rind of an apple when flung on the floor."

To Tennyson as a friend it is impossible to give too high praise. Never was man more beloved, and the affection he received was returned in as large measure. "Loveableness," says one who knew him well, and was his friend for more than forty years, "was the dominant note of his character." "In Friendship Noble and Sincere" is Browning's tribute in the dedication to him of a volume of selections from his own poems. Allusions to the impressions made upon them by the poet's personality and character are frequent in the letters of those friends who have contributed reminiscences

and biographical matter to these Memoirs. Thus, *e.g.* the late Lord Selborne writes of him:—

> He was noble, simple, manly, reverent as well as strong, with a frankness which might at times seem rough, but which was never inconsistent with the finest courtesy and the gentlest heart. I do not think I could better describe the impression which he made upon me by any multiplication of words. He was great in himself as well as in his work; the foremost man, in my eyes, of all his generation, and entitled to be ranked with the greatest of the generations before him.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, visiting the old poet in the summer of 1886, a few months after the death of Lionel Tennyson, is struck by "his patience under his sorrow, and his unselfish thoughtfulness for others." A union of gentleness with strength seems to have been the prevailing impression made by the poet upon all those who had been fortunate enough to enjoy some degree of intimacy with him.

As might have been expected from one who, at the conclusion of the Holy Grail, has taught us how marvellously the spiritual world interpenetrates and illumines the natural in the vision which comes to King Arthur, busied in the practical work of establishing law and order in his realm, no less than from the well-known passages in "In Memoriam" which embody the most profound religious convictions of the soul, a reverent Belief was habitual with the poet. He was fond of discussing with some few of his most intimate friends the great problems of the Immortality of the Soul, the Future Life, and the Personality of God, but would tolerate no irreverent handling of those Divine Mysteries. It is significant of his wide sympathies that some of his dearest friends, as Aubrey de Vere, W. G. Ward, and Sir John Simeon, were staunch adherents of the Roman Catholic Church.

Tennyson's attitude of mind on these subjects is best expressed in some conversations with his son recorded in Vol. I. They occupy several pages, and quotation from them in the shape of extracts, by omitting, perhaps, some other aspects of truth to which equal importance is attached, might convey a wrong impression of the poet's true feelings. Two brief sentences, however, may be quoted as expressive of the summit of his own earnest spiritual endeavour. "My most passionate desire is to have a clearer and fuller vision of God. The soul seems to me to be one with God; how I cannot tell."

It is impossible in writing of these Memoirs to make no mention of the letters which passed between Tennyson and the Queen, a number of which are, by Her Majesty's permission, inserted at the end of Vol. II., and date from 1873 to 1892. Those written by

the Queen are in the first person, and evince the deep interest displayed by Her Majesty in her Laureate and his family. Now it is a message of thanks with appreciative comments on a volume of poems received from the poet; now it is the Queen who sends the poet a book of her own; more frequently it is a message of human sympathy on both sides when sorrow and bereavement have made inroads upon the homes of monarch and poet. On Tennyson's side the correspondence throughout shows him as manly, loyal, and sincere; the words are the words of one who was fitted to stand before princes, and was content that the grounds for such preeminence should be based on manhood's simple worth.

The following paragraph from the letter written by Tennyson in reply to the message of thanks from the Queen for the epilogue to the "Idylls of the King," inscribed to Her Majesty, gives us a pleasing picture of the cordial relations which must have existed between Sovereign and poet:—

> Your Majesty's letter made me glad that even in so small a matter I may have been of some service to you. I will not say that "I am loyal," or that "Your Majesty is gracious," for these are old hackneyed terms used or abused by every courtier, but I will say that during our conversation I felt the touch of that true friendship which binds human beings together, whether they be kings or cobblers.

For the rest, it is a notable company of men and women through which the grand figure of the poet passes in these volumes. Statesmen, soldiers, ecclesiastics, men of science, men of letters, artists, philosophers, scholars, all testify to the wide range of his sympathies, and the fascination of his noble personality which compelled their grateful homage.

Nor are humbler admirers wanting, some of whose letters to him were cherished possessions with the poet. The Yorkshire artisan who wrote him a letter of congratulation on his eightieth birthday, the message from the old Somersby labourer across the Atlantic, the Lancashire weaver who wrote the fine letter of thanks for the autograph presentation copy of his works which the poet sent him on being informed by John Forster, through Mrs. Gaskell, what a priceless source of consolation and delight his poetry had been to the aged worker in battling with the sorrows and hardships of life—are instances of an appreciation which the poet deeply felt. It is clear that Tennyson's unfailing gift of humour was one of the main sources of the sympathy which bound him to these men in humble life; but, behind it all there was that reverence for man as man, that large charity and sense of human kinship which prompted him to place as an inscription on the tomb of his old Farringford shepherd

the very words in which forty years before he had described the death of Arthur Hallam, "God's finger touched him, and he slept."

In the "Unpublished Sonnet" at the beginning of the preface to these Memoirs occur the lines—

> History is half-dream—ay, even
> The man's life in the letters of the man.

And yet, though we have been told that we must look for "the innermost sanctuary" of the poet's being in his works, a picture of the real man must have outlined itself in the minds of any careful reader of these volumes. It is not every great man of genius who has enriched our national literature with priceless works who could so well stand a scrutiny of his daily life and habits. Through the delicate reticence observed by the present Lord Tennyson in obedience to his father's express command, we see the *Man* as he moved in all the manifold relations of human life—as a son, the pride and support of his widowed mother—as a husband, such that one of his oldest friends used to speak of "the chivalrous tone of that school for husbands" which pervaded the atmosphere of the family life at Aldworth and Farringford—as a father, delighting in the companionship of his sons, from their earliest childhood when he devised and shared in all their amusements, later on when he bestowed much earnest thought and anxiety on their education, and afterwards, when they grew to manhood, making them, the elder especially, the repository of some of his deepest thoughts and feelings—as a citizen, loving his country with as strong a fire of patriotic ardour as did any of her famous naval and military heroes who fought and bled to make England great and free—and, finally, as a man, combining in himself the "susceptibility of a woman or a child with the strength of a giant or even of a God."

Thus we get the impression that, great as were his works, the *Man* was greater still, with a greatness which was "from first youth tested up to extreme old age"—from the days of his golden youth, when he was regarded as their greatest by the men, then and afterwards illustrious, who formed the Society of The Apostles at Cambridge, down to the latest years of his life, when the whole English-speaking world hailed him as their undisputed Master of Song—the poet who had achieved the rare distinction of completely satisfying as well the ordinary reader as the person of cultivated and fastidious taste.

> . . . he sung, and the sweet sound rang
> Through palace and cottage door,
> For he touched on the whole sad planet of man,
> The kings, and the rich, and the poor.

Of such a man and such a poet, a poem like his own "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" should form the requiem; but doubtless he himself would have preferred the simple, heartfelt words of the old clergyman who came and gazed upon the poet as he lay dead, saying, with uplifted hands, "Lord Tennyson, God has taken you who made you a prince of men! Farewell."

C. FISHER.

THE FRENCH ON THE NIGER.

MUNGO PARK, when after a laborious journey he first set eyes on the river Niger at Sego on June 21, 1796, could not have dreamed that a full hundred years would elapse before that majestic river had been navigated down to its mouth. Yet so it has been, and the achievement in attempting which Park sacrificed his life has been the work, not of a countryman of his, but of a Frenchman. When the young Scotch surgeon set out on his voyage of discovery the course of the Niger was one of those mysteries of which the African continent has possessed so many to lure on the geographical explorer. Ever foiled by the low-lying miasmatic belt of the coast regions, travellers had been unable to reach far into the interior, which had long remained a great blank on the maps, or had been filled with speculative and extraordinary series of rivers and lakes, which, however, recent discoveries have shown to have been in some degree based on positive information, though information of a long distant past.

The actual discovery of the Niger must be dated back to the time of Herodotus, some twenty-three centuries ago, when certain Nasamonians, whose names have not been preserved, made a remarkable journey across the deserts of North Africa and reached its waters. These Nasamonians dwelt on the shores of the Greater Syrtis—a deep gulf of the Mediterranean between Carthage and Cyrene—and five young men of the tribe resolved to explore the unknown deserts to the south of Libya and learn what was beyond them. After many days' travelling they came to an oasis, where they were captured by a number of black men of small stature, by whom they were taken through extensive marshes to a large river inhabited by crocodiles, and on the banks of which was a city inhabited by negroes. The young Nasamonians succeeded in returning to their own country, the antetypes of a long series of explorers, and the information brought back by them has been perpetuated by Herodotus. Herodotus seems to have come to the

conclusion that the Niger[1] was a tributary of the Nile. After the time of Ptolemy, when geographical research was taken up by the Arabs, the Niger was made on the maps to flow into the Atlantic; and so it was shown on them until the radical French geographer D'Anville a century or more ago struck out of the maps those features which did not appear well authenticated. A note to the "Annual Register" of 1758 (quoted in Lucas's "Historical Geography of the British Colonies," iii. 112) runs as follows:— "The river Senega, or Senegal, is one of those channels of the river Niger by which it is supposed to discharge its waters into the Atlantic Ocean. The river Niger, according to the best maps, rises in the east of Africa, and after a course of 300 miles nearly due west divides into three branches: the most noteworthy is the Senegal, as above; the middle is the Gambia, or Gambra; and the most southern, Rio Grande." This view that the Niger flowed westward into the Atlantic Ocean by way of the Senegal was held by the celebrated naturalist Adanson, who visited the Senegal in 1749–50.

The African Association in 1790 sent out Major Houghton to reach the Niger by way of the Gambia, but he perished on the road to the mysterious city of Timbuktu, a great commercial centre of the Sahara when Ibn Batuta visited it about the middle of the fourteenth century. It was to follow up the unfinished work of Houghton that Mungo Park offered his services to the African Association. On this his first expedition he settled the eastward flow of the Niger and descended its northern bank for some seventy miles below Sego. His second expedition, in 1805, was undertaken with the object of descending the river in boats, and so ascertaining its outlet; but it came to a tragic end in the rapids in the neighbourhood of Yauri, above Bussa.

Park died in the belief that the Niger found its way to the Atlantic through the Kongo, which alone at its mouth seemed to possess an adequate body of water for so long a river; and, whilst Major Peddie in vain attempted to follow Park's route from the Gambia, Lieutenant Tuckey was, in consonance with his theory, despatched by the British Government in 1816 to follow up the Kongo from its mouth. But both expeditions proved equally disastrous. Eight years later Lieutenant Clapperton, on his first expedition from the Barbary Coast, learnt at Sackatoo (or Sokoto) that the Niger flowed southward to the sea. With a view to determine this he was sent out again in 1825, and this time landed at

[1] So called from the blacks living on its banks. The word should be pronounced with the *g* hard, as in *tiger*.

Badagry, near Lagos, in the Bight of Benin, not a very great distance, as it afterwards turned out, from the long-sought mouth of the river. From here he and his companions travelled overland, reaching the Niger at Bussa, just below where Mungo Park had met with his death. Then, instead of following his instructions and descending the river to its outlet, he started off on an ambitious design to cross the continent to Abyssinia, and died at Sokoto in April 1827.

It was Clapperton's servant, Richard Lander, who, with his brother John, in 1830 settled the question of the outlet of the Niger by descending it in canoes from Bussa, or rather from Yauri, where they had first gone to try to recover Park's papers. The mystery was solved, and the river was found to enter the sea by a number of mouths, which for hundreds of years had been known to our merchants as the Oil Rivers, and which, being individually smaller than the united stream, had given no suspicion of their being the outlets of a great river. The Landers seem to have met with less obstacles from the rapids, which had proved so fatal to Park, than from the unfriendliness of the natives.

After this important discovery several expeditions were promoted by the Liverpool merchants under the leadership of Macgregor, Laird and others to open up this waterway to the interior; but the unhealthiness of the country and the hostility of the inhabitants for many years retarded the successful extension of settled trade. Farther to the west interesting, though less important, exploratory work was being done on the upper waters of the river. Major Gordon Laing, who in 1822 nearly reached its sources at the back of Sierra Leone, four years later made his way from Tripoli to Timbuktu, but was murdered there; and in 1827 the Frenchman René Caillié also visited Timbuktu after reaching the Niger from the Rio Nunez. Valuable additions to our knowledge were also made by the celebrated German traveller Dr. Henry Barth, who at the head of an English expedition reached the Niger opposite Say from Sokoto in June 1853. Crossing the river in canoes he travelled overland to Timbuktu, and from there followed the banks of the river back to Say.

But with all these and other expeditions no determined effort after Park's ill-fated attempt was made to navigate the river throughout, and until recently a portion of the river below Say has been shown on our maps by a dotted line only, having been surveyed by no traveller since Mungo Park, and his papers having been lost. Although, as the above summary will show, the exploration of the Niger had been almost entirely the work of Englishmen, and our

possessions at the mouth of the river—especially since the formation of the Royal Niger Company—formed the natural base from which to navigate this great river, we have abandoned to the French not only its further exploration, but also its territorial possession. The French, on the other hand, have in recent years shown a feverish activity in covering an enormous part of Africa with the French flag, and in so doing have taken up and carried on the work of exploration dropped in this region by our own countrymen.

They first obtained access to the upper Niger at Bammako from their colony of Senegal in 1881 by an agreement with the Sultan of Sego; and at Bammako, three years later, a French gunboat was launched on the river—an earnest of the policy soon manifested of territorial extension. In 1887 Lieutenant Caron explored the river down to the neighbourhood of Timbuktu, or Tombuktu, as the French say the name ought rather to be pronounced. Timbuktu is not situated on the banks of the river, which in the rainy season, like the Nile, overflows the surrounding country; and the trading city of the Arabs has therefore to be approached overland from the port of Kabara, on the edge of the river. Lieutenant Caron was not able to enter the mysterious city, but his surveys proved very useful to his successor, Lieutenant Jaime, when he descended the river to the same point two years later. As was to be expected, French influence was rapidly extended in this direction. First Sego was captured from the Sultan Ahmadu (1890); three years later, when the war with Samory allowed breathing time, Ahmadu was further driven from Djenné, where he had taken refuge; and early in 1894 Timbuktu was seized, though Colonel Bonnier sacrificed his life for his precipitancy.

Not only from the west coast, but from the south was French activity manifested. War was declared against Behanzin, King of Dahomey; and that tyrant having been overthrown, his kingdom was declared a French protectorate, and made the base from which numerous expeditions were despatched into the back countries of the Gold Coast and Lagos. In 1894 Commandant Decœur was despatched at the head of an expedition into Borgu, where, however, he was forestalled by Captain Lugard, on behalf of the Royal Niger Company; and following that he started again for Say, on the Niger, which our Government had agreed to recognise as the limit of the French "sphere" on the north of the Royal Niger Company's territory. Finding that a German expedition was making for the same point, Decœur hurried on Lieutenant Baud to sign a treaty with the chief at Say, and meeting him, the combined expedition

descended the river, mapping the banks of the portion between Say and Gomba which had so long remained a dotted line on the maps. This was in February 1895; and a few days after the German expedition of Dr. Grüner and Lieutenant von Carnap followed over the same course, partly in boats and partly by land. And only a few weeks more were to elapse before another Frenchman, Commandant Toutée, was to navigate the same part of the river.

Starting from Porto Novo, in the French protectorate, Toutée reached the Niger opposite Bajibo on February 13, 1895. Here he built a fort, from which, however, being in the undoubted territory of the Royal Niger Company, the French garrison had afterwards to withdraw. Then he obtained boats from the King of Bussa (who was also in treaty relations with the Niger Company) and ascended the river to Farka, above Zinder, having some fights with the people on the banks on the way. From there he successfully descended the river to the mouth, accomplishing the descent in two months, of which twenty-seven days only represented the time of navigation.

These expeditions prepared the way for the "hydrographic mission" of Lieutenant Hourst, who has achieved the distinction of being the first to navigate the river throughout almost its entire navigable course, and has recently published an account of his expedition in an interesting and profusely illustrated volume ("La Mission Hourst." Paris: Librairie Plon, 1898). Originally commissioned in October 1893 by the French Under-Secretary for the Colonies, M. Delcassé, to descend the Niger, the scheme was for a time put a stop to by the disaster to Colonel Bonnier's column at Timbuktu, and Hourst was ordered to return to France. He had started on his return, when, moderate counsels giving way again to a more active policy, permission was given him to proceed. He had originally brought out with him from France a boat made, for lightness, of aluminium, and constructed in sections for convenience of carriage overland from the Senegal to the Niger. This was now put together and launched at Kulikoro. A cross between a *sabot* and a soap-box, as he describes it, the *Davoust* was about thirty yards long by three broad, and only drew some 16 or 17 inches of water. In addition he had two other boats—the *Enseigne Aube* and *Le Dantec*—and his party consisted of Lieutenants Baudry and Bluzet and Dr. Taburet and twenty laptots and servants.

Lieutenant Hourst's descent of the Niger cannot of course rival in interest and in the varied dangers Mr. H. M. Stanley's famous descent of the Kongo. Whilst the latter made his way down an absolutely unknown river, assailed by hostile cannibal and savage

tribes, the Frenchman's difficulties, on the other hand, were more confined to the physical difficulties of impeded navigation. Both rivers have their courses much broken by rapids, though the Niger has none of those falls which, in the case of the Kongo, form an absolute barrier to any navigation. Its course was now practically known throughout, and at different periods had been ascended and descended by boats. Still the voyage involved many dangers. The reception to be met with from the tribes inhabiting its shores was an unknown element, and any opposition on their part would inevitably increase the risks from the natural obstacles.

The first part of the voyage—as far as Timbuktu—was in French territory, and therefore now free from danger in this respect. Leaving Kulikoro on December 12, 1895, the three boats reached Kabara, the port of Timbuktu, on the 11th of the following month. Here Hourst was enabled to complete his arrangements for the more serious part of the voyage, engaging an Arab interpreter and adding to his party the Rev. Père Hacquart, Superior of the Mission of the White Fathers, to whose services as a peacemaker he afterwards pays testimony. Here, where Dr. Barth had resided for a considerable time, he learned of the good reputation which had been established by that traveller, and was advised to give himself out as the son or nephew of Abdul Kerim (by which name Dr. Barth was known), by which he would ensure a more favourable reception. This suggestion he adopted with most satisfactory results. A little beyond Kabara, which was left on January 22, the announcement of his relationship to Barth-Abdul Kerim immediately secured the friendship of the Kuntas, who became the best of friends, and the chief agreed to act as an intermediary with the Awelliminden, a powerful Tuareg tribe farther down the river. These Awelliminden were in the habit of raiding their neighbours, the Iguadaren, who were already in treaty relations with Timbuktu, and it was deemed of great importance to conciliate them. Without the goodwill of their chief, Madidu, the expedition could hardly hope to reach its destination in safety.

In this first part of the course it was all plain sailing so far as obstacles to navigation were concerned. The river was wide, and the voyagers could disregard the threatening aspect of the natives on the south side of the river, who followed the boats along the banks, crying out and brandishing their spears. It was only where the river was narrowed by rocky impediments that there was anything to fear. At Tosaye, where, as indicated by Barth, the river is narrowed by two great rocky masses, the Tademeket horsemen sent Hourst a formal declaration of war. But the latter acted on the principle that

it takes two to make a quarrel, and a stretch of river was soon put between him and the Tuaregs.

At Go, or Go-Go, the ancient capital of the great Songhay Empire of the western Sudan, the travellers were at first received with suspicion. The Awelliminden were assembled armed for a raid on a neighbouring tribe, but a diplomatic present sent to the Amenokal Madidu and the announcement that the nephew of Abdul Kerim had come to visit the country secured the goodwill of that potentate. Throughout the northern portion of its great bend, where it traverses a portion of the Sahara desert, the banks of the Niger are inhabited by Tuaregs, an Arabic race divided into a number of more or less independent tribes. They are of a nomadic character, coming down to the banks of the river during the dry season, and retreating from it when the heavy rains cause the river to overflow its banks. They are Mussulmans, and wear the long flowing garments so characteristic of the Arabs of north Africa. They have in the past had a bad reputation with travellers; but M. Hourst found them to have many good qualities. Though notorious robbers, they made no attempt to steal his goods, their code of ethics apparently making retail thievery a crime, and quite another thing from wholesale robbery. Nor are they so cruel as generally supposed: they do not kill their prisoners taken in combat; and they are less fanatical than other Arab tribes. They possess camels and horses, and live in tents made of skins. Hourst has much to tell of their home life and of their women, who are more remarkable for their size and weight than their beauty, this being their great recommendation to their spouses. Hourst gives some amusing instances of this, and has a smile at a black daughter of Eve, who seems to have captivated his predecessor Barth.

Hourst made several attempts to come in contact with Madidu, but the latter, though facilitating his descent of the river, doubtless thought it best to keep the Frenchman at arm's length. He is evidently a very interesting character, this Amenokal of the great Awelliminden Confederation, and Hourst places great value on his goodwill. With him and his Awelliminden, he writes gaily, "we shall conquer the Sahara." As a foretaste of French co-operation, he sent the chief a present of twenty guns.

Besides the Tuaregs, this region is peopled by the Songhay negroes, who once had a great empire here, but they are now more or less subject to the Tuaregs. Fulahs also were met with at Fafa (just north of 15°) and to the southwards.

It was not until he reached the neighbourhood of Say (April 5) that Hourst met with any considerable opposition or hostility. Here

he found installed Ahmadu, who, driven successively from Segu, from Nioro, and from Massina, had retreated from his enemies to the far interior of the continent, and founded a new empire in the neighbourhood of Say, allying himself with another raiding chief, Ali Bouri, who had also been chased by the French from the western Sudan. He has obtained the support of the chief of Say and of some neighbouring Fulah tribes, and now rules the country from Zinder to Kirotashi. Commandant Toutée has told us how these chiefs have depopulated the surrounding villages in their slave-hunting expeditions, and M. Hourst bears equal testimony to the ill deeds of the Futankes, as they and their followers are called.

It was not to be expected that Ahmadu would welcome the arrival of any representative of his dreaded French enemies, and Hourst was quickly given to understand that a lengthened stay there was not desirable. Yet his instructions were that he was to await at Say supplementary instructions which would be sent him there, doubtless in anticipation of the French advance through Mossi and the countries between Segu and Say, in the great bend of the Niger. He had, too, other reasons for a stay here. It was now April, in the dry season, and the water had fallen so low that the river was half dry. The boats, too, had been seriously knocked about in the rapids at Ansongo and Labezenga, and repairs were urgently necessary. So, with or without Ahmadu's leave, Hourst determined to stay. To provide against any active opposition his little party took up a position on an island a little below the town and here constructed a fort, named Fort Archinard, which could be easily defended against a strong attacking force. A hostile disposition on the part of the Futankes was once or twice manifested, but eventually came to nothing, and instead the natives were glad to enter into peaceful trading relations for the cloth and other goods brought by the French, and in return to provide the latter with food, &c.

Here some five months were spent, but no communication was received from home. As a matter of fact it was not until May of the following year (1897) that operations were pushed to Say from Mossi, the place being then definitely occupied by the French. But Hourst's boats were repaired, and the river had again risen, and accordingly, on September 15, the little flotilla once more started on its descent of the stream, the fort having been first burned, so that it should be of no profit to the natives. The country below Say, on the east bank of the river, had been definitely recognised by France as within the British sphere of influence by the Convention of 1890, but this did not prevent Hourst from giving the chief of Tenda a present of

twenty guns and six pistols to protect himself against the ravages of Ahmadu; and he sent presents also to the chief of Argungu. In fact he not only inveighs at the Convention of 1890 and the gluttony of "la perfide Albion," but shows throughout an animus against England which, but that it is manifested by so many of the French, would appear truly ridiculous. At Bussa he was unable to obtain guides from the chief, which he at once attributed to English machinations, just as he had unhesitatingly put down the bad faith of the chief of Ilo farther up the river to the same cause. And the subsequent denials of the officials of the Royal Niger Company would hardly convince him to the contrary.

When Hourst found that he could get no help at Bussa he contemplated bombarding the place, but fortunately his better sense prevailed. The next two days proved a very anxious time in the effort to negotiate the rapids without a pilot. M. Hourst sent on in advance to reconnoitre, and they marched along the banks on foot. The Niger is broken up into branches by the rocks, between which the water rushes at a fearful pace, and being suddenly compressed into a narrow pass the water is forced up at the sides some three feet higher than in the centre, so that the boats rush down a sort of trough, with the water threatening to engulf them on each side. Happily there was abundance of water to cover the rocks, or the consequences of striking on them would have proved very serious if not fatal. The small native boats are enabled to avoid these dangerous places, following the narrower passages amongst the islands, where the rush of water is less great. At these rapids Hourst found the previous maps inexact; however, he does not feel disposed to give the English the benefit of his experience, so his own published map goes no farther south than Bussa.

The rush of water thundering through those rocky defiles is tremendous, and it is not to be wondered at that the natives associate it with demons whose voices they hear during the night. These spirits, it is said, are particularly fond of anything red, so that voyagers should carefully hide everything they have of that colour, or the demons will swallow them up to get possession of it. The Landers, who descended these rapids some sixty-six years before, tell us of a genius of the water—a benevolent genius—who at Mount Kesa or Jebba, below the rapids, provides the weary traveller a rest after the storm; and the same travellers narrate how the King of Bussa had previously gone down to ask the *becken ronah* (dark or black water) whether it would be prudent and safe for the white men to embark on it or not.

At last the struggle with the rapids was successfully completed, and the return to civilisation was heralded at Leaba by the flag of the Royal Niger Company, with its legend "Pax, Jus, Ars." M. Hourst pays testimony to the cordial way in which he was received and offered assistance by the officials of the company, who one and all, as might have been expected, denied having had anything to do with the refusal of help by the King of Bussa. It should not be forgotten that this potentate served Captain Lugard in a similar way in 1894, when he wanted guides and a letter for the King of Nikki. But the Frenchman unfortunately cannot get it out of his head that any malevolent action must be due to the perfidious English; and although he was so well treated on the lower river there is an undercurrent of grievance, even, for instance, making it a complaint that he had to pay for his boats being towed down to the mouth of the river.

Hourst's voyage proves that the Niger can be navigated throughout from above Sego down to its mouth; but there are so many obstacles from the numerous rapids that the value of the waterway from a commercial point of view must be very problematical. The impediments to navigation occur in two principal sections, one extending for some distance above Say, the other occupied by the Bussa Rapids. Like other tropical rivers, the Niger is subject to a great rise and fall in its waters during the different seasons of the year. Like the Nile it flows for a considerable part of its course through a sandy desert, inhabited by wandering Arabs, whilst in its upper course and again in its lower it flows through a fruitful and thickly populated region—the most populous region of Africa. M. Hourst is of opinion that the western Sudan, which has been annexed by France, will prove even richer than the region which is in the hands of the Royal Niger Company. It is a magnificent river, this Niger, and one that in the long run must play an important part in the development of western Africa, especially when engineering skill has been brought to bear in overcoming the natural obstacles. The French are a very enterprising race, and in this respect we shall doubtless see them do something to open up this great African empire.

FREDK. A. EDWARDS.

WAYSIDE TRAFFICKERS.

WHEN a man has travelled many miles through an unpopulous country, not in the comfort of a railway carriage, but by some more independent method of progress (it may be on foot or on cycle), a time comes when he begins to long for some temporary shelter where he may take a brief rest and satisfy his thirst and hunger. He who is of a stoical and valorous spirit will sometimes postpone the alleviation of his physical wants merely through a desire to experience the extreme of exhaustion ; but even he will in time yield to the crying-out of the flesh, if he have any regard for the continuance of his days. But the means are not always ready to hand, and he will sometimes strive for miles with his fatigue ere he reach the desire of his heart. Meanwhile, his senses have become dulled ; he has ceased to observe the delightsome aspects of the way, the sunlight sifting through the green trees, the blue sky shimmering above, the pleasant fields, the distant hills, all that had made for his enjoyment when he started in the fresh, early morning ; and he struggles on in a listless stupor that is good for neither body nor mind.

When he has arrived at some cottage by the wayside where he beholds in the window a ticket announcing "Lemonade," a grateful satisfaction wells up in his heart ; he drops from his bicycle with tremulous limbs, leans it against the fence that encloses a plot of flowers, and knocks at the door for admission. It is probably opened by a motherly dame who subjects him to a brief scrutiny while he states his wants. If he be not a churlish fellow, he will not resent this, for those who dwell in out-of-the-way places must look well to whom they admit within their doors. And, indeed, he is in no mood to be over-particular about the manner of his reception so long as he finds himself on the way to food and drink.

The cottage consists of a room on either side of the door, that on the right being the owner's dwelling-room. The wayfarer is led into the room on the left, which bears some resemblance to a shop, inasmuch as it contains a short counter upon which stand a pair of

scales and some boxes of chocolate. Cases of aerated waters, dear to the traveller's heart, are piled in the corner against the wall; the shelves which run a few inches below the ceiling are loaded with anything from square biscuit-boxes to packets of black-lead; the meagre window-ledge is occupied by collections of highly-coloured, indigestible sweetmeats, rolls of thick black tobacco, some clay pipes, and a few penny whistles. The atmosphere of the place is rendered somewhat stuffy by the presence of certain oils and bacon, but the traveller finds his appetite in no wise abated on that account. While the woman produces some rolls from a low case of drawers, he seats himself unceremoniously upon the counter and dangles his limbs in an ecstasy of ease; for to gain a sitting posture after hours of muscular tension is as refreshing as cold water to a parched tongue. When the wayfarer's strength is exhausted, his brain becomes dull, so that it is but with a halting tongue that he responds to the remarks of his interlocutor. But in another minute he has become the possessor of a glass of lemonade and some diminutive loaves left, perhaps, two days before by the baker's van from the distant county town, and, though he be the least greedy of mortals, he will cause the honest woman to open her eyes with wonder at his repeated demands, continuing until her slender stock of rolls is exhausted and biscuits are the next resort. To such a pass can the primitive requirements of his nature reduce a man.

Sometimes the student of manners may have profitable converse over such a wayside counter if he continue to rest a few moments after he has stayed his hunger; but in the greater number of cases he finds a stolid, irresponsive demeanour or else a chatterer concerned solely with amiable trifles. If this be his fate, he will hurry hence when he has paid his reckoning. Not till then, indeed, does he take note of the surroundings of his brief resting-place, for on his arrival his senses were too jaded to care for such circumstances. The vendor of the means of life to wayfaring mortals does not select his place of trade with a view to their convenience. In fact, this occupation is usually a subsidiary means of support, attended to by his wife while he is engaged upon out-of-doors labour. Seldom does his cottage stand where four ways meet. More frequently is it to be found in a shadowed nook somewhat withdrawn from the road, where the low whitewashed wall gains distinction from the sombre colour of the thatched roof and the green overhanging trees, amid which the blue smoke flies upwards to the open air. Close to the wall is an array of blue cornflowers, rich-hued fox-gloves, sweet William, and bachelors' buttons, while in the plot between the cottage and the

fence is a fine profusion of marigolds, sweet peas, blush-roses, and all the homely old-fashioned flowers of the cottar's garden.

The sentimentalist who travels by such pleasant places is sometimes put to a sore temptation to forswear the artificiality of town life and the affectations of the schools, and to betake himself to some such quiet abode where he might live with love and spend his days in composure and a sweet content, studying the neighbouring landscape in all its minuteness and viewing the pageant of the year in one place. For to one who is constant to a single patch of country for his pleasure there is given a fuller, finer perception of the changes it suffers, not only its obvious renascence and decay, but likewise those elusive anticipations and after-suggestions which are not revealed to the casual passer-by. But the world is so much with us that back we go in spite of it all, closing our ears to Pan's pipings, and engaging once more in the dust and hurry of Babylon. Hence it comes that the wayside cottage is no more than the occasion for a pleasing fancy as we hasten towards our goal.

All morning I had been wayfaring over moors with never a dwelling in sight. From an open sky the sun shone upon the brown bent and the budding heather, and the loudest sound was the grasshopper's whirr in the grass at the roadside. Hot air hovered over the moor, the light was dazzling, and there was nothing to meet the eye on this side of the blue hills. To travel long under such conditions is less than pleasurable, and I had begun to hope earnestly for some means of slaking my thirst when, rising with a slight undulation in·the road, I perceived afar off a low slated roof seeming to lie upon the moor itself, and, as the road sloped upwards and downwards by little stages, the slates, shining in the sun, rose and fell from view. Presently, as I came nearer, I beheld a lonely cottage sunk in a hollow, whither one could descend from the road by steps. A sparkling array of bottles arranged on the window-sash caught my notice, and in another minute I was knocking at the door. It was such a place as Mr. Hardy might tell weird tales of; and, indeed, there is something strange about a human habitation placed amid such desolate surroundings. Should mortals be found there, one naturally expects that their destiny and relations will be correspondingly strange; and so there is a field for romance ready to hand. Nay, more, the everyday elements of life are unexpected, and the commonplace is likely to seem incongruous.

Here I was too far from highways to expect any semblance of a shop such as townsmen use. A young woman ushered me into the "living-room" of the place, which was really a kitchen with a bed in

the wall. By the fireside sat an aged woman, the grandmother, I supposed, of the child she held on her knee. Moorland women-folk are the most suspicious beings of my experience, and I felt during the three or four succeeding minutes that I was there only on sufferance. The grandam, from whom one might have expected more humanity, sat with never a word on her tongue, while the younger woman moved about with, I thought, something of defiance in her air. And I am sorry to say that I had given them some slight ground for suspicion before I was quit of them, departing from the door without paying the twopence due. The younger woman, coming forth in pursuit, found me calmly employed in making a new disposition of my luggage. Her manner was distinctly aggressive as she informed me of my unintentional offence, and it was in silence that she received the coins and the apology. Yet it remained true that I had not hurried hot-foot from the neighbourhood, so that, perhaps, I was not so badly thought of.

When I had completed the arrangement of my luggage, I hastened to be clear of so churlish surroundings. The folk were not, indeed, inharmonious with their neighbourhood, but I shall be loth to seek refreshment in the same quarters the next time I pass that way. Besides, it was the scene of my slip from virtue, and a man is naturally shy of the localities of his crimes.

But it is not always in the last stages of exhaustion that one alights at such wayside stopping-places. They are most pleasantly associated with halts cried on calm summer afternoons, or cool evenings when one is engaged on whimsical journeys to remote valleys, or, perhaps, in the still forenoon when one goes leisurely, yet hotly, through open country in the heat of the day. Once I had kept company with a fair stream for many miles. The road ran among trees at the foot of steep, richly-wooded banks, and overhead there had been the clear sky. Towards evening I came to a small cottage at the end of a bridge. I entered, and was forthwith engaged in talk with a kindly woman, who, as she supplied my wants, exhibited a profound interest in the art of cycling. We eventually drifted into more profitable conversation, and I obtained from her a long family history for which I had been seeking vainly. Her account of it was not unmixed with shrewd comments on character. When I took my leave, she came to the door to watch my departure on my bicycle, as though I were a visitant from another planet of whom it were well to take note, or some stranger animal than that which the Mexicans thought they beheld when Spanish cavalry came upon their shores. Such humane

experiences befell in the days when cycling was an art practised by few.

One July evening, travelling on the high road between two cities, I came to a small dwelling on the side of the way that looked as though it had been a toll-house in the days when tolls were imposed upon the land. It was whitewashed and dirty, and a card hung within the small window bore the customary advertisement. The exterior was scarcely attractive; but, knowing the fallible nature of appearances, I resolved to venture. The door was spread open by one who stood jacketless, and on my asking if I might be permitted to have lemonade, he merely turned on his heel and walked inwards. I supposed that my request was too contemptible to require a verbal response from one who, I fancy, drank beer every day of his life. I ventured to follow him into a room where sat a woman with two dirty children sprawling on a threadbare strip of carpet. But what was least agreeable was the heat of the room, which, I suppose, had not been aired for a twelvemonth. The couple who dwelt here kept their aerated goods on a shelf close to the ceiling, so that when I came to drink my lemonade I was nearly sickened by the warmth of it. To such fare must the gentleman tramp occasionally condescend, though, indeed, his lines usually fall in pleasanter places.

Another wayside trafficker, the strangest of all, rises in memory This time I was almost within the shadow of a great town, but my throat was already parched, and I was disinclined to prolong the agony until I should have covered the few miles that remained of my journey. When I crossed the threshold I thought no one was present, but in another moment I observed an old man sitting in a chair with a pair of crutches leaning against it, and somewhat doubtfully I proffered my request. He directed me to a certain shelf where I might obtain what I wished, and when I gave him a silver coin from which a certain sum of change was due to me, he bade me open the till and extract the necessary amount. So for the first time in my life I opened a till to which I had no right. The old man explained that when his daughter, who usually had charge of the shop, had to go out, he was left to take what care of it he might. He recited to me the most pitiful story of his own misfortunes that I have heard at first-hand from any man. Yet I may not set it down here, save the end of it, that disabled as he was he lacked the few pounds of capital that would have made him independent. It was the desire of his heart to perambulate the streets in a wheeled chair, and play his fiddle for the passers by, and by

this means he expected to have been able to make a livelihood for himself. But the necessary vehicle was wanting, and it was beyond his power to remedy the defect in his fortunes. So he was obliged to sit in idleness, obedient to the will of others. There was something affecting in the sight of a man who had been a giant of strength brought to such helplessness by the accident of a moment. He seemed to me like some broken gambler without a farthing to make another bid for fortune.

CHARLES HILL DICK.

BESIDE THE DOVE.

Thy murmurs, Dove,
Pleasing to lovers, or to men fall'n in love,
With thy bright beauties and thy fair blue eyes,
Wound like a Parthian, while the shooter flies.—
COTTON, *Wonders of the Peak.*

IT happened in the forenoon of a May-day that the writer and a friend (whom for purposes of identification we will call the Man from Town) chanced to be upon one of the slopes of Axe Edge, in the Peak Country.

The sun was shining out of an intensely blue sky, and the rarefied atmosphere, stirred by the breeze which is constantly sweeping over these ridges, had an effect upon the jaded system of the Man from Town far more vivifying than the flagons of the "Cat and Fiddle" or the "Traveller's Rest," both of which hostelries—reputedly the most elevated in England—lay a few miles apart to the right and left.

To wander hereabouts leads one to realise with Wordsworth that:—

Who comes not hither ne'er shall know
How beautiful the world below;
Nor can he guess how lightly leaps
The brook adown the rocky steeps.

But the bright greenery of the budding summer is lost to the wayfarer upon these altitudes. Only heather meets the eye, and the savage blackness of this product of sterility is not yet relieved by the mild colour of the broom flower. Indeed, saving the warmth of the sun, there is nothing to remind one that this is the season of roses and apple blossom, of luxuriant gardens, and rich, deep meadow grass.

There is not one human habitation within sight. The one token of man's presence is an old windlass and some apparatus which were in vogue many years ago, before railways drove the shaley basses of Axe Bridge out of the North Derbyshire coal market. Far away to

the north-west, on the rising side of the moor, three roads wind away in sinuous white lines; in the nearer distance the uniform brown is streaked with narrow tracks made by the shepherds and the black-faced sheep. We are, in fact, completely detached from the swarm of our own kind, and have strayed into a country where the common language is the chatter of the birds. For if this moorland is not exactly a sanctuary in the sense that Mr. Cornish and other bird-lovers plead for, it possesses many of the requisite conditions. It is in the proper sense of the term a forest—a place where the feathered world may take refuge *for-rest.*

This morning the air seems to be filled with the beating of wings and the varying cry of birds. The grouse-cocks, hidden in the heather, are making husky calls to the responsive croaks of their mates; two or three curlews are passing backwards and forwards, making continually their noisy call, and a snipe is piping his whistle from time to time in a boggy patch just in front of us. Then there is a melodious choir of larks above, and on the ground a host of small warblers and chatterers hopping contentedly hither and thither in undisturbed possession of their many-acred feeding-ground. The peewits are the only members of the fraternity that betray concern at our presence. These long-winged screamers circle round and round, crying out in the most aggrieved tones, and viciously elevating their crests; their animated movements forming a striking contrast to the silent, slippery flight of the cuckoo which glides over the landscape and disappears upon the horizon with just three little birds in attendance, or pursuit.

The Man from Town, who possesses a compendious store of knowledge of the ready-reckoner kind, usefully remembers that Axe Edge is 1,751 feet above sea-level, being one of the largest bulwarks of the English Apennines, and also a "Great Divide" separating the eastern watershed of England from the west. This is of course a very honourable *raison d'être* for the Edge of our old Axe, and we were prompted to remark that this noble eminence was the cradle of no less than four good-sized rivers. "Two of which," interposed the Man, "fall westwards into the Irish Channel, and the others—Dove and Manfold—flow into the North Sea." Practically, therefore, Axe Edge is what our American cousins would call the "hub" of the kingdom, and after the Man's reference to the eastern and western seas we had scarcely the heart to divulge to him that the tiny burn which rose close to where we were sitting, and dodged along the line of least resistance through the stubborn broom, was the beginning of the famous river Dove.

The honour of finding the source of the Dove is accorded to Izaak Walton. Unfortunately, however, like some early geographers of the Nile region, he seems to have located it in the wrong place. Old Izaak's source is the other prong of the fork, and rises about half a mile from here. The Man from Town of course argues strongly in favour of the classic point, and we eventually arrange our differences by striking down the hill to Walton's pool. There is a homestead called Dove Head ; and over the road in the pasture is a well, hardly wider or deeper than an ordinary milking-pail, "a contemptible pool which could easily be covered by a man's hat," as Walton terms it. But to the brethren of the angle it is a shrine, and being, as it is, out in the wilderness, it maintains its original "contemptibility." Upon the brink there is a flagstone on which the old lady from the farmhouse rests her bucket when she comes to lade; over it is a lichen-covered slab with the interwoven monogram of Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton, plaited like the same initials on Cotton's fishing-house at Hartington. Close by is a wooden post that marks the boundary between the counties of Derby and Stafford, and the little Dove, taking up the line from this landmark, has henceforward for the forty-five miles of its course to separate the county of rocks from the county of rammel heaps, the Bleak Country from the Black Country.

The Man seated himself beside the pool, and, as he silently proceeded to take a rubbing of the initials, we knew he was mentally developing the scheme of our further movements.

. . . .

To walk the boundary between the counties of Derby and Stafford is a tour of delight if the weather be fine. You are in an impossible country, and therefore dispense with bicycles (which, by-the-by, are as tiresome companions in a hilly country as Mr. Pickwick found hackney horses to be). You are in Arcadia, and, dressing like the Arcadians, you dispense with portmanteaus. You have no desire to call into requisition even such railway facilities as there are, consequently there is no necessity to be at a given place by a certain time. You simply meander along, exchanging your small silver for feeds of bread and cheese and shake-downs in village inns, and you can moreover lengthen or shorten your pilgrimage at will.

Until the commencement of the present decade the upper reaches of the Dove escaped the usage which befell the Wye. The Wye valley was opened up by the iron horse in the early sixties—spoiled, as Ruskin declared, "to enable a fool who happened to be in

Buxton to be in Bakewell twelve minutes later." Some three or four years ago the London and North-Western Railway Company completed the first length of new line which will eventually form a trunk road, and an alternative to the Rugby and London route. This section from Buxton to Parsley Hay is nine miles long, and a second instalment from the last named place to Ashbourne will probably be in working order by next year. The new track runs along the eastern shoulder of the valley for the whole twenty miles, and will therefore enable the dilettante lounger and paunchy holiday-maker to exploit the beauties of the neighbourhood with the minimum of physical exertion.

To keep on foot is, however, the most advantageous course under the circumstances; for the best bits of nature are often to be found in the least accessible places. The Man from Town gets into a long stride which rapidly removes us from the mountain heather, and we come to a region which is neither valley nor plain; the foreground is broken up with immense hillocks, reminding one of nothing so much as those old prints of the Israelitish camp in the wilderness, with the tents drawn in bad perspective. Some of these elevations have been christened—there is Great Croome, Little Croome, High Wheeldon, Parker's Head, and so on; but some of them pass without names, and their smooth, treeless sides are given over to sheep, which slide up and down them in search of a living. Presently a tower peeps up, and the Man breaks out with Viator's inquiry, "What have we here? —a church? As I'm an honest man, a very pretty church! Have you churches in this country, sir?" It is the church and village of Earl Sterndale. We have been sighing for the breeze that was lost when we descended from Axe Edge, and the scorching heat which has been pelting down upon us for the last two hours, while it has moistened he outer fabric, has drained the inner man. So we decide to take a siesta in Earl Sterndale.

There is but one public-house in the place, and the sign which swings over the door is, inexplicably enough, the representation of a woman without a head, a phenomenon which the landlord accounts for as follows. A former host possessed a wife whose tongue was very shrill. One day the husband had left home to transact some business, and did not return until very late. The dear woman, suspecting that her man had been in bad company, resorted to a more than usual outrageous use of her unruly member. Thus tormented, poor Boniface in desperation betook himself once more out of doors and to a painter, whom he instructed to prepare a new sign for the inn—the present one—declaring that if he couldn't have a quiet woman inside his

premises he would have one outside. Hence the "Quiet Woman." The origin of such a unique signboard has been the subject of wide controversy, but the foregoing whimsical explanation is no doubt the true one. Such a prank must have been conceived in a spirit of waggery similar to that which induced a certain Derbyshire man to carve a monkey upon the corner-stone over a row of houses which he had mortgaged—"a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft."

The Peakland villagers are, taking them altogether, a shrewd, hard-fared class with a fund of dry humour such as a stranger would scarcely give them credit for. The Man from Town is dissipating his energies by fidgeting about among the stragglers who happen to drop in for a drink. He carries a note-book into which he dots down his memorabilia, but I notice that he dips his bucket for the most part into empty wells. These natives apparently know nothing. Is it reasonable to hope that they should, or to expect that the ordinary man of affairs, be he farmer or labourer, should be able to supplement right off-hand the county histories and the guide-books? To make the experience of such folks useful one must know them intimately, and when they are talking keep a sharp look-out for indirect information.

But to continue. The valley onwards from Earl Sterndale grows both in sweep and depth, and the river attains a much greater volume. The Man has a note to the effect that in feudal times a castle flourished hereabouts, but it seems that no traces of it now remain; a carter from the hamlet of Crowdicote looks vacant in reply to an interrogatory upon the point, but "doesna' doubt bu' that the mit ha' bin one, for they always seyn that Chelmorton Church were built out o' stone fra Crowdicote Castle." The church he refers to—which, by-the-by, is reputed to be the most elevated parish church in England—was built in the thirteenth century.

The view of Pilsbury Grange, with its thicket of barns and byres, is full of suggestion to the antiquary, and so are half a score similar homesteads which comprise the great agricultural headquarters of this fertile valley. The farms have passed from father to son for hundreds of years, until remembrance of the relative position of landlord and tenant has well-nigh died out; until, in fact, these landholders have come to "will" their holdings, and best of all, the landlords—the Dukes of Devonshire and others—have been wont to respect and carry out the terms of these wills. This is, indeed, a satisfactory fixity of tenure; for the landlord himself is merely a suzerain, inasmuch as he permits his acres to devolve upon the tenants, their heirs and successors, at the pleasure of the latter.

So much for a pleasing phase of the land question. At length the progress of our walk brings us quite suddenly into one of those little bits of rural England which one is prone to condemn as impossible if it is paraded upon a drop curtain or in a pantomime scene. Here is a village with green, pump in centre, and low-roofed rusticated houses upon the fringe. The church tower looms up at one corner, the public-house at another, and the river forms the third side of the triangle. This is the ancient market-town of Hartington.

We pause for a moment at one corner of the triangle, and, while the Man from Town arranges his facts, the illusion grows upon us that this *coup d'œil* is, after all, a something on the other side of the footlights. The local company of volunteers is out for evening drill—Hartington, we may remark, is justly proud of its volunteers, for it is the tallest company in the service, every man until recently being six feet and over. The red-coats are moving about the circumscribed area of the open space, and popping in and out of the "Devonshire Arms" from time to time. Ultimately they form into line and disappear round the corner, leaving behind them a band which strikes up for the benefit of a little knot of lads and lasses. Women and girls with their top skirts tucked round their waists go to and fro between the houses and the pump, and rough natives and smart tourists pass and repass. It is for all the world like the opening of a stage play, and one instinctively looks for the entry of the speaking characters.

The "town" of Hartington is not large. It is not many strides from end to end, and its population is but a few hundreds. But it is very ancient and very respectable. Its parochial area was, once upon a time, larger than some European States, its ecclesiastical head was styled "Dean," and the Dukes of Devonshire bear its name as a second title. *Tempora mutantur!* When the locomotive revolutionised commercial methods, the dairy factor and cattle dealer ceased their visits to Hartington, and Hartington, in the quietude of its valley, fell on sleep. A year or two ago you could traverse the distance between London and Birmingham in less time and at less expense than the road from Hartington to the nearest railway station. The London and North-Western Company's extension has, however, produced—shall we say a tremor?—among the dry bones, and ere long the dwellers in this beautiful unspoiled Arcadia will be deeply concerned in questions of sewers, gas, building plots, and such like glosses of civilisation.

The Man from Town is charged with a budget of information

concerning the history of the church, much of which, we suspect, has been gleaned from Dr. Cox's "History of the Derbyshire Churches." That prodigious champion John of Gaunt had a favourite residence lower down the Dove, at his castle of Tutbury, and, of course, his influence extended over (and far beyond) Hartington, whose church and glebe he gave to his wife, Blanche of Navarre. Blanche belonged to the estimable class of "pious founders," and one of the first sources of revenue with which she endowed her new establishment of the Minories on Tower Hill was the living of Hartington. The fabric of the church, however, is older than even the far-off times of the Lollard Duke, and the ecclesiologist may profitably occupy a whole day in examining its exterior and interior. One small section of the north wall possesses a peculiar human interest—the rectangular aperture, now built up, which the villagers call "the lepers' window." The mind goes back in contemplation over the centuries to those dim (and dirty) days when lazar houses were counted among the institutions of the land, and it pictures the poor, castaway, leprous Hartingtonians, fed like dogs and housed like swine, who were permitted to huddle round this squint while Mass was said.

And they show you another object, too, which connects our day with the day before yesterday. Our forefathers from the time of the Wessex kings paid "Rome scot," and from the days of Ina to the days of Hal every man jack of our householders was bound to have Peter's penny ready when the collector called. Hartington, of course, ceased to pay the imposition along with the rest of reformed England, but the parishioners have saved the clasped oaken box in which the money was stored, and, like the lepers' window, it remains in the church for the token of an extinct plague. The Dean and his prerogatives have gone as well, and the seal of office, after passing through private collections, has recently found a final resting-place in the British Museum.

We have been comfortably composing our tired limbs upon a table tomb in the graveyard and ruminating upon the mutability of things in general, while the energetic Man has been ferreting over the sacred edifice and sketching the corbels and gargoyles and what not. The sun has by this time gone down, the band has ceased playing, and before long all Hartington will be in bed. The hours are early here; the public-house, which is such a sad shortener of some folk's beauty sleep, closes at the ideal time of ten. As we saunter over the green towards the "Charles Cotton" we encounter two or three keen anglers who are making their way in the direction of the meadows for a twilight tryst with the spotted beauties of the Dove.

"Trouts and the Dove" might well be adopted as the motto of Hartington, for the name and fame of Charles Cotton, the sometime Squire of Beresford, linked as it is with that of Walton, has shed over the Dove the light of a fine romantic association. If the shades of the departed can experience gratification when their exploits continue to be remembered in this mundane sphere, then the rude, boisterous cavalier, Charles Cotton, ought to feel doubly delighted that he behaved well towards the Dove. His highest ambition was to be a poet, but posterity has sadly neglected what he achieved in that direction, owing, no doubt, to the fact that his style was somewhat provincial and generally coarse. Still, he was a gallant and a courtier, and the water which flowed past his home happening to present itself to his fancy in the feminine form, he takes his hat off to the lady and pays her some compliments. His pretty sweethearting of this little river is the one circumstance about him which is now remembered. The lines beginning :—

Oh my beloved nymph ! fair Dove !

are as hackneyed as "Afflictions sore long time she bore."

Then again:—

My River still through the same channel glides,
Clear from the tumult, salt, and dirt of tides,
And my poor Fishing-House, my Seat's best grace,
Stands firm and faithful in the self-same place.

And again, the lines beginning :—

Go thy way, little Dove.

How very sweet and caressing they are, like the tender words of a great brave lover to his ladye; and in what contrast to the captious realism of a modern angler who recently took advantage of a rainstorm on the moors to point out that she was but a "soiled Dove" after all !

Still, if the Squire of Beresford has nothing but smiles for his beloved nymph, he has a *per contra* account of hard sayings respecting his neighbours in the flesh. Occasional excursions to the Metropolis and elsewhere led him to contrast life in Peakland with the gaiety of King Charles's court and the brilliant opportunities of some of his acquaintances. After such outings he generally wrote some appropriate poetry.

And now I'm here set down again to peace
After my troubles, business, voyages,
The same dull northern clod I was before ;
Gravely inquiring how lives are a score,
How the hay-harvest and the corn was got,
And if or no there's like to be a rot ;
Just the same sot I was ere I remov'd,
Nor by my travel nor the court improved.

With no company—

> But such, as I still pray, I may not see,
> Such craggy, rough-hewn rogues, as do not fit,
> Sharpen and set, but blunt the edge of wit;
> Any of which (and fear has a quick eye),
> If through a perspective I chance to spy,
> Though a mile off I take the alarm and run
> As if I saw the devil or a dun.

Generally these morose fits wore off as rapidly as they came on, for Cotton had a wonderful store of energy. He could sit down among his papers and peg away at his Travesty of Virgil, or at his translations, or at some of that poetry which he good-humouredly admits is so poor that "a dog would tire at it." Besides, there was always the fishing to fall back upon, and old philosopher Hobbes at Chatsworth to look up, and the "De Mirabilibus Pecci" to render into English, and Father Walton's recurring visits to look forward to, and the scheme of tree planting to be carried into effect; all of which filled up the long days of country retirement. And when the conventionality of it all became too unendurable it could be variegated in another way. He could turn beresark, and

> Bub old ale which nonsense does create,
> Write lewd epistles and . . .
> Old tales of tubs.

Which last-named "borsts" unfortunately entailed anxiety to the watchful goodwife at home. For at such times, we are told, Mistress Cotton was accustomed to keep vigil and to kindle a beacon upon Prospect Tower, to shine over the silver streak of Dove and guide the unsteady footsteps of her erratic lord to the family nest. But if "heaviness endureth for a night," there is the promise that "joy cometh in the morning"—the swollen head assuages, and there follows a mental serenity which mirrors itself in reflections upon the lot of one

> Who from the busy world retires,
> To be more useful to it still;
> And to no greater good aspires,
> But only the eschewing ill.
> Who, with his angle and his books,
> Can think the longest day well spent,
> And praises God when back he looks,
> And finds that all was innocent.

It is no difficult matter to measure the trend of this simple poet's thoughts and aspirations; it is as easy to do so as it is to outline a polygon when the angles are indicated. Lely painted his portrait, and upon the canvas we have the same easy-going, straightforward,

careless gentleman, only he is staring at us from underneath a full-bottomed wig, instead of from the pages of a book. The end of such a man is inevitable. Sir John Hawkins records that—

> A natural excavation in the rocky hill on which Beresford Hall stands is shown as Mr. Cotton's occasional refuge from the pursuit of his creditors; and but a few years since the granddaughter of the faithful woman who carried him food while in that humiliating retreat was living.

And he adds that during Cotton's confinement on one occasion in a prison in the city he wrote as follows upon the wall:—

> A prison is a place of cure
> Wherein no one can thrive;
> A touchstone sure to try a friend,
> A grave for men alive.

His thriftless progress led from bad to worse, until finally the heavily mortgaged lands passed away from him altogether. A ruined and discarded man, he hid himself in the Metropolis, where he soon died. There is no record of his last days. He had always sighed for emancipation from his rustic surroundings, and when, alas! the contrariety of his fate did allow him to emerge from the obscurity of Hartington he immediately passed into oblivion in London. No memorial marks his burying-place, and only a formal entry in the register of deaths for the parish of St. James, Piccadilly, indicates approximately where he passed away from this troublesome world.

JOHN HYDE.

THE RIVER MONNOW.

ὃς πολὺ κάλλιστος ποταμῶν ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἵησιν.

NEAR the Black Mountains, swathed in bracken, born
Where trickling currents shun the light of day,
Down the small vale thy infant strength has worn,
Flow, dimpled Monnow, on thy shining way;
Unwilling e'en in holly's glooms to stay;
But where rude cots and man's near neighbourhood
Thy presence seek, effusive thou wouldst stray
No longer, stealing on in sober mood,
A broader, ampler stream, from leafy solitude.

Mid human industries thou'dst softly flow;
With kindly greeting lappest thou the rim
Of cottage-gardens, and where mill wheels throw
Pearl-showers among their ferns, and swallows skim,
Wouldst loiter, joyous by some beach to swim
Where children in thy streamlets pebbles cast,
Or float down leaflets, chuckling at each whim;
And then through white-faced oxen thou hast passed
Singing that low sweet song which never proves thy last.

All rivers have their characters, and thou
With Keltic boldness dashest here and there,
Skirted by alders; first some submerged bough
Rocking, then issuing forth and proud to wear
Garlands of crimson berries; fain thou'dst share
With earth the nodding flow'rs beside thy lip,
Spangles which nymphs weave in their golden hair;
Thus dancing hoyden-like where rabbits trip,
The honeysuckles swing and in thy currents dip.

Time was when by thy marge half-naked bands
Of savage warriors, bearing arms of stone,
Chipped flints, and roving into brighter lands
Returned with cattle to their mountains lone,
What time the moon reigned glorious on her throne;
Or, ages after, active Welchmen rode
With Saxon plunder, farms and mills undone;
And horses neighed and ravished oxen lowed,
As day broke and the merry grouse-cock near them crowed.

How changed the scene! No bloodshed, nay, no fear
Strangles thy murmur; lambs skip side by side,
And knee-deep cattle dream. The lark—dost hear
High in the plighted clouds? The cuckoo tried
Just now to scold. Peace reigns here far and wide;
The labourer wipes his brow and thinks of home;
Beyond the hill the children's glee has died,
The silent mountains rear their cloudy dome,
And tender shadows down their shoulders creeping come.

Yes, Monnow, thou art beautiful; thy stream,
Half hid in darkling trees and woodland flow'rs,
Slides neath the fox-gloves, and around thee gleam
Scarlet and blue mosaics for thy bowers;
Each month its wealth of splendour round thee showers.
Do we lament, alas! too transient May?
June all our hedgerows with frail rose-buds dowers;
If August vainly begs her nurselings stay,
November wraps the rifled woods in pall of grey.

At Alterynnys with a sudden turn
Thou fleet'st to Kentchurch, once Glendower's hold;
And, hearing Grosmont's bells, through lengths of fern
To Skenfrith rollest. When the flying gold
Chokes Autumn's eddies, often have I strolled
Beside thee. Mem'ry now those days recalls
And fain would gather them in worthier fold,
With sylvan blooms of sweetest breath, and falls
Of melody might soothe the Naiads' crystal halls.

The kindly angler notes, with thoughtful eyes
And heart intent on beauty, fish, flow'r, bird ;
Now mindful to his proper task he hies ;
Who save an angler could that rise have heard
Above the sedge, itself but lightly stirred?
And so he pushes onwards through the screen
Of boughs, and pities all the maddened herd
In terror scatt'ring, as when heav'n's dread Queen
Th' Inachian damsel drove from mead to covert's green.

With broader stream thou roll'st thy shining way
To right or left, whence startled wild-ducks fly
And moor-hens croak ; while nodding ouzels stray
From their loved stones, thou passest softly by
'Twixt copse and meadow with contented sigh.
Anon thou hurriest on past dam and mill
To fall, thy journey ended, into Wye ;
So smiles a good soul in death's ocean still,
May largest peace all its vague longings fill !

Thou teachest us our life-work with our might
To finish, loitering not, nor yet in haste.
'Gainst rugged opposition we too fight ;
Our energies oft seem to run to waste,
Before by constancy we victory taste.
Flow on, fair Monnow, 'neath the glittering stars,
Flow on next hills, farms, hamlets by thee graced,
Babble by fairy gulfs and gravel bars
Where Nature's harmony no jarring discord mars.

M. G. WATKINS.

THE GREAT WHITE HORSE OF YORKSHIRE.

YORKSHIRE has its Great White Horse, as Berkshire has; and in the neighbourhood of the former is the famous old training-ground on the Hambleton Downs, which consist of an elevated plateau crossed by the Thirsk and Helmsley turnpike-road. Hambleton Hotel, half-way between those two towns, is 992 feet above sea-level, or 805 feet lower than the highest licensed house in England, at Tan Hill, on the wild Arkengarthdale Moors, Yorkshire. For all that, it stands high enough to be exposed to the devices of a severely cruel winter, which attacks chimney-pots and windows, and drives men home to their hearths perishing. On the west side of the house is a beautiful villa-like shooting-lodge; on the east side a multitude of commodious stables, where are housed the animals sent from all parts to the care of the training-master of the Downs. Seen from lower lands the block of buildings rather reminds one of an Alpine monastery, or hospice, shielded by judiciously designed plantations of solemn deep-toned firs, which creep up to its very doors on the north and west sides. To the south is the dairy field, to the east ling-grown wastes—whole forests of ling and heather, purple-brown in summer, and glowing with spots of green, where luxuriate the numerous varieties of sphagnums, chadonias, and dicranums. The view over in the Helmsley, Rievaulx Abbey, and Hawnby direction is fine. Hills upon hills arise, and towards sunset-time they shine in blue, purple, green, and brown colours, resolving towards night into neutral and leaden tints. On fine afternoons, when across the sky sail great masses of cumulus cloud, the scene is very effective, and the multifarious objects assume a startling distinctness in the perescope. Yonder, clumps of firs scowl in the shadow; yonder, the yellow and emerald fields glare in the distant hollows. Patches of amber and brown appear; rising higher above them are moors, which will soon assume their brown-purple shades, and these are backed by a horizonal, horizontal line of plateau-topped hills, which are more like uprising clouds than anything else. The insulated mass of Easterside, five miles to the north

west, rises like an island out of the sea, and often its bright hues make the table-land background into a mere phantasmal shadow by contrast.

For how long the Hambleton Downs have been used as a training-ground it would be hazardous to conjecture. Annual races were held here from 1715 to 1770, and then discontinued for some reason that I have not heard, although in 1855 they were re-established at Thirsk—certainly more desirable as a centre. The Downs make an admirable training-ground. There is ample surface, broad, level, dry, and covered with short but tough grass (*Juncus squarrosus*).

Mr. Thomas S. Green, the registered landlord of the Hambleton Hotel, is known—at any rate among the horsey fraternity of York—as a shrewd, practical, clever man ; say, as another William Greyson of the Riddleton training-ground, but without Will's somewhat shady reputation. [The comparison comes from Hawley Smart's York novel, "From Post to Finish."] I have heard it said that Mr. Green's tips are invaluable, and that if from his lips you hear a horse is going to win, it always does win. If there were more men of Mr. Green's stamp, the integrity of the turf would stand a better chance of maintenance. He has inherited a natural love for a bit of good horse-flesh, and a natural contempt for the fools who are led astray by the tricks of turfites. He loves mettle in horses and honour in men.

I am dealing with a very horsey country in this article, and storiettes might be given of many of Yorkshire's most remarkable sons who have in one way or another been connected with the Hambleton training-ground. There was, for instance, one Tom Ward, whose father was a "man about stable." Tom became a jockey in the employ of the training-master of Hambleton, and attracted considerable attention here by his tact and superior gentlemanly manners. Before very long he left Hambleton in the train of Prince Lichtenstein of Hungary. The Duke of Lucca eventually made him a Minister of Finance and created him a Baron of the Duchy of Lucca. During the reign of Charles III., Ward remained his Prime Minister and resided principally at the Court of Vienna, where he died October 12, 1858.

It is a twenty minutes walk along the moorland road from the Hambleton Hotel to the ever famous "White Horse of Kilburn," its exact location being the flank of a hill which terminates in Roulston Scar, or Knowlson's Drop. The first time I took much notice of this horse was on the morning of September 16, 1890, upon approaching Husthwaite from Harrogate and Helperby on a walking-

tour to Whitby. My companion, a small boy of the name of Robert, was the first to espy the animal, and he drew my attention thereto by suddenly crying out in a state of considerable consternation, "Oh, see! there's a big white horse running away on that hillside! Oh! he's going to be over that great high cliff!" But the equine monster has not stepped for forty years; he is stationary for ever, and considered a sort of wonder, but no prodigy.

Berkshire, of course, has its White Horse, but this is the only landmark of its kind in the North of England. Our own good animal is an object familiar to all travellers on the North-Eastern Railway between York and Thirsk, or between Pilmoor Junction and Malton or Pickering. Indeed, all the Plain of York looks upon it as the leading land-mark, and Harrogate visitors have often the benefit of it, while from the central tower of York Minster it seems quite near. To the poet this colossal equine figure may be suggestive of some fabled monster guarding the rocky fastnesses of the Hambleton Hills, and on a fine moonlight night he may even discover something a little eerie about it. Quite so; for what does it but really serve to perpetuate the legend of the rampant steed and rider who were precipitated down Whitestone Cliff in the vicinity, and who mysteriously disappeared in Gormire Tarn never to rise again? Some time hence the real origin of the White Horse of Kilburn may be forgotten, as in the case of the much more ancient Berkshire Horse, and it may be left to gather around it a dense atmosphere of legendary lore yet to be invented all for the sake of the country-folk, with whom thrilling stories of the kind are never out of fashion. So that it may be a pity to dispel, by anticipation, the charms that imagination is not unready even now to weave around this wonderful thing. Yet, let its plain matter-of-fact history be told for the benefit of those at home and others afar off. Let the guide-books take the matter up, so that no sojourner in the picturesque Vale of Mowbray shall have excuse for regarding our equine friend as a mystery.

In the early part of this eventful century one Tom Taylor was a schoolboy at Kilburn, which rests in the valley below, under the southern shade of the Hambleton Hills. In the course of time this Tom Taylor grew up, and, becoming dissatisfied with the narrowness of his sphere, imitated Dick Whittington by setting off to the modern Babylon, where he was so fortunate as to amass a fortune. In his wanderings he saw the "White Horse of Berkshire," and then it occurred to him that he might do worse than take a copy of it, and so provide a permanent memento of his connection with Kilburn in

Yorkshire. Accordingly, as the story runs, he got John Hodgson, then schoolmaster at Kilburn, to act as architect. The preliminaries all arranged, he engaged thirty-two of his old schoolmates to carry out the design, and with such zest did they fall to that in a day and a half the turf had been removed, and the great horse outlined on the cliff's face. Six tons of lime were employed in the original coating process. The successful completion of the task was celebrated by a memorable supper on the night of November 4, 1857.

The road from the Hambleton Hotel zigzags down the hill past the shoeless feet of this unatomizable horse. Having crossed a waste field, which was largely overstrewn with lime washed off the animal's limbs by winter's rains, I began to scale his nerveless flank, sometimes on all-fours. I at last reached his one cyclopean green eye, in which I could see nothing of a pupil, iris, or crystalline lens, neither was there in the centre a cup filled with aqueous or vitreous humour. This eye is simply formed by a circular plot of ground large enough to accommodate the unlucky number of thirteen men quite comfortably, for it is little less than thirty-two feet in circumference. I sat down thereon, and meditated the rich and diversified prospect before me. It was really too widespread to comprehend, and the objects too multifarious to describe. Away to the left was Ryedale, with its remains of the sequestered Abbey of Rievaulx, overlooked by the Ionian temple and the beautiful green terrace; also the princely demesne of Duncombe Park, with Helmsley's grey castle. Embosomed in the landscape were the massive Edwardian keep of Gilling Castle, once the home of the Fairfaxes, the Benedictine College at Ampleforth, the ivy-clad ruin of Byland Abbey, the sweet, classic village of Coxwold, and Newburgh Priory, with its grassy glades and clustering groves, beloved now by princes as it was formerly by monks. Overlooking the Forest of Galtres and the Plain of York was Crayke Castle on its conical hill; and beneath the distant Howardian Hills, which rise up from the York plain, lay the skeleton of the old feudal castle at Sheriff Hutton, while on their summit stood the palatial pile of Castle Howard.

Viewed from a distance, the horse suggests magnitude, though few beholders would be able to approximate his dimensions. When one sits or stands on him, no shape whatever can be detected in his whity-yellow figure. In rainy weather the colour is almost brown, and any stranger seeing him at such a time might be inclined to ask why he was not called the Bay Horse. A peculiarity of the object, as seen from a distance in dry weather, is its apparent whiteness, when, as geologists know, the soil of these hills is dark red. Neare

at hand, the horse is at ordinary times of a faint yellow, the colour being in the lime, some six tons of which were employed in the original dressing. The measurement of the one green eye I have already given, and stated that thirteen men might comfortably sit on it. From the ears to the root of the bushy tail this animal is said to measure 108 feet, while the height from feet to shoulders is given as 80 feet; but others who are supposed to have taken measurements say the first one should be 108 yards, and the latter 86 yards, and the width of the forelegs below each knee 8 feet. The ears, which are banked up some 3 feet behind, measure about 10 feet from root to tip. The whole profile of the white horse covers three roods of ground; to fence him round would enclose two acres.

Seen from Kilburn below the figure does credit to its designer; although there is a sense of proportion rather than symmetry about it. It does not quite come up to a Landseer. The neck and back are "scraggy," the chest is "bulgy," the forefeet are thrust far backward, the head is "wooden" and tapir-like. But the head is by everybody acknowledged to be the weak spot. It is not so clearly visible as the other parts of the animal, owing to the fact that the upper part of the ground at that point falls back, though some years ago the defect was partially remedied by raising the ground artificially. The tail and hinder legs are, perhaps, the best part of this animal's physical frame, and these are really excellent.

It has been said that Mr. Thomas Taylor, the originator, left the interest of £100 to keep this colossal equine figure well-defined. Since his death in Australia seven-and-twenty years ago, the white horse has been maintained by local farmers and a few subscriptions. Sir George O. Wombwell, of Newburgh Priory, being a large landowner in this district, has naturally been interested in the matter; and—I smile as I say it—the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, as lords of Kilburn, have allowed £1 annually. The animal has been groomed annually, and received a fresh jacket of lime triennially. But on July 26, 1895, the Hambleton Plain was visited by probably the severest hailstorm on record. Hailstones, declared to be as big as cannon-balls, came down with pitiless persistency, making terrible havoc among the growing crops. How was it possible for the white horse to escape, without a stable anywhere at hand for him? Whole tons of stones and soil were washed out of his breast and one or two of his legs, leaving furrows several feet deep. From Kilburn he soon appeared to be set on mere skeleton or spindle shanks, and an outcry was raised that he stood in danger of total obliteration. But the Hambleton Hill folk think a good deal of their Bucephalus—a joint-

stock possession—and soon had him restored to a normal condition, worthy of his reputation, and as proud as ever in his new coat of lime. This work was carried out in the July of 1896, as the result of a special appeal by the late Jonah Bolton, then proprietor of the Foresters' Arms at Low Kilburn, who was the local steward for the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, assisted by Mr. Robert Long, of the Three Tuns Hotel at Thirsk, and Press friends from Thirsk.

The largest Diamond Jubilee bonfire in the Thirsk district was the beacon provided by Mr. J. Vasey, of Low Moor House, Hambleton, and erected on the top of Roulston Scar. The pile reached a height of over 40 ft., in its centre being an entire larch tree 32 ft. high, and rooted to a depth of 2 ft. It did not burn freely until eleven o'clock, by which time it was visible to the south at Byland Abbey, Newburgh Priory, Coxwold, and as far as York. As on the night of the 1887 Jubilee, there was a beacon lighted also on the brow opposite the White Mare's Crag, about a mile to the north of the Roulston Scar beacon. For the first half-hour it burned brilliantly, and, along with its neighbour, was more or less visible throughout the Vale of Mowbray, Ryedale, from the sea-coast in the vicinity of Whitby, and as far as Craven, Whernside, and the whole of the western Yorkshire hills.

The White Horse of Berkshire appears to be even more colossal than this of Yorkshire. He is said to be 170 yards long, the ear 15 yards long, the eye 4 feet across. He may be seen sixteen miles off. The outlines of the figure are really deep ditches in the soil, kept clean and free from grass by the countryfolk, who take great pride in their animal. When the time comes round to clean out the ditches, picnics are made to the spot, and the children revel in their rustic games around the noble pet. Who originated him is probably no longer known. He is very old now.

HARWOOD BRIERLEY.

TABLE TALK.

First Performance of a Play of Elizabethan Times.

IT is a curious experience for a modern public to witness the first performance of a dramatic masterpiece of Tudor or Stuart times. Such has, however, been afforded a select company which, at the invitation of the Bishop of London and Mrs. Creighton, assembled on a summer afternoon at Fulham Palace to witness an outdoor presentation of Ben Jonson's "Sad Shepherd." This was given by the Elizabethan Stage Society, a body which, under distinguished patronage and competent direction, has set itself the task of reviving upon the stage the masterpieces of the Elizabethan drama. More than one successful venture in this direction has been made without inducing me to draw specially my readers' attention to the proceedings of what is only to a certain extent a public institution. The present occasion is, in its way, unique, and is likely, it may be supposed, to remain so. It seems accordingly to call for some kind of comment. Pastoral plays have been before now revived and presented under sufficiently charming conditions. I have personally witnessed representations of "As You Like It," "The Faithful Shepherdess," and other pieces of the class, amidst the most divinely rural scenery in England. The Elizabethan Stage Society meanwhile has chosen for its venture rather indoor spots, but such as, like the halls of the Inns of Court, the Mansion House, the hall of the Goldsmiths' Company, &c., have been more or less closely associated in Shakespearean times with the presentation of masque and Court revel.

The Elizabethan Stage Society.

AMONG the many pieces given by the Elizabethan Stage Society during its progress and development are unfamiliar plays by Shakespeare, including even the first quarto of "Hamlet" and other works that could never have been put before the modern public except by the action of a society of the class. At the St. George's Hall have been presented "The Broken Heart" of Ford and "The Spanish Gipsy" of Middleton and Rowley, neither of them having been previously witnessed since the resumption of stage plays after the Stuart Restoration. To the former of these revivals Mr. Swinburne contributed a prologue, as he did for a previous performance of Marlowe's "Faustus." "Measure for Measure," "The Two

Gentlemen of Verona," "Love's Labour Lost," "Twelfth Night," the "Comedy of Errors," and the "Duchess of Malfi" have been acted or read. Yet one more experiment of interest comes to us in the performance of a portion of the grimly realistic play of "Arden of Feversham," in which Shakespeare is held by some to have had a hand; and an episode from Edward III., in which his hand can be infallibly traced. These works were for the most part prepared under happy if not ideal conditions, with a company which, if not highly trained, was at least respectable. Costumes, it is boasted, have been minutely accurate, and no pains have been spared in the attempt to secure a good *mise-en-scène.* Tudor music has been given on the instruments of the epoch, and dancing and sword play have been arranged by the recognised authorities.

JONSON'S "SAD SHEPHERD."

IN declaring the performance of the "Sad Shepherd" to be the most interesting yet attempted, I was partly animated, as one is apt to be, by the enjoyment I personally derived from the occasion. I was unfamiliar with Fulham Palace, in the quadrangle of which edifice the representation took place. I contemplated for the first time its interesting, if not particularly noble, architecture and its superb surroundings. The experience was agreeable, and to see the Tudor life and the mediæval representations of England produced under the shadows and, to some extent, among the glades of the picturesque spot was an experience as pleasant as it was novel. If these reasons fail to impress, I have at least the right to fall back upon the fact that the presentation was, as I have said, the first that has ever been given. Jonson's "Sad Shepherd" is but a considerable fragment—three acts out of five of a play—and was never finished by the author, though in the following century Waldron, an editor, like myself, of the "Roscius Anglicanus," completed the story in what I am told is very creditable fashion. I myself have not seen Waldron's version, which, however, has met with the praise of Professor Dowden and other authorities. That the piece has not previously been seen on the stage is indubitable, and the date of its composition remains still in doubt. In spite of the beauty of lyrics such as "Drink to me only" and "See the chariot at hand," which are included in almost all English anthologies, and the exquisite grace of one or two of his epitaphs, Jonson's reputation as a lyrical poet is overshadowed by that as a dramatist. He possesses a rugged rigour of versification unparalleled even in Marston and Chapman. It is as a satirist, a painter of character, and a depicter of "humours" that he is chiefly remembered. Incomplete as it is, the "Sad Shepherd" establishes the fact that he

might easily have approached Fletcher in grace of pastoral versification. Founded to some extent on the writings of Marino and Tasso, the "Sad Shepherd" is not free from the kind of preciosity and tendency to conceits known in various countries after the names of its chief professors as Gongorism, Marinism, Euphuism, and the like. These influences were, however, overcome by, or animated by, a strain of genuine poetry. It would be impertinent to deal at any length with an acknowledged masterpiece such as every Englishman is supposed to have read. I may, however, on the occasion of its first production, be permitted to say a few words concerning a piece which, among its other claims on attention, may be credited with having inspired situations, scenes, and passages in "Comus."

STORY OF "THE SAD SHEPHERD."

"The Sad Shepherd; or, a Tale of Robin Hood" is the full title of the work which introduces upon the stage Robin Hood, Maid Marian, Friar Tuck, Will Scarlet, Little John, Much the Miller's Son, George a Green, and other famous personages of the popular legend. The courtship of Robin and Marian is disturbed by the machinations of Maudlin, the Witch of Papplewick, who, thanks to the possession of a magic girdle, can personate what character soever she pleases. It suits her to put on the semblance of Maid Marian, and thus disguised to chide and snarl at the bold freebooter in a way that induces him to hesitate before forming a closer connection with such a termagant. With a view to promoting the interests of her lubberly son, Lorell, she seizes upon Earine, a shepherdess, rich and well-favoured, locks her up in the trunk of a tree, and refuses to set her free except on the condition that she espouses the oaf. She gives out meanwhile that the maiden is dead, drowned in the Trent, and so gives rise to the lamentation of Æglamour the Sad Shepherd, who bestows his name upon the piece. For awhile, thanks to her alliance with Puck-Harry, otherwise Robin Goodfellow, her schemes succeed. Robin Hood snatches from her at length her magic girdle, and deprives her of her power for mischief. The dogs and shepherds then perceive her true character, chase her, and run her to earth, despatching her ultimately in the shape of a hare—a customary double of a witch. How much of English folk-lore is developed in this story will at once be obvious; how much beauty and poetry are enshrined in the dialogue I am tempted to show. I must, however, content myself with referring my readers to the play as it appears in the admirable and trustworthy edition of Colonel Cunningham.[1]

SYLVANUS URBAN.

[1] London: Chatto & Windus.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

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A PAPER WAR.

By Charles K. Moore.

THE length and breadth of the land might be searched in vain for a Potts of the *Etanswill Gazette* or a Slurk of the *Etanswill Independent*, and equally fruitless would be the quest for penmen like Captain Shandon of the *Dawn* or Dr. Boyne of the *Day*, who "were the best friends in the world in spite of their newspaper controversies," but who revelled in the concoction of smashing articles about each other—"it was such easy writing and required no reading up of a subject." Indeed, it is to be feared that "the taste for eloquence is going out," as Morgan remarked to Mick Doolan in the "Back Kitchen," where the two honest fellows were consuming their kidneys and stout at the same table with Pendennis and Warrington. Even in the Sister Island, where leaders are still built in the flamboyant style, and where the comparative mood is unknown and everything is written in the superlative, the most impassioned editorial is a mild and harmless production compared with the fierce bludgeon work of the old days. Potts and Slurk, Shandon and Boyne, and all their ruffling race are dead—peace be to their ashes—their controversies are forgotten, the broadsheets in which they wrote are yellow with age, and fortunate is their lot if some of them have escaped the butterman and the trunkmaker to find a dusty and undisturbed repose in the cellar of some great library.

But the successors of these men live and inherit the traditions of the craft, and now and again, spite of softer manners and the conventions of modern life, the old spirit breaks out.

The bitterest newspaper war of recent times occurred in Portsburgh between the *Morning Courier* and the *Advertiser*, and its stirring incidents are still recalled in the wigwam of the Barbarian Club. Its true history, however, has not yet been written. It was peculiar, in that it was confined to one department—the reportorial. The *Courier* and *Advertiser* represented different shades of politics, but in the leading columns the editors, and then only when it was absolutely necessary, always referred to each other in studiously courteous terms ; each paper had pretty much the same telegraphic service and correspondents, so that the sub-editors had but the normal amount of worry over "misses" ; and it was, as I have said, between the two reporting staffs that the strife raged.

As regards the number and quality of the men, the *Courier* and the *Advertiser* were equally matched. Only in one matter were the *Advertiser* men our superiors, and that was in the paltry detail of dress. They affected tall hats, frock coats, and cigars, while our staff went about in lounge jackets and bowlers, and smoked pipes.

The trouble came about in this way. The *Advertiser* was not only always abreast of us in local news, but sometimes beat us. Never by any chance did we get ahead of them. Now this was not natural. When there are two newspapers in the same town, it stands to reason that to-day one of them will get exclusive news, and that to-morrow the other will be to the front with a fresh item. But that was just what did not happen at Portsburgh. The *Advertiser* never missed anything.

Our fellows were put upon their mettle and worked early and late. We haunted the police office and the police courts, the infirmary and the docks, the fire station and the municipal chambers. We stood sentry at the door of private meetings—municipal, political, and social—and buttonholed the people as they came out. We put in many a weary hour tramping the streets, making inquiries, and waiting about in likely places. A number of officials of all kinds had been in our pay and we added to their number. But all to no avail. Our rivals took life easily, and still they never missed anything.

One night, or rather morning, for it was long past midnight, Tom Powrie and I sat smoking in the reporters' room. I ought to have been in bed, for it was Tom's turn of late duty, but we had been talking about the way in which the *Advertiser* was hustling us in the matter of local news and, all unnoticed, the time slipped past.

"It's a weary world," said Powrie disconsolately. "Who would be a chronicler of small beer, a wretched newsmonger? What a fool I was to become a reporter in the hope that it would be an introduc-

tion to a literary life. What's shorthand but mechanical drudgery, and our best work but verbal bricklaying? I'm a mechanic, my boy; that's what I am, and don't you forget it. And to be beaten in this sort of work by the poor creatures down at the '*Tiser*. I could weep, only cursing is more in my line. And there's the chief fretting himself into his grave. I wish we were in New York, where the fellows are allowed to invent news. I could beat the '*Tiser* fellows at that. Suppose we try it. Hey?"

"Nonsense, you would only get yourself into a row; the chief wouldn't see the joke."

"'Spose not," he said reluctantly, as if the idea had pleased him.

"But it's scarcely fair of the chief whenever anything goes wrong with the locals to blame either you or me. What about the other boys? What about himself?"

"We must take it as a compliment, and say that it is because we are the responsible men on the staff. But it's hard to see it that way."

There was a gentle tap at the door, and Powrie shouted, "Come in!" As there was no response we both turned in our chairs, and a familiar sight met our eyes. A stiff hat with a glazed top—the policemen wore chimney-pots in those days—appeared round the edge of the door.

"Come in, man; come in. All's serene."

A 45 slowly and cautiously followed his hat into the room, bringing with him a strong smell of oil and hot tin from his bull's-eye. With an air of secrecy, he whispered in a voice hoarse with the night air—

"There's been a big accident"—every accident or fire was a big one with A 45—"and I can give you all the particulars."

It turned out to be a paltry affair. A drunken cabman had fallen off his box and broken his leg—only a six-line par. A 45 pocketed the half-crown which Powrie proffered, and disappeared with the same affectation of mystery.

"Useful man, that," I remarked.

"Ay," he replied, and puffed away at his pipe for some minutes. "Tell you what, Kerr; the way in which our news gets into the '*Tiser* smacks of theft. It's a police business."

"Why," I cried with amazement, "has A 45 put that into your head? That man has got no more brains than a hen, and is fitted for nothing better than tramping about the streets at night trying doors and windows."

Things went on much as usual for some days, and then the

Advertiser published some news about our own political party which had been communicated to us officially and, as we were certain, exclusively. The chief was very angry.

"Depend upon it," he said, "there's some leakage here, and I'll find it out."

All the reporters indignantly denied that the fault lay with our room.

"*He* find it out," muttered Tom Powrie; "he doesn't know enough to get out of the rain."

At this moment the editor walked in, and the chief repeated to him what he had said about the leakage.

"I am perfectly sure," said the editor, "that no gentleman here would do such a dishonourable, I will not say so dishonest, an act as to communicate our exclusive news to the *Advertiser.*"

Tom Powrie, acting as our spokesman, said, "Thank you, sir; you may rely upon our loyalty." We all murmured assent, and he continued, "Will you kindly give Mr. Kerr and myself power to investigate this matter?"

"Certainly," replied the editor. "You may use your discretion."

When we were alone I attacked Tom Powrie.

"What did you mean by associating my name with yours in this detective work?"

"Now, don't agitate yourself, old man. It sends the blood to your brain in too large quantities, and you may hurt yourself. I knew that neither the editor nor the chief would give me power to make inquiries. They look upon me as a harum scarum individual, so I wanted the name of a highly respectable member of society like yourself to back my bill. See? I'll do all the work and you'll get half the glory if I succeed, so don't worrit yourself into a fever."

"What are you going to do?"

"Don't know. Mouch around a bit. That's my lay."

For some days Powrie was up early and late, and took every one's "victim turn"—the reporters had to wait in rotation until two o'clock in the morning in case there should be a murder, fire, or accident to chronicle. Powrie's colleagues could not understand this unusual generosity, and he obtained some temporary popularity. Now and then he gave me hints as to what he was doing. He had first taken Mr. Boa, our foreman printer, into his confidence, but very soon it was made plain that the news did not creep out through the composing-room. Powrie was somewhat disappointed, for news has frequently been stolen from printing-offices. He admitted to me that he was at a standstill, and confessed that he was thoroughly sorry he had promised to unravel the mystery.

"Won't the chief chuckle over my failure?" he said, with a rueful face.

"Yes; and at mine, too," I replied, "for didn't you back your bill with my name, and now it will be dishonoured, 'No effects' scrawled across it?"

"Awfully sorry, old chap. Didn't think of that. I've no character to lose, but you have."

"Cheer up, Powrie; you're going into the country for a nice trip to-morrow"—it was a new circular tour which the East and West Junction Railway Company wished to have noticed in the *Courier*—"and when you come back you will be as full of enthusiasm as ever."

My prophecy came true. Next night Powrie took me into a corner, and, after making sure that no one was within hearing, drew two copies of the *Advertiser* out of his pocket. Shaking them in my face he said in tragic tones, ludicrously out of keeping with his beaming face:

"I've got it."

"Evidently, and got it bad."

"Hush, let us dissemble our joy," and he dissembled by dancing the opening steps of the sailor's hornpipe.

"Look here," I said, taking him by the coat, "what is it?"

"Counsellor of my youth, friend of my manhood, your character is saved. And my character—well, it stands where it did, below par."

"Stop it, Powrie; and speak level."

"Stand and deliver is it! Well, stand and deliver it is. Listen—no more shall the '*Tiser* batten on the exclusive news of the *Courier*."

"Fact?"

"Fact. But hush. Do you want to get home to-night?"

"Yes; naturally."

"Tush. Will ye not keep a vigil with me? Not for one night, till morn with rosy fingers tips the dawn?" Then dropping the melodramatic mood, he laid his head to one side reflectively, and said, "Do you know, Kerr, although I have tipped all sorts and conditions of people I have never tipped the dawn. But I will say this for her, she has often blushed for me."

"What on earth has come over you? Come off your high stilts."

"Well, look here, I have looked at the engagement diary and you are not initialled for any early meeting to-morrow. So watch with me to-night, sweet chuck; watch with me to-night."

Nothing further was to be got out of Powrie, so I promised to wait with him and "see the paper to bed."

Later on I caught him talking earnestly with Mr. Boa on the stairs, the subject being a "proof" which Mr. Boa held in his hand; but, as Powrie would have put it, they dispersed on my approach.

It was a long wait for me that night, and as Powrie kept out of the way I spent most of the time in the sub-editors' room, helping them with the late telegrams, and when everything had been sent up to the printers we discussed the affairs of the universe, "slipped from politics to puns, and passed from Mahomet to Moses," as is the custom of newspaper men all the world over at the hour of slack water. At last down the speaking tube from the composing-room there came the cry, "Last page making up!" which was answered with, "No more copy!" The day's work was done, and with the exception of the man told off for the "city edition," the subs prepared to go home.

Tom Powrie now appeared. His manner was quieter and his face was pale, but his mouth was still full of high-falutin' nonsense.

"'The great, the eventful hour has come, big with the fate of Cato'—and of the '*Tiser*. Come!"

We went down the back stairs and stepped into a store-room.

"Get on," I said, "this place stinks of oily waste, and gas, and printer's ink."

"No, no, this is the place."

Originally the *Courier* office had been a tenement of residential flats, and it had been cut and carved to suit the requirements of a newspaper till it was a wonder the walls held together. Fortunately it was an old house, and had been erected at a time when masons were masons and not bricklayers, and built for eternity and not for time. The store-room in which we stood was a curious place. It looked as if it had been knocked together out of odd joists and planks eked out with barrel staves. It lay between two flats, half in the publishing office and half in the machine-room, and we could command a view of each through the holes in the roughly nailed-together walls.

I first took a look at the despatch-room. A number of men and boys were chatting in groups, and several long tables were neatly laid out with addressed wrappers. I knew that in a few minutes the appearance of the place would be changed. When the *Couriers* came up the lift damp from the press all would be hurry and bustle, and to the uninstructed onlooker there would be a disorderly mob folding papers, carrying parcels, and shouting instructions. But in reality there would be no confusion, rather the extreme of order, everyone doing his own share in a carefully mapped-out scheme and

working against time. As yet, however, all was quiet, and I could hear the rattle of harness in the street outside, where light carts were waiting to dash off with the newly-printed papers to catch the first post and the first train.

A couple of policemen were hanging about, but there was nothing unusual in that. They are privileged persons, and in the early hours of the morning may be seen in every newspaper office in the kingdom. There they can always get their flask of tea or coffee warmed and eat their supper in warmth and comfort—and small blame to them. A 45 was present, of course, for the *Courier* was on his beat.

"There he is," said Powrie, and I was astonished to find that my reckless comrade was trembling. "But look at the machine-room; the last forme is coming."

A rattle in the lift, and the great page came down from the composing-room with a bang. The men were ready, and it was slipped on to the machine. This was in the old days, be it remembered, when cylinders and stereotyping were unknown, and all printing was done off the flat.

"All ready?" cried the foreman with his hand on the lever.

"Ay, ay," came from the boys who fed the paper, and the machine started.

Then my eye was caught by the figure of Mr. Boa, who was standing on the stairs with a galley of type on his arm. Perhaps a dozen papers had been printed when he suddenly dashed down the steps and cried "Stop!" I knew what it meant. Mr. Boa had "stop press news"—news which had come in late but which had to be inserted. But why should he have waited on the stairs until the machine started when he knew that every moment was precious? We might lose the post—the greatest misfortune that can happen to a newspaper. I could not understand it, and turned to Powrie, but he laid a restraining hand on my arm.

Following his eyes, I looked into the despatch-room. The dozen papers that had been thrown off were there, but the manager of that department said, "There's no use sending these away," and carelessly threw them on to a side counter.

A 45 turned, and, as no doubt he had done any morning these years past, lifted one of them up. He had barely looked at it, however, when, cocking his head to one side, he said, "That'll be the sergeant's whistle," and walked out of the door.

Tom Powrie gave a sigh of relief, and whispered, "Come away!"

The machine had again started, and I suggested that as we had waited so long we might get a paper before we went home, but he

would not hear of it. So, buttoning our top-coats we walked off by the back stair. On the way we met Mr. Boa.

"O K?" inquired Mr. Powrie.

"Right you are," returned Mr. Boa with a smile.

I was burning with curiosity to know what this all meant, but Powrie talked of everything but what must have been uppermost in his mind as well as in my own.

"Out with it, Tom," I cried at last.

"I won't. If I'm wrong, you know nothing; but if I am right, and I am pretty sure that I am right, you are to look preternaturally knowing to-morrow."

That was all I could get out of Powrie, but when we shook hands he said he would look me up in the forenoon and we would walk to the office together. He called for me, as he had promised, and as we were quietly strolling along I stopped in horror in front of a news agent's shop. An *Advertiser* bill of contents was prominently displayed bearing in large type—

TERRIBLE
COAL-PIT DISASTER
AT
MEGGATCAIRN.
150 MINERS ENTOMBED.

"Look at that, Tom; we're done again!"

"Ay," he returned quietly. "I've seen the bill before."

"When?"

"At six o'clock this morning. I sat up to see it."

I looked at the bill and then at Tom. I felt as if my bones were water and my head was wool.

"Come away, old man," he cried with a shout of laughter. "Comfort ye, comfort ye. No; not a word, for we are close to the office and I'll have to tell the story there. Only, remember what I told you. Everything has gone right, so your cue is to seem to know everything and to look preternaturally wise. They will never believe me, I know, they think me too flighty; so you must give me the loan of your name and your reputation for a little longer."

The editor and the chief were in earnest consultation when we entered the reporters' room. The editor at once broke out—

"Glad you've come so early. Just sent messengers for you. Off you go to Meggatcairn. There's been a big colliery explosion. We're a day behind the fair, for the *Advertiser* has got it already; but, thank goodness, it's only a short account."

"No occasion whatever to go to Meggatcairn," said Tom, coolly hanging up his hat.

"But, but—" cried the editor, turning fiercely upon him.

"There has been no explosion."

"How do you know that?"

"Because I wrote the account for the *Advertiser* myself."

The editor was speechless with astonishment. As for the chief, he dropped into the nearest chair a poor flabby piece of humanity.

"No occasion to be alarmed," said Powrie, with quiet confidence. "Mr. Kerr and myself have been up all night making arrangements for that explosion. The *Advertiser* is selling by thousands—tens of thousands—machine been going all the morning. But the more papers they sell the better. The *Courier* will have a larger sale to-morrow."

"Do you mean to say that there has been no explosion?"

"There has been no explosion at Meggatcairn; but there'll be a big explosion at the *Advertiser* to-night."

"Come into my room and let us hear all about it," said the editor, and when we had entered his sanctum he turned to Tom and said, "Well?" Nothing loth, Tom at once began his story, but, as he was in the presence of his superiors, his language was less racy than usual.

"You will remember, sir, that you gave Mr. Kerr and myself power to investigate this matter"—Tom directed a warning glance at me when he mentioned my name—"and I may say that we proceeded by a process of exhaustion. We did not believe that the fault lay with the reporters—although some people seemed to think so—but we thought it right to submit both the sub-editors and reporters to some tests, with the result that we felt certain that the leakage did not occur in these two rooms. Proceeding still by the process of exhaustion"—at the repetition of this phrase, of which Tom seemed particularly proud, the editor grimly smiled—"we attacked the printing office; but as we could not very well appear there, we approached Mr. Boa and he assisted us in every possible way. After a fortnight's careful watching, however, it was evident that the thief was not to be found in that department. Well, we were at our wits' end. Yesterday, however, I was told off to do the new circular tour, and when I started early in the morning I bought both the *Courier* and the *Advertiser* to read in the train. I was glad to see that our par about the starting of a new branch of the Sweet William League was not in the *Advertiser*. Last, night, however, I had occasion to consult the office file copy of the *Advertiser*, and to my surprise I saw there a paragraph about the Sweet William League, a paragraph which had certainly not been in the *Advertiser* I bought at the station.

Now, do you see," cried Tom, in his excitement forgetting that he was speaking to the stern and all-powerful head of the staff, "it was a thousand guineas to a hayseed that the theft had taken place between the country and town editions. The par wasn't in the country edition of the '*Tiser*, but it was in its town edition."

The editor and the chief were all attention, and I began to see daylight. It may be explained that about three o'clock in the morning (the hour is different in various newspapers, owing to local circumstances) a first edition is printed to catch the early trains and posts to remote districts; and that about six o'clock a second edition, containing later telegrams and extracts from the London newspapers, is printed for the immediate vicinity. This is called the second or town edition. The theft, therefore, as Powrie said, had taken place between the two editions. Greatly pleased at the interest which his story excited, Powrie continued :—

"I had previously spoken to the managers of the machine-room and the despatch-room, but they declared that no papers went amissing. The papers were all counted, and there were no strangers present at that hour of the morning. But I had seen the policeman about the place, and although A 45 was in our pay I have always disliked the man. So I laid a little trap. Last night I wrote out the account of that pit disaster at Meggatcairn, and Mr. Boa set it up himself and saw it imposed in the forme. Only twelve copies of the *Courier* containing the bogus news were struck off, eleven of them are in our possession, and Mr. Kerr and I saw A 45 pocket the twelfth. That's how the *Advertiser* got the account of the pit disaster—ay, and how they have got much of our special news in the past."

Powrie tried, and ignominiously failed, to look like a modest hero.

"Splendid," cried the editor; "I congratulate you, Mr. Powrie."

"But why Meggatcairn?" asked the puzzled chief. "Now I come to think of it, there isn't a pit within miles of the place."

"Just to make them look more foolish when the truth comes out. I went to the *Advertiser* early this morning—or rather I went to the neighbourhood of the office—and took my landlady's son with me to make inquiries. It seems that between four and five o'clock messengers were sent round the staff of the *Advertiser*, and they all went off in two-horse cabs to Meggatcairn. When they find that there is no accident there, I suppose they will explore the neighbourhood and telegraph in all directions. Shouldn't wonder if they are still scouring the country. Oh, Meggatcairn is a capital place. Although

it is only a short distance from town there are three wretched railway junctions before you reach it."

The editor lay back in his chair and laughed heartily.

"Then, you know, all the evening papers will copy the *Advertiser* account, and papers all over the country will be sending men to Meggatcairn to do special descriptions of the disaster. When they discover how they have been sold won't they turn and rend that wretched rag of an *Advertiser*. For you'll expose them, won't you, sir?"

After a hearty burst of merriment the editor said—

"Yes, Mr. Powrie, we will expose them. I think you had better go home and get a good sleep. And then in the evening you will write an account of the affair for to-morrow's *Courier*. On second thoughts I think I will do the punishing myself."

When we left the room Tom whispered, "Won't the old man lay it on? The strokes of his whip are so nice and clean, and he can bring the blood every time."

For some weeks the *Advertiser* was the best laughed-at newspaper in the country. When, after the lapse of time, its men tried to put on their old air of high-sniffishness, Tom would call out to me—

"What was the number of your last page?"

And I would reply—

"A 45."

Then there would be silence.

THE BULAWAYO OF TO-DAY.

AT the present time there are few of the new towns of the world more widely talked of and perhaps few that are really less known than Bulawayo.

Everyone has heard of it, and many have friends or relations who know it; but it is difficult for people living in England, and at least equally difficult for those who may have lived for years in India and the East, to form any real idea of the place and of the life.

It is a place that must be seen to be realised, certainly not on account of its surpassing beauty—indeed, one might almost say by reason of its surpassing ugliness—but really perhaps on account of the peculiarities of its colouring and construction, its habits and its people, shared, and that only to a small extent, by other African towns.

One might now almost speak of the town in the past tense rather than in the present, as, with the advent of the railway, the actually existing town will very soon become a thing of the past; but it is the Bulawayo of to-day that has made itself famous—it is still the actual town that held its own through pestilence and war; and even the cemetery, overflowing as it is with young men's graves, gives but a scanty idea of the price it paid for its existence; and though the Bulawayo of to-morrow will no doubt be larger, cleaner, and more comfortable, it will still have its own history to make.

The first thing that struck the would-be traveller to Bulawayo was the primitive means of getting there, though the length of his journey depended upon what stage the evolution from ox-waggon to saloon carriage had attained at the time he happened to select.

No doubt the waggon was the more picturesque, and to those who did not mind the minor discomforts of life, such as a very occasional wash, rather a scanty menu, and primitive manners and customs in general, frequently including sleeping on the ground under the waggon with a pair of boots or a saddle for a pillow, it was a pleasant and often fascinating sort of life.

Everyone must be more or less familiar with the appearance, in pictures at all events, of the South African waggon, the long

heavy cart mounted on four high wheels, as a rule with a sort of canvas tent over the back half, leaving the front clear to carry the miscellaneous furniture of its owner, drawn by sixteen, eighteen, or twenty oxen, curiously fierce-looking with their immense spread of horn, sometimes as much as eight feet from tip to tip and rarely less than six, but in reality as patient and hard-working beasts as one could wish to find. Their mode of progression is certainly slow, but there is a strangeness and a fascination about it which may draw men to it almost as the Alps draw their devotees. In front there marches the "voor-looper," generally a small boy, leading the two foremost oxen by a rein or rope passed through their nostrils. The driver walks alongside with the long and terrible whip he uses so unsparingly, or else sits on the front of the waggon and gets off occasionally to lash up the whole team with unfailing impartiality. The travelling is all done at night, starting a little before sunset and marching till perhaps eleven or twelve o'clock; then there is a halt till a little before the first signs of dawn, when they go on again till the sun begins to get hot overhead, and then they lie by for the day.

Of course it is a rough and hardish sort of life, unless one is travelling purely for pleasure and with specially fitted waggons, when it may be pretty well as luxurious as one chooses to make it; but probably it will still be the usual way of making a journey of any length for many years yet, except just on the beaten track. Still, regarded purely as a means of getting from one place to another with a minimum of time and trouble, it could scarcely be recommended.

Then came the coach stage of the evolution, and this was certainly an improvement as regards time, but it condensed the discomforts of the waggon journey and crammed them all into the shorter time, and even added a few specially its own. The coaches themselves were huge lumbering structures with immense high wheels, much like the Deadwood Coach once exhibited at Earl's Court. They were built to carry fourteen inside, and as many outside passengers as could manage to hold on, and were pulled by relays of mules, eight to a team, as it took two men to manage them, one who held the reins, and one, who is called the driver, who worked the whips. There are two whips, one with a stock about 12 feet long and a lash varying from 25 to 30 feet, according to the taste and skill of the individual driver, and the other with quite a short stock and a thick heavy lash only 6 or 8 feet long, which was meant more especially for the benefit of the wheelers. It may be readily imagined that driving so clumsy a turn-out over the

roughest of possible roads on a pitch-dark night required considerable skill, and indeed in many places the driver might fairly be considered to hold the lives of his passengers in his hands.

The pace was not wonderful, as it rarely if ever exceeded six or seven miles an hour even for a short distance; but in spite of that, and in spite of the really wonderful skill of the drivers, accidents were almost every-day occurrences, especially in the wet season, though it seldom happened that anyone was really injured.

The roads are in reality mere tracks running as straight as they conveniently can across the veldt. The soil being light and sandy, these tracks soon get worn into frightful ruts and holes. They still have the tree stumps sticking through them, and are plentifully sprinkled with big boulders, almost any one of which would upset the coach if it happened to catch it at a slant, and which make it jump and jar till the unhappy passengers are inclined to wonder if they would have any whole bones left when they arrive. As for the outside passengers, it was all they could do to hold on, besides which they had the additional discomfort of frequently being driven through the lower branches of the trees, to the great detriment of their clothes, and usually of their skins as well. When any particular bit of road got absolutely too bad to go over any more, one of the drivers would start a new piece, that is, he would simply strike off the road and go across country, straight through bushes and scrub and everything else, and strike the road again half a mile or so further on. The succeeding drivers would follow in his track, and very soon the new line would be worn comparatively clear, and would become the recognised road. In some places one could see quite clearly where there had been as many as five or six separate diversions made.

Another serious difficulty was the crossing of the rivers. It is a distinguishing feature of most African rivers that they contain no water for at least eight months of the year. It is true that water can almost always be found in a river bed by digging for it; but in outward appearance a river is usually a broad belt of sand lying between high and precipitous banks. Many and many a coach has been upset in one of these drifts, as they are called. The descent is always steep, frequently so steep that the brakes cannot hold the coaches. They start going down at a crawl, and then the coach gathers way and goes on with a rush, the mules are driven into a heap anyhow, and one wonders that they do not get their legs broken; but they usually land all right, while the coach, practically unmanageable, goes down like a sort of toboggan, jumping from stone to stone

and swaying like a ship in a sudden squall, and may or may not arrive right side uppermost at the bottom. In fact, the passenger who has gathered his ideas of coaching from a trip to Brighton or a drive to Virginia Water, finds that he has a lot to learn about the subject when he gets to South Africa. Still, on the whole, it was wonderful how few accidents did occur, and if one considers that the coaches ran night and day, and that when there was no moon it would sometimes be too dark to see the mules from off the coach, it reflects great credit on the drivers.

Now, however, all that is over, and the intending passenger will merely have to take his ticket at Cape Town, and after a dreary and dirty journey of about four days, he will get here much as he might get from London to Edinburgh. In fact, the latter journey would certainly have the advantage, as far as romance was concerned, as the country is incomparably more beautiful, and the speed of the train more inclined at least to make one think it dangerous.

It has been said that, once you have lost sight of the really grand and beautiful Table Mountain, you have nothing more to see until you reach the Victoria Falls, and certainly, as far as the railway route is concerned, no one would attempt to dispute it.

Passing through the interminable "Karroo," one is inclined to cheer oneself with the thought that Matabeleland will be better in point of scenery; and perhaps it is slightly, but its most infatuated advocate could not call it a beautiful country, nor even a reasonably pretty one, except just after the rains, when it is still fresh and clean-looking, and is covered with the wonderful wealth of vegetation that only a tropical sun and a sufficiency of water can produce. It is never, however, really tropical in effect, as, though the vegetation is plentiful just at that time of the year, the trees are comparatively few and far between in most places, and are small and stunted in appearance, the country being mostly covered with thorn scrub or long rank grass, which is sometimes so long that it will completely hide a man on horseback. The thorn is principally of two varieties: one a thick bush usually from four to six feet high and covered with white thorns from one to two inches long; the other a smaller plant with harmless-looking green leaves, which is really the famous "waachte-eene-beche," having a small curved thorn from which there is no escape but in a careful retreat. There are even stories of men who, having been thrown from their horses into such bushes, were absolutely unable to get themselves out again, securely imprisoned by each fresh struggle, as their remains, only found weeks afterwards, have testified. Even granting that the neighbourhood of Bulawayo

is almost pretty in the spring, *i.e.* about January to May, no man can say that it is other than dreary during the rest of the year. Everything is burnt up, the long grass is shrivelled up into a coarse yellow matting, and the whole country becomes a dusty, dirty brown, which tires the eyes till one longs for just a little patch of green to refresh them. The rivers become the sand beds before mentioned, and the streams become mere cracks in the parched earth.

The soil of Rhodesia is said to be capable of growing absolutely anything if only it had the necessary water, and now there are many schemes on foot for irrigation that may yet turn the country, some day in the dim future, into the farmer's paradise that it has been called.

The town itself is like its surroundings, ugly and dreary to look at, but with more in it than meets the eye at first sight. At present it gives one rather the idea of a fair with the decorations left out. It was designed on rather a large scale, all the streets being parallel, running nearly north and south, and cut at right angles by avenues, the former being 90 feet from kerb to kerb, and the latter 120 feet. One says from kerb to kerb, but as a matter of fact there is no such thing as a pavement, or, indeed, a made street of any kind in Bulawayo. The division between the street and the pavement is made by a deep trench about a foot and a half wide, and this division is religiously carried on right across all the intersections. Naturally its sides get worn down where there is much traffic, but it still makes a formidable trap for the unwary at night, as up to the present there is no attempt at street lighting of any kind; and even by day these trenches are a most unmitigated nuisance for the cyclists, who swarm here as everywhere else, and for the drivers and occupiers of all sorts of vehicles.

The stands or building plots were laid out in the same lavish way as the streets, so that the fortunate owner of a stand could, if he so chose, build himself a shop or house big enough to hold its own in Regent Street. Unfortunately the owners of stands had neither the materials nor the very large capital that would have been required to get the materials wherewith to build even ordinary houses, so they erected little tin and mud structures which occupied a small fraction of the stand, and the rest became a happy hunting-ground for old meat-tins, broken bottles, immense quantities of bits of paper, and all the untidy and unsightly rubbish that accumulates so fast in a place of this sort. In course of time many of these huts —they were nothing more—have been pulled down and replaced by rather better buildings, though still largely composed of sun-dried

bricks, with tin roofs. Till a few months ago all the houses in Bulawayo were one-storied, with the exception of the Market Hall, which was two-storied, and which formed the centre round which the great laager was built during the rebellion, and was used as a shelter for the women and as a look-out station. Now, however, two-storied buildings are springing up on all sides, and will no doubt soon be the rule and not the exception.

Up to this, however, the buildings are still far too small to fill more than a small portion of the stands, and in practically no part of the town can one see such a thing as two consecutive buildings without an intervening space given over to débris and loose paper. So far the idea has always been to build as cheaply as possible, and let all other considerations stand by and wait till the railway should have arrived. The result is a series of dingy, squalid, one-storied buildings of the roughest and simplest kind, put up any way and every way. Most of the offices have wooden floors and wooden ceilings, but the majority of the living-rooms, such as are rented by young men of small means, have either the bare earth floors or else rough sun-dried bricks.

Hotel accommodation is still of the most primitive order; in fact, the hotels are far worse than one would expect from the rest of the town. The reason of it is, probably, that one hotel bought up all the dangerous opposition and has a practical monopoly. There are other hotels, but practically there is only one the ordinary new-comer can stay at. In appearance it is much like the other buildings in Bulawayo, only of course rather larger than the majority. It is a bare, barn-like looking structure, built in two blocks, one containing the dining-room, smoking-room, as it is called, kitchen, and bar, and the other with two rows of bed-rooms, back to back, one row opening on to a yard, across which are the bath-rooms, and the other row opening directly on to Main Street.

It sounds quite civilised to talk of bed-rooms and bath-rooms, but it is not well to expect too much. The bed-rooms are small rooms about 12 feet by 10 feet by 9 feet, with brick floors, whitewashed walls, and canvas ceilings, with absolutely no furniture but a small washstand, a table, one chair, and two beds. Sleeping alone is a luxury that must not be encouraged, and if you want luxuries you must pay for them. One unhappy lady, whose curiosity had tempted her to visit the town, and who had foolishly made arrangements to stay at an hotel for some little time, found this out to her cost. She was informed that, as she required room for two, she must not only pay twice for lodging, which was perhaps reasonable, but that she must

also pay double for board. Of course it was mere robbery, as the vast majority of the people who boarded at the hotel did not sleep there; but the manager saw that she was helpless and could pay, and to do a little highway robbery without risk is the great joy of one class of Bulawayo hotel or store keepers, who take a keener pleasure in a fiver got in this sort of way than in double the amount obtained by legitimate means. Had she been a man, who knew the place and would not submit to robbery, she would probably have been charged the usual rates, and no more. It is not a cheerful experience for anyone to have to share his bed-room with whoever chances to come along, be he drunken prospector or be he a Dutchman with the usual filthy habits of the lower-class Dutch, of spitting all over the floor and rarely troubling to wash except on high holidays and feast days. Still, it is one of the things one has to put up with. If one can complain of the bed-rooms, what is to be said of the bath-rooms, of which there are two?

Absolute filth and neglect can scarcely describe them, but one must in fairness add that the state of the bath-rooms is a less important matter to many of the customers than one would suppose.

Without in any way wishing to disparage the good qualities of the Colonial, *i.e.* man born in the Colony, or Cape Dutchman, one must say that their ideas of cleanliness are not exaggerated.

Of course the better-class Colonial is much like anybody else, but the low-class Colonial has quite lost the English ideas of washing and personal care, and is in fact perhaps as dirty and slovenly a type as any among what one calls civilised races, and would be put to shame by an ordinary Zulu, who will at any rate wash once a day if he can. However, that is really no excuse for the hotels not providing accommodation for those who still have prejudices in favour of cleanliness. The board is really better than the lodging, when once you have got used to such trifles as seeing the waiters pulling clean (!) knives and forks out of their inside pockets to hand you at table, or wiping out a glass with a dirty rag and giving it you back. Neither are the charges really exorbitant considering the place, though the newcomer is inclined to think he is being abominably robbed when he thinks of the accommodation he is getting for his money. They charge £18. 10*s.* a month for board and lodging, or £15 for board alone. It is to be hoped that a little healthy rivalry may make a difference, and that will probably come with the railway.

The real centre of the town is in Main Street, and even that has still a very patchy appearance, some stands being fairly well filled in

with the usual rather dreary-looking buildings, and others still having the most primitive little tin shanties devoted to the sale of rubbish to the natives at about three times cost price.

A common type of building is the set of rooms let out singly for bachelors' quarters, in which most men live. They are generally in blocks of six to eight, but sometimes there are ten or twelve rooms in a row. A fair average size would be 10 feet by 12 feet by 8 feet; rough brick floor, one small window, canvas ceiling; the walls built of brick and the roof of galvanised iron, all of the roughest and cheapest. Such a room will let readily at from £3. 10*s*. to £5 a month, according to the situation, without a stitch of furniture of any kind, and often as much as half a mile from the nearest well from which your servant can get water. As for house rent, a three-roomed house in the residential part of the town will easily fetch as much as £25 a month, and larger houses will fetch proportionate rents. When one speaks of the residential part of the town one refers to what are known as the suburban stands. The town itself lies on a gentle slope, and in the valley is the park, still in course of formation, and across this again the ground has been laid out in large stands for houses with gardens. It is only the wealthier members of the population who can live there at present. All round the town the land has been reserved for a distance of three miles to allow of expansion, and on this space, known as the Commonage, there are already several lots laid out for building purposes; and no doubt, in course of time, there will be quite a large suburban population living out of town principally to escape the dust. The dust in Bulawayo is quite unique, and even worse than that at Johannesburg, hitherto supposed to hold the world's record. One can easily imagine in a town scattered over a considerable space, with very broad and unpaved streets, and where no rain falls practically for about eight months in the year, that the dust would be bad; but it is only when one is nearly smothered in it that one realises what dust can be. It comes whirling down the streets in clouds so thick that it is impossible to see across the road, and so fine and blinding that there is nothing for it but to put a handkerchief over one's face and make for the nearest shelter. All through the end of the dry season there are dust storms almost every morning, dying down toward sunset, and they are quite the worst feature of Bulawayo. One might get used to the want of water, the roughness of things in general, and the lack of almost elementary comforts of civilisation, but the dust is an unfailing grievance.

About a mile and a half to the north of the town lies the cemetery

a striking comment on what the last few years have been up here. It is a fairly large cemetery and is already nearly full, though the town is only four years old and there is scarcely a man buried in it over thirty years old. Passing between the graves one is struck with the painful monotony of the inscriptions, almost all reading either "Sacred to the memory of ——, died of fever in Bulawayo Hospital," or else "who was murdered by the natives on or about March 25, 1896," or else again "who was killed in the fight at ——."

Beyond that again is Government House, a large and rather quaint-looking building in the old Dutch farm-house style, at present occupied by the Deputy Administrator, Captain the Hon. A. Lawley, and Mrs. Lawley. It also has its history, being built on the site of Lobengula's kraal, and having standing in the grounds the very tree under which he used to sit when holding his "indaba," or councils. It was occupied by the natives during the rebellion, and though sacked was not injured, as they reserved it for the future residence of Lobengula, who was supposed to have come to life again. Mr. Rhodes himself slept in it when he came down to Bulawayo during the rebellion, to the great anxiety of those who were responsible for his safety, as, though the natives were then driven back a little, they might easily have swooped down on a lonely building three miles from the nearest help.

Now a large portion of the ground between it and the town has been laid out in building plots shortly to be sold, and very soon the whole face of the country will have altered beyond recognition.

Whether the gold pays or does not pay, Bulawayo is bound to grow immensely during the next few years; after that, if there really should be no payable gold in sufficient quantities, there will be a crash which will almost rival the crash of the South Sea Bubble.

In spite of all the adverse prophets on the one side and the foolishly sanguine people on the other, it is still too soon to say whether the country is a success or not.

There is not a reasonable shadow of doubt that there is gold, and gold in large quantities, scattered over the whole country. The real question is whether this gold is sufficiently concentrated in a sufficient number of places to support a large mining industry, and so justify the existence of a large town. Gold is a marketable commodity, like potatoes or corn, and it costs so much an ounce to produce in any given place. Though there is gold here it may well be that it will cost more to work it than the price it will fetch in the market, and in that case Rhodesia is a failure, as without a present

gold industry it would be absurd to talk of farming or any subsidiary industry, though, if the gold kept the country going for a sufficient length of time for permanent settlements to form, then the subsidiary industry might have sufficient strength to support the country after the gold was worked out. There is no doubt that in some reefs the gold will be amply payable; it is also more than probable than in a number of others it will not be so. It is a question that time alone can settle, and it is one that few people on the spot can look at with disinterested eyes. It is often said, as an argument in favour of the Rhodesian Gold Fields, that the people on the spot have sunk their money in them and believe in them. That is true; but it is not a convincing argument even of the *bona fides* of the residents, though, without a shadow of doubt, most of them do believe in the gold. A gold mine may pay two sets of people: it may be a success and pay all concerned, or it may be a hopeless failure but still pay the officials very handsomely. If a man is drawing £1,500 a year as manager of a mine it pays him well, though there may not be an ounce of gold in it, and it is natural that he should keep it going as long as he can. Many of the people here would be absolutely ruined if the gold were really proved to be unpayable; so naturally store-keepers, mining experts, Government officials, and everybody else are almost bound to express belief in the future of the reefs; but as a matter of fact there is no real doubt on the spot that a sufficient number of reefs will pay to support the country.

Should this not prove to be the case, then one of the boldest ventures of the world's history, and the lifelong efforts of a man who is undoubtedly, whatever opinion may be held of him personally, one of the greatest statesmen the world has ever produced, will be as hopelessly wasted as the huge sums of money that have been lavished already over the baby State to bring it to maturity.

A RESIDENT.

GEORGE BERKELEY.

WITH the possible exception of that "thinking gentleman" William Molyneux—who, however, it is to be feared, shines with a lustre reflected rather than his own—the friend and correspondent of the illustrious John Locke, but chiefly known to us as the author of an interesting and original problem connected with the theory of vision, which, together with its solution, he submitted to that philosopher, George Berkeley would seem to be the only Irishman who can be seriously regarded as having a valid claim to rank as a link in that Ἑρμαϊκὴ Σειρά (Hermetic Chain) of metaphysicians which extends from Thales down to these modern days. It is unfortunately true that the "perfervid" nature of the Irish Celt, brilliant as it is in other fields of intellectual activity, incapacitates him for the successful study of the "Science of sciences," which so imperatively needs a spirit of serene and impartial calm; and it may be questioned whether Berkeley, and, *magno intervallo*, Molyneux would ever have attained distinction as philosophers had it not been for the sober English blood which ran in their veins and toned down the effervescent qualities of the more fiery Celtic ichor.

George Berkeley, whose family antecedents, like those of so many other great men, are shrouded in considerable mystery, was born in the year 1685, a few weeks after the accession of James II. to the throne of England, near Kilkenny, in the midst of a peaceful and beautiful district, a veritable Irish Arcadia, watered by the romantic Nore. The fair surroundings of his childhood no doubt fostered within him that sympathetic love of the sublime and beautiful in Nature which formed such a conspicuous trait in his character, and which was all the more remarkable in the midst of an age of finicking courtiers, "minute philosophers," and artificial wits, who would have "vowed and protested," if appealed to on a point of æsthetics, that the atmosphere of a powder-closet was to be preferred to all the boisterous breezes of the barbaric Alps and Apennines, and a carnival or masquerade *à la mode* to all the dreary lakes and mountains of Helvetia. For it must be remembered that in Berkeley's time

Nature was still awaiting a vindicator of her *spretæ injuria formæ* —a vindicator who at last appeared in the person of Jean Jacques Rousseau, the first great modern apostle of the æsthetics of scenery.

At fifteen Berkeley matriculated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he remained for thirteen years. He was naturally strongly influenced by the empiricism of Locke; for the famous "Essay on Human Understanding," although it had not been long published, was then, as it has been ever since, a text-book in the Irish University. Of his college life, and the growth of the spirit of philosophy within him, we obtain curious glimpses in his "Commonplace Book." Perhaps the most interesting memento which his *alma mater* now possesses of her distinguished alumnus is a fine life-sized picture in the Examination Hall, representing Berkeley in his episcopal robes, and, therefore, painted at a period when he must have been at least fifty years of age. The face and figure, however, are singularly youthful. Swarthy as Spinoza, he must, unless the artist egregiously flatters him, have been a handsome man, of a dark, intellectual, Italian type of masculine beauty. But there is something more and better than mere physical comeliness which gives that countenance its indescribable charm, its haunting attraction; there is the Promethean fire of genius in the large ardent eyes, and the whole expression is eloquent of lofty musings on the infinite—the θεωρία of an eager, unsullied, and noble soul—musings which never for an instant banished a tender love, an almost womanly solicitude for suffering and benighted humanity. When the westering sun streams in at the great windows and pours the mellow glory of its apotheosizing radiance upon the painting of the illustrious metaphysician and philanthropist, you are irresistibly reminded of Luke's description of Stephen as he stood before the Jewish Sanhedrin: "And all that sat in the Council, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel."

In 1713 Berkeley, who had already made his mark as an acute thinker by the publication of his "Essay on Vision," the "Treatise on Human Knowledge," and the "Three Dialogues," wisely left the petty provincial atmosphere of Irish life and society for that *largior æther* of London, to which then, as now, intellect, home-bred and foreign, inevitably gravitated. Here he mixed freely with such men as Swift, Steele, Pope, Addison, Clarke, and Atterbury.

From 1716 till 1720 he sojourned in Italy—to which country he had previously paid a short visit—acting the while as travelling tutor to the son of the Irish Bishop Ashe. His "Italian Journal" proves how keenly and discriminatively he appreciated the immortal trea-

sures of ancient art as well as the natural and perennial charm of that *Saturnia tellus* which has always exercised such a magic sway over poetical and receptive minds. The lovely island of Ischia, in the Bay of Naples, seems to have had a special attraction for him, and he spent the autumn of 1717 amidst its enchanting scenery. Later on we find him roaming on foot through the historic fields of Calabria and Sicily. His enthusiastic admiration of the fair land of Italy brings to our minds the Kantian dictum, that it is only the beautiful soul (*die schöne Seele*) that takes an habitual and immediate interest in the beautiful forms of Nature.

On his return to England in 1720 disgust with the deep social and political corruption of the age awoke within the pure, generous, but scarcely practical mind of Berkeley those dreams of an impossible Utopia which, at all events since Plato's time, have ever been the last, and perhaps the noblest, infirmity of philosophic spirits. We almost seem to hear him exclaiming in the words of Horace—

arva, beata
Petamus arva, divites et insulas.

He longed for some new Atlantis, undisturbed by the explosion of the South Sea Bubble, and indifferent alike to Jacobites and Hanoverians; it was his amicable ambition to be the founder of a Christian Platonopolis; and he turned his eyes—as dreamers, explorers, adventurers, and seekers after Eldorado and the Fountain of Life and Youth have so often done—from Herakles down to the buccaneers of the Spanish Main—to the virgin soil of the golden West—to "the remote Bermudas," of evil repute indeed in Shakespeare's time, but more recently celebrated by Andrew Marvell in verses of incomparable beauty. "Not disobedient unto the heavenly vision," Berkeley duly embarked for America in a "hired ship of 250 tons," and landed at Rhode Island in 1729. Alas! the colony in the Summer Islands was all too soon relegated to the misty regions of the might-have-been; the visionary met with no more support from Sir Robert Walpole and the British Government than had been accorded fifteen hundred years before to the philosopher Plotinus by the worthless and faithless Gallienus; and, with his family, the disappointed founder left the American shores for ever in the autumn of 1731. His leisure, however, in Rhode Island, had borne fruit in the shape of "Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher." Although the golden apple of his Hesperides had turned to dust and ashes in his grasp, neither Fate nor Fortune, nor cold, calculating, selfish hearts could rob him of the divine treasure of philosophy which he bore within him.

In 1734, in tardy recognition of his transcendent merit, and perhaps in atonement for the shameful neglect which had made his American scheme a failure, Berkeley was appointed Bishop of Cloyne. His diocese formed a portion of the Irish county of Cork, and was an ideal retirement for the gentle dreamer. Here indeed he could and did devote his life to that *θεωρία* which is, according to Aristotle, at once the heaven of the Supreme and the true Philosopher's Rest. Here, more fittingly than Gil Blas, he might have inscribed above his portal—

> Inveni portum ; Spes et Fortuna valete.
> Sat me lusistis ; ludite nunc alios.

Nearly twenty years were spent by Berkeley in this Irish Valley of Ameles, years devoted to that profound and sympathetic study of Greek philosophy whose outcome was his last and greatest work: "Siris : a Chain of Philosophical Reflexions."

It was surely in accordance with the fitness of things that Oxford, around whose venerable spires and towers float so many hallowed traditions, Oxford, which he had always loved, should receive the latest sigh of this elect spirit, "felix opportunitate mortis," and that, after his many wanderings, a peaceful and painless euthanasia, passing upon him while he was sitting in company with his loved ones, should crown the life's work of the spotless and unworldly George Berkeley. Nor was it less fitting, although *ἀνδρῶν ἐπιφανῶν πᾶσα γῆ τάφος*, that the ashes of one who was in all else, save the mere accident of birth, an Englishman should rest, not in obscure Cloyne but in the Oxford Cathedral of Christ Church.

> Th' illustrious dead no narrow graves confine ;
> Their fame immortal, earth itself their shrine.

With the exception, perhaps, of Locke and Hume, no English philosopher has been more closely studied, more frequently quoted, whether for praise or censure, by German metaphysicians, from Kant to Hartmann, than Berkeley; and it is in itself no slight tribute to the value and originality of the speculations of the great idealist that he should thus have succeeded in arresting the attention and eliciting the criticisms, favourable or adverse, of the foremost thinkers of the world. Much as they may dissent from many of his conclusions, they nevertheless respect the philosophic seeker after truth, and admire his candid, ingenuous, and right royal spirit.

What we specially notice in tracing the metaphysical career of Berkeley is the fact that he succeeded at the last in doing what Kant failed to do: in the aftermath of his philosophy he rose to "higher

categories." Fresh from the study of Locke, the great teacher of empiricism, whose uncompromising motto is "Nihil est in intellectu, quod non fuerit in sensu," and who, in direct contradiction to Leibnitz, regards the mind as a mere *tabula rasa*, the passive recipient of the impression of sense, it is not matter of wonder that he should have lingered at first in the fields of sense and adopted a mental attitude which, with certain reservations, savours strongly of the *ἄνθρωπος μέτρον ἀπάντων* (man is the measure of all things) of the sophist Protagoras of Abdera. But the young student was of a mould vastly different from that of the atheistical scoffer who was banished even from free and liberal Athens. His pious and orthodox spirit was moved within him when he looked around and saw the "minute philosophers," the disciples of Hobbes and Gassendi, the precursors of Helvetius and La Mettrie, masters of the situation. His heroic and somewhat Hibernian remedy for scepticism and atheism was to lop off bodily and without more ado one of the stems of the bifurcating Cartesian tree; and matter was condemned and had to go. Spirit reigns, he says in effect, and reigns alone in the universe. The external world is simply a show of phenomena, *bene*, because *divinitus*, *ordinata* ; the fair face of nature is simply a book of vision, a scroll of visual language which contains the communications of the Supreme to the lower, but still free, spirits who are his subjects; and the *esse* (or so-called existence) of these phenomena is their *percipi* (is dependent upon a percipient mind). Matter, or ὕλη, being thus conveniently got rid of, God, who becomes in Berkeley's hands something remarkably like a *deus ex machina*, must be regarded as the transcendent cause of sensation, and the result is, as Hartmann says, "an occasionalism between severed consciences, or thought spheres, which is no better than the occasionalism between mind and matter taught by Geulinx and Malebranche." This then is the first phase of the Berkeleyan philosophy—his "short and easy method" with materialism. Unfortunately Hume showed that Berkeley's arguments against the independent existence of matter, when pushed to their logical conclusion, became weapons to pierce the breast of their inventor, and could be used with equal cogency to prove (*cf.* Hartmann's "Ding an sich") that mind, or self, was equally phenomenal.

In the second phase of his philosophy Berkeley ascends by the path of dialectic from the sensible to the supersensible world. Beneath the myrtles of Cloyne the contemplative spirit of the metaphysical bishop had communed with the shades of Plato and Plotinus, and had learned from them that the existence of things is

not their *percipi*, but their *intelligi*; that unveiled truth is not to be sought in the sensible, but in the intelligible world; that the former sphere is an emanation from the latter; that such reality as the things of sense possess is derived from the eternal ideas of reason, of which they are feeble ectypes; that the secular antithesis between the self and external phenomena is reconciled and transcended when the latter are regarded as the offspring of the ideas, and therefore—although occupying a lower platform in the scale of reality—akin to the soul, which shares with these ideas the citizenship of the intelligible world. The germ of thought lies at the heart of nature, and explains and justifies its existence.

So far Berkeley follows Plato and the Neoplatonists; as a Christian and a Bishop he can go no farther. The *νοῦς* of Anaxagoras and the *τὸ ἀγαθόν* of Plato may, by the exercise of considerable ingenuity, be made to fit in, at least partially, with Christian dogma; but the One, the Absolute of the Neoplatonists, transcending mind as it does, like the Spinozistic substance, gives him pause. God is with him, to use Leibnitzian phrase, the "highest monad," as it were, of the intelligible world! the "Mind that governs and actuates this mundane system" (*mens agitans molem*).

It is singular enough, not to say grotesque, that the world should owe the existence of the most striking and suggestive metaphysical work which the eighteenth century produced to the good Bishop's firm belief that in tar-water he had discovered an infallible cure for "all the ills that flesh is heir to," and the series of meditations which this gave rise to in the mind of a man who, in addition to his own transcendent philosophical endowments, was a diligent student of Plato and the Neoplatonists. The "Siris" is truly a chain stretching from humble tar—which Berkeley supposes to be surcharged with vital fire, the *anima mundi*—to the golden throne of God Himself.

W. B. WALLACE.

BOSNIA UNDER THE AUSTRIANS.

TWENTY years have elapsed this summer since the signature of the Berlin Treaty regulated the political conditions of South-Eastern Europe. Of the various arrangements then made the most remarkable and, as subsequent events have shown, the most successful was the occupation of Bosnia and the Hercegovina by Austria-Hungary. The experiment, for such it was, is valuable not only for its own sake, but also because it is calculated to serve as a model for the future guidance of statesmen in dealing with the Eastern question. It may, therefore, be of interest at the present moment to describe, as the result of two separate visits to the occupied territory, what has been accomplished under the auspices of Austria-Hungary in so comparatively short a space of time. But, before doing so, it is well to remind the Western reader of the initial difficulties which the government of Bosnia and the Hercegovina presented in 1878.

Of all the Balkan lands that passed beneath the sway of the Turk, Bosnia and the Hercegovina were the last to be conquered and the least amenable to the administration of the Ottoman authorities at Constantinople. The social condition of the country had been one of feudalism under the old Bosnian kingship, whose last representative now lies, a grim skeleton, in the Franciscan church at Jajce; and it remained under the Turks what it had been in the days of Tvrtko and his successors, with this exception, that the Bosnian landowners embraced, as a rule, the creed of the conquerors, while their serfs continued constant to the Christian faith. Called even to the present day in popular parlance *die Türken*, the Mussulman Bosniaks are in reality of the same race and speech as the Christians of the country, and have, with few exceptions, little or no acquaintance with the Turkish language. Like the Pomaks in Mount Rhodope and the Greek Moslems in Crete, they had religious, but no racial, affinities with the Turks; but, as is usually the case in the near East, the ties of religion, especially where that religion had been adopted with the zeal of a convert, counted with the Bosnian Mohammedans for far more than the community of blood. But the Bosnian nobles showed repeatedly, as the Albanians still continue to

do, that they had no intention of allowing the Sultan's deputies to interfere with their affairs. The mountainous character of *Bosna ponosna*, or "lofty Bosnia," its distance from Stambûl, and the constant changes in the governors sent from headquarters, whose average tenure of office was but twenty months, and two of whom were actually recalled before they had ever set foot in the country, all weakened the power of the Turks and strengthened the hands of the native magnates. It was not till 1850 that the latter were constrained to allow the Turkish *vali* to fix his official residence at Sarajevo,[1] and nowhere did the well-meant reforms of Mahmûd II. meet with such stubborn resistance as from the fanatical Bosnian *begs*. Bosnia might be "the lion that guards the gate of Stambûl," but it was a lion that had never been properly tamed by its Turkish master.

In addition to this element in the population, the Austro-Hungarian Government had to reckon with two distinct parties among the Christians of the country. At the last census, held in 1895, the whole population amounted to 1,568,092, of which 42·94 per cent. were Orthodox, 21·31 per cent. Catholics, and 34·9 per cent. Mussulmans. The Orthodox Serbs of Bosnia and the Hercegovina had racial affinities with Servia and Montenegro, which, artificially stimulated by Servian and Montenegrin journals, are still apt to appeal to those who prefer the barren and impracticable glories of the "great Servian idea" to the solid material advantages which impartial European administration alone can bestow upon a Balkan people. The Catholics, on the other hand, who naturally welcomed the advent of Austria as a great Catholic Power, have felt somewhat disappointed that they have not been allowed to behave as "the predominant partner" in the firm. To my mind there can be no better proof of the even-handed treatment which these various confessions have received from the Government than that such disappointment should be felt. Of this equality of religious bodies in the eye of the law some examples may be given. I witnessed on Corpus Christi Day, in front of the Catholic Church at Mostar, one of the most extraordinary gatherings of peasants from the surrounding villages that can be conceived, all the worshippers appearing in the picturesque garb of the district. Yet Mostar is one of the three strongest Moslem centres in the whole country, and such was the local fanaticism in Turkish times that down to the middle of the present century the Mussulmans refused to tolerate a Catholic priest in their town. Now the Mostar Catholics need no protection at

[1] Bobovac and Jajce were the old Bosnian, Travnik and (from 1850) Sarajevo the Turkish capitals.

their devotions. Again, at Reljevo, near Sarajevo, I was present at the annual examinations of the Orthodox training college, where young Bosniaks, assisted by Government scholarships, are educated for holy orders. A very marked improvement in the Orthodox Church in Bosnia has been perceptible since the occupation. Prior to that date, as in Bulgaria before the *firman* of 1870, the ecclesiastical appointments were all bought, and the bishops recouped themselves at the expense of their unfortunate dioceses. But, although the Orthodox Church in Bosnia is still dependent on the authority of the Greek Patriarch at Constantinople, an arrangement was made with him in 1879, by which his nominations to Bosnian sees were subject to the approval of the Austrian Emperor. A general purification of religious life and a higher standard of theological attainments have followed this change; and though difficulties sometimes arise, as at Mostar last year, the Orthodox clergy is yearly becoming better educated—a great advantage in an Eastern country, where religion plays such a large part in all the relations of life.

The Austrians have, indeed, handled the delicate question of religious education with great tact. There are in Bosnia and the Hercegovina, broadly speaking, two classes of schools—public schools, supported by the Government, for all confessions alike, where instruction, including school-books, is absolutely free; and confessional schools for the separate religious communities, which are partly supported by the State. A parent is not compelled to send his children to school at all; but arguments are used by the local authorities to persuade him of the advantages of education, should he desire to keep his offspring ignorant. It is left absolutely at the discretion of the parent to choose between a public school, where his child will consort with children of other creeds, and one of his own way of religious thought. But even in the non-confessional schools there is religious instruction, only it is given to the Mussulman children by Mussulman *hodžas*, to the Orthodox pupils by their own Orthodox divines, and to the Catholic boys and girls by Catholic priests. Care, too, is taken to respect the racial prejudices of the Orthodox Serbs, for their lesson-books are printed in Cyrillic character, and those used by the others in the ordinary Latin script in use in Croatia. A similar motive has led to the invention of the term *Bosnisch* for the language of the country, so as not to offend the one party by calling it Croatian, or the other by describing it as Serb.[1] In all the public schools the native tongue is the vehicle of

[1] Practically the only difference between the Croatian and Serb languages is the script. Both alphabets, the Latin and the Cyrillic, are current in Bosnia.

instruction, and in the elementary schools, of which there are 188, the subjects taught are reading, writing, arithmetic, a book of literary extracts, and a short compendium of Bosnian history down to the date of the occupation. The children, so a very experienced teacher tells me, are very fond of learning, and, like all the Southern Slavs, have a special love of history. As, during the Turkish times, there was little or no secular education, and even the well-to-do Moslems had to send their children to the Franciscan schools to be taught, many of the older people were unable to read or write. But it is no uncommon thing to find them learning laboriously with their children, and begging the schoolmaster to lend them a history book to study at home. The boys usually enter the public schools at seven years of age, and remain four or five years. Their studies are stimulated by prizes, and, as an instance, the master of one school, in a place of about 4,000 inhabitants, is annually allowed forty florins by the Government to be spent on prize-books. Four classes are the usual division of both the boys' and the girls' schools; but sometimes, from lack of space, the four classes are grouped together. Above the elementary schools there are two gymnasia, one at Sarajevo and one at Mostar; a *Realschule* at Banjaluka, a technical intermediate school and institutions for the training of male and female teachers at Sarajevo, the lack of whom is still felt. A military school for boys turns out a number of smart lads, who are one of the features of the capital. There is no University in the country, but promising young Bosniaks are sent to study in Vienna at the public expense. A similar policy—that of sending the natives to see something of the Monarchy—has suggested the plan of posting Bosnian regiments at Buda-Pesth, Gratz, and elsewhere. As regards the confessional schools, I may cite the instance of a Serb seminary in the Hercegovina, where the children showed me their history books—a complete synopsis of Serb history from Stephen Nemanja down to Milan Obrenović. The most reactionary party in educational matters is composed of the Mohammedan women, who have, in most cases, the stongest objection to sending their daughters to school with the Christian girls, for fear lest they should be perverted from those strict usages of Islâm which are nowhere so severely observed as in Bosnia. For here veiling is practised with far more rigour than elsewhere in the Near East, and the headgear of the Mostar women in particular resembles nothing so much as a coal-scuttle. Every effort is made to respect these customs, and at Sarajevo there is a special school, supported by the Government, for Mussulman girls. The beautiful *Scheriatschule*, or college for the education of Moslem jurists, is one

of the ornaments of the capital, and was erected by the present administration. Close too the Mussulmans have a reading-room of their own, and for their special convenience the Government is building a new hotel at Ilidže, the watering-place of Bosnia. The Government willingly admitted those Turkish officials who entered its service at the outset to fill places for which they were qualified, so that they might not consider themselves badly treated. It also affords its Mohammedan employés every facility for making the pilgrimage to Mecca, and every year from eighty to a hundred Bosnian pilgrims set out on the sacred journey, knowing that on their return they will be reinstated in their old posts. In the town council of Sarajevo, the members of which are elected in proportion to the numbers of the various confessions, there are twelve Mussulmans, and the mayor has for some years been Mehmed Beg Kapetanović, the head of one of the oldest Bosnian families, and a writer and speaker of talent. His collection of national proverbs has won considerable notoriety, and a recent speech, in which he emphasised by a racy anecdote the greater security of life and property under the present dispensation, was a striking tribute to the Austro-Hungarian administration. Beneath Baroness von Kállay's hospitable roof at Ilidže, representative men of all these creeds meet. I saw at the race-ball which she gave there one of the leading Mussulmans of Sarajevo dancing the Hungarian *csárdas*, as well as his native *kolo*, while the Chief Rabbi of the Spanish Jews—for, like Salonica and Smyrna, Sarajevo has a considerable number of Jewish inhabitants, whose forefathers emigrated from Spain in the sixteenth century—sipped his coffee in the midst of Catholics, Orthodox, and Mohammedans. To Baroness von Kállay, who spends six months of every year in Bosnia, of which she is popularly known as "the Queen," is due not a little of the success which the Austro-Hungarian administration has attained. The Mussulman women, in particular, come readily to the receptions which she organises for them, and thus see something of European ways.

Another difficulty, scarcely less serious than the animosities of rival creeds, faced the Austrians on their arrival in the country. The land question had been the real cause of the insurrection of 1875, and had, at repeated intervals before that date, caused troubles and disorders among the people. The Austrians spent the first four years, from 1878 to 1882, in restoring law and order and suppressing insurrections—for Bosnia and the Hercegovina were then what Albania is to-day—and then, with the appointment of Baron von Kállay in the latter year, set to work on the social and economic

reconstruction of the disorganised fabric, which four centuries of Turkish misgovernment had handed over to them. None of these problems was more pressing than that of the land, for the *Occupations-gebiet*, as it is usually styled, is largely agricultural, and the Bosnian and Hercegovinian peasants have an earth-hunger not less intense than that of the Irish farmer. The Austrians were besieged on their arrival by cries from the Christians that the Mussulmans had "robbed them of their lands," and by demands for a general division of the soil among the poor. Diligent investigations proved that this "robbery," if it had ever been perpetrated at all, dated from the early days of the Turkish rule, and was therefore centuries old. Accordingly the Austrian authorities resolved to make the best they could of the existing law, without risking one of those agrarian revolutions which redress an old wrong by committing a new one. It so happened that the Turkish law of Sefer 14, 1276 (September 12, 1859), was, like many other Turkish arrangements, admirable in theory but a dead letter in practice. The Austrians now made this law a living reality, and it still remains in force, having proved itself to be, in the language of a very competent authority, *ein goldenes Gesetz für den Bauer.* The system, which resembles the *métayer* principle, is as follows. The landlord, or *aga*, and the cultivator, or *kmet*, share between them the produce of the soil in a proportion fixed by the custom of the district. The *kmet* has first to pay a tithe in cash to the Government, and one-third, one-fourth, or one-fifth, as the custom may be, in kind to the *aga*. But on his cattle he pays nothing to the *aga*, and in Bosnia, as the recent results at the Vienna Exhibition have shown, cattle form a very important item in the national income. So much for the liabilities of the *kmet*; now for those of the *aga*. The latter is bound to provide, and keep in repair, the former's farm buildings; if the *aga* wishes to sell, the *kmet* enjoys the right of pre-emption, and the *Landesbank*, founded some three years ago with a capital of 10,000,000 gulden, advances money at 6½ per cent. to those who desire to exercise this right, but have not the requisite amount of spare cash for the purpose. The last census proved that a considerable number of cultivators had become possessors of their own holdings, and that the agricultural population consisted in about equal proportions of *kmets* and peasant proprietors. But the peasant proprietor is not always better off in the long run than the unenfranchised *kmet*. For the latter cannot be evicted, unless he either fails to pay the due share to his *aga* or leaves his land uncultivated; the peasant proprietor, on the other hand, may lose the roof over his head as the result of a bad harvest.

It is no longer possible, as it was in the Turkish times, for the land-owner to oppress the cultivator and treat him like a slave. Both sides have confidence in the impartiality of the Government, which allows assessors, chosen from the various religious persuasions, to assist the judges with their local experience in agrarian disputes. Moreover, the Government is doing everything it can to improve the condition of agriculture by the creation of model farms and similar institutions in different parts of the country. I went over the agricultural school at Ilidže, where nineteen pupils are at present being educated in farming and the three R's, and whence, when their course is completed, they go forth as apostles of practical husbandry to their own homes. It struck me as an excellent idea that their subsequent careers were carefully followed, for in too many educational establishments the pupil ceases to be of interest to his masters as soon as he has left school. Close by is a model dairy with sixty-six cows in its stalls, a large vegetable garden, and, at some distance near the sources of the Bosna, an establishment for scientific pisciculture. It is not the fault of the authorities, therefore, if the natives do not improve their primitive style of cultivation. Meanwhile it should not be forgotten that the peculiar land-tenure of Bosnia has had the effect of keeping the soil in the hands of the natives instead of allowing it to become the property of foreign speculators. A great hardship has thus been avoided. The wine industry of the Hercegovina has, since the formation of the Government station for the improvement of viteculture near Mostar, become a considerable source of profit to the growers, and the wine produced is of excellent quality. But the Hercegovina possesses another natural product, which has been greatly developed under the new *régime*—I allude to its excellent tobacco, the finest of which comes from Trebinje. I inspected the chief Government tobacco manufactory at Sarajevo—there are others at Mostar, Banjaluka, and Travnik—and observed all the processes through which the tobacco passes. This one manufactory employs 300 girls, all Christians, and 150 men, all Mussulmans, because the latter are more accustomed to this kind of labour than the Christian males, while no Mussulman woman would do such work. Here one sees all the twelve qualities of the native tobacco, from the best Hercegovinian down to the worst Bosnian—for Bosnia is not so favourable for the growth of tobacco as the Hercegovina, and the plant is, indeed, cultivated at three places alone in Bosnia proper—at Banjaluka, Foča, and Srebrenica. The output at the Sarajevo factory is 70 centners a day; and, in addition to the large quantity of tobacco consumed in the

country, there is now a considerable export to Laibach and Fiume for the respective halves of the Dual Monarchy. The paper—and most of the cigarettes have paper mouth-pieces—is also made in the country, at the paper-mill at Zenica.

The aim of the Government from the first has been to make the education of the people thoroughly practical and technical rather than theoretical and literary. To my mind this is one of the chief advantages which Bosnia possesses over the other Balkan States. Greece, Servia, and, to a less extent, even the peasant State of Bulgaria, suffer from the evil effects of too much higher education and too little technical training. In these young countries the openings in the liberal professions are very limited, and the result is a *Gelehrtenproletariat*, which takes to politics as a means of getting a living. Such is not the case in the occupied territory. Here the Austrians have sought to revive native industries and improve native art on lines not divergent from the national genius. Next year Londoners will have an opportunity of judging for themselves at the Bosnian Exhibition, which is to be held at Earl's Court, of the work produced here under Government auspices. One of the most interesting institutions in Sarajevo is the Government art-workshop and school, where sixty persons are employed, some in giving or receiving lessons in metal-work, and others in executing highly-finished designs in silver, copper, brass, wood, and other materials. With characteristic regard for the religious feelings of the pupils, a room has been specially fitted up as a mosque for the use of these Mussulmans, so that they can perform their devotions without leaving the building. A similar establishment is the Government carpet manufactory, where 200 girls may be seen at work, and a speciality is the so-called *Bezweberei*, for the production of the veils and dresses of the Mohammedan ladies, an industry in which 600 workwomen are engaged in and out of the building and its Mostar branch. Ladies assure me that this Bosnian work is of beautiful quality, and compares very favourably with the fabrics of Brûsa and Constantinople, which in finish are very much inferior to it. It need not be pointed out that the amount of employment thus afforded to the natives is very considerable, for these industries either did not exist at all in the Turkish days, or were conducted on the most humble scale.

The Austrians have had to create practically everything in the occupied territory, for what Crete is now, that was Bosnia in 1878; and nothing was more urgently needed than some decent means of communication. From force of habit, though no longer for any practical reason, the Bosniak still talks of "Europe" as something

lying quite apart from his own land. But in 1878 there was, as it were, an impenetrable barrier between this romantic country and the civilisation of the West. Miss Irby, the devoted philanthropist, who has given so many years of her life to educational work among the Southern Slavs, tells how, when she visited Bosnia shortly before the occupation, the only means of reaching Sarajevo from the frontier at Brod was a post-cart, which took three days over the journey along a Turkish road. The sole piece of railway in the country was the fragment of Turkish line from Dobrlin, on the Croatian border, to Banjaluka, which was intended to be the first instalment of a great highway to Salonica, but which, like so many Turkish undertakings, remained a magnificent torso! At the time of the occupation grass had grown over the rails, and Bosnia was still without a single train. At the present moment the Bosnian and Hercegovinian State railways consist of exactly 500 English miles of line; while, in almost every part of the country, where there is no railway, the Government has a post or diligence service. Two things are now wanted in connection with the railway system. When the Bosnian line was built, it was intended for military purposes, and was required to be quickly and cheaply constructed. It was therefore made on a small gauge, so that passengers and goods have to be transhipped at the frontier, the one normal gauge line being that from Banjaluka; but the portion of the main line from Zenica to Sarajevo has been so laid that it could be easily adapted to the ordinary European gauge. The second want of the country is a direct railway communication with Dalmatia, the natural coast-line of Bosnia and the Hercegovina.[1] At present there is only the line to Metković on the Narenta, whence steamers ply to the Dalmatian coast down the Narenta canal. It is now proposed to connect the Hercegovina by rail with Ragusa and Castelnuovo, near the mouth of the Bocche di Cattaro, for military purposes. The former plan of continuing the Bosnian line from Bugojno to Spalato has been temporarily shelved, owing to the natural difficulties of the mountain route, and still more, perhaps, to the opposition of Hungary, which does not wish to see her port of Fiume injured by the competition of Spalato. Another suggestion is to extend the existing Dalmatian railway from its present terminus at Knin to Novi on the Banjaluka—Dobrlin line. At any rate, it

[1] The Hercegovina does touch the sea at two points, on the Bocche di Cattaro, near Castelnuovo, and on an arm of the Adriatic near Klek—small scraps of sea-front granted of old by the Ragusan Republic to the Turks, so as to prevent the Ragusan frontiers from marching with those of the dreaded Venetians. But these two outlets are of small importance now.

is imperative, in the interests alike of Dalmatia and Bosnia, that some direct railway communication should be made. Then, at last, Dalmatia will cease to be "a face without a head," and Bosnia "a head without a face," and the occupied territory will be what nature intended—the *Hinterland* of Illyria. With this improvement in the means of communication, Bosnia and the Hercegovina have become a resort of tourists. The mere idea of such a thing prior to 1878 would have raised a smile, but to-day the occupied territory is the one part of the Balkan Peninsula, outside the three or four Balkan capitals, where the traveller will meet with European comfort and cleanliness. Here the filthy Bulgarian or Greek *han* is replaced by either a spacious and well-appointed Government hotel, or, in default of that, by a neat and airy room at the *Gendarmerie-Posten*, where the modest sum of sixty kreuzers defrays the whole cost of bed, light, and attendance. It is, indeed, one of the advantages of Bosnian travel that there is a fixed tariff, and a very low one, for everything, so that the tourist is spared the loss of time and temper caused by the incessant bargaining inevitable in other parts of the Near East. And the scenery of the country is, in my opinion—and I have travelled for more than 700 miles through it—no way inferior to the vaunted pleasure-resorts of Central Europe. The splendid waterfall of Jajce, the lovely lakes of the Pliva, the superb forest scenery around Čajnica, on the borders of the Sandžak of Novi-Bazar, the sylvan delights of Jablanica, the whole piece of railway from Mostar to the watershed at Ivan, the quaint beauties of Maglaj and Vranduk, on the yellow Bosna, and, above all, the unique experience of a voyage down the river Drina on a raft over swirling rapids, through rocky defiles, and past the picturesque gorge through which the "Green Lim" of the Servian ballads pours its waters into the sister stream—all these sights and scenes will ever live in my memory. Here, too, in place of the black-coated waiter of the Swiss hotel and the smug *Salon-Tiroler*, turned out by the European tailor, you have the picturesque natives in the garb which they wore under the Turk, and which lends all the charm of colour to every landscape and every village street. Who, that has once seen them, will forget the dear little Bosnian houses, all black and white, peeping out of the green foliage, above which rises the graceful minaret of the village mosque? Who, after a hot day's journey, will not think with pleasure of the cool fountains and rippling streams that are ever found near the haunts of the Bosnian Mussulman? Here, too, the student of history will find the traces —now carefully treasured up and studied by the Government

archæologists—of bygone ages. The necropolis of Glasinac; the catacombs of Jajce; the Bogomile tombs scattered over the country, the old bridges at Mostar and Višegrad; the ruins of castles and churches, each with its legend of some ancient prince or saint—these are among the treasures of a land which, twenty years ago, was a sealed book to the archæologist. It is a striking feature of the new *régime*, that it has endeavoured to maintain all that was picturesque in the former life of the people. Thus, Sarajevo is not, like Belgrade and Sofia, a brand-new modern town, where stucco has supplanted all that was old. Side by side in proud Saraj the wooden Turkish houses and the stone European dwellings, the quaintly rambling bazaar and the smart Austrian shops, the ancient mosque of Bosnia's most famous Pasha and the new Catholic Church, the Bosnian peasant with the ram on his shoulders and the trim Austrian or Hungarian officer, arrest the gaze of the stranger. Here, and perhaps here alone, the East and West meet without that entire absorption of the former by the latter, which seems to be the inevitable result of most European settlements.

Of the attitude of the officials towards the natives I have had ample opportunities of judging, not merely in the capital and on the beaten track, but far up the country where travellers seldom go. Without exception, I have found the one desire of these gentlemen to be the welfare of the people committed to their charge. The Austrian system of local administration, according to which the whole *Occupationsgebiet*—there is now no distinction between Bosnia and the Hercegovina—is divided into six *Kreise* and subdivided into fifty-two *Bezirke*, provides each district with a set of officials who, under the guidance of the *Bezirksvorsteher*, work the machine of local government. I was struck in my converse with these authorities by the intense pride they one and all took in what had been accomplished, at their single-minded desire to do their duty towards all sections of the natives, at their immense capacity for hard work over a very large area. "We have written more in twenty years than the Turks in 400," said an official to me, as he described how, just after the occupation at Žepče, he had found that an old bag of scrappy papers represented the whole of the Turkish archives. Every official, too, whom I met, from whatever part of the monarchy he might have come, spoke the language of the people—a task which is, of course, lighter for the Austrian Slavs than for the Germans and Magyars. Baron von Kállay has been singularly fortunate in selecting as his assistants men who have had long experience of the East, and who are thoroughly in sympathy with the people whom they are

sent to govern. Baron Kutschera, the *Civil-Adlatus* of Baron Appel, the military head of the Government, had a large acquaintance with Turkey before he came, seven years ago, to Bosnia. Baron von Benko, the *Sectionschef* at Sarajevo, knows the country inside out, and voluntarily chose a Bosnian appointment rather than one in the Monarchy, because of the greater interest which this constructive work presented. Baron von Mollináry, the *Kreisvorsteher* of Sarajevo, has, as head of the Tourist Club, done more than anyone else to make known the beauties of Bosnia to strangers. These gentlemen have the happy knack of inspiring their subordinates with their own enthusiasm, and a strong conviction of Austria-Hungary's mission as the apostle of culture in the Balkans animates them all. Already, too, the minor posts are beginning to be filled by the younger generation of Bosniaks that has grown up since the occupation. But to me, at least, as the result of my travels in the Balkan Peninsula, it is clear that the only form of Government suited to an Oriental people, lately emancipated from centuries of Turkish misrule, is a benevolent autocracy. Of all forms of political folly, the worst is to bestow full representative government upon an Eastern people before it has had any chance of obtaining a training in public affairs. Disastrous as such a procedure has proved in Greece, in Servia, and, to a less degree, even in hard-headed Bulgaria, it would be worse in Bosnia, because of the mixture of creeds in the latter country. It is the impartial rule of Austria-Hungary which keeps the various Bosnian confessions at peace, while the Dual Monarchy possesses resources alike in men and money which no independent Balkan State, no fantastic "Servian Empire" could produce. By this time, too, Bosnia manages to pay its way, as Baron van Kállay explained in his last Budget speech; and time alone is required to develop its natural resources yet further. During the period of the occupation up to the census of 1895, the Bosnian sheep increased by 2,390,732, the goats by 924,926, the cattle by 655,264, the pigs by 430,354, and the horses by 78,458. These figures prove that the taxation of what is—with the possible exception of the plums—the staple industry of the country has not in the least crippled it. This taxation chiefly consists of ten kreuzers per sheep, the first ten sheep being allowed free, and a comparatively high tax on large herds of goats, imposed not for revenue purposes but in order to check the destruction of the foliage wrought by that omnivorous animal. The Government, warned by the awful example of the bare Dalmatian mountains, is anxious to preserve the Bosnian forests, and its success has been proved by the recent request of the Servian

authorities to Baron von Kállay to send them an official from the Bosnian Woods and Forests Department for the benefit of their own country. Nor can anyone who crosses the Bosnian frontier into the Sandžak of Novi-Bazar fail at once to mark the difference between the state of the trees on the Bosnian side and the charred trunks and blackened stumps to which Turkish indolence or ignorance has reduced what was once a waving forest. Those who prefer the irregular collection of taxes, the lack of law and order, the blood-feud and all the other delights of the Middle Ages, have but to go beyond the Austrian military posts in the Sandžak and they will find what they seek. In one other respect, the health of the people, the traveller will notice a marked contrast. Before the occupation small-pox, that scourge of the Near East, committed terrible ravages in Bosnia, as it still does in Novi-Bazar, and the number of old people who are pitted with pock-marks is considerable. The director of the fine new hospital at Sarajevo, of which Professor Virchow has spoken so highly, informed me that in his experience there has been no case of small-pox in his wards. Vaccination is not compulsory, but it is very popular with the natives, who fully comprehend its advantages. In fact, the hospital, which receives about 3,400 patients a year, is much appreciated by Bosniaks of all creeds. As I walked the rooms, which contain 300 beds, I saw Mussulmans lying comfortably cheek by jowl with Christians; while I was told that the Mussulman women, who can have a screen to keep them from the gaze of their Christian sisters if they choose, make no objection to occupying the same ward with the females of other confessions. This is another hopeful sign for the future.

What that future may be it would be rash to prophesy. But to me it seems at once unjust and unpractical that Austria-Hungary should not be allowed one day to reap the reward of her labours in the occupied territory. That Bosnia and the Hercegovina should be now allowed to go back to barbarism is an absurdity, of which even the "Concert of Europe" would not be guilty. To kindle the flames of a new war, in order that the phantom of a Servian Empire may be galvanised into life, is one of those ideas which are repugnant to all common-sense. Under no other Government, which is within the range of practical politics, would Bosnia and the Hercegovina be so well off as under that of Austria-Hungary.

W. MILLER.

MR. SKIPPER'S LODGERS.

ON the site of the present Great Northern Railway terminus at King's Cross there stood in 1841, when the events recorded in this truthful narrative occurred, the Small-pox Hospital. Behind it were a number of old-fashioned detached residences, each standing in about an acre of its own ground, lying on the northern side of what might be almost called a country lane, leading from Maiden Lane—now known as York Road—to Somer's Town.

One of these substantial old houses belonged to a Mr. Robert Skipper, a bachelor of sixty, who had early retired from business with an ample fortune—or at least with more than sufficient for his needs.

Though the house was well furnished throughout, only three of the rooms on the ground floor were occupied. Two were used by Mr. Skipper as a sitting-room and bedroom respectively, while the third room served as a kitchen and the sleeping place for an old man who was the owner's only attendant.

Accompanied by this ancient domestic, Mr. Skipper was in the habit of making occasional journeys into the country, and would be usually absent about a couple of months travelling for pleasure. At such times the house would be securely locked up, and left to take care of itself.

Two men, probably denizens of the adjoining Battle Bridge or The Brill, to whom the habits of the eccentric owner seem to have been known, planned to take advantage of his absence. They watched until they saw him and his servant leave the house together one fine morning, and in less than an hour were in possession. They helped themselves liberally to all they found ; but their design was not common burglary—they had higher aspirations.

Their plans being already prepared, the first thing they did was to give orders in Mr. Skipper's name to West-End tradesmen for valuable goods of every description, giving the name of that gentleman's banker as their reference. In the few cases where inquiry was made the reference proved eminently satisfactory, and the goods

were promptly delivered. Needless to say, the contributions of the too confiding tradesmen were immediately converted into cash, and the enterprising visitors netted a considerable sum in less than a fortnight.

A day or two after their entry one of them called upon an architect, told him he was about to be married, and wanted extensive alterations to be made to the house in accordance with the wishes of his *fiancée*. These were of such a nature that the architect declared it was impossible to carry them out with safety, as the building was too old to be roughly tampered with. He suggested that the house should be entirely rebuilt, to which, after some show of reluctance, the quasi owner agreed.

Meanwhile a broker was called in, who bought the whole of the furniture and the contents of the amply stocked cellar. The next step was, through the introduction of the architect, to procure the services of a "house breaker," to whom the building was sold on condition that it was demolished at once, so that the rebuilding should be put in hand as speedily as possible.

The visitors were, of course, uncertain when the erratic owner might return. They were therefore obliged to confine their operations within the limits of prudence.

Just six weeks after Mr. Skipper had left his house in fancied security, he and his servant arrived, by the Leicester "Tally-ho," at the Peacock, then a large coaching-house at Islington. Taking a hackney coach, they drove down Pentonville Hill *home*.

The coach turned up the lane, as directed, but the travellers failed to recognise the place they desired.

"The coachman must have taken the wrong turning. Hi! you stupid old fool," Mr. Skipper yelled, as he leaned out of the coach window, "I told you to take the second turning out of Maiden Lane. Where in blazes are you going to?"

"Going? Where you told me. I *have* taken the second turning," sulkily replied the driver.

"You have not. Turn back," cried the irascible old gentleman.

The driver did as directed, and once more the coach was in Maiden Lane, when the travellers convinced themselves that they were at least in the right road. Slowly retracing their steps, the bewildered owner jumped from the coach when it arrived at the spot where his house formerly stood. He regarded it with a petrified air of amazement. Not a trace of the house remained. The railings, the heavy iron gate in front, even two large elm trees—all were gone. On the ground where the house and garden were,

poles about eight feet high had been erected, connected at the tops with stout ropes on which some half a dozen carpets were hung, which a couple of men were vigorously beating.

Poor old Skipper could scarcely speak. After a time he sufficiently recovered his senses to understand from one of the men that a Mr. Skipper, so he said, had pulled down the old house, let the ground to him for three years for the purpose of carpet-beating, and was gone abroad for a change of air.

Nor was this all. The tradesmen who had so cheerfully supplied the goods claimed payment from the unhappy Skipper, alleging that it was to him they sold them. The architect sent in his claim for plans, and even the carpet-beater threatened to sue him for pulling down his posts and depriving him of his property.

This was too much for the poor old man to bear. Without waiting to see if the doubtful claims could be substantiated, he withdrew all his money and securities from his bankers, and once more started on another journey with his attendant, and never returned.

The carpet-beater re-entered on possession, and when a short time afterwards the Great Northern Railway took the land they paid him liberally on his defective title.

The workers of the ingenious fraud managed their scheme so skilfully that no trace of them was ever discovered.

J. E. CUSSANS.

THE ARGONAUTIC EXPEDITION.

MR. GLADSTONE, in "Juventus Mundi" (pp. 124, 480), speaks of the ship *Argo* as having sailed to Colchis, going through the Bosphorus into the Black Sea; but he does not tell us how it found its way back to Greece without returning upon its course. He is quite aware, indeed, that ancient Greek poets sometimes give us anything but an accurate geography, and points it out himself in the case of Homer. A visit to the Ionian Islands in 1858–9 convinced him that the poet who described the view of Corfu from the north as lying on the sea like a shield never could have seen it, that he was not personally acquainted with the topography of Ithaca, that he guessed at and over-estimated its size, and has given it a wrong relative position. It appears to Mr. Gladstone that interpreters have been wholly wrong when they have laboriously strained their endeavours to fit the outer geography of Homer to the actual surface of the globe. They have assigned to him geographical knowledge which he did not possess, and which it was no reproach to him to be without (chap. xiii., § 3). His descriptions are vague in relation to the Island of Calypso, and he mixes up the Straits of Messina with the Bosphorus on the one hand and Gibraltar on the other.

Pindar's geography may be no more accurate than Homer's, if we take it all literally; but since there is plainly an element of romance in the poetry of both writers, perhaps they were not so ignorant as they seem to be. The critics assume that the *Argo* was a real ship, which made an historic voyage; and the classical dictionaries suggest as possible a trade in furs with the countries north and east of the Euxine. The story of the Argonauts, however, does not speak of furs, but of wool; and that wool the clothing of one animal, a ram with a golden fleece. The enterprise was not a trading venture at all, but an exploration; the mariners were not common sailors, but heroes and prophets who were the flower of all Greece; and the occasion was diplomatic in a sense, and forbids any idea of a voyage for commercial gain. It was a voyage of discovery,

a definite quest, and as disinterested as the search for Sir John Franklin or the effort to find a north-west passage.

In Iolcus, an ancient town of Magnesia in Thessaly, reigned Pelias, who had deprived his half-brother Æson of the sovereignty. When Jason, the son of Æson, was grown up he claimed the throne; but Pelias persuaded him to go first to Colchis and fetch the golden fleece. The inducement was that in this way he would remove the curse which rested on his family, and soothe the spirit of Phrixus. The story of Phrixus is itself mingled with marvel, and has the flavour of a fairy tale. Phrixus was the son of Athamas by his wife Nephele, and had a sister named Helle. But Athamas afterwards married Ino, the daughter of Cadmus, and through the intrigues of this stepmother Phrixus was about to be sacrificed to Zeus, the Greek Jupiter. Nephele, however, rescued her two children, and they rode away through the air upon a ram with a golden fleece, the gift of Hermes. Unfortunately, between Sigeum and the Chersonesus Helle fell into the sea, which is called the Hellespont to this day in memory of her; but Phrixus arrived in safety in Colchis, where Æetes, the king of the country, gave him his daughter in marriage. Then Phrixus sacrificed the ram which had carried him to Zeus Laphystius, and gave its fleece to King Æetes, who hung it up on an oak tree in the grove of Ares. There it was guarded day and night by a fearful dragon, thicker and longer than the ship of the Argonauts. It was this fleece which Jason undertook to fetch, and this dragon which he would have to encounter, even if he survived the perils of the voyage itself.

Jason instructed Argus, the son of Phrixus, to build a ship with fifty oars, and heralds were sent to all parts of Greece to invite the heroes to join in the expedition. Among those who came were Hercules, who was as strong as Atlas; Castor and Pollux, the renowned twins, one of them a famous boxer and the other a tamer of horses; Zetes and Calais, the sons of Boreas, who is sometimes said to be the north wind; the singer Orpheus, whose strains could charm wild beasts and make rocks and trees move from their places; and Mopsus and Idmon, both of them seers, the latter a son of Apollo; besides Philammon, Tydeus, Theseus, Amphiaraus, Peleus, Nestor, and Admetus. It is said that there were fifty in all, as there were fifty oars to the ship. While Argus was building the vessel the goddess Athena assisted, by setting in the keel a piece of timber cut from the speaking oak of Dodona, and able to utter warning at critical moments. The ship was called the *Argo*, after its builder; the steersman was Tiphys, the son of Agnios, and the man on the

look-out was Lynceus, who was able to see through the trunk of a tree and through the earth itself.

When all were assembled at Iolcus, Mopsus the seer took auguries; the signs were favourable, and they set out on their voyage. A south wind carried them to the mouth of the Euxinus Pontus, where they built a temple to Poseidon and implored his protection against "the whirling rocks." The ship then sailed to the eastern coast of the Euxine and ran up the river Phasis, in the country of Æetes; and the Argonauts had to fight against the dark-eyed Colchians. Aphrodite then inspired Medeia, the daughter of Æetes, with love for Jason, and made her forget the esteem and affection she owed to her parent. She was in possession of magic powers, and taught Jason how to avert the dangers which her father might prepare for him, and gave him remedies with which he was to heal his wounds. Æetes promised to give up the fleece to Jason on condition of his ploughing a piece of land with his adamantine plough drawn by fire-breathing oxen. Jason undertook the task, and following the advice of Medeia he remained unhurt by the fire of the oxen, and accomplished what had been demanded of him. He succeeded by a stratagem in slaying the dragon; and on his return he secretly carried away Medeia with him.

Many and marvellous were the adventures of the party, both before reaching Colchis and afterwards. Soon after leaving Iolcus they landed in the island of Lemnos, and consorted with the women there, who had just before murdered their fathers and husbands. From Lemnos they sailed to the country of the Doliones, where the king received them hospitably; but having gone away quietly during the night, and being thrown back on the coast by a contrary wind, they were mistaken for Pelasgians, and a fight ensued, in which the king was slain. They next landed in Mysia, where they left behind Hercules and Polyphemus, who had gone into the country in search of Hylas, whom a nymph had carried off while he was fetching water for his companions. In the country of the Bebryces King Amycus challenged the Argonauts to fight with him, and Pollux was killed. When they approached the Symplegades—the justling rocks, which were supposed to close on all who sailed between them—they remembered the advice given to them by Phineus, the blind seer, to mark the flight of a dove and judge from its fate what they themselves would have to do. So they sent out a dove, which in its rapid flight between the rocks lost only the end of its tail. Assisted by Hera they followed the example of the dove, and sailed so quickly through that their ship lost only some ornaments of the

stern. Henceforth the Symplegades stood immovable in the sea. On their arrival at the Maridyni, the Argonauts were kindly received by King Lycus. The seer Idmon and the helmsman Tiphys died here, and the place of the latter was supplied by Ancæus. They now sailed along the coast until they arrived at the mouth of the river Phasis, and soon came to Colchis and the place of the golden fleece.

The description of the return voyage through the Erythræan sea is difficult to understand, and the commentators are perplexed by it. Pindar makes the Argonauts return through the eastern current of Oceanus, which it must be supposed that they entered through the river Phasis; so that they sailed from the Black Sea, through a river, into the eastern ocean, and then round Asia to the southern coast of Libya! Here they landed, and carried their ship through Libya on their shoulders until they came to the lake of Triton, through which they sailed northward into the Mediterranean, and steered towards Lemnos and Iolcus, the quarter whence they had started. The Erythræan sea in this account is the eastern ocean. But the details of the return journey present striking differences as related by different poets: Apollonius Rhodius and Apollodorus, for example, allow them to sail from the Euxine through the rivers Ister and Eridanus into the western ocean or the Adriatic. In the variant account of others, they get from the Black Sea into the Arctic Ocean and go round the northern countries of Europe. A fourth set of traditions—which was adopted by Herodotus, Callimachus, and Diodorus Siculus—made them return by the same way that they went, retracing their course through the Bosphorus. No wonder that the historians are perplexed, and exhibit a disposition to dismiss the whole story as idle invention. "The Argonautic expedition," says Bishop Thirlwall, "when viewed in the light in which it has usually been considered, is an event which a critical historian, if he feels himself compelled to believe it, may think it his duty to notice, but which he is glad to pass over as a perplexing and unprofitable riddle. . . . It relates an adventure incomprehensible in its design, astonishing in its execution, connected with no conceivable cause, and with no sensible effect" ("History of Greece," chap. v., p. 142).

But is it not possible that while the story, on the one hand, is not literally true, it is not on the other hand wholly purposeless, but once possessed a meaning which is now more concealed than revealed by its allegorical language? The golden fleece was not real ram's wool; and a more probable suggestion can be made than a trade in furs. Strabo's explanation may also be dismissed, though it was a

plausible guess, that the Colchians collected in skins of rams the gold sand, which was carried down by their rivers. May not the ram of the story be the ram constellation of the zodiac, which is covered sometimes with the golden glory of the sun? The Classical Dictionary, indeed, assures us that "this was the very golden-fleeced ram which bore away Phrixus and Helle from the wrath of Ino, and hence the designations in Ovid of 'Phryxea ovis,' 'pecus Athamantidos Helles.'" The ram is not the only feature of the story which suggests an astronomical reference. Argo Navis is a constellation figured on celestial globes; and the same is true of Hercules, while Castor and Pollux are now the stars of the zodiacal constellation Gemini. The connections with Greek mythology are equally plain, the heroes of the expedition including Æthalides, a son of Hermes, and Idmon, a son of Apollo, the sun god, while Amycus is a centaur, and one of Ino's children becomes a marine deity. Medeia is a sorceress who knows how to change an old ram into a young lamb, and Jason consorts with the goddess Demeter in a thrice-ploughed field. To suppose that the story of the expedition originates in a mercantile enterprise and a trade in furs is out of the question. We may see from the beginning that we are in the region of romance. Pelias, who had usurped the throne of Iolcus and expelled Jason, received an oracle warning him to be on his guard against the man who should come to him with only one sandal. Jason, on his way to demand the succession, was fated to lose one of his sandals in crossing a river. The ship *Argo* is furnished with a beam that can speak; and the lynx-eyed looker-out is able to see through the earth. The fleece to be sought was golden, and the ram, whose covering it was, had flown over land and sea to Colchis. The fleece was guarded by a dreadful dragon, and the oxen with which Jason was required to plough snorted fire. Afterwards Jason sowed the ground with dragon's teeth, and they sprang up armed men. It all reads like a fairy tale. It seems clear that the Argonautic expedition was not a literal geographical voyage. Yet it is incredible that the story should have been so magnified in the minds of the Greeks, and made the occasion of so much poetry and glorification, if it had been a mere tale of the nursery.

What, then, was the origin and meaning of the legend? It may seem fantastic to suggest that its latitude and longitude are astronomical, and that the impossibilities of the geographical account disappear in a quest pursued on celestial charts. The notion of seas and countries in the sky is, however, no novelty to students of the ancient mythologies, whether Greek or Egyptian. Even our own

Watling Street—before the name was given to the road which the Romans made, or mended, from the south coast through London to Carnarvon—was familiar to the ancient Britons as a track overhead. It has been common for people of various tribes and tongues to liken the Milky Way to a genuine road of travel, and North American tribes know it as the Path of Spirits, the Basutos call it the Way of the Gods. "But of all the fancies that have attached themselves to the celestial road," says Dr. E. B. Tylor ("Primitive Culture," i. 325), "we at home have the quaintest. Passing along the short and crooked way from St. Paul's to Cannon Street, one thinks to how small a remnant has shrunk the name of the great street of the Wætlingas, which in old days ran from Dover through London into Wales. But there is a Watling Street in heaven as well as on earth, once familiar to Englishmen, though now perhaps forgotten even in local dialect. Chaucer thus speaks of it in his "House of Fame":—

> Lo there (quod he) cast up thine eye;
> Se yondir, lo, the Galaxie,
> The whiche men clepe the Milky Way,
> For it is white, and some parfay
> Ycallin it han Watlynge strete.

The question may be raised whether the Watling Street of the sky was fancifully named after that of the earth, or whether the heavens were mapped first and furnished the model? As the "Way of the Gods," the Galaxy may have been the original; and it would be natural to name earthly things after the pattern of things in the heavens. A disposition of the kind is plainly traceable in the myths of the ancient Egyptians, and has forced itself on the attention of Egyptologists. The late Sir Le Page Renouf, whose annotated translation of the "Book of the Dead" is in highest repute, says: "It must be remembered that many of the geographical localities named in the 'Book of the Dead' have their counterparts in the Egyptian heaven" ("Proc. Soc. Bib. Arch." 1892, p. 218). Chapter cvi. of the "Ritual" is about the largess which is to be presented at Memphis; but (says Renouf), "as in so many other places, it is not the earthly city which is meant." Again, he tells us that although there was a real city of Hermopolis, it is a celestial city which is figured to us in the sacred texts. It is the place of the Eight Gods, four to the left and four to the right of the rising sun, who hail his coming and help him to rise; where Shu, according to manuscripts of the seventeenth century, raises up the sky, and where the Children of Failure are exterminated (Renouf, on chapter cxxv.).

It would be easy to show, from the writings of the Egyptologists, that the geographical Memphis was named after the celestial Memphis; and the like was true of On, or Heliopolis, and the "hundred-gated Thebes." There were celestial places called Heracleopolis and Abydos, to which the earthly cities of those names stood related; and there was a celestial Nile, which was regarded as the real divine and holy river. Gerald Massey remarks that Egypt was confessedly laid out like the heavens; and he thinks that the celestial regions were mapped before the geographical ("Natural Genesis," i. 70).

We need not be greatly astonished if this was so; for there is need of astral charts as well as geographical maps, and the only strange thing is the effort to make them correspond. There can be no question, however, of the disposition to do this; and we find it manifested in Greece no less than in Egypt. The Thebes of Bœotia, as truly as the Thebes of Egypt, was representative of a celestial city; and the Mount Olympus from which the gods watched the fighting before Troy was not the geographical mountain on the border of Thessaly. Here again, just as with the Egyptologists, the celestial reference has forced itself on the thought of sober expositors. Keighley, in his "Mythology of Greece and Rome" (p. 34), appears to suggest that Mount Olympus was first heavenly, and the earthly mountain was named after it. This, indeed, may account for there being several mountains of the same name—one in Crete, another in Mysia, a third in the Peloponnesus, &c. There was likewise a holy Mount Nysa in every district where Dionysus was worshipped. Then as the palace and throne of Zeus were in the sky and not on the mountain of Thessaly, so the cave in which he was fabled to have been brought up was not in the Mount Ida of Crete, but was equally celestial with Olympus. So also was Crete itself; it was a country to which Europa could be carried on a bull. How, indeed, can we understand all the references to places in their geographical sense—heights whence giants assail heaven, and floating islands where gods are born; the Delos which gave shelter to the goddess Leto, and the Styx the river of Death? The Mount Cithæron on which Œdipus was exposed must have been as mythical as Œdipus himself; and yet, perhaps, as symbolical as the sphinx, if we could but guess the meaning of these ancient riddles. Bishop Thirlwall alludes to Epirus as the mythical realm of Aidoneus. Euhemerus, desirous of explaining the myths as relating to persons, adopts as a literary device the pretence of having journeyed to "Tryphillia," and seen there certain inscriptions in a temple. Plutarch declares that

the country has no earthly existence—it was one of the mythical celestial countries (Plutarch, "On Isis and Osiris," xxiii.). The river Eridanus was, as Herodotus perceived, a purely poetical stream, without any geographical position or character (Lewis, "Astron. of the Ancients," pp. 463, 465). It exists nowhere, says Strabo, although said to be near the Po (Strabo, v. i. 9). We are dealing with legends in which rivers had family relationships; and Eubœa, for example, was the daughter of the river Asterion, whilst she herself became the nurse of Hera and the mother of Glaucus. Yet Eubœa was the name of a country; and in another form of the story Hera is said to be born of Eubœa.

The traveller who visits Greece and goes by sea to Constantinople will be led to reflect on the double application of the names about him, descriptive of geography, but at the same time suggestive of mythic legend. Here is the Bosphorus, or carrying-bull, and there is the European shore whence Europa was carried off to Crete. The Bull of the Zodiac "was by some mythologers regarded as the bull into which Jupiter transformed himself to gain Europa; according to others, as the cow into which Io was metamorphosed; in either case an object of jealousy to Juno, as indicated by Ovid ('Fast.' iv. 7, 7)." The Golden Horn—the bright extension of the Bosphorus waters beyond Constantinople—is presumably the horn of Europa's bull, catching the first sunlight of spring upon it. The Hellespont is confessedly named after Helle, who was dropped here from the ram's back; while in the Zodiac the Ram constellation follows close upon the Bull. "This was the very golden-fleeced ram which bore away Phryxus and Helle from the wrath of Ino" (Smith's "Dict. of Greek and Roman Antiq.," art. "Astronomia"). When we emerge from the Hellespont we find ourselves in the Ægean Sea, suggestive of Ægus the Goat, which is another constellation of the Zodiac. Athens, there, is the city of the goddess Athena; and Athena, we venture to say, had a local habitation among the stars.

Why then may not Iolcus and Colchis, Lemnos, and Samothrace be celestial places, and the voyage of the *Argo* have to be traced in the sky? If there was any reason for describing an astronomical quest, it would not be an unaccustomed thing to allegorise, and use the language of geographical exploration. Nor would it be difficult either; for the boundaries of constellations resemble coast-lines, the Zodiac is as obvious a zone as the inter-tropical region of the globe; the equinoxes and solstices occupy well-known places, and there are meridians from which to measure longitudes. The First Point of Aries is the Greenwich of the sky.

If the Argonautic expedition is an astronomical quest, there must have existed in the stellar charts of the Greeks stars and constellations, lines and points, corresponding to the places mentioned in the story.

Pagasæ, where the *Argo* was built and the heroes embarked, should admit of being located celestially. The river Phasis might open into the eastern ocean, without any contradiction. The exciting passage of the Whirling Rocks, the story of the Lemnian women, the visit to Phineus, the blind seer tormented by the harpies—will all have their meaning; as will also the storm encountered off Samothrace, the stars which appeared on the heads of the Dioscuri, and the fight in which Pollux was killed. Chiefly, of course, there will be important meaning in the recovery of the fleece of the ram; and scarcely less significance in the incidents which mark the close of the expedition—such as the failure of the Argonauts to effect a landing in Crete, their arrival at Iolcus; the fate of Pelias, who was cut to pieces and boiled by his own daughters; the good fortune of Æson, who was made young again by Medeia; the flight of Medeia, and the tragic death of Jason. But it is not my purpose now to attempt an interpretation of the narrative. I shall be satisfied if I have won the reader's assent to the idea that the inner meaning may be astronomical.

GEORGE ST. CLAIR.

CHARLES READE AND HIS BOOKS.

A RETROSPECT.

IN the year of grace 1851 there was in London a hard-working young man of thirty-seven who ardently desired above all things to be a playwright. He was no mere Grub Street hack, but a man of good family and sound education. He came of an old Oxfordshire stock: he had had a distinguished career at the premier University of England, and was a fellow of one of its colleges: he had travelled on the Continent and seen a considerable share of the world. Yet here he was in London, with a brain full of grand ideas, and a drawer full of plays that no theatrical manager would accept on any terms, eating his heart out with vexation and ready to give up the struggle.

In his despair he wrote to an actress whom he had often seen and admired on the boards of the Haymarket theatre—wrote her a piteous note, telling her, no doubt, all about his ambitions and the merits of his plays, and asking for leave to read one of them to her. Mrs. Seymour was only an actress, but she had a kind heart, and she asked this unknown Shakespeare to come and see her. Next day he went to her house, armed with an original drama of his own composition, in which the loves and despairs of a noble lord and a noble lady, a struggling artist and a Newhaven fishwife were pulled into a beautiful tangle in the first three or four acts and deftly unravelled in the last. The young man declaimed his beautiful dialogue to the actress and her friends, and waited for her to fall on his neck in astonishment and delight; but Mrs. Seymour did not seem to be a bit impressed, and the poor author slunk away, heart-broken. The following morning, however, he got a note from her telling him that the play had merit, but advising him to turn it into a story. The letter concluded with a woman's postscript. She told him how sorry she was to see a gentleman of his obvious birth and breeding so low in the world, and she begged to enclose a five-pound note—as a loan. This, to a Reade of Ipsden, and a fellow of Magdalen

College, was a surprise, and the acquaintanceship thus begun ripened into a friendship that was of immense practical use to Reade in after years, and only ended with the death of Laura Seymour twenty-eight years later.

Charles Reade was a born story-teller. No English writer has ever been able to spin a yarn, pure and simple, with the directness and force, the terseness and dramatic vividness of this writer. In every one of his eighteen books he tells a story of fascinating interest, which grips the attention of the reader from the first line and holds it as in a vice until the last enthralling word is read. The man or woman who can read "The Cloister and the Hearth," or "Hard Cash," or "Griffith Gaunt," without having his knowledge of other men and other times vastly extended, his views of life broadened, and his sympathies and feelings stirred to the very quick, has a very thick head and a very cold heart.

But as it was the ambition of Scott and George Eliot to be great poets rather than great novelists, it was Reade's life-long struggle to gain success as a dramatist. It is said that he would willingly have given up all his fame as a novelist to have had one unqualified triumph on the stage—a triumph that never came. The comedy of "Masks and Faces" certainly did take London by storm in 1852, but Reade was not the sole author and could not claim all the credit. However, the best part of that play must be attributed to him. He conceived and elaborated most of the characters: Peg Woffington, the beautiful Irishwoman who could turn the men folk round her little finger, but was melted by the sight of her rival's tears; Triplet, the writer of unacted tragedies, the man who lived in imagination in kings' palaces and who could not fill the mouths of his starving progeny with bread; Mabel Vane, the sweet unsophisticated country girl who came to London town after a weak and erring husband. It was Reade who invented the story and most of the incidents; but Tom Taylor, his collaborateur, threw the whole into dramatic shape and gave the play its most sparkling passages of dialogue. A year later Reade turned his part of the work into a story, calling it "Peg Woffington." This is his first and one of his finest books. It is a model of artistic construction, containing neither a word too much nor a word too little. It tells a charmingly fresh and original story, the reading of which is like setting one's teeth in a juicy pear fresh from the warm sunshine.

It is related that in his early days Reade said: "I am like Goldsmith and others—I shall blossom late," and, true enough, he was almost forty years of age before his life-work began. He de-

liberately sets out in his diary at this time the plan that he intended to follow in the writing of fiction. He proposed never to guess where he could know ; to visit all the places and experience all the sensations he intended to describe ; to understand all that was possible of the hearts and brains of the people he intended to portray—in a word, to be a writer of truths instead of a writer of lies. "Now I know exactly what I am worth," he says. "If I can work the above great system, there is enough of me to make one of the writers of the day. Without it—no, no."

His first long novel, "It is never too Late to Mend," gives a lurid picture of prison life in England in the early years of the century, and brought about some important changes in the law with regard to the detention of prisoners. The atrocities practised on Tom Robinson by the brutal governor and his warders are written, as Reade himself said of another book, "in many places with art, in all with red ink and the biceps muscle." While he was writing this book he took the utmost pains to verify every fact and incident that is described. He visited many prisons, he put himself in the convict's place, he did his turn on the treadmill, he turned the crank, he even submitted to incarceration in the dark cell, and suffered while there unspeakable torture. He supplemented the information gained thus by reading libraries of blue books, pamphlets, letters, and volumes dealing with prisons and prison life. In "Hard Cash" he exposed, with the same ruthless pen and the same strength of invective, the villanies and dark deeds practised on the unfortunate inmates of private lunatic asylums ; and in "Put Yourself in His Place" he dealt in the same trenchant style with outrages committed by illegal trade unions. These three stories, if they are not distinguished by any subtle exposition of character nor by any abstruse psychological analysis of motive and conduct, simply reek with human nature and pulsate with life and movement from beginning to end. In the writing of them, Reade may have totally disregarded the canons of art (so called), but he did not mind any such puny limitation on his genius when he had a story to tell. In every one of his books the reader is sucked into the wild current of the narrative on the very first page, and carried with feverish haste from one scene of excitement, daring, terror, or pity to another, until he suddenly finds himself stranded on the last unwelcome word "finis."

After the publication of "It is never too Late to Mend," Reade's next important work was a story called "Love me Little, Love me Long," a "mild tale," in which our author discusses no social problems and indulges in no red ink. It is entirely a love story,

relating the efforts of a big, simple-minded, fiddle-playing sailor to capture the somewhat elusive affections of Miss Lucy Fountain, a young lady with a complex mind, whose anxiety to displease nobody carried her too often into the neutral zone between truth and falsehood, and sometimes even beyond that territory on the wrong side.

But all these efforts were but the skirmishes before the real engagement. Reade had done good work, but nothing yet that entitled him to immortality. About this time an old Latin legend came under his notice which told "with harsh brevity the strange history of a pair who lived untrumpeted and died unsung four hundred years ago." It was a touching story, with artistic and dramatic possibilities, and Reade determined to breathe into it the spirit of humanity. Accordingly, our author was to be seen, towards the end of the year 1859, in the Bodleian and Magdalen College libraries grubbing amongst the writings and chronicles of Froissart, Erasmus, Gringoire, Luther, and their fellows, and endeavouring to get an insight as to the state of society in Holland, Germany, and Italy in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The pains that he took with this book, called first "A Good Fight" and afterwards "The Cloister and the Hearth," were almost superhuman. His letters at this time are full of it. "I am under weigh again," he writes, "but rather slowly. I think this story will almost wear my mind out." Again, "I can't tell whether it will succeed or not as a whole, but there shall be great and tremendous and tender things in it." It is interesting to trace through these letters the gradual evolution of characters and scenes that have charmed millions of people since. In one of them he says: "Gerard is just now getting to France after many adventures in Germany. The new character I have added—Denys, a Burgundian soldier, a crossbowman—will, I hope and trust, please you." Never was hope better founded. Since those words were written, many and many a reader has lived over again the sayings and doings of this honest, true-hearted adventurer, with his everlasting "Courage, le diable est mort." Denys's "foible," as we are told, was woman. "When he met a peasant girl on the road he took off his cap to her as if she was a queen, the invariable effect of which was that she suddenly drew herself up quite stiff like a soldier on parade, and wore a forbidding aspect."

"'They drive me to despair,' sighed poor Denys. 'Is that a just return for a civil bonnetade? They are large, they are fair, but stupid as swans. . . . A little affability adorns even beauty.'"

When "The Cloister and the Hearth" was published in 1861, it

was accepted by the critics and the public as a great work, but it created no burst of enthusiasm. However, that year was prolific in great works. A public that was reading "Silas Marner," "Great Expectations," "The Adventures of Philip," "The Woman in White," "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," and a new book by Anthony Trollope, had its powers of appreciation fully engaged, and had little attention to devote to a comparatively new author like Reade. Time, however, has stamped "The Cloister and the Hearth" with the seal of immortality. The pitiful story of Gerard and Margaret, "the sweetest, saddest, and most tender love story ever devised by wit of man," can never die. Here is how Reade tells the end of it all :—

"Thus after life's fitful fever these true lovers were at peace. The grave, kinder to them than the Church, united them for ever; and now a man of another age and nation, touched with their fate, has laboured to build their tombstone, and rescue them from long and unmerited oblivion. . . . In every age the Master of life and death, who is kinder as well as wiser than we are, has transplanted to heaven, young, earth's sweetest flowers. I ask your sympathy, then for their rare constancy and pure affection, and their cruel separation by a vile heresy in the bosom of the Church; but not your pity for their early but happy end. 'Beati sunt qui in Domino moriuntur.'"

It is difficult to see how anyone can approach this book in a critical spirit, although one writer has had the temerity to say certain disparaging things about it. It is entitled to nothing but the profoundest admiration, and its author to the most unbounded gratitude. Sir Walter Besant calls it the greatest historical novel in the language, and very few will be found to deny the justice of such praise.

In Reade's next book, "Hard Cash," which was written for Dickens's magazine, the author gives a vivid picture of himself at work, calling himself Mr. Rolfe, "the writer of romances founded on facts." He describes his library as one of note-books and indexes—great volumes, containing a classified collection of facts, ideas, pictures, incidents, characters, scraps of dialogues, and letters. They were arranged and indexed under a multitude of headings, such as *curialia*, or man as revealed in the law courts; *femina vera*, or the real woman; *humores diei*, or the humour of the day; *nigri loci*, or reports of dark deeds perpetrated in prison and lunatic asylums; "the dirty oligarchy," which included reports of trade outrages and strikes. Such an insatiable thirst had he for facts

of the very smallest importance that he even collected and classified the exclamations and colloquial expressions commonly used by women in real life. When he was writing a novel, he arranged in parallel columns, on thick paste-board cards, each about the size of a large portfolio, all the facts, incidents, living dialogues, reflections, and situations that he intended to use in the book. On this pile of dry bones he breathed the breath of genius, and immediately there sprang into life and being those great books that have been the delight and comfort of many a wearied brain.

Reade reached the height of his fame and powers with "Griffith Gaunt," published in 1866. Although full of incident and action, this book is the nearest approach to a mere character study that Reade ever attempted. Kate Gaunt and Mercy Vint, examples of two very different types of noble womanhood, and Griffith Gaunt, the poor, weak, jealous hero, vacillating between the two of them, are as carefully and truthfully drawn as any characters in fiction. Altogether, as regards characters, incidents, and construction, the book is a triumph, full of noble passages and distinguished by the keenest pathos.

It has never been denied that Reade was a writer who, when he chose, could play on the terror and pity of his readers; but Sir Walter Besant has said that, although always cheerful and hopeful, he is wanting in fun and mirth. Certainly he has written nothing that will provoke noisy hilarity or unctuous chuckling; but, as it has been said, if the keenest humour is only a delightful sense of something perfect in allusion or suggestion, Reade's work does contain much that is humorous. Witness the sly passage in "The Double Marriage":—

> She does not love him quite enough. Cure—marriage.
> He loves her a little too much. Cure—marriage.

Reade's use of the English language, too, was eccentric, not to say ludicrous. In "A Simpleton," when he wished to signify that two people turned their backs on each other in a fit of temper, he wrote, "They showed napes." Describing the complexion of the Newhaven fishwives in "Christie Johnstone," he says:—"It is a race of women that the northern sun peachifies instead of rosewoodizing." In "Readiana" he describes a gentleman giving a lunch to two ladies at a railway restaurant as follows:—"He souped them, he tough-chickened them, he brandied and cochinealed one, and he brandied and burnt-sugared the other." (Brandy and cochineal, and brandy and burnt sugar, being Reade's euphemisms for port and sherry respectively.) While he was preparing his

series of articles on Old Testament characters, he read what he had written to John Coleman on one occasion and came to this startling passage in his argument:—

"Having now arrived at this conclusion, we must go the whole hog or none."

Coleman objected to this phrase.

"You don't like the hog, I see," said Reade; "Well, it's a strong figure of speech, and it's understanded of the people; but—yes, you are right; it's scarcely Scriptural—so out it goes."

Unlike Eliot and Meredith, Reade develops the individuality of his people, and shows their various thoughts, motives, feelings, and passions, by means of dialogue and action rather than through deliberate analysis. He himself said of George Eliot that her business seemed to him to consist principally in describing with marvellous accuracy the habits, manners, and customs of animalculæ as they exist under the microscope. Reade indulges in no introspection; he makes no pretence of being a psychologist; he assumes to be only a recorder of events and nothing more. When Griffith Gaunt left his wife in the wood, full of rage at her supposed faithlessness, and determined to look on her beautiful face no more for ever, the reader is told simply that he darted to the stable yard, sprang on his horse, and galloped away from Hernshaw Castle, with the face, the eyes, the gestures, the incoherent mutterings of a raving Bedlamite. With what pages and pages of reflections and philosophisings Eliot would have watered down this powerful scene. Reade describes it all in about two dozen sentences, and the reader knows intuitively everything that is passing in the minds of the three persons concerned. But then Reade's silences are often more eloquent than Eliot's wordiness.

Of the great gallery of portraits in Reade's books, no class has created such discussion as his heroines—Margaret Brandt, Christie Johnstone, Jael Dence, Peg Woffington, and the others. No one has been yet bold enough to deny that they are at least interesting creations; but, says Ouida, who leads the attack, none of them are gentlewomen: "Take, for instance, Zoe Vizard, who is described of good birth and breeding. She speaks and acts like a barmaid; giggles and cries 'La!'" But gentility is something more than merely skin-deep, and so Ouida's major proposition is fallacious. Besides, she has attacked so many other writers of fiction in almost exactly the same terms that her criticisms are not of much weight. Then Mr. W. L. Courtney makes a counter-attack by charging that Reade's heroines are not real living people at all, but only a series of mono-

tonous types of womanhood—namely, the strong natural girl, the sweet simple lovable girl, without much strength of character, and the wicked passionate woman who has moments of grace. This form of criticism has been made to do duty very often. One ingenious gentleman has classified all the characters in Dickens's books, and reduced them to about a dozen distinct types. There is no doubt that the same thing could be done with Scott and Thackeray. And if Mr. Courtney were so wishful he could classify even Shakespeare's heroines under the same headings as he has assigned to Reade's. Kate, Portia, Rosalind, and Olivia would easily come under the classification of the strong natural girl. Ophelia, Desdemona, Juliet, and Viola would represent the sweet simple loving girl, without much strength except where her love was concerned; while Lady Macbeth, Lear's two daughters, and Cleopatra are obviously Mr. Courtney's wicked passionate women. There are plenty of sweet and natural women in fiction, from Fielding down to Stevenson, but, as Besant points out, it is Reade who has found the true woman: the "average woman," with plenty of small faults and plenty of great virtues. Reade neither palliates the one nor unduly magnifies the other. Kate Gaunt is imperious and haughty; Lucy Fountain tells fibs; Christie Johnston mangles the Queen's English; even Peter Brandt's red-haired girl, the most lovable of them all, is not above some small deceits. But these shortcomings are nothing as compared with their good qualities—their staunchness and loyalty to their own, the depths of devotion and affection in their nature, their mercifulness and forgivingness. No writer in the English language ever showed the beauty of womanhood so truly, tenderly, and sympathetically as Reade has done.

It was the fate of Reade, as it was the fate of Shakespeare and Scott, not to be appreciated at his true worth during his lifetime. When he first came before the reading public with "Peg Woffington," Scott had been dead only twenty years, Dickens and Thackeray had already published the best portion of their work and were the idols of the hour, and George Eliot was getting ready to compete with them as a fiction-monger. The capacity of the public to digest mediocre work is stupendous, but its appreciation of the fruits of genius is limited, and for a time Reade's books did not get all the attention they deserved. However, in spite of Time's handicap they have now placed themselves in the affections of the public on terms of equality with the writings of the older authors, and "The Cloister and the Hearth" is almost as well known and appreciated as "David Copperfield," "Ivanhoe," or "The New-

comes." Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray are kings each in his own particular realm ; but if anyone wants a good bracing story that will bring the colour to the cheek and the brightness to the eye—full of plenty of pathos and humour, terror and pity, moving accidents by flood and field, and strong human nature—a dramatic story that will carry the reader along without a single interruption, written in honest English that says what it wants to say without any circumlocution—a story exhaling the author's love of right and honest indignation at wrong, and inculcating with every sentence the eternal truths of Holy Writ—let him step for an hour or two into the wonderful world that Charles Reade has created, and he will not be disappointed.

W. J. JOHNSTON.

PARISH REGISTERS.

> This regester heare yoᵘ may see
> & how many hundred that heare bee
> Wrot downe by others, lookt on by mee ;
> & if yoᵘ cast yoʳ f on this
> it twil be well and not amis ;
> for tont be long eare it is this
> with me and thee.—CROPTHORNE, *Worcestershire.*

THE student of parish registers, unlike the poet, is made, not born. The taste for the study has to be acquired, but when once acquired it is not easily lost, and is in danger of becoming a sort of monomania. A late Oxford don asserted that the pursuit of a pedigree exceeded in interest and excitement the chase of the fox. The greatly increased interest shown during the last few years in nearly all branches of antiquarian study, especially genealogy and local family history, has extended naturally to our oldest general records. The parish register contained information concerning every inhabitant, or was supposed to; gentle and simple, rich and poor were alike entered in its pages. This non-discriminating universality distinguishes the parish register from the "Heralds' Visitations," the latter taking cognisance only of the great or wealthy. The former records therefore are particularly interesting and valuable to the common people, as supplying, imperfectly and fragmentarily, but still supplying, the only family history the commons possess.

On September 29, 1538, Sir Thomas Cromwell instituted parish registers, that is, he ordered to be recorded all baptisms, burials, and marriages occurring in the kingdom, making use for this purpose of the organisation of the church, and decreeing that the parish priest should be the responsible registrar. Cromwell's design was announced two or three years earlier, but was temporarily abandoned, as it excited the suspicion of the vulgar, who feared some new tax. A few registers are known of earlier date than 1538, but they were universally begun in that year.

"This book begineth the xxiˢᵗ day of nouember in the yeare

of our Lord God 1538, and in the yeare of the Raigne of our lorde Henry the VIIIth, Kinge of England, ffrance, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith" (Feckenham).

"The book conteyning all the weddings, Christenings, and Burialls within the Parish of Monck frieston from the ffirst day of December which was in the yere of our Lord God 1538 And in the yere of the Reign of our Soveraine Lord King Henry the Eight the xxx[th], written by Peter Marshall, then Curate there, as followeth, viz." (Monck Frieston). Rous Lench register begins in 1538, but the first two pages are filled by a list of sixteen members of the Rous family, the oldest entry being a birth in 1513. In 1603 the command of 1538 was emphasised, and every parish was to provide a parchment book into which the entries from the old paper books were to be fairly and legibly transcribed. About 800 registers only begin in 1538, and they are usually transcripts made as ordered.

"This Register booke was bought & pvided by henry Piper and Edwarde Langley, Churche Wardens, in Anno Dñi 1607, for Mariages, Christenings, and burials" (St. Nicholas, Ipswich). This book begins in 1539. Beer Hackett contains a like announcement, and most early registers are obviously transcripts, being in one handwriting up to or beyond 1600.

This parchment book was to be kept in a "sure coffer with three locks." The coffer is to this day a prominent and necessary article of furniture in all churches. Very many specimens of the oldest and most primitive forms of coffer are extant. In its most original form the coffer was merely a length of tree-trunk roughly squared and hollowed out, the lid sometimes retaining the form and also the bark of the tree. Our word "trunk" as applied to clothes-boxes is a reminder of their evolution from this primitive form. The specimens preserved at Minster, Thanet, and at Wimborne are well known. The coffer in Studley Church, Warwickshire, is very obviously a tree trunk; and that at Kington, Worcester, is a huge block of elm.

The manner of entry and the amount of detail in each entry appear to have been left to the discretion or industry of the parson or the clerk, and as these qualities are very variable, an uniform plan did not exist. In some registers, in fact the majority, the details are as few as they well can be, while in a few books extensive and even copious detail is almost revelled in, *e.g.* Bishampton, Worcester. Entries concerning people of distinction or importance are nearly always made fuller and more exact than those about folk of commoner clay; and Latin is often used in the former instances even when the rest of the register is in English. The early registers were usually

written in Latin, which was then the universal language of the Church and of scholars. This custom, however, died out towards the end of the sixteenth century. And again, as Puritan influence increased, learning decreased and Latin was not generally used in the registers except in the cases above referred to.

Baptisms were usually entered thus: "Roger Regibell was cristinit the xvi Day of februar, 1548" (Banstead); "Henricus Hunt filius Rapheli Hunt bapt. fuit vigesimo tertio die mensis septembris 1602" (Hanbury); "1564 April 26 Gulielmus filius Johannis Shakspere" (Stratford-on-Avon); or, simpler still, "Jane Bussy bap. ye viii of January, 1576" (Haydor). A full entry is, "Edward the sonne of Sir John Rous, Knight, was borne the xth of May att Stowe, in Buckinghamshere, and there baptised the xvith of the same month, Sir Edward Tirrell and Sir John Temple beinge godfathers and the Ladye Wutton godmother" (Rous Lench).

Illegitimate children were entered in a variety of ways. "Hughe Pigot, a Bastard son of Margaret Pigot, begotten as she sayeth by Michaell Harrison, an hostler, dwelling wth one Mr. ffroome, in London, near newgate, att the signe of the Seriante Head, xped xxxi^{mo} die Julie 1603" (Monk Fryston): an interesting as well as a copious entry. "1677, Jane ffilia populi and Elizabeth Neatherton, bapt. June 2" (Inkberrow). "1566, Aprill 21, Johanna filia Thomae Allyn, notha" (Stratford); in this register the name of the father is alone given, a quite unusual custom. "Jane filia ffranciscae Pool in fornicariis complexibus concepta, baptizata fuit 21mo die Maii 1703" (Keynsham). The "spurious child," "illegitimate son," "base daughter," &c., are terms commonly used in the above cases. In Banstead register some baptismal entries are written "regeneratus fuit," and at Bishampton entries like the following occur: "1674, Henricus Brooke, Filius Thomae Brooke, Vicarii hujus Ecclesiae et Mariae uxoris Die Saturni undecimo die Julii natus (circa Horam 6tam post meridianam) die Dominico 12mo die Julii renatus id est Baptizatus fuit anno praedicto;" also, "1694, Decimo die Julii Franciscus, Johannis Ems et Elizabethae uxoris Anabaptistarum filius, baptizatus fuit."

The entries of burial are often more simple than those of baptism. Nothing balder can be written than "Abraham Delman, buryed Maii 11th," unless it be "Aprill 10th, a stranger buryed," not even the sex mentioned in the last; both entries occur in 1627 (Newenden register, co. Kent). "lame Betty Marshall buried April ye 11th, 1729," and "old Gamer Marshall old Isaac ye clerk's wife bur. March 15th, 1730," do confer individuality (Flyford Flavel). The

theological bias of the rector is manifested in "1641, Primogenitus filius Johannis Wall, Rectoris et Gratiae uxoris eius sepultus fuit inbaptizatus quarto die mensis Julii" (Rous Lench). The progress of the Civil War through many parts of the kingdom is manifested in the registers of many parishes—*e.g.*, "1642, February 21, A Souldier of the Parliament troupes buried febr. 21, slaine then at ye fight in ye Towne." "1645, Aug. 24. In ye fight at Broken back betwene a troupe . . . ye Kings forces (surprized by ye Parliam^s^) & ye Parliam.; 2 killed of ye King's forces wch were buried at our Towne, Aug. 25" (North Luffenham). "1643, Julii 21. Two soldiers buried." "July 22, one soldier buried" (Bletchley), &c. An example of excommunicate burial from Monk Fryston reads: "1613, Januarie. John Ellysse, being excommunicate, buried at the Winde Milne, xiiij die." A like entry from Inkberrow is: "1773. Joseph Mucklow, Hang'd himself. Buried in Salter Street Cross Road, Nov^m^. 8."

From Banstead register 1678 is, "A child of Robert Smithers, being ye first corps wrapped in Woollen according to a late Act of Parliam^t^." This Act was first passed in 1666, in order to encourage the wool trade, but in 1678 the law was re-enacted with greater stringency, and affidavit had to be made by a friend or relation of the deceased that the Act had been obeyed by them. "1680. Margaret Hunt de Kington, uxor Richardi Hunt, sepulta fuit in May 25, 1680. An affidavit was made according to the late Act for burying in wollen by Mary Web, of Kington, widow, May 28, before Justice Symonds, and a certificate thereof brought to me the same day. Wm. Holkingham, Rector de North Piddle." A fine was paid when the corpse was buried in linen. "1711, Sepr. 16. Mrs. Dorothy Sills, wife of Wellisburn Sills, Esqr., in linnen" (North Luffenham); "Mrs. Katherine Dolben, wife of his Grace John, Lord Archbishop of York, buried in Linnen, and the penalty paid. August 17th, 1706" (Finedon).

The entries of death rarely have the age attached except in people of advanced age, and the scarcity of these is a good argument against the probability of their truth. Among forty-five consecutive burial entries in Banstead register are four entries of death at over ninety (three men), and one woman aged 100. One man, Thomas Blake, age ninety-two, buried in 1673, is perhaps the T. Blake mentioned in 1585 as baptised on June 9, and therefore was eighty-nine, not ninety-two. Also Thomas Puplet, age eighty-eight, buried Nov. 25, 1675, is most likely the individual Thomas Puplett, baptised December 13, 1589, and therefore eighty-six. If such errors occur

where verification is easy, what sort of accuracy can we expect when verification is difficult or impossible? For several years the writer has been in the habit of checking all statements as to great age that have come before him, and in all cases that he has been able to fully investigate the age stated has always been greater than it really was. Causes of death except in cases of accident or violence are rarely entered, and when entered are always interesting and instructive. Nearly every register contains entries analogous to the following examples:—"1714, July 22. A poor man who was murtherd near the half-way Tree by having his throat cut, buried" (Cropthorne); "John Shpard, Hang'd at Warwick, buried Sept. 1, 1780" (Inkberrow); '1625, William Stanly who in running ye race fell from his horse and brake his neck. Sepul. Sept. 2" (Banstead); "1615, John Sharp, of Hillom, was drowned in his well and founde guilty of his owne death by the Jury, and buried at Bettrice hil xvij^{mo} die Maii" (Monk Fryston). A great many deaths by drowning in the Avon are entered in Keynsham register. Monk Fryston register, in 1604, contains many deaths from the plague; and Bletchley register contains, in 1665, no less than 126 entries of burial, chiefly deaths from the plague, the usual yearly average of burials being about twenty. In the eighteenth century a study of the registers shows occasional years of great mortality, probably caused by small-pox.

It is seldom, however, that one meets with entries so complete as the following example from Bishampton, which register contains many such:—"June 7, 1679. Johannes Callowe generosus ad annum aetatis 77 et 11 menses vivens, obiit die Jovis quinto die Junii circa nonam horam vespertinam septimo die ejusdem sepultus. Incola antiquus, bonus vicinis dum vixit. Amicis liberalis in hospitio largus vicinis Religionis Xtianae Ecclesiae Anglicanae strenuus et constans professor, temporalibus pessimis Regi firmiter adhaesit, pace exiit et nunc speravimus quiescit in domino."

There is less variation in the form of entry of marriage than there is in the forms of baptism and burial. The usual record was "Thomas Whitlarke and Frances Walker married January 28, 1606" (Finedon); sometimes the parishes are mentioned, as "1654, May 30th, John Lampard, of Newenden, was married to Elizabeth Bodl, of Rounden in Kent" (Newenden). The student of registers is struck by the disproportionate fewness of the marriage entries as compared with the entries of birth, &c.; this is very noticeable in some registers and usually attracts attention in most. One is loth to think that our forefathers largely forgot the ceremony or considered the Scotch formula sufficient—an explanation would

be interesting. In 1653 a new law altered the old process of contracting marriage, "the intension of marriage being published three several Lords days" in the parish church, and the ceremony taking place before a Justice of the Peace, who signs the register. "That John Waters and Deborah Rophey, both of the Parish of Banstead, were married according to Act by John Yates, Justice of the Peace, Feb^r 18th, 1655" (Bansted).

During the Civil War the disorganisation of the Church and State extended to the parochial register books. In many parishes records ceased entirely, and in others the dispossessed clergy secured and took away the register, but in others no hiatus in their continuity occurs. "1646: Here Mr. Holden rector of this pish left off writing, but kept this booke frō Mr. Birch, the succeeding minist^r, untill ye yeare 1653" (Kington, Worcester); this note is followed later by the announcement, "William Birch, Minister and Register for the Parish according to the Act for mariages, births, and burials by Oliver Cromwell taking force the 29th day of Septemb^r, Anno Dō., 1653;" the last is erased (scribbled over), probably when this was written: "The Act for mariages, births, and burialls was made voyd by an Act of Parliament bearing date the 19th of June, 1660." Generally the war has left its mark on the registers by the irregularity with which many were kept, by the frequent entries of burials of soldiers, by the registration of "births," not "baptisms," and by the marriage by Justices. The Act mentioned above was part of the scheme of general secularisation of everything aimed at by the then government; laymen, called "the parish registers," were to be appointed by election and the appointment entered in the register book. "I have approved off & sworne George Harris, of the parish of Keynsham, in this Countie (Somerset), to be parish Register there according to the Act of parliament in that behalfe made, hee being chosen to the said office by divers of the inhabitants of the said parish as by a certificate under their hands appeareth, December the 1st, 1653: Ri. Jones." It is only fair to record that the registers were kept well during the time this Act was in force, in fact, rather better than had previously been the case. The Restoration brought a reversion to the old practice, and is a common cause of jubilant note on the part of the clergy, who manifested their joy in various ways: "The yeare of our Lord God 1660, the twelveth yeare of the reign of (our) Lord King Charles the Second" (Beer Hacket). Occasionally a register is found in the condition of that of Stock and Bradley, Worcester: "Memorandum. That this book was bought the ffourth day of May, 1660, by Thomas Hunt, one of the Church

Wardens for the Parish of Bradley, the yeare aforesayd, untill which time there was no Register booke kept in the sayd parish, since the death of John Baker, clerk, who died in the beginning of the warres, neither was there any settled minister there for fifteen yeares together, nor any Marriages, Births, Baptisms, or Burialls registered during all those dayes, other than what were gathered upp by the hands of the said Thomas Hunt, and Thomas Sale the pish Clarke for ffiue years Last past, and are heerin Registered as ffolloweth, as they are noted in mine own booke": then follow about a dozen entries of Mr. Hunt's family.

Incumbents were also encouraged to record any interesting or remarkable fact or occurrence which would be of use for posterity to know.[1] Many curious events have accordingly been preserved of both local and universal interest through this medium. A great many registers contain nothing of this nature, and many more but little, yet in the aggregate the amount of useful facts recorded is great. The parish boundaries, and the dilapidated condition of the vicarage in the 18th century (during the repair of which the workmen hazarded their lives), are entered in the Inkberrow book; the progress of the plague at the end of Elizabeth's reign is recorded at Bishampton, and the occurrence of a record flood is the subject of comment at Bletchley; the institution of fresh parsons is often entered, also lists of church property; and items of personal interest, *e.g.* "That Mr. Jno. Prince, Rect. of Naunton, did in the year 1714 give full leave licence and autority to Mr. George Hunt of ye said Parish to amend and enlarge a Pew in ye Chancel of ye said C^{ch} at his own discretion, and for ye use of him and his Heirs for ever" (Naunton Beauchamp). In Grafton Flyford register there is a list of books belonging to the parish in 1700, also "the ewy treess sett in Grafton ffliford church yard Jan. 6 anno dom. 1696 att ye charge of Martinus Pindar." The aforesaid "treess" do not now exist: also, "1751 Sept. 29. N.B.—Here the new Regulation of the Calendar takes place by authority."

Throughout their history, annual transcripts of the registers have been ordered to be sent by each parish to the Diocesan centre; notes certifying that this has been done are common enough, but, nevertheless, the regulation seems to have been always more or less disregarded by both the transcribers and the recipients of the transcripts. The incumbents appear to have been as a body only less negligent in making the copies than the Bishops have been in caring for the copies when made.

[1] Sterne makes use of this custom in his *History of a Watch Coat.*

In 1812 Rose's Act was passed, and for the second time in their history the registers became a governmental and not an ecclesiastical institution. It is a lamentable fact that the carelessness of incumbents and the ignorance or neglect of parish clerks led frequently to the omission of registration, a fault that is not extinct even now; the writer knows of more than one instance of culpable indifference to accuracy.

The general defects of the system led the State at last to become its own registrar, and appoint the now well-known district registrars to record our births, marriages, and deaths on an uniform plan, in 1837.

Though subject to passive neglect, and worse, during the past, it may now be granted that the present custodians of these ancient records are alive to the importance of their careful preservation. It is, however, the general opinion of antiquaries that all parish registers should be copied and printed, to render permanent preservation more certain than if the original were the only copy in existence. Many registers have been printed by enthusiasts. Some clergy have published them in parochial magazines; the Harleian Society for some years has printed and issued to the members an annual volume, and the writer knows of at least one register being printed at the expense of an American citizen whose ancestors figured in it. But when we remember that there are several thousands of these books in England it is easily realised that isolated instances of publication, though valuable, will not do in reasonable time all that is considered necessary.

The first united organised attempt to print registers was made in 1896 by the newly formed Parish Register Society. For a subscription (annual) of one guinea it issued in that year five volumes. It is pointed out in the first report that the larger the number of subscribers, the more volumes will each subscriber get for his money. In short, very few if any societies can promise so great a return for so small an outlay as the Parish Register Society; and this fact ought to be a strong inducement to antiquaries and others to join it. "Oh minister whosoere thou be that shall com after me see that thou keepe this booke no worse then I have done these seven yeares past p me Robt. Watts ibm Cur." (1605, Cropthorne.)

WILLIAM BRADBROOK.

A BASKETFUL OF DROPPED H'S.

THIS is a trite joke, or at best only a new way of expressing it; but there is a sense in which we can really collect the H's that have been dropped. The complaint about the omission of this letter is by no means merely a modern one. It was said by some old Roman, that there are people who think the leaving out the H from *homo* almost as great an offence as homicide itself. But it is a fact that the dropping of H, regarded both in ancient Rome, and modern London, as a mark of vulgarity, has played a very conspicuous part in the formation of languages.

There are more ways than one in which H may be "dropped." It may be made silent while still written, or omitted both from speech and writing, or softened to a less decided sound. It may be left out from the beginning of a word, from the middle, from the end. In all these ways, we English, and other nations too, have been dropping H's for several centuries. Let us now go back into the past, and follow the track of our language, and of the foreign one best known to us—French—and gather up some of these H's; we shall soon get a nice little basketful, and, what is more, we shall find that some of them belonged to words very often in use.

To begin with the word *it*: this was formerly *hit*. In the Saxon Chronicle we continually find "*hit gelamp*," it happened. And when "Othere, the old sea captain, who dwelt in Heligoland," came, as Longfellow describes, "to King Alfred, the lover of truth," and told him about the land to the north, Alfred wrote down how "easteweard *hit* maeg bion syxtig míla brád, and middeweard thritig, and northeweard he cwaeth, thaer *hit* smalost waére, thaet *hit* mihte beon threora míla brád to thaém móre," "eastward it may be sixty miles broad, and midward thirty, and northward, he said, where it was smallest, that it might be three miles broad, to the moor," which moor stretched far away, and in some places took two weeks to travel across.[1] And Layamon, about the period of Magna Charta, tells us

[1] *See* Sweet's *Anglo-Saxon Reader*, pp. 17 *et seq.* It is evident that the Heligoland in question cannot be the island of that name, but a district in

how "hit com him on mode"—that is, came to his mind—to write his "Brut," or chronicle of Britain, which, even though every line of it, previous to the coming of Cæsar, and much of what follows, be pronounced fabulous, will always be a treasure to students of glossology. This is the great advantage, which a vernacular chronicle, of any age or country, has over a Latin one. Layamon, however, sometimes uses *it* as well as *hit*, and the two continue to alternate long after his time. Chaucer, as far as I recollect, always has *it*, being in this, as in other ways, a writer of comparatively modern style; but *hit* appears in Tyndale's Bible, and even, it would seem, in some of the older editions of Shakespeare, showing that this H, at any rate, clung on to the language for a long time before it was finally discarded. *Hit*, in fact, was the neuter of *he*, and had *his* for the possessive, as in Shakespeare, "Treason has done *his* worst," "the cliff that beetles o'er *his* base into the sea," and in the Bible "if the salt hath lost *his* savour." The word *its* does not seem to have been in use at all before 1600 or thereabouts, and, as others have pointed out ere now, would have been alone enough to expose poor Chatterton's forgeries, to a critic really acquainted with Old English. But why, it may be asked, have we dropped the H from *hit* and not from *he*, *his*, *him*, *her*? Probably because we more often have occasion to use these words with emphasis: "*He* did it," "He took what was not *his*," formerly *his'n*, "I am older than *he*," [1] and being

Norway. Othere said "thaet nán mann ne búde be northan him," "so far I live to the northward, no man lives north of me." *Bude*, lived; compare *bide*, *abode*, and *abad* in Hyderabad and other towns of Hindustan.

[1] It is worth noticing that children, and such persons as have not studied grammar, usually say, "older than *him*," as they say, "it's *me*," "it wasn't *me*;" and, though these forms are considered incorrect, they somehow seem more natural. In French we have "c'est *moi*," "c'est *lui*," and French writers also employ these apparently oblique cases, in certain other instances where we use the nominative; thus, Voltaire, describing how Besme found his comrades kneeling at the feet of Coligny—

> "A cet objet touchant *lui* seul est inflexible,
> *Lui* seul, à la pitié toujours inaccessible,
> Aurait cru faire un crime, et trahir Médicis,
> Si du moindre remords il se sentait surpris."

In English the corresponding phrase is "only *he*."

> "All the conspirators, save only *he*,
> Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar.
> *He* only, in a general honest thought,
> And common good to all, made one of them."

Some French grammarians condemn this use of *moi*, *toi*, *lui*, pointing to an earlier use of *je*, *tu*, *il*; but I think that the present forms could scarcely have

pronounced with more stress, they would keep the H till it became permanently fixed by literature, while *hit*, not being so powerfully pronounced, would lose the H and become *it*. We shall find some similar cases later on.

This permanent loss of H from the beginning of a word, and before a vowel, is, however, comparatively rare in English, and as this is the only sense in which "dropping of H's" is usually understood, the practice may be regarded as a deviation from rule, since it has rarely become sufficiently general to alter the spelling. As for the words like *hour*, where H is written but not sounded, they are French, and must be treated of in a different place. But we have a great many English words where H has been lost in other ways, sometimes becoming silent and sometimes disappearing altogether.

In the first place, there are all the words with *gh*, written, but not sounded—*bright*, *light*, *night*, *daughter*, *right*, *sight*, and others. All English readers are familiar with these, and have been accustomed from childhood to spell them in one way and pronounce them in another; but it may not have occurred to all that this is a form of the tendency to leave out H, which they have likewise been accustomed to regard as vulgar. Yet so it is: for these words, in Old English, are written with *h* only as often as *gh*—*liht*, *niht*, &c.—and we may be sure that in either case there was a time when they were pronounced as they were written, while in modern German the cognate words *licht*, *nacht*, *tochter* have the *ch* still pronounced, as, indeed, it often is in Scotch; while in some cases we can see a corresponding guttural in Latin or Greek, as in *lux*, *nox*, θυγάτηρ, these words being also related, though more remotely, to our own; for, as most readers now know, the languages of Europe are nearly all descended from a common stock, showing a correspondence of sounds more or less easily traced, and H, being a species of guttural, readily interchanges with others of the same group.

In the above words we have kept the guttural written, but in

become established, if they had not always existed, to some extent, in the popular speech, and that they represent a case which is neither exactly nominative nor accusative, as we now use the terms, but emphatic, or, to coin a word, *ipsissimal*. If we assume the existence of this case, it may explain the curious contradiction of saying *myself*, *ourselves*, and *himself*, *themselves*; *hisself* and *theirselves* being considered incorrect. May not the one form have been originally reflective, the other emphatic?

He said it *him*-self = ipse dixit.
He killed *his*-self = se interfecit.

This is only a conjecture, but it may account for some apparent inconsistencies, in our own and other languages.

some cases it has altogether disappeared from English, though living in other languages; such is the pronoun *I*. This was formerly *ich*, and earlier still *ic*, presumably with a sharper sound. Thus Caedmon, our first known poet, singing the fall of the angels and of man, a thousand years before Milton announced his intention of pursuing "things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme," makes the proud archangel ask, "Hwy sceal *ic* theowian?" "Why shall I serve?"[1] Thus Alfred writes in his will, "*Ic* Ælfred west scaxena cinge," "I Alfred, king of the West Saxons," and later on Layamon tells us how Vortigern said to the Saxon strangers, "Ich wulle witen what cnihten ye beon," I would know what knights ye be," and the elder stranger answered, "Ich the wille cuthen, what cnihten we beon, Ich hatte Hengest, Hors is min brother," "I will make thee know what knights we be; I am called Hengist, Horsa is my brother;" and later than this we find Mad Tom saying, "'ch 'ill" for "I will," to pass as a Kentish peasant, the word apparently living on in the spoken dialect of Kent, and probably of some other places, after it had ceased to be usual in the written language. In German we have still *ich*, in Dutch *ik*, with a sharper guttural, sometimes pronounced alone—"'k heb," "I have"—and in Danish *jeg*, with a guttural now scarcely sounded, and all are cognate with *ego*.[2]

Another word in constant use, which has lost a guttural, is *not*. This is contracted from *nought*, in Old English often written *noht*, and having, as now, a more emphatic signification than merely *not*. The simple negative adverb was *ne*,[3] as we find it continually in Chaucer,

[1] The word *theow*, for slave, occurs in *Ivanhoe*; Cedric, when liberating Gurth, says, "*Theow* art thou no longer." With regard to Milton, the line is certainly an unfortunate one, for there can be no doubt that the theme had often been attempted before, and by his contemporary Joost van Vondel among others, though some have tried to prove that he knew nothing either of Vondel or Caedmon. It has been pointed out, however (*see* Sweet's *Anglo-Saxon Reader*), that even Caedmon was not the first to tell the story of the Fall in verse. The modern outcry against plagiarism seems only to begin with Milton; everyone knows that Shakespeare borrowed, to say nothing of Chaucer and other mediæval writers.

[2] The celebrated speech of Kirkpatrick, when Bruce doubted he had slain Comyn, is sometimes quoted as "*Ich* mak sicker," but I have not been able to discover on what authority this rests. It is remarkable that John Barbour, who is so often quoted by Walter Scott, in the notes to the *Lord of the Isles*, and to whom we naturally turn for all the popular anecdotes concerning Bruce, does not mention Kirkpatrick in connection with the murder. This writer, however, sometimes himself uses *Ik*, as well as *I*.

[3] This *ne* is the negative sign, which has entered into the formation of many words—*one*, *n-one*, *either*, *n-either*, *ever*, *n-ever*; German *immer*, *n-immer*; and Latin *ullus*, *n-ullus*; *unquam*, *n-unquam*; in Old English we had *n-is*, *n-as*,

and in Spenser also, but this is well known to be an archaism. Chaucer, however, sometimes uses *nat*, or *nought*, in cases where the mere negative would seem to be enough; and we can easily see how, from being often used, the word would lose its guttural, and become *not*, and that, as in the case of *he* and *him*, the greater emphasis laid on the word, when it had a substantival meaning, would cause the guttural to be sounded to a later period, and thus to be permanently settled in writing; while, when it was simply a negative, the consonant would disappear, like the initial of *hit*, from the word having less emphasis. In German the adverb is still *nicht*, often, indeed, pronounced *nit*, while the substantive has *s* added, *nichts*.

Two other very common words, from which a guttural has similarly disappeared, are *more* and *most*. They are the comparative and superlative of an old word *moh*, or *moch*, meaning *great*, another form of *much*. We still find this occasionally in the names of places, as Much Hadham, in Hertfordshire; we had also *mochel*, like *muckle* in Scotch, and these are related distantly to the Latin *mag* in *magnum*, the Greek μέγα (μεγάλος = muckle), and the Hindu *Maha*, as seen in *Maha-rajah*, great king (Rajah = *rex*), and another word wherewith we have of late years become familiar, *Mah-atma*, great spirit. The German comparative *meh-r* still keeps the consonant, though it is scarcely sounded, and it has disappeared in the superlative *meist*, as in our *most*. So, too, *near* is the comparative of *nigh*, formerly also written *neih*, or *neh*—German *nah*, *näher*. Thus, in the "Prioress's Tale," we read how the little boy "drough him *ner* and *ner*"—that is, drew him nearer and nearer—to hear the singing of the "Alma Redemptoris Mater," and how, after the Jews have left him for dead, his friends come and "carien him unto the *nexte* abbay," *next*, or *nehst*, meaning *nearest*, as seen also in the terse old proverb, "When

n-ill, *n-olde*, is not, was not, will not, would not; we still sometimes use the phrase *nilly-willy*, that is, *nill* he, will he, *nolens volens*; *nolo* is presumably contracted from *ne volo*. In Chaucer's time two or more negatives might be used grammatically; thus we read of his courteous knight that

> "He *never* yet *no* vilainye *ne* sayde
> In all his lyf, unto *no* maner wight."

It is sometimes said that two negatives make an affirmative; this is partly true and partly untrue. We use such phrases as "not unlikely," "not incapable" in an affirmative sense; but when two negatives are combined, as above, "never-no," the meaning is still negative, though modern grammarians pronounce the form incorrect. In Latin we have *non-ne*, *non-n-ulli*, used affirmatively, while in French we have *ne—pas*, *ne—point*, &c., used negatively; but these phrases originally had a literal meaning, "je ne vais pas," I go not a step, &c. *See* Brachet's *Historical Grammar*.

bale is *hext*, boot is *next*," "When evil is highest good is nighest." To say *nearer* and *nearest* is, therefore, a pleonasm, but this is not unusual in the formation of modern words and phrases; it will be enough here to point out that *child-r-en* is a double plural, *childer* being still used in some parts, like the German *kinder*.

We may next notice briefly the words beginning with *wh*—*when*, *where*, *what*, *why*, *which*, *white*, *whip*, *wheel*. In these the *h* is still pronounced, at any rate by some, but not so strongly as it once was; this we may infer from the fact, that these words were formerly written with the *h* before the *w*—*hwen*, *hwat*, *hwy*, &c.; in Scotch they were *quhen*, *quhat*, the *q* being presumably, as now, a sharp guttural; in Danish the corresponding words have still *hv*—*hvan*, *hvad*—but in German they have only *w*—*wann*, *was*, &c.—contrary to the instances above given, of the aspirate continuing to be written and sounded in German, and not in English. But most remarkable in our collection of "dropped H's" are those which have vanished from the beginning of words in combination with *l* or *r*—*hlaf*, loaf; *hleapian*, to leap; *hraefn*, raven; *hrofe*, roof, and such names as Hrothgar for Roger—this, like many other Germanic names, having come to us again through the French—and Hrytheranfelda for Rotherfield. These words are curiosities, inasmuch as, though part of our own language, we cannot even make any approach to the pronunciation now, without an effort, so long have we been unused to them. L is the most liquid of consonants, the one that least obstructs the voice; this is shown by the fact, that if we want to sing a tune without words we instinctively say *la-la-la*, the sound produced simply by the vibration of the tongue, which we can scarcely help moving, while the mouth is open for singing; but for all that, we cannot easily combine *l* and *h*, though it seems rather strange, that while able to pronounce Latin so smoothly, we should feel ourselves baffled by our own ancestors' speech. The truth would seem to be, that in our general desire to read and quote Latin, we have determined to give every Latin letter, or combination of letters, a sound that we can pronounce without difficulty, though, as all know, there are endless discussions as to the true pronunciation.[1]

[1] In some cases it is evident that we have *not* got the exact pronunciation of ancient words. Thus we have agreed to give the Greek φ and the Latin *ph* the sound of *f*; but it is plain that the sound was not exactly the same, or why should the Romans have used this form to express it when they had *f* already? But it has been so much recognised as a substitute for *f* as even to be used in Germanic names, as Rudolph and Guelph, which never had φ. The pronunciation of C in Latin is a subject of constant debate, some insisting that it should be invariably hard, before *e* and *i*, as before *a*, *o*, *u*—that Cicero, for instance,

Had we found *hl* in Latin we should probably have sounded it like *cl*, and have kept it also, to this day, in English, making it like *cl*, but that it had not exactly this sound among our Saxon forefathers is shown by their writing some words with *cl* and with *cr*, as we do—*clath*, cloth; *creopan*, creep—and they had *cw*, as well as *hw*, in *cwen*, *cwic*, &c., which we have long ago made *queen*, *quick*, discarding the Saxon spelling in favour of Latin, and showing that the sound of *cw*, when last used, was as we should make it now, like *qu*, though not necessarily the sound of *qu* in Cæsar's time.

When we turn from our language to what is called French—a wrong name, since the Frankish element in the language is very small, whatever it may be in the race[1]—we find that in its development from Latin and Latinised German there has been a copious rejection of H's, in different ways. They have sometimes dis-

should be Kikero. Still, when we find *c* taking different sounds in modern languages, *carus* becoming *cher* in French, with *ch* like *sh*, and *caro*, hard, in Italian, while *civitas* is *cité*, like *s*, and *città* like *ch* in *church*, we cannot help thinking that there must have been a difference in Latin, and that *c* must have stood, as now, to represent more than one sound. With regard to Cæsar, it seems most likely that the name was pronounced hard, as it has come in German to Kaiser—the word was Old English also—and in Kymric, or Welsh, as we more often call it, to Kesar (*see* Stephens's *Literature of the Kymry*, p. 162), the French pronunciation, César, with *c* soft, being very likely an arbitrary one, like our own, which is probably imitated therefrom, and not the result of tradition. But what of *cella*, to become *Kil* in the names of so many places in Scotland and Ireland, and Zell in German, as in Appenzell, from Abbatiscella, through the intermediate form of Abbacella? Perhaps in Roman times there were always more ways than one of pronouncing this, and other words with *c*. The letter K originally formed part of the Roman alphabet, as of the Greek, and survives in Kalends, which word has doubtless perplexed some readers by being so spelt, when, as we well know, the "Greek Kalends" did not exist. The Romans seem to have originally regarded their H as a guttural, calling it *acca*, whence the French *ache* and our *aitch*; many will have wondered, from time to time, why the letter should be called *aitch*, instead of *haitch*, when most of the others have names bearing some relation to their sounds. *See* a pamphlet by T. K. Abbott, *Our A B C*, published by the Phonetic Society.

[1] The name of English is right, for though we have a large mixture of Latin in our language, the foundation thereof is the tongue of the Angles; but the foundation of the so-called French language is Latin. As in English it would be impossible to talk or write without using words of Germanic descent so in French it would be impossible to avoid using Latin ones. The name should be Gallo-Romance, but it could not well be altered now. It must be kept in mind that there are two sorts of French words—those derived unconsciously from Latin and altered in course of time, and those revived intentionally and but little altered. We have nothing parallel to this in English, for while our language is descended from the old Gothic, contemporary with Latin, we have never revived any Gothic words as part of our daily speech; it is truly a dead language, far more than Latin.

appeared altogether; sometimes they are written, but not sounded, or else very faintly sounded; for even when nominally "aspirate" the French H is not like the English H, and has been a perplexity to many of us, long after we have mastered the general rules of French pronunciation, the truth being that all French grammarians and teachers are not agreed about it: some would sound it slightly, while others would only make a pause, where it occurs; and to say *le héros*, *la harpe*, without shortening the article or pronouncing the consonant clearly, is a difficulty. A perpetual puzzle to English readers is the name of Brunehaut, which is pronounced almost like Bruno, and yet not quite, and is supposed to be three syllables, though the aspirate is not sounded, nor the *e* accented; but of this later on. Observe that those words wherein we have agreed to keep the H silent, as *hour*, *honour*, *human*, and those whereof we are doubtful, as *humble*, *herb*, *hospital*, are Latin-French, and it is probable that even when they were first introduced the H was less clearly pronounced than in English. Still, we may presume that the Romans did, at some time, pronounce the H in *honor*, *hora*, *herba*, *humanus*, or they would never have written it. Sometimes, however, the H disappears completely, as in *avoir*, with all its parts, from *habere*; sometimes we have two forms, as in *homme*, with the initial silent, and *on*, both from *homo*, though the termination of *homme* shows it to be derived from the accusative *hominem*. The H has vanished, as though it were typical of the definite sense implied in *un homme*, *cet homme*, as opposed to the indefinite sense of *on*.[1] I am not saying this merely as a joke; I think it is very likely that, as in *he* and *it*, *nought* and *not*, above mentioned, the greater stress laid upon the word, in the one case, would keep the H in use longer, and thus cause it to assume a permanent form in writing. So, also, *or*, now, is from *hora*; and it is very likely that in this case, too, the greater stress laid on the word when it is meant to imply a definite *hour*, either in point or space of time, caused the H to become fixed, though silent, in *heure*. We also see an H lost, in the affirmative *oui*, curiously contracted from *hoc illud*, which formerly took two shapes, *oc* in the south, *oil* in the north, and gave rise to the distinc-

[1] In the German *man* we see the noun similarly used as an indefinite pronoun, and in Old English we find *man*, *men*, *me*, thus used in such phrases as "men seyt," "they say," "on dit." We now say *they*, but we regard it as rather a careless mode of speaking, and try to avoid it in writing, whereas French writers constantly use *on*, sometimes, it would seem, intentionally, when they are doubtful who did this or that, and a similar vagueness is frequently found in Latin, the verb being used in the passive, without any nominative. In Old French we sometimes find *om* instead of *homme*, the pronunciation being apparently doubtful.

tion of Langue d'Oc and Langue d'Oil; also in *orge*, barley, from *hordeum*, and *lierre*, ivy, formerly *l'ierre*, from *hedera*.[1] We see that here it is the tendency of the initial H's to drop out, or become silent, while in English it is unusual for an initial H to be lost, but very common for a final or medial one to be so.

But it is not only the Latin H's which the language of Gaul has discarded or modified in its development. The formidable Franks brought with them an equally formidable array of H's, and all through the Merovingian and Carlovingian periods we find the Gallo-Romance tongue struggling desperately with them; the vicissitudes of the Germanic H, indeed, form quite a chapter in the history of the language. The Franks thought it well to be Hlod, or Hlud—that is, celebrated (probably the same as *loud*, one whose deeds were talked of *loudly*)—and their chiefs were named Hlod-wig or Hlud-wig, and Hlot-har—said to mean "celebrated warrior," and "celebrated in the army"—but it is a mistake to suppose that all Germanic names have a meaning, whatever may be the case with Greek or Latin ones.[2] The Franks had also Hlodo-ald, Hlodo-mer, Hlodo-berht, and, among women, Hlot-hild and Hlodo-swind:

> Those rugged names to their like mouths grew sleek,
> That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.

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[1] Compare Lisle, formerly l'isle. *Le* and *la* are from *ille* and *illa*, which would seem, in the popular Latin, to have been used as articles, and not, as in the literary idiom, restricted to a demonstrative sense; probably, also, they were pronounced with a great stress on the second syllable, possibly as *'le* and *'la* simply (this part of the word being, perhaps, remotely cognate with *the*; cp. *lingua*, *tongue*, *θώρηξ*, *lorica*, *δάκρυον*, *lacrima*, *λαλέω*, *tattle*, &c.) We must always keep in mind that French, as well as Italian and Spanish, is descended from the popular Latin. To say *la lierre* is of course pleonastic; but it is not worse than *the Alcoran*, *the οἱ πολλοί*, or *the lenvoy*, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and elsewhere.

[2] See Bradley's *History of the Goths*, "Story of the Nations" Series. It is there pointed out that Germanic names were often made up of words joined together without any particular sense, simply because it had become customary to use them in combinations. Thus Edith, in Saxon times Eadgyth, is made of two words meaning "wealth" and "war"; Edgar, of words meaning "wealth" and "spear"; and, while Frederick might really mean "peaceful ruler," Fredegonde would be literally "peace-war." It is perhaps well that this latter name should be meaningless, as none but the worst of meanings would satisfy us, applied to the notorious Queen of Neustria; but we have an exact equivalent in the name of Frithegith, a queen mentioned in our Saxon Chronicle, as making a pilgrimage to Rome in 737; while in that of Guthfrith, the Northumbrian king defeated by Athelstan in 927, the two words are simply transposed. The name of the Merovingian chronicler Fredegarius would similarly signify "peace-spear," and the Saxon equivalent of this is Frithogar; we also find Frithowulf, "peace-wolf," and others of the sort. It removes much difficulty, as to the origin of names, when we are aware of this.

And so it was with the inhabitants of Transalpine Gaul, in the fifth and following centuries, though for the most part they knew or cared little about Quintilian, and talked a species of Latin which would have made him knit his brows, if not stare and gasp; they could not pronounce these words exactly as the Franks did, while those who could write, and wanted to write correctly, found that H, as usually pronounced in Latin, was not quite strong enough to express the sound; so the name of Hlodowig was turned, in the chronicles, to Chlodovechus, and Hlot-har into Chlotharius—or Chlotacharius—the guttural being apparently so sharp, to some Gallo-Roman ears, as to require a syllable between—and Hlodo-mer and Hlodoberht became Chlodomirus and Chlodobertus, and Hlothild and Hlodoswind Chlothilda and Chlodosuinda. This Ch, it will be remembered, had long been in use among the Romans to represent the Greek X. Sometimes the names appear with C only—Clodovicus (ultimately contracted to Clovis), Clotarius, Clotilda, and among modern writers there is a great variety in spelling them; but it is plain that this Frankish *h*, sounded before *l*, as in our own Saxon words, must have been very powerful. Even when not followed by a consonant, however, it appears in Latin as *c* or *ch*—for Haribert, or Herbert—meaning, perhaps, "brilliant in the army"—becomes Caribertus; Hilperik, which very likely did mean "helpful," as we have *hülfreich* in modern German, is Chilpericus; Hildeberht and Hilderik, Chilbertus and Childericus; and so they are still usually written Caribert, Chilperic, &c. Augustin Thierry prefers the Germanic forms; but it may be questioned whether any modern writer has kept, in this or other ways, entirely to one system of spelling Merovingian names.

We likewise find Brunehilde, in the contemporary records, Latinised as Brunichildes or Brunichilda; but this name, living in tradition as well as chronicle, altered with the popular language, and took different forms, the most common, and the one generally adopted by historians and encyclopædists, being Brunehaut. Amid all the controversies that have taken place, as to the character of this strangely obscure though celebrated woman, I am not aware that anyone has pointed out what a study in glossology her name is. The Germanic words which passed into the popular Latin, changed according to the same rules, and thus, in Brunehaut, we have the change from *il* to *au*, as in *sauvage* from *silvaticus*, the noun *sauve*, from *silva*, though surviving here and there in the names of places, as Sauve St. Benoît, having given way to the Germanic *bois*, cognate with *bush*; and we also have a consonantal termination, which is not usual for feminine names in French (except familiar forms like Manon,

Margot), but is found in several feminine words, such as *mort*, *nuit*, *paix*, *part*, *voix*, *main*, these being from *mors*, *mortis*, *nox*, *noctis*, *pax*, *pacis*, *pars*, *partis*, *vox*, *vocis*, *manus*, *manūs*. This would seem to show that the final *e*, though very common in feminine nouns, and now almost invariably used in adjectives, belonged necessarily only to such as followed the first declension. It is known that adjectives declined with *is*, for masculine and feminine, like *grandis*, did not formerly change in French, and this rule survives in a few compounds like *grand'mère*, sometimes *mère-grand*—*mère* itself, from *mater*, taking *e*, like *père* and *frère*, from *pater* and *frater*, because the root ends in *r*. Hence we may infer that the name of the Austrasian queen, however it may vary in the written records, was usually declined with *es* or *is* in the popular Latin.[1] As above said, in the modern Brunehaut—varied as Brunehaud and Brunehault—the aspirate is scarcely sounded. Another form, less common, is Brunecheul; this appears in the epitaph at Autun, for we read that her friends, though unable to save her from the fate which her enemies deemed her due, unable even to save her corpse from being burnt to ashes, yet contrived to rescue and preserve those ashes; and the epitaph written over them, in the Church of St. Martin, perhaps 900 years later, runs thus (it would seem from the name, and also the want of direct reference either to virtues or crimes, to be the work of some one who only knew about her from tradition, as the foundress of the place):—

> Brunecheul fut jadis royne de France,
> Fondateresse du sainct lieu de ceans,
> Cy inhumée en six cent quatorze ans,
> En attendant de Dieu vraye indulgence.

At what time the name first appeared in either of these two forms I have not discovered, nor do I know if Brunecheul is to be found

[1] We also see this final consonant, and the change from *il* to *au*, in Maud, presumably contracted from Mathildis, while Maude, with *e*, would seem to be Mathilda; but the processes are not there so obvious, the name being more shortened. We find both Mahald and Mahalde in the Saxon Chronicle, while other mediæval forms are Mahaut and Mahauz, whereof the Scotch Mause may be a relic. We have a similar loss of *th* in Lotharingia, Lohereigne, Lorraine, in modern German Lothringen. The names of places are bound to follow the tendency of the language in changing—some, indeed, remaining the same, from their construction, like Roma in modern Italian—because places continue to exist, and to be talked about; sometimes they are considerably shortened, as in Autun, from Augustodunum, or Grenoble, from Gratianopolis; this, of course, is apart from arbitrary changes, like that of Bibracte to Augustodunum. The names of persons alter, when bestowed repeatedly on one generation after another, or when living in tradition, but otherwise they remain the same.

anywhere except in this inscription; some would derive the name of the castle Bruniquel, near Montauban, from the same source; but Brunehaut is the prevailing form, and this we find all over Belgium and the north and east of France, in connection with roads and buildings. I am inclined to think, from a study of the general rules of the language, that the name had at one time come to be pronounced, and perhaps written, Brune-aut, and that the *h* was reinserted intentionally. It would be too much of a digression here to enter upon the life and character of this queen,[1] but I may observe that these changes in her name speak well for her, as showing how it lived in the memory and the language of the people for successive generations. She has made herself a name in a very true sense. Clotilda, the wife of Clovis—Hlot-hild and Hlod-wig, as we have seen they were called in their own tongue—was sainted by the Church, so her name was preserved in Latin, the language of the Church, and she is Clothilde, Clotilde, or Clotilda, in modern history books; Brunehilda was never sainted, though she may have been quite as worthy of it as some who were, her brother-in-law, Guntham, for one; but she was remembered with gratitude by the people, and her name, evolved from the people's speech, is her monument.

To return to the names with Hl, when we come to the celebrated Oaths of Strasburg, taken in 840, between two of Charlemagne's grandsons against their brother, we find that Hludhuwig and Hludher

[1] Among other modern works I may refer the reader to a short biography, *Brunehaut*, by Lucien Double (Paris, 1878). It is not, I think, generally known in this country; the author is, perhaps, too enthusiastic an admirer, but he has the candour to admit that the testimony of a flatterer like Venantius Fortunatus, who could also address Fredegonde as "*optima*" and "*omnibus excellens meritis*," is worth little or nothing. I ought, perhaps, to add that I only quote the epitaph and the name Brunecheul on the authority of this writer, who gives it as such in his preface, though he has allowed it to be printed Brunehaut in his notes, and of A. Dumas, in *Gaule et France*. The verse contains an error, as the church where Brunehilde's remains were ultimately preserved was not the one to which they were first taken in 614 or 613, the date usually assigned to her death. There is, as many readers must have noticed, a singular confusion regarding her age, but we cannot stop to discuss it here. It is not, perhaps, known to all that her name was simply Bruna, supposed to have signified *brilliant*, and possibly the same as Brenda, till her marriage with Sigebert, when she received that of Brunehilde, which is usually translated *brilliant maiden*; but *hild* also meant *war*, and might be joined to Bruna, or any other name, with or without meaning. Whether the name had previously been known, either among the Franks or the Visigoths, I cannot say; but in any case it would not seem to have any essential connection with the Brunhild or Brynhild of Nibelungen legends.

have become Ludhuwig and Ludher.[1] The said oaths are preserved both in German and in Gallo-Romance, standing midway between Latin, as we understand it, and modern French. And Ludowig, or Lodovicus, contracts to Louis, as Clodovicus to Clovis—the pronunciation of *u* and *v* being presumably the same—and in this form is bestowed on a long line of princes, some deserving the title of "celebrated warrior," and some not; and the domain of Ludher, or Lothair, is called Lotharingia, and ultimately becomes Lorraine; and this name of Hlot-her, whether or not originally intended to designate one distinguished in the military army, at length reappears as a name renowned, for all time, in the army of religious reformers—Luther.

With regard to other words, we find that the Germanic *h*'s, being stronger at first, usually remain aspirate—*la haie*, from *hage* or *haga*, English *hedge*, showing a change similar to *plaie*, from *plaga*—in the name of the Hague we see the same word introduced into French at a later period—*haïr*, *haine*, from *hassen*, English *hate; la harpe*, German *harfe—hache*, *haire*, *hâte*, *harnais*, *heaume*, *hameau*, *haler*, *halle*, *hagard*, *hareng*, *hardi*, *hulle*, *honte*—while the Latin ones more often become silent, as in *homme*, *heure*, *herbe*, or go out, as in *avoir*. We find, indeed, some curious instances of the opposite change, of an aspirate actually fastened on to a Latin word, where it would not seem to have previously existed, as in *haut*, from *altus*. It is possible that the Romans had a popular form with *h*, but I am inclined to think that *haut* is a combination of *altus* with the German *hoch*, as *brûler*, contracted from *brustulare*, would seem to be made up of the German *br*, as seen in *burn*, *brand*, *brennen*, grafted, so to speak, upon the Latin *ustulo*. We have also *huit*, from *octo*, a change for which it is less easy to account, but the general tendency of the language is to disuse or "drop" *h*, and it is rather a curious inconsistency that in this country, where Norman-French names and pedigrees are deemed aristocratic, this habit should be regarded as the very reverse. Most of the French names in England, however, date from the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, and it is possible that the greater mixture of French blood among us, during the last 200 years, may to some extent have increased the tendency.

When from French we turn to Italian, we find that the initial *h*'s,

[1] Later than this, in 881, we find one Ermoldus Nigellus writing a Latin acrostic on the name of Hludovicus, otherwise Louis III. (*see* Dumas's *Gaule et France*, p. 114), but this would seem to be an intentional archaism, as the king is called Ludwig in a contemporary German poem. The Oaths of Strasburg will be found in Brachet's *Historical Grammar* and in many similar works.

whether Latin or German, have almost entirely disappeared, but, on the other hand, the final guttural, which belongs to some German names, has become more distinct. Thus Heinrich is Enrico; we, borrowing the name from the French at an early period, call it Henry, rejecting the guttural, though we think it vulgar to omit the initial aspirate and say 'Enery or 'Arry.[1] We keep the final consonant in Frederick, introduced later, as also in historical names like Alaric, Chilperic, Theoderic. This name—erroneously spelt Theodoric, as it is from *theod*, people, and *reik*, ruler, and has nothing to do with Theodore, the gift of God—has come in French to Thierry,[2] and Landeric has similarly become Landry; and these names, both conspicuous in Merovingian history, are frequently written in their modern forms, as Brunehilde is written Brunehaut. The change from Henricus, Theodericus, Landericus to Henry, Thierry, Landry is obviously the same as that from *amicus* to *amy*, now *ami*; for, as above said, the Germanic words adopted into the Gallic Latin, altered by the same processes, and, indeed, many of the most familiar illustrations of these processes, are found in Germanic names.

But the loss of aspirates, or dropping of *h*'s, can be traced further back than simply to Latin-speaking times. We can trace it to that nebulous era *not* recorded in history but to those who delight in glossology as real as the coming of the Romans or the Normans—the first separation of the different branches of the Aryan race. At a less distant period, we assume that the Greeks and Romans were one people, and we know that the Greeks had partially lost their aspirate, before their language came to be written—that is, they had

[1] Harry seems to have been corrupted from the French Henry before it had come to be pronounced in the modern English fashion. Harriet seems likewise to be a corruption of Henriette, and is said to have been unknown before the time of Henrietta Maria.

[2] It is noticeable that the Merovingian name Theodebert, similarly contracted to Thibert, is usually written in full, perhaps for this reason: Tybert—not Tybalt, as we are led to think from an allusion in *Romeo and Juliet*—is the name of the cat in the romance of Reynard the Fox, whence, probably, our Tib for cats, and it is possible that the name, from being associated with an animal, may in mediæval times have gone out of use, as ridiculous or profane to bestow upon a human being. Tybalt, or Thibault, is likewise shortened from Theodebald. In German these names are Dietrich, Dietbrecht, or Dietprecht, Dietbold or Dietpold. Every name with *-bert* in it—Albert, Robert, &c.—had formerly *berht*, *brecht*, or *precht*—that is, *bright*—and thus gives us an example of a "dropped *h*." In Bertha we have curiously inverted the order of the letters, perhaps from a mistaken analogy with Martha; in Saxon times the name was Berhta, Latinised as Bercta.

only a weak sound left, which they represented by a sign ʽ, or "rough breathing," while the Romans, in their derived words, wrote it *h*. But in the *cognate* words—a difference which must always be kept in mind, with regard both to modern and ancient languages—the Romans had *s*, thus : ἕξ, *sex* ; ἕπτα, *septem* ; ὑπό, *sub* ; ὑπέρ, *super* ; ἅλς, *sal* ; ἥλιος, *sol* ; ἡμι-, *semi-* ; ὕδωρ, *sudor* ; ἅλμα, well known to all as *halma*, the jumping game, *saltus* ; ὕλη, *silva*, and others. We may suppose, therefore, that these words had once a powerful *rushing* sound, something like that of wind, or water, for, going further back, we find, in the Eranian tongue, *hend*, or *hind*, for *river*, and in Sanskrit *sind*, whence in the one, Hapta-Hendu, in the other Sapta-Sindhavah, *seven rivers*, for the land now called Punjaub ; and to this day we have Sindia, as well as India and Indus, and Hindustan. Needs it to say that *hapta* and *sapta* correspond to ἕπτα and *septem*? And is it not possible that the sound of the waters may have suggested the original word, which to one branch of the family became *hind*, to another *sind*, and that ὕδωρ may also have arisen thus? and may we not also have had ἅλς and *sal*, from the sound of the briny sea, as it swept over rocks and pebbles? and ὕλη and *silva*, from that of the wind among trees, and ὕπνος and *somnus*, from the heavy breathing of one asleep? Nay, is it not even possible that to our primitive ancestors, living among seven rivers, the sound may have suggested the name of the number? Every word must have had an origin.[1] But to return to our particular subject, we find that *h*

[1] The sounds made by water are numerous, and sometimes indefinable. There is the bubbling, gurgling, lapping, rippling, rolling, rushing, splashing, all which words show an attempt to imitate the sound, as is also still seen in the names of many rivers. Thus we have Rhine, whereof, we may suppose, the aspirate was once strongly uttered, and which is probably connected with ῥέω, and also with *run* ; there are Rhines in England, notably the Bussex Rhine at Sedgemoor ; Usk, Eske, Exe, Ax = *aqua*, wherein it is evident that the labial was once as strong as the guttural, from the mediæval French *eve*, now *eau* ; Avon, Aber, *ab* in Punjab = five rivers, five only being now counted (Punj = πέντε) ; the Kymric Habren, better known as Severn, with which we can easily compare Sequ-ana, now Seine, and Sèv-res, contracted from Sequanos, like Londres from Londinos ; Ebro—some would connect this and Iberia or Hiberia with Hibernia, as signifying *western* ; but all four names may have alike originated in the sound of the waves upon the banks or coasts. In Sind-havah (for which and the other Sanskrit and Eranian words quoted above see *Vedic India*, "Story of the Nations") we have two combined. Our water vocabulary is a vast one, and perhaps half the words in existence might be ultimately traced thereto. Comparing such names as Tweed and Dwina with *two*, *duo*, Sanskrit *dvau*, it seems not unlikely that the same sound suggested the name of the river and that of the number, from the river dividing the land into two parts ; and further comparing Trent, *tres*, *aqua*, *quattuor*, *quinque* ; Exe, ἕξ ; Habren, ἕπτα ; Neva, *novem*,

in English and the allied languages corresponds to *c* and *q* in Latin, and κ in Greek; thus *head*, formerly *heafod*, German *haupt*, answers to *caput* and κεφαλή; *heart*, to *cor*, *cord-is*, and καρδία; *hound*, German *hund*, for any species, to *canis* and κύων: note that these are cognate, while *cynicus* is derived; we have also *hut*, *cotta*, *hurry*, *curro*, *hemp*, German *hanf*, Dutch *hennep*, κάνναβις, and several other instances, some with words obsolete in English, as *hals*, neck, *collis*, besides the pronouns and adverbs with *wh*, formerly *hw: who*, *qui*, *quis*, *whose*, *cujus* or *quojus*, *what*, *quid*, *quod*, *when*, *quando*, *quum*, *cum*, *where*, *quo*, *why*, *cur*, *quare*, *why* being the old ablative of *what*, and thus literally equivalent to *quare*, *quā re*. As, in the other case, we assume the words to have had originally a rushing sound, a combination of aspirate and sibilant, so this would point to a strong guttural, in the original Aryan tongue. In Merovingian times, as we have seen, the Germanic *h*'s were still such that the Gallo-Roman chroniclers thought it well to represent them by *c* or *ch*, and the probability is that wherever we continue to pronounce the aspirate our early English ancestors pronounced it more strongly.[1]

We might go on to consider the *th* of Greek and Latin, pronounced as *t* only in French, and written as such in Italian; the Gothic *th* pronounced, and now frequently written, as *t* in modern German; the *r* with "rough breathing" in Greek, represented by *rh* in the Latin derivatives, but by *r* only in the cognates, whence the two names Rhoda and Rosa; the interchange of *h* with *g* or *y*, as in *hortus*, yard or garden, *hesternus*, yesterday, and that of *f* and *v*, the

we can conceive that some of the other numerals were first named from the number of rivers known to the primitive dwellers among them, who would invent fresh words as their geographical knowledge extended. The prepositions ὑπέρ, *super*, might also be derived from water leaping over an obstacle; ἐξ, *ex*, from a spring bursting out of a rock; *trans*, similar to Trent, from the chattering stream, which it was at times necessary to cross. There are also many different sounds caused by wind, but it would seem that the organs of speech are not made to reproduce the sounds of nature with absolute exactness, and hence the "onomatopœic" or *sounding* words show innumerable variations, while the signs made by deaf-mutes are said to be the same all over the world.

[1] It is well to observe that this correspondence of *c* and *h* appears also when *c* is followed by *e*, and would be soft, according to our modern mode of pronunciation, as *centum*, *hundred*; in this word, *hund* is the numerical adjective, *red* being an abstract noun-ending, as in *kindred* and *hatred*. Some Latin verbs show both *h* and *c*, as *traho*, *tractum*. It is supposed that the combination *wh*, or *hw*, in *who*, *what*, &c., and the corresponding *qu*, though used for relatives as well as interrogatives, originally signified interrogation; and the verb *quæro*, with its derivatives *inquiro*, *quæstio*, &c., would seem to be a survival of this use.

aspirate labials, with the non-aspirate, *p* and *b*, as in *pater*, father, *pes*, *pedis*, foot, *frater*, brother, *fagus*, beech, *verres*, boar, *vita*, *βίος*; but I think I have written enough now to show that a "basketful of dropped *h*'s" is not altogether an imaginary collection, and I hope that those who have become interested in the search will continue it for themselves, and gather not *h*'s only but all else that they may find which has been lost or changed in any language; for, once started on glossological research, our treasures lie before us "thick as autumnal leaves." The irregular use of this particular letter, indeed, is a thing to which we soon grow accustomed in studying mediæval literature, and we do not feel the story of King Lear, as told by Layamon, to be less pathetic because we read now of *his* and now of *is* daughters, nor need we conclude, with a late facetious American writer, that Hamlet could never have loved Ophelia if she had called him 'Amlet, since, when we trace the story to its Danish sources, we find there is quite a possibility that she did call him so, the name appearing in Danish legends both as Hamlet and Amlet. As before said, the cultured Romans objected to the omission or misplacement of *h*, but even among them there were differences of opinion, for we sometimes find words with two forms, as *aruspex* and *haruspex*, Iberia and Hiberia. The insertion of *h*'s, though often caricatured along with the omission of them, is not so common, and does not appear to so great an extent in the permanent alteration of languages, simply because it requires more breath and more exertion to sound an *h* than to leave it out, and it is the natural tendency of all, except when bent on giving great emphasis to their words, to pronounce them in the way demanding least exertion. How far these and other deviations in pronunciation and grammar ought now to be countenanced is another question, but we cannot help feeling more tolerant towards them when we see how many forms are now admitted which must once have been unusual. Is it worse to talk of *'eads* and *'ands* and *'orses* than to say *loaf* and *roof*, *loud* and *rather*, entirely ignoring the *h* that once stood at the beginning? to say 'Ampshire than to say Rochester, when both, in King Alfred's time, had an *H*, and another syllable, Hamtunscire and Hrofesceastre? Is it so bad to talk of the 'Ouse of Lords, when every Lord and Lady in the land have rejected the *H*, and other letters, which in Saxon times would have made them Hlaford and Hlæfdige? And ought we to blame 'Arry and 'Arriett for calling themselves thus, when Louis and Louisa have so long forgotten that their ancestral name was Hludwig? We become more tolerant, too, towards the so called Cockneyism, of confusing *v* and *w*—more familiar, indeed, to most of

us, from Dickens's pages, than from actual experience—when we find that in Danish our *w* is replaced by *v*, while in German and Dutch the written *w* is pronounced *v*; to those who leave out the *g* from present participles, *comin'*, *walkin'*, &c., when we learn that the *g* was not always there, that our ancestors made their participles with *ende*, like the modern Germans and Hollanders; to those who say *crep'*, *kep'*, *slep'* when we recognise in it a true Saxon *strong* conjugation, *slep* being the past tense of *sleep*, without any need of *t*; to the use of two or more negatives when we find it in Chaucer; to the insertion of *r* between vowels in such a name as "Clara-r-Evans," when we recall the French *a-t-il*, *a-t-elle*, the *t* being admitted for "euphony," and learn too that our *aunt* comes from the old form *ante*, a contraction of *amita*, the modern *tante* having apparently grown into existence from the difficulty of saying *ma ante*, *ta ante*, *sa ante*, without inserting a consonant; to "slang" words and phrases generally, when we discover what a venerable antiquity some of them possess, and how others have been condemned in their time, that are now considered quite correct—that *grab*, for instance, occurs in the Vedas, and that Quintilian pronounced "possibilis" to be "appellatio dura"—that is, rough or unpolished. But why talk of tolerance? Can we, in view of all the changes that have taken place in our own and other languages, lay down any law as to what is right or wrong? Whether there ever was a time when the whole human race spoke one language is a question which even the greatest scholars have not yet decided; but it is certain that if people had determined, only a few centuries since, to keep to fixed rules in speaking, no modern language would have been what it is. Some, indeed, have altered more than others, in the same time, from difference of circumstances—we need only compare Layamon's "Brut" with the "Nibelungen-Lied"—and the changes become fewer as reading and writing become more general; but the fact, that so many changes have come about, should make us hesitate to pronounce positively what is *correct*, though we must teach children and foreigners what is *customary*. Language may have a code of etiquette, but not a code of ethics.

K. A. A. BIGGS.

SOME IRISH INDUSTRIES, PAST AND PRESENT.

IT is a stock aphorism that supply and demand decide the increase and prosperity of all industries. This may be correct as a rule, yet in some cases extraneous influences make themselves felt likewise. These, arising from inevitable, or preventable causes, are historically interesting, and may be instructive.

No one can deny that political pressure was enlisted to thwart Irish enterprise in bygone days. In the same way iniquitous monopolies crippled some branches of English trade under the Tudor and earlier Stuart kings. On the other hand, there have been some endeavours to develop new industries in Ireland, whether the effort was purely disinterested or not.

So early as 1589 we find George Long urging upon Lord Burghley, that if the number of glass factories were diminished in England, several might be established in Ireland, where, he adds, each of these would be "equal to a garrison of twenty men," in securing peace for the country. There was diplomacy in this suggestion! Popular riots had taken place in England, excited by the impression that the rural districts were being denuded of their timber to feed the furnaces. There may have been some jealousy too of a trade that was principally in the hands of aliens—Huguenot "gentlemen glass-makers," who being driven out of France, settled upon our Southern shores. Long asserted that there was plenty of wood in Ireland, where also all necessary materials might be found. It would appear that the proposal was favourably received, for our friend purchased a patent and set to work. Presumably the venture failed, for little more is heard about it, except as to the difficulty experienced in finding artizans, who were willing to face the "Wild Irishry." About twenty years later Roger Aston obtained a grant permitting him to make all manner of glass for Ireland, the English monopoly having been secured to Sir R. Mansell. Meanwhile the compulsory use of coal for fuel had brought about many changes.

It was probably due to the efforts of the Dublin Society that

glass-making attained some importance in the eighteenth century. In an old document the following announcement is made :—

> The Dublin Society, in order to promote such useful Arts and Manufactures as have not hitherto been introduced, or are not yet brought to Perfection in this Kingdom, give Notice that they intend to encourage by Praemiums, annual contributions, and other methods, any persons who are well skilled in such Arts and Manufactures, and will carry them on in the best and most skilful manner. Proposals may be sent to the Society every Thursday at the Parliament House, Dublin. 25th March, 1740.

Then follows a long list of raw and manufactured articles that were habitually imported; the approximate value paid for these amounted to £507,270 *2s. 3d.*, an average having been computed from the years 1734-35-36. Amongst the imports mentioned was glass.

Possibly half a century of encouragement may have borne good fruit; the trade must have thriven, for in 1788 a law was passed forbidding the exportation of glass (19 George II., c. 12). In 1778 it had been proposed to allow the export to all countries except Great Britian. If scotched for a time the trade was by no means destroyed, for in 1800 it had secured a firm footing in Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Waterford, and a few other places. That for table use was of a massive type, and possibly the introduction of slender crystals may have militated against heavy cut glass, as it has elsewhere.

Although during the latter half of the eighteenth century the Cork manufacture was the clearest, it was not individualized by any particular shape, which lessens the interest from a collector's point of view. The Waterford product showed a slightly bluish tinge. An old writer enumerating the industries of that town mentions "vitry, topsails, corn bags, and other articles." The Waterford glass trade has long since been given up, but Thom's Directory says that in 1895 the export from Dublin amounted to £8,170, besides local trade.

There is a little romance about the art of glass-making in Ireland, which is said to have been derived from the Phœnicians. The legend is, that the secret of making their beautifully enamelled beads was brought to the South of Germany by Irish missionaries in the eighth century.

In his work on Ceramic Art, Mr. H. Owen mentions that Bristol once did a lively trade in flint glass, but that, like other industries requiring fuel, it had moved to the closer vicinity of the great coal-fields.

If in Belfast the price of coal proved to be a hindrance, it must have been a drawback in Londonderry also. At the same time Mr. Arthur Young, the well-known author of "A Tour in Ireland," thought that too much was made of that difficulty.

He says that, "in London and its neighbourhood, where most of the hoops made in the kingdom are cut, and a great proportion of other heavy work, such as anchors, ship work, &c., is carried on, coals are 30 per cent. dearer than in Dublin."

A hope was always cherished, that when the canals, which were in progress towards the end of the eighteenth century, should be completed, the coal supply of Ireland would suffice for carrying on home manufactures. Then other difficulties were raised and little done.

Linen is the industry which has never suffered from any kind of repression. "Let them have their linen" was the answer, in reply to remonstrances with regard to other taxation. Although mentioned in the reign of Henry VIII., to the ill-fated Lord Strafford the credit is due of firmly establishing it as a national product. At the Restoration wise measures were taken by the Duke of Ormonde, which infused fresh life into the industry.

The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes made many homeless; some of these sought refuge in Ireland, where their knowledge of various handicrafts made them useful citizens, and their influence upon the linen trade was beneficial. Fifty-five years later, in the Dublin Society's tables, already quoted, the total importation of linen, valued at 4*s.* an ell, figured only at £618, whereas £17,933 was paid for cambric at 5*s.* 6*d.* This was a striking contrast, for which a remedy was promptly found. Some workers were brought from Flanders, and soon 1,500 looms were working in Ulster. The finest fabrics are now a *spécialité* of the country. Prosperity did not come without fostering care. From accounts laid before Parliament, it appears that between the years 1700 and 1777 £847,504 were paid for the use of the linen manufacturers of Ireland—*see* "Com. Jour.," vol. xv., p. 396—but the value of the linen exported from Ireland in six years, 1771–1777, reached £1,615,654, whilst in 1895 it exceeded six millions.

When opposing a proposal to tax English goods, John Foster, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1784, pointed out that the total amount imported per annum reached one million, whilst the Irish linen alone that was exported was worth a million and a half, and the danger of reprisals on the part of England would be too great to risk. Writing in 1781, John Angel mentions that "some of the greatest obstructions to the benefit and increase of the manu-

factures of Ireland are the frequent riots and combinations amongst the manufacturers." . . . "It would be highly becoming the wisdom of our legislature," he continues, "to endeavour to adopt some method to prevent them, as the legislature of England hath done." To remedy this evil, heads of Bills were introduced in the Irish Parliament during the Session of 1780. Thus we have an eminently fair man, who frankly admits that want of prosperity may be traced to more than one source.

In 1823 the Linen Board offered £2,000 to promote the saving of flax seed. It was then supposed to be a great matter to be independent of foreign assistance. Presumably this is not considered so now, judging from the fact that in 1876 27,141 tons of flax were raised, and in 1895 the total had dwindled to 12,193 tons—less than half.

There has never been any transaction connected with the linen trade, which could raise a regret amongst those who regard each interference with the woollen trade as a black spot in Irish history, although admitting the folly of judging past ages by nineteenth-century standards.

The quaint author of "A Discourse on the Woollen Manufactury of Ireland, and the Consequence of Prohibiting its Exportation," published in Dublin, 1698, throws a light upon the subject, which, whatever it is worth, was probably shared by many of the writer's contemporaries. He warns and entreats the authorities to pause before they acted so rashly, seeing that the woollen trade was the sole support of the Protestants of Ireland. He enters into his subject at length and with vigour, writing in an intolerant spirit, giving his reasons to prove his case. Amongst other things, he says, that large colonies of English wool combers were settled in the counties of Cork and Waterford. "It is," he continues, "more than probable that the pretended mischief of the increase of the woollen manufacture in Ireland, doth arise from the restraint put upon the Irish from exporting their black cattle into England, because they were necessitated by it to run upon the breeding a greater number of sheep, which furnishing them with a store of wool, led them naturally to manufacturing it, and should the people of Ireland be denied the privilege, that both Nature and Necessity seems to entitle them to, of exporting superfluities of their manufactures, it will be very happy if such a restraint be not attended with worse consequences to the land and trade of England, than the prohibiting of Irish cattle have occasioned." Vexatious as this enactment with regard to the cattle must have been, it was somewhat shortsighted,

for the Irish undersold their rivals in the French market, and this led to fresh heart-burnings.

Before the Restoration the Irish woollen industry consisted only of blankets and friezes, although they may have been an advance upon the products described by Sir William Petty, who talks of cloth made in small pieces, measuring twenty by twenty-four inches each. The Duke of Ormonde promoted factories, which led to such an increase of cloth-making that it affected the amount of the raw material exported. Agitations were set on foot in England, resulting in the Act of 1696, of which Dean Swift writes :—

> At the passing of that fatal Act the condition of our Trade was glorious and flourishing, though no way interfering with the English. We made no broad cloth over six shillings a yard; coarse drugget, baize and shalloon, worsted damask, strong draught-work, light half-work, and stuffs were the only produce of our looms. They were partly consumed by the meanest of our people, and partly sent to northern nations, from which we had in exchange timber, iron, hemp, flax, pitch, tar, and hard dollars.

Sir John Browne dedicated one of his tracts upon trade to Dean Swift, in which he eulogises this spirited defence of the oppressed. In another of his pamphlets he asks indignantly, "Could there be in appearance a greater Hardship upon them, than by Laws, made in a Parliament wherein they had no representatives, to be restrained from exporting the Manufactures of Wooll (the most Abounding and Precious of all their commodities) to any part of the World, and from exporting Wooll itself, raw and unmanufactured, to any place but England?" "True it is," he says elsewhere, "that particular Persons and Societies may be affected by the success of Ireland in Trade, but if England in general is the gainer thereby, it would be a thing of fatal consequence to be led by their insinuations into such Councils as might cramp it in those branches of Trade which do not clash with her own."

The closing words of the last paragraph indicate, that even this clear-headed thinker was not altogether free from the prejudices of his time.

By an Act of Edward IV., the importation of cloth into England was forbidden from any part of the world, but it was afterwards declared that this did not apply to "the wares and commodities" of Ireland. Under this tacit agreement the question rested until the return of the Stuarts, when all manner of woollen cloths imported were rated at 8*s.* a yard (12 Chas. II. c. 4).

An Act of William and Mary selected six Irish ports from which wool might be shipped, and certain English towns were mentioned where the merchandise might be landed, practically leaving it to the

buyers to decide what they were willing to give. A cruel position for those who wished to sell at a fair price. The regulation also told against those English who did not happen to live in a favoured locality.

A treatise written by an enlightened citizen of Exeter throws some light upon the way in which these cries were got up; cries which, according to his showing, misled the Government. This book, published in 1753, advocates that Exeter should be made a free port, and that trade with Ireland should be encouraged, notwithstanding "all the noise and clamour that have been made" about the smuggling of wool to France. He assures his contemporaries that such things are not probable, on account of the bulky nature of the merchandise. Tea, silk, or brandy would be more likely subjects for illicit trading. He relates that the outcry set up by "interested persons" was so great that the Government gave in, and fitted out seven cruisers to guard the Irish coast; these were commanded by "gentlemen of quality," who were disgusted at capturing no prizes, and finding nothing to do. Possibly this particular expedition may have proved a failure, but undoubtedly a great deal of wool was smuggled both to France and Spain, where it was highly appreciated, the texture being better suited for the requirements of those markets than the local supply.

In one way he corroborates the author of "The Discourse upon the Woollen Trade," although he is writing half a century later, and looking at the subject from a different point of view. "The number of wool-combers in Ireland," he says, "is surprisingly great. I saw a list of those employed in Cork, and five miles round; I was astounded at the numbers, which I forbear to mention; I might be suspected to exceed the truth."

A very singular outcome from these unfair exactions is mentioned by an unbiassed writer in the later decades of the last century. In 1779 the revenue had decreased; this he attributes to the falling off of imports from Great Britain, owing to the non-importation agreements entered into. ("House of Com. Jour." vol. ii. p. 169.) He goes on to say that tea was the only commodity which showed any increase, but millinery and fashionable productions had made way for woollen cloths of home manufacture; thus patriotically did the inhabitants exert themselves to neutralise evils that they could not prevent. John Foster, afterwards Lord Oriel, stated in 1785 that formerly Ireland imported drapery to the extent of 300,000 yards annually, but that had ceased, and manufactures had increased so much that 650,000 yards were exported. ("Irish Par. Debates.")

There were several reasons for the change. In 1780 manufactories for cotton goods were started, and in a few years 30,000 hands were employed.

There was a great agitation about printed cottons, which were said to be displacing cloths; eventually the tremendous tax of 14*d.* a yard was decided on to equalise the two fabrics, but as it did not weigh on Ireland alone, there is no especial cause of complaint. In the same year all obnoxious restrictions on woollen wares were removed, and thenceforward they were declared to be perfectly free. Parliament then set itself to work to improve the craft in every way.

Many hand-looms are now at work in different parts of the country preparing friezes, tweed, flannel, &c. These being cottage industries, have been largely promoted by private patronage, whilst all kinds of tweed and cloth are being turned out by the factories, not to mention worsteds and yarns.

During the famine years depression was universally felt, but in 1881 the woollen trade employed 20,000 hands. It had then enjoyed just one century of absolute freedom. Since then the output has further increased. Unless internal broils or unforeseen disasters intervene to check this progress, there need be no hindrance in the onward race.

Apparently from two petitions laid before the Committee of Ways and Means of the Irish House of Commons, by the Dublin Paper Makers in 1770, the quality of their paper had been impugned. This was done by the importers of foreign produce, when remonstrating against the additional tax of 1*s.* a ream, which was then imposed upon their merchandise. The memorialists meet the charge bravely. "As to our writing paper," they say, "it is brought to such a state of perfection that, whereas some years ago no stationers retailed any but foreign, there are now many shops where no foreign is to be had under post . . ." The charge of inferiority may have had some foundation, it was probably an old story trumped up for the occasion. From the Dublin Society's tables, published about thirty years previously, we may gather that foreign paper was in demand then. They give the following details :—

Paper, cap, per ream, 3*s.* 4*d.*	Total	£3. 16*s.*
Printing, 2*s.* ,, ...	,,	£2,335
Writing, 4*s.* 8*d.* ,, ...	,,	£2,357

In those days paper was not so freely used as now. Possibly the foregoing figures may have stimulated the local manufacturers to aim higher, and thus secure the trade. The early history of an industry which has increased threefold within the last quarter of a century is

not without interest. Unfortunately this reminds us of a very beautiful fabric which has retrograded in the same proportion.

In the Irish Parliament it was stated that, in 1784, 11,000 persons were engaged in the silk trade. Poplin or tabbinet making is an offshoot of an art introduced by French settlers, of whom there were so many in different parts of the country. Those familiar with the substance know that it is a mixture of silk and wool, rich in effect and serviceable. Cheaper and more showy silks are gradually crowding out the more durable fabric. In 1871, 920 hands were employed in this handicraft, ten years later the number was only 619, whilst in 1891 only 329 were at work.

Previously to Le Blanc's experiments, relative to the manufacture of carbonate of soda, in 1785, the gathering of kelp gave employment to large numbers who were allured to the West Coast by the demand for unskilled labour. Briefly stated, the seaweed required is cut from the rocks at low-water; another species drifts ashore after stormy weather. These are dried in the sun, collected into shallow pits, and burnt. Kelp contains potash, soda, and other salts, as well as iodine. About twenty tons of seaweed make one of kelp, which originally was valued at £20, though now it hardly averages £4. This is partly owing to the remission of the salt tax in 1825, and also to improved chemical processes, by which the chief constituent may more easily be obtained from other sources. Kelp is also made in Scotland and Brittany, but upwards of two-thirds of the whole supply is drawn from Ireland. The employment has decreased, and the population has multiplied, causing what is called a congested district. This must always happen when large numbers congregate together and remain on after their occupation has vanished.

A writer in 1780 makes a serious complaint that the importation of beer had increased, the freight from London being only 5*s.* a hogshead, and that "the malt in Ireland is not made anything near so good, or to yield so much as that which comes from abroad." This was one of those details that the Dublin Society set itself to improve. Doubtless there have been many fluctuations to contend with, but the result may be deduced from the statement that duty was charged on 2,802,599 barrels in 1896.

The Dublin Society, which so efficiently helped forward many industries in their infancy, originated with the Rev. Dr. Madden and a few friends in 1731. Its object was to encourage husbandry and useful arts, by offering prizes or grants of money as a temporary incentive to good work. In 1749 a Charter of Incorporation was granted to the Society, which still flourishes.

One of the lessons it teaches is how a great work may be done by comparatively small means; and how many there are who may be found willing to assist, if properly directed.

There are many incidental ways in which capital can be attracted to a country whose resources may thus become known, and fresh industries might then spring up. River fisheries, and the preservation of game, which are such a source of wealth to Scotland, might equally prove beneficial to the sister Isle.

Cattle have been touched upon, in passing, but any further allusion would necessitate going into other subjects, such as horses, pigs, butter, eggs, &c., all in their way valuable articles of trade, but not within our present sphere. Sea fisheries, which have lately been developed so wonderfully with the assistance of Mr. Balfour's light railways, must for the same reason be dismissed with a hearty wish for prosperity to the good people of Achill and the Western Coast. Nor will it be possible to linger in the contemplation of ship-building, one of the largest and most lucrative enterprises of modern days, for, be it remembered, nothing of the kind had been contemplated at that period, when heartburnings were aroused by the wool question. From this we learn that the possibilities of the future are not to be gauged by the horizon now in sight.

Much has been said about spirits of late. It is not a fascinating detail, yet, as it forms a staple industry of the country, it may be mentioned that in 1896 duty was levied upon 31,906,129 gallons. Of this a good deal was exported, thus this much discussed tax was paid by consumers elsewhere.

Those who feel a lively pride in artistic achievements will look back with a thrill of pleasure upon the record of Irish lace. With this crochet must be associated, although, strictly speaking, the term is confined to the work of the needle and bobbin, for crochet afforded employment to many thousands of women—twelve thousand in Cork alone—during years of famine and distress.

It is true that this work was galvanized into extraordinary activity by the energy of ladies, who sought by every means to mitigate the calamity of extreme poverty induced by the potato disease; but it is a mistake to fancy that these benevolent efforts were of sudden growth.

The author of "The Compleat Irish Traveller," published in 1788, mentions that Lord and Lady Moira were keenly interested in promoting all kinds of local employment, and that wherever he went he found the gentry intent on the same ends. To meet overwhelming misfortunes greater exertions may have been required, but

the field was not unprepared. Philanthropic patronage led to prices that could not permanently be sustained, which involved a reaction. Added to that, the quality of the materials and the selection of the patterns deteriorated when left to the workers. In some districts still, effective imitations of Spanish raised point are made in crochet, and many kinds of lace are made with the needle.

The late Mrs. Bury Palliser mentions an imitation of Venetian rose point, saying that it was one of the finest specimens she had ever seen, whilst in the various lace schools laces of all descriptions are reproduced.

Limerick lace, which owes its best period to the efforts of Mr. Charles Walker, is a species of tambour work on net. He brought over some girls as teachers, and provided work for about 1,500 women in 1829. In half a century the number had dwindled to 300. Now it is said to be coming into fashion again. Carrickmacross lace has a distinct individuality of its own. The convents of Youghal, New Ross, and Kenmare contribute work of rare beauty, in which consummate skill is displayed. Those who have not thought of Irish lace before will find a new field for artistic study that promises to all its explorers an ample reward.

A very practical outcome of diligence is the supply of almost every kind of white work that has been organised, from the stitchery of the seamstress to the finest and most elaborate embroidery. These now compete in markets which formerly were almost entirely supplied by France.

Glove-making is only carried on in a limited way, but the results are excellent; moreover, it is a home industry which may be pursued at a distance from great towns.

A great deal of sentimentality is sometimes bestowed upon what are called "the good old times": rough days, when legislation frequently stepped in to settle details in a high-handed manner, which may have chagrined a few, but did not shock anyone, being in unison with the drastic spirit then abroad.

Picking up stray facts may not suffice to prove a theory, although they may be hard to ignore, but sidelights thrown by documents that were written for another purpose are more likely to elucidate disputed points, for they can be received with less suspicion. Our facts tend to show that most of the industries that have prospered were introduced by settlers, and that they were not a spontaneous effort of the Irish people.

Some of the figures quoted in the foregoing pages may appear but trifling when compared with some of the great undertakings of

recent date, yet they may enable us to form an estimate of some Irish industries as they were, as they might have been, and now are; whilst suggesting a hope of what they may become hereafter. Past experience has shown that the lack of coal once proved a drawback to trade in the Emerald Isle, as it does elsewhere. Greater facility of transport has diminished that difficulty on the eastern coast, at all events. In the west, Lough Corrib, or, more accurately speaking, the river of the same name, could supply sufficient power to drive any number of mills, the produce of which could find an outlet through Galway Bay, in addition to the usual railway communication. There are also other places where hydraulic power might be made useful, either directly or in generating electricity.

Peat now bids fair to become a source of wealth. For fuel it has been treated in several ways to decrease its bulk, whilst retaining its efficiency, thus facilitating transport. There are other purposes for which peat is now utilized. Horse clothing and felt carpets are amongst these, whilst a French firm is bringing out a fine, delicately tinted, hygienic flannel. Top dressings for gardens and moss litter are already well known; but strange as it may sound, paraffin candles may be added to the list. Modern science has done, and is doing, much by pointing to such inventions, some of which still require further improvements to make them a financial success. Figures quoted in connection with some of these enterprises may, as yet, be considered as visionary; but another point of view is, that the removal of the peat converts waste districts into arable land, and in consequence the market value of such property should greatly increase with the additional openings, and improvements which affect its produce.

Granting even one-half of these natural advantages to have been correctly estimated, and each have ardent advocates, what hinders a speedy development? It would be worse than useless to hurry on undertakings that are not ripe for exploitation; better far to wait five or even ten years if necessary, and then approach them with an assurance of success. Meanwhile, it is foolish to ignore facts which may be guided to beneficial results.

One of the principal drawbacks is want of capital; at least, so it is said, but there was no such deficiency when Guinness' Brewery was turned into a company, and liberal subscriptions have greeted other undertakings where sufficient security has been forthcoming. If it is from want of confidence in home industries that Irish money is finding its way elsewhere, it is not surprising that other investors should not be attracted.

The "clamourings" of "interested persons" did not tend to promote prosperity in bygone days, and though precisely the same dangers do not darken the horizon now, there may still be some points of similarity to be traced. Only an assurance of immunity from one-sided legislation, and excessive taxation, from whatever source it emanates, will foster confidence in the minds of those who can develop the resources of the country and the industries of the people. Warfare against property of any kind is not calculated to allay doubts as to the security of future speculation, whilst it estranges the sympathies of a large number in Ireland, and a greater multitude elsewhere. Amongst these there are those whose presence and hospitality might attract visitors, men of financial and scientific resource, whose energies might exploit some of those natural advantages which still languish for want of a helping hand. There never was a more short-sighted cry than "Ireland for the Irish," even if the essential points that constitute an Irishman were once and for ever ascertained. What really is desirable is "Prosperity for Ireland," from whatever source it comes, and the more channels the better. The lesson to be learned from the shipbuilding trade shows how hard it is to forecast the possibilities of the future.

Many, even Irishmen, speak as if they had no interest in the army, beyond the few regiments that garrison the country, no concern as to the navy, outside the small number of battleships stationed on their coast. They forget that the Imperial troops and the Royal Navy protect their colonies, and guard their commerce all over the world.

Many of the troubles in former times arose from the fact that Ireland was a "separate entity," a fact that gave rise to jealousies and disputes, in which the weaker country went to the wall. This state of affairs has happily been remedied by modern legislation, by which the sister islands have been welded into a United Kingdom, entitled to equal privileges, and a share in those benefits accruing from the growth, the extended interests, and the increased prosperity of the empire.

GERALDINE LESLIE.

YOUTH.

IF to be young is to be glad at heart,
To love the birds, to love the wayside flowers,
To leap with joy in springtide's breezy hours,
And find a bliss in Nature's every part—
In things that creep, in fish that dive and dart—
Then in the playground of delightful bowers
I bear a youth that shall not lose its powers,
Nor dread the strife of eager town and mart.

If to be young is to be full of hope
And buoyant life, longing to cast away
The petty cares that make us stoop and grope,
And be a child again with mirth and play,—
Such is the youth I strive for, strong to cope
With time and all his terrors, day by day.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

TABLE TALK.

The River Wharfe.

SITTING alone in Bolton Woods during a day of summer holiday with the "crystal Wharfe," as Wordsworth called it, just after its escape from the Strid, rushing musically and brawlingly on to "Bolton's mouldering priory," I realised, as one can best realise in solitude, the magical and irresistible influences that water, whether running in the stream or tranquil in the well, exercises over the imagination and the aspirations of men. It is difficult in summer weather to find a spot in the Wharfe deep enough to drown the most resolute suicide; yet the umber-coloured stream, fresh from the peaty hills of Craven, wooes the traveller alike by song and by smile to rest within its waters. One could fancy its tutelary nymph Verbeia—for the stream can claim such—a Lorely with an insatiable appetite for human life, and exacting every year, or it may be every month, a fresh victim. My readers know doubtless the imaginary dialogue, breathing the very spirit of folk observation and thought, between the sister streams, the Tweed and the Till:—

> Tweed said to Till,
> "What gars ye rin sae still?"
> Till said to Tweed,
> "Though ye rin wi' speed,
> And I rin slow,
> Do ye no ken
> Where ye droon ae man
> I droon ten?"

One can understand then the superstition derived from classical times, and still prevalent in rural England, that it is unlucky and even premonitory of death to gaze on one's image in the water.

Water Spirits.

THE superstition to which I refer is explained by Mr. J. G. Frazer in his epoch-marking "Golden Bough," a work of monumental worth, a new edition of which is, I am happy to see,

in preparation. It is linked with the various beliefs as to the possibility of the water spirits dragging the soul, otherwise the reflection, from the body, which is left soulless to die. Mr. Frazer regards this as the probable origin of the story of Narcissus, who, after seeing his reflection in the water, pined away and died. The explanation that he died for love of his own fair image "was probably devised later, after the old meaning of the story was forgotten." No idea is more widely circulated through the various nations than the notion that the soul can be temporarily divorced from the body, which it leaves inanimate until its return. Should the homeward track be lost, the body will finally die, or, according to the belief in other countries, remain dazed and mad. Milton uses splendidly this idea when he speaks in "Comus" of the

> thick and gloomy shadows damp,
> Oft seen in charnel-vaults and sepulchres,
> Lingering and sitting by a new-made grave,
> As loath to leave the body that it loved.

We are thus brought into relationship with theories concerning ghosts, spooks, and supernatural creatures generally. With this idea that the water spirit may seize upon and detain the disembodied soul, Mr. Frazer connects an English superstition that whoever sees a water spirit will fade and die, and he quotes with no name of author a poem on the subject, of much beauty, with the responsibility for which I must accordingly credit him:

> Alas! the moon should ever beam
> To show what man should never see!
> I saw a maiden in a stream,
> And fair was she!
>
> I staid to watch a little space
> Her parted lips if she would sing;
> The waters closed above her face
> With many a ring.
>
> I know my life will fade away,
> I know that I must vainly pine,
> For I am made of mortal clay,
> But she's divine.

The Worship of Streams and Wells.

FATAL and malignant as were the influences of the water fairies, the stream itself has been the recipient of constant honours. Hesiod dwelt on the necessity of praying and washing the hands before crossing water. Readers of Homer will recall, moreover, how the

river-god Scamander was outraged by the manner in which Achilles polluted his waters with the slain until his

> choked streams no more their course can keep,
> Nor roll their wonted tribute to the deep,

and how in his rage he all but drowned the hero.

Up to the present day, or days immediately antecedent, English rivers have been propitiated, and in earlier days human lives were not seldom sacrificed to streams or wells. The number of wells even now regarded as holy is much larger than is to be expected in prosaic and scientific days. Yorkshire alone, as the largest county, has sixty-seven holy wells, while the entire number chronicled by Mr. Robert Charles Hope in his "Legendary Lore of the Holy Wells of England" is between 400 and 500. How tolerant Christianity has been of such beliefs is evident when we read of the Pool of Bethesda; and those concerned with such questions may see in the Pyrenees, or, without going so far, in Wales, the votive offerings hung up by those who believe themselves to have received benefit. Interesting enough is the subject: no subject connected with human credulity and superstition can be otherwise. I have indicated the sources whence full knowledge may be derived, and will not dwell further upon it. I will, however, point out one form of belief that I do not remember to have seen noted. Among the attributes of wells was that of purging the flesh of grossness "till all be made immortal." Fletcher, in "The Faithful Shepherdess," tells how to "a holy wood"—for woods as well as wells are holy—

> is consecrate
> A virtuous well, about whose flow'ry bank
> The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds,
> By the pale moonshine, dipping oftentimes
> Those stolen children, so to make them free
> From dying flesh and dull mortality.

In behalf of Birds.

YET once more do I turn to a subject to which I find myself compelled constantly to recur. Men, Englishmen I fear in particular, are unwearying in their crusade against bird life. It appears as if the close season, on which we built so many expectations, leads only to a more gruesome slaughter so soon as the restrictions are withdrawn. "Sportsmen"—heaven save the mark!—and "naturalists"—heaven amend the breed!—seem only anxious to make up for lost time. I quote now, as generally, at second or third hand, for my opportunities of personal observation

are few, but I have read within the last few days of dozens of kingfishers being destroyed in one town. I was holiday-making in one of the sweetest spots of pastoral England, and was told I might be shown a kingfisher, but no such bird could be found. Sir John Lubbock, I read, told an audience "recently" that he had seen in a gamekeeper's cottage seventeen nightingales transfixed, the reason being that "their songs kept the young pheasants awake"! I do not know whether a plea of this kind is more silly or more horrible. Still the destruction, which for one cause or other goes on, is such that many classes of singing and other birds will have ceased to exist.

Remedies against the Destruction of Bird Life.

TO extend the close season for most kinds of birds to all the year round, though it would not constitute a remedy, would at least do somewhat to diminish the evil. Another measure to be commended is a close investigation into the right to carry a gun. A portion of that particular destruction of sea birds which is one of the most hopeless signs of the brutality of our populace is attributed to the fact that in many of our watering places guns are now let out by the hour or the day to those presumably with no gun licenses. A very little supervision on the part of the police might suffice to remedy this. Why might not also the men of our preventive service, whose time apparently weighs heavily on their hands, be employed for a small reward by our protection societies to hunt out the offenders? Such a service would scarcely interfere with the discharge of their regular duties. When all measures of protection conceivable are taken, the destruction of birds by the Latin races will still threaten their extermination. The Italian, against whom Ouida so forcibly inveighs, destroys birds, however, for food; and, much as we may deplore the practice, it is infinitely less deplorable than that of the Englishman, with whom wanton slaughter is the result of inherent callousness and love of destruction.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

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AN INVOLUNTARY MURDERER.

BY VLADIMIR KOROLENKO.

TRANSLATED BY JESSIE MACKENZIE.

I.

WHEN I drove up to the ferry with a troïka of post-horses, day was already waning. A fresh, keen breeze rippled the surface of the river, dashing it against the steep bank in great waves. Having heard our post-bell in the distance, the ferrymen arrested their flat-bottomed boat and awaited us. Our cart-wheels were fastened up, the cart itself lowered, and the boat loosed from her moorings. The waves beat against her wooden sides, the steersman forcibly turned his wheel, and the bank began gradually to recede, just as if borne away by the force of the swell.

There were two other carts on board besides ours. In one I observed a staid-looking man, no longer young, who appeared to be of the merchant class; in the other, three fine young fellows, seemingly low-class townsfolk. The merchant sat motionless in his vehicle, turning up his collar against the fresh autumn breeze, and bestowing not the slightest attention on his chance fellow travellers. The townsfolk, on the contrary, were cheery and communicative. One of them, who squinted and had a split nostril, began to play the harmonica, and to sing some wild kind of ditties in a strange voice; but the wind soon interrupted these shrill sounds, dispersing them and hurling them across the broad and troubled river. The other, a small bottle and glass in hand, treated my driver to vodka. The third, however, a man of about thirty, healthy, handsome, and powerful, lay extended at full length in his

cart with his arms under his head, thoughtfully watching the grey clouds as they flitted across the sky.

This was now the second day of my journey from the district-town of N——, and I had met these men on the road so frequently that I paid no further heed to them. I was travelling on urgent business, with all possible speed; yet neither the merchant, his well-conditioned mare and two-wheeled trap, nor the townsfolk and their wretched, rusty-brown brutes ever left me; after every halt I overtook them somewhere, either on road or ferry.

"Who may these fellows be?" I asked my driver when he came up to my cart.

"Kostioushka and his comrades," replied he cautiously.

"Who are they?" I cross-questioned, for the name was unfamiliar to me.

The driver seemed loth to give me any further information, as our conversation might have been overheard by the townsfolk. Glancing round at them, he then pointed with his whip in the direction of the river.

I gazed in the same direction. Over the broad, liquid surface frequent waves succeeded each other in black streaks. The waters were dark and troubled, and above, describing restless circles, flew great white birds, a kind of gulls, now swooping downwards to the river, now again rising with pitifully ravenous cries.

"Birds of prey," explained my driver, when the ferry-boat reached the bank and our three horses had dragged us on to the road.

"Ay, and those townsfolk," continued he, "are likewise birds of prey. They have neither house nor home. It seems they had some small piece of land, but that, even, they disposed of last summer. Now they just haunt the roads like wolves. Life is a burden because of them."

"Do they rob?"

"They are a bad lot. To rip open travellers' luggage, steal a bale or more of tea from a caravan of waggons—that is their line of business. When times are bad, before one can look round, they steal a horse from the likes of us, from a driver on his return journey. Naturally one gets drowsy and drops off to sleep—human weakness—and then is the opportunity. This same Kostioushka had his nostril split open by a driver's whip. It is a fact. You bear this in mind: this Kostioushka is—an unmitigated scoundrel. A comrade after his own heart he does not now possess. He had; but the caravan drivers killed him."

"The comrade was caught?"

"Taken in the act. He was caught out. The lads had their innings—I mean the caravan drivers." The narrator laughed in his sleeve. "First—they chopped his fingers off. Then they roasted him, and finally took out his entrails with a stick, and threw them away. So he died, the dog."

"Yet you seemed acquainted with them. Why did they treat you to vodka?"

"You shall know," said my driver grimly. "I, personally, have drunk no little of their liquor, because—I am always in dread. Remember this: Kostioushka has not sallied forth at night for nothing. He does not urge his beasts in a place like this without reason. He scents booty, the devil; that is the truth."

"There is also some sort of merchant," added he reflectively, after a short silence. "Maybe it is the merchant they are now after—yet scarcely—it is hardly likely. And there is some one or other new with them. We have not seen him about before."

"The one who was lying in the cart?"

"Ah, well, a thoroughgoing blackguard, we must conclude. A powerful devil!"

"I want to say this to you, sir!" he suddenly commenced, turning to me. "You just begin to look out. Do not travel at night. It must be for some bad reason that the rogues stick so fast to you."

"Then you know me?" I inquired.

My driver turned away, and began to tug the reins.

"We do not know," he replied evasively. "It was rumoured—the Koudinov's man of business would be passing through. It is no affair of ours."

Obviously I was known hereabouts. I had conducted the law-suit of the merchants Koudinov *versus* The Crown, and had lately gained it. My clients were well known in this place and over the whole of Eastern Siberia, and the case had been a sensational one. Now, having received a very large sum from the District Exchequer, I was hastening to the town of N. N., where payments had become due. There was very little time, the post went rarely to N. N., so I carried the money with me. I had to travel day and night, branching off from the highroad here and there, and taking straight cuts. Therefore it was that the rumour which had preceded me, enough to raise a whole flock of rapacious birds of prey, was the reverse of comforting.

I looked back. Notwithstanding the darkness which was closing

in, a briskly trotting troïka was visible, and at some distance behind the merchant's two-wheeled trap came bowling.

II.

At the Post Station where I arrived that evening no horses were to be had.

"Ah, Ivan Semionitch, my good sir," the Postal Superintendent exhorted me, a stout, worthy soul, with whom during my travels I had managed to become on a friendly footing. "Good Lord! this is my advice to you: let everything take its course, on no account travel at night. Let their business look after itself! One's own life is more precious than other people's cash. Now, hereabouts, for a hundred versts around, the talk is of nothing but of your lawsuit, and of this money too, besides. The birds of prey must have already begun roving about. Remain the night!"

I certainly thoroughly acknowledged the whole wisdom of this advice, only I was not able to follow it.

"Go I must. Pray send for a driver who plies for hire."

"Ah, you headstrong man! Well, your wished-for special driver you shall have. He will take you as far as B——, to the Molokane, and there you must at all events spend the night. You see, you will have to drive past the Devil's Gorge. It is a lonely spot, the folk are awful. Just wait till daylight!"

In half an hour's time I was already seated in a cart, furnished with the good counsels of my acquaintance. Capital horses started at once, and, encouraged by a promise of vodka, the driver hurried them along the whole way at a rattling pace. As far as B—— we went full speed.

"Where are you taking me to now?" I asked the driver.

"To a special driver—to the Molokane's. An excellent peasant."

Having passed several small huts scattered about the wood, we pulled up at the door of a prosperous-looking, evidently well-to-do dwelling. We were met by an old man of very venerable aspect, with a long grey beard, lantern in hand. He held the lantern above his head, and having gazed at my person with his dull-sighted eyes, remarked in a quiet old man's voice—

"Ah, Ivan Semionitch! Now I understand. Some fellows travelling by were right in saying, 'The Koudinov's man of business is coming from town—have horses ready, old chap.' 'And what business is it of yours?' said I. 'Maybe he will spend the night. Night has set in.'"

"But what sort of fellows?" interrupted my driver.

"One can hardly say. Birds of prey, probably. They seemed blackguards by their looks. I think they must come from town; but who they are exactly I can't say. How can one tell who every one is? And you, sir, you will remain the night, will you not?"

"No; I want horses, please, as quickly as possible," said I, not over-charmed at the news which had preceded me.

The old man reflected a little. "Come inside, why stand here? Look here, the misfortune is, I have no horses. The day before yesterday I sent the lad into town with a load. What am I to do now? Stay the night."

This new misfortune disheartened me extremely. Meantime the night had thickened to such dense darkness as can be encountered only during a wet Siberian autumn. Clouds, one above the other, covered the sky. Looking up, one could only with difficulty make out how the heavy, shapeless masses were flying; but down below reigned utter darkness. One could not distinguish a man two paces off. The rain was drizzling with a slight murmur among the trees. In the dense taïga it seemed like a rustling and a mysterious whispering.

And, notwithstanding, it was imperative to travel on. Entering the hut, I begged the owner to send at once to some of his neighbours for horses.

"Ah, sir," said the old chap, beginning to rock his grey head, "you are in truth hurrying forward to your hurt. And night has set in too! Egyptian darkness, Lord forgive us!"

My driver entered the room, and he and my host conferred together, exchanging advice. Both turned to me once more, begging me to stay; but I held out. The peasants whispered over something, mentioning various names, objecting to what the other said, and quarrelling.

"All right," said the driver, as if unwillingly agreeing with my host, "horses you shall have. I will just go off at once to the farmstead close to this."

"Cannot they be had nearer? It will take a long time."

"It won't take long," decided the driver, and my host added grimly—

"Where are you hurrying to? You know the proverb, 'More haste, less speed;' you have time enough."

The driver began to attire himself behind the partition. My host continued to instil something into him, in his jarring old man's voice. I began to doze by the stove.

"Well, my lad," I heard my host's voice, already outside the door, "tell that Murderer to have the goodness to hurry up, for wait he won't."

Almost immediately the sound of a galloping horse was audible.

The old man's last remarks had dispersed my drowsiness. I sat opposite the window and became thoughtful. The dark night, the strange spot, the unknown people, the not quite comprehensible speeches, and finally that strange, ill-omened word. My nerves were quite unstrung.

In an hour's time the hurried jingle of a bell was heard beneath the window. A troïka was drawn up before the porch. I got ready and went out.

The sky was about clearing. The clouds were flying swiftly, just as if hurrying to arrive somewhere in time. The rain had ceased, only now and again big drops fell out of the darkness from somewhere aside, as if let fall in haste by the swiftly moving clouds. The taïga rustled. A breeze sprung up from the east. My host came out to escort me with a lantern, and thanks to this circumstance, I was able to examine my driver. He was a man of huge build, powerful and broad-shouldered, a regular giant. His face somehow seemed calmly gloomy, with that particular stamp which a face generally assumes from a strong, deep-rooted feeling, or an uneasy thought long since habitual. His eyes gazed out equably, steadily, and gloomily.

To tell the truth, I felt inclined to let this robust driver go about his business, and to remain the night in the Molokane's bright, warm room; but it was only for a moment. I felt for my revolver, and seated myself in the cart. The driver pulled the curtain, and leisurely climbed to his seat.

"Now, Murderer, listen," the old man sped us on our way; "keep both eyes open, my lad, you are yourself aware——"

"I know," replied my driver, and we plunged into the darkness of the wet night.

The lights of two or three scattered huts were still glimmering. Against the dark wooded background smoke was curling here and there in the damp atmosphere, and sparks flew up and expired, just as if thawed by the darkness. Finally, we left the last habitation behind. Around was only dark taïga and black night.

At an even and swift trot, the horses hurried me forward to the fatal gorge; there were still five versts, and I was able to reflect over my position. As sometimes happens in moments of excitement, it rose before me with striking vividness. Recalling the ravenous

figures of the "birds of prey," the mysteriousness of the merchant who accompanied them, added to the strange importunity with which they followed me, I came to the conclusion that some sort of adventure awaited me forthwith in the gorge. The part which my gloomy driver would then play remained a matter of conjecture.

Conjecture was, however, quickly to be put an end to. Against the gradually brightening, though still pretty dark sky, a chain of mountains stood out. On the ridge, at the top, rustled the taïga; below, in the darkness, plashed a stream. At one spot, a great black rock stood uplifted. This, verily, was the Devil's Finger.

The road to the mountains lay close above the stream. At the Devil's Finger it receded further from the chain of mountains, and a cross-road led from the gorge. This was the most dangerous spot, rendered famous by the murderous exploits of the heroes of Siberian nights. The narrow, stony road did not admit of a quick passage, and the bushes hid any would-be attack here and there. We drove up to the gorge. The Devil's Finger loomed upon us, towering up into the darkness. Clouds sped over it, seeming to strike its summit.

The horses were going quietly, the centre horse cautiously feeling with his feet, and looking attentively at the road; the side horses pressing themselves against the shafts, snorting timidly. The bell jingled somewhat uneasily, and its gentle sound re-echoed over the river, spread afar, and tinkled sadly in the listening air.

Suddenly the horses stopped. The bell sounded and died out in jerks. I stood up. Along the road, amidst the dark bushes, something loomed and stirred. The bushes moved.

The driver pulled up his horses in time: we escaped an attack from the side; yet the situation was still critical. To turn back, to turn aside, was out of the question. I wanted to shoot at a venture; but suddenly stayed my hand. The huge figure of the driver, who had risen up on the box, hid the bushes and the road.

"Hold hard. Do not fire!"

He spoke calmly, yet impressively in the highest degree. I never dreamt of disobeying, my suspicions seemed to vanish; I took the reins, and the grim giant stepped forward in the direction of the bushes.

Quietly, and as if they understood, the horses moved after their master of their own accord.

The noise of the wheels over the stony road prevented my hearing what was happening amidst the bushes. When we came alongside the spot where a movement had previously been perceptible, the Murderer stopped.

All was silence; only away from the road, in the direction of the mountain chain, the rustling of leaves and the crackling of twigs was audible. Obviously people were pressing through. The foremost was evidently in a hurry.

"That is Kostioushka, the blackguard; he is the first to run away," said the Murderer, listening to the noise. "Ah, but see, one of them remains!"

At that moment among the bushes, quite close to us, a tall figure was outlined, and plunged furtively into the scrub after the rest. The noise of steps leaving the road was then clearly heard in four places.

The Murderer, still as calm as ever, approached his horses, put the harness to rights, making the bell over the centre horse ring out, and went to his seat.

Suddenly, from a rock beneath the Finger, came a flash. The noise of a shot resounded, penetrating the darkness and stillness of the night. Something rapped against the outside of our cart, and then dropped into the bushes.

The Murderer threw himself towards the rock like an enraged and maddened beast; but suddenly arrested himself.

"See, Kostioushka," said he, in a loud and deeply moved voice, "do not play the fool, say I. Had you injured my innocent beasts just now, had you taken refuge a hundred versts off, I should have been even with you! Do not fire, sir!" he added grimly, turning to me.

'Look out yourself, Murderer," was audible from the rock, in an unknown, constrained voice, not like Kostioushka's. "Why do you meddle in other people's business?"

The speaker seemed to fear being overheard by those whom he was rejoining.

"Do not threaten, your highness," replied the driver, with contempt. "You do not frighten me, though you are one of the gang."

In a few minutes' time we had left the valley of the Devil's Finger behind us. We came out on a broad road.

III.

We drove on for about four versts in dead silence—I reflecting over all that had happened; the driver merely holding the reins, calmly urging forward or holding back his steeds. I was the first to speak at length.

" Well, I have you to thank, my friend. Without you it would probably have fared badly with me."

" There is nothing to thank for," he replied.

" How nothing? These fine fellows are evidently desperate customers."

" Desperate, that is true."

" And you know them?"

" Kostioushka I know. Ay, I reckon every dog knows that brute. The merchant, too, I have noticed previously. But the one who remained behind, I do not remember to have seen him before. You see he relied on Kostioushka, and so remained. But not he! Kostioushka, my dear sir, is not of that stamp. He is always the first to run at the first sound. But the other one is plucky."

He was silent.

" It never was so formerly, it never was," he again gently began, shaking his head. " Kostioushka has picked him up goodness knows where. He is calling the crows down about my head, the cursed villain."

" But how is it they are so frightened of you?"

The driver smiled.

" They are frightened! True it is that—I laid one of them low here."

He pulled up his horses and turned round on his box.

" Look," said he, " just look—there it is, the gorge is visible. Look, look! Well, just there, in that same gorge, I killed a man."

It seemed to me that his voice trembled whilst making this confession; I seemed also to perceive in his eyes, dimly lighted by a glimmer in the East, an expression of deep grief.

The cart was at the top of the hill. The road lay eastward. Behind us, against the brightening background of the East, was defined a rocky mass, covered with wood; a huge stone, like an uplifted finger, rose aloft.

The Devil's Gorge seemed near.

At the summit of the hill we were seized with shivers from the breeze which preceded dawn. The chilled horses stamped their hoofs and snorted. The centre horse pulled ahead; but the driver instantly reined back, pulling up all three; he himself, bending from his box, kept gazing in the direction of the gorge.

Then suddenly he turned round, gathered the reins together, stood upright on the box and shouted aloud. The horses strained

all together, whirled us from the spot, and we galloped from the top of the ridge downhill.

That was a frantic race. The horses laid back their ears and flew as if in deadly terror, the driver now and again standing up, and waving his right hand without a word. Though they could not see this motion, the three horses seemed to understand. The ground sped away under the wheels; trees, bushes, seemed to rush towards us, and then fall behind, as if mowed down by a furious gale.

At a level spot we slackened our pace. Steam was rising from the horses. The centre horse was panting heavily, and the side ones trembled, snorted, and twitched their ears. However, by degrees they quieted down. The driver slackened his reins and encouraged them kindly.

"Gently, gently, my beauties! Do not be frightened. That is the horse all over"—he turned to me—"but a dumb animal, and yet it understands. As soon as they got up that hill and looked around—there was no holding them. They felt something was wrong."

"I don't know," said I; "maybe so; only this time you yourself hurried them on."

"Did I really? Well, mayhap indeed I pressed them on. Ah, sir! if you only know what lay on my heart."

"Well, what? Just tell me, then I shall know."

The Murderer cast down his eyes.

"Very well," he said, after a silence, "I will tell you. Ah, my beauties! go on, go on; there is no fear."

The horses' hoofs began to rap out along the damp road at an even swift trot.

"You see—it was long ago. Mayhap not very long since, still much water has flowed by since then. My life was quite other; and that is apparently why it always seems to have happened long ago. Cruelly did mankind wrong me. And then the Almighty overwhelmed me into the bargain; my young wife, ay, and my dear little son, died the same day. I had no relatives—I was left alone and solitary in the world. I had no relatives and no friends. The priest—he took my last belongings for the funeral. And then I fell to thinking. I thought and I thought, until I was staggered in my belief. I was staggered in my old faith, and found no fresh one. My condition was certainly a dark one. I had had but little education, and did not trust much to my own wisdom.

And sadness came over me from these thoughts—such terrible sadness, that it seemed as if I should be glad to be out of this white world. I gave up my hut, I gave up what household goods remained to me—I threw everything up. I provided myself with a short fur cloak, clothing, boots, cut myself a staff in the taïga, and started."

"Where to?"

"Well, nowhere really. At one place I would remain some time and work a little for my daily bread—till the householder's soil; at another, come in time for the harvest. Here I spent a day, there a week, and there a month; and all the time I was seeing how people lived, how they prayed to God, how they believed—I was seeking for righteous people."

"And did you find them?"

"How am I to tell you? Of course, there are different kinds of people, and everyone, good sir, has his sorrows. That is a fact. However, my friend, in our part people think little on the Lord, you can see for yourself. I, too, ought to live otherwise, if I tried to live in conformity with the law of God. Each thinks only of himself, of satisfying Mammon. And besides that, even a robber in fetters, even he may not be altogether a robber. Am I not right?"

"Maybe. Well, and then?"

"Well, all this made me grieve at the world still more. I saw there was no sense in anything—I cast about just as if in a wood. At present I am certainly possessed of little enough wisdom. Well, then I had none. I thought, for instance, of becoming a prisoner."

"But how so?"

"Very simply: I called myself a vagabond—and they put me in prison. I did this as a kind of penance I laid on myself."

"How so? Did you feel the easier for it?"

"By no means! It was really only a piece of folly. You, mayhap, were never in prison, so you do not know; but I learnt full well what such a monastery is like. The main thing is, people there live without any object, without any work. This drives them restlessly from pillar to post, and to foulness such as hardly exists and you cannot imagine. For a bad word, for a desperate deed, they are the right sort of customers; and to think upon their souls, upon God, that is the greatest exception, and they even laugh at it. I perceived that by my own folly I had fallen in the wrong place;

I made known my name, and wanted to say adieu to the prison. They would not let me out. Inquiries were instituted, this, that, and the other. And they even asked: how had I dared, voluntarily, to assume such a part? They wearied me out at last. I know not what would have become of me, but here chance came in, and badly it fared with me through that same chance. However, mayhap it would have fared even worse without. Then this rumour went the round of the prison: 'One Hand,' the penitent, is to be brought to jail again. I heard conversations such as these: one would say, 'It is true'; the others would quarrel; and I, at that time, I must confess, did not much mind; if they brought him, they brought him. It was not as if few were admitted daily. Some prisoners from the town brought the news. They said: 'It is a fact. One Hand is being brought under a strong convoy. By evening he will be in prison.' The grey clothed prisoners thronged to the yard from curiosity. I, too, went out to walk; it was not from curiosity, rather from grief, that I used to knock about the yard. Anyway, I began to walk and became thoughtful, and utterly forgot about One Hand. Suddenly the gates are opened, I behold—an old man is being brought in. A little, thin, insignificant old man, whose grey beard dangles down; he walks totteringly—his legs do not support him. Ay, and one hand hangs down helplessly. Yet, notwithstanding, he was under convoy of five men with fixed bayonets. When I saw this I was quite staggered. 'Good Lord,' thought I, 'what can they be up to? Surely a man like that ought not to be escorted about as if he were a kind of tiger? Were he a giant it would be no wonder; but fancy, a wretched, little old man, within a week of his grave!'

"A terrible pity seized me, and the more I gazed the more did anger rise in my heart. They took the old man to the office, summoned the blacksmith to rivet on firmly manacles and irons. The old man laid hold of the irons, putting them on his feet himself. 'To work,' said he to the blacksmith. Then, making the sign of the Cross over the manacles, he passed his hands through: 'Thou findest me worthy, O Lord, to do penance.'"

The driver was silent and hung his head, as if mentally living through the scene he was relating over again. Then, shaking his head, he again began:

"He bewitched me at that moment. I am telling you the truth; my heart passed out of my keeping. It was a marvellous business! Afterwards I came to know him well; a downright devil—Lord forgive us!—a disturber and a foe. And how saintly he could appear!

Behold even now, as I recall his prayer, I cannot believe it! He must surely have been other then.

"And see, I was not the only one. You will scarce credit it, the whole throng of grey-clothed prisoners quieted down; all gazed and held their peace. Even those who were laughing previously stood silent, and even one of the bystanders crossed himself. You see, good sir, what an affair it was.

"And of me he, so to speak, took possession. Because in those days I was sunk in thought as if in a dream, and it entered my head that that old man was truly a just man, such as there used to be in days of old. At that time, not only had I made friends with none, but I never spoke to any one. I chummed with none and none with me. Sometimes I would listen to their conversations, but without hearing; it was just as if flies were buzzing. Everything I thought I kept to myself; whether it was good, or whether it was evil; I never asked anyone. Well, then the idea occurred to me of getting at the old man in the secret cell; an occasion presented itself, I bribed the sentinels with a five kopeck piece and they let me through, and after that they would let me through for nothing. I looked in at the window-slit and saw the old man walking about his cell, talking to himself the whole time. When he saw me he turned round and came up to the door. 'What do you want?' 'I want nothing,' I replied. 'I just came—for a chat. You must be dull all alone.' 'I am not alone here,' he replied, 'but with God: one cannot feel lonely when with God; yet, notwithstanding, one is glad to come across an honest fellow.' And I stood before him as a fool of fools; he was even puzzled, looked at me and shook his head. Once he spoke thus: 'Get further away from the window, my lad, I want to see you full length.' I went a little bit off, he placed his eye to the slit, gazed at me, and said: 'What sort of fellow do you call yourself?' 'What do I call myself?' said I, 'the most lost of men, nothing more.' 'And,' said he, 'one can rely on you? You will not deceive?' 'I have deceived no one till now, far less would I deceive you. Whatever you command will I faithfully fulfil.' He reflected a little, and then again said: 'I require a man to send out at night. You will not run away?' 'How can I escape from here?' said I. 'I will instruct you,' replied he. And he really did teach me, so that I was able to get out of prison as easily as out of my own hut. I found the man he indicated, and gave him 'the word.' In the morning I returned. I confess that as I approached the prison just at dawn, my heart would fail me. 'Why,' thought I, 'should I place my head in Chancery? I had better escape.' And

you know the prison is situated beyond the town. The road stretches out widely just there. Dew glistens on the grass; along the road the swelling corn stands uplifted; beyond is the stream; the wood gently rustles. Liberty! You look back, and the prison stands out grimly, frowning upon you like a brown owl. Besides, at night-time, into the bargain, it certainly was sleepy work, and, remembering how daylight would come with dawn, as swiftly as on wheels—it was anxious work! It is more than the heart can bear—it longs to get out on to the road, into the wide world and freedom.

"However, I recalled my old man. 'Surely,' said I to myself, 'you would not deceive him?' I lay down on the grass, tossed about on the ground, and remained there for a little, then I arose, and returned to the prison. I did not look back. I approached, lifted up my eyes, and in the small tower where were our secret cells my old man was sitting at the little window, and he was gazing at me through the grating.

"During the day I penetrated to his cell and related all about my fulfilment of his commands. He became cheery. 'Ah, I thank you, my dear lad,' said he; 'you have done me a service which my life long I will not forget. Yet, my lad,' he inquired later, 'you must passionately have longed for liberty?' And he laughed. 'As I long for death,' I replied.

"'Well, well,' said he, 'and how did you chance here? to what category do you belong?'

"'To no category,' I replied. 'By my own folly, nothing more.' Here he shook his head. 'Ah,' said he, 'it seems a pity when one looks at you. God has endowed you with such physical strength, and I daresay you are no longer young, yet, beyond this foolishness, you seem to know nothing in the world. See, now you are stuck here—what is the sense of it? There is sin in the world, my lad; but there is salvation in the world likewise.' 'Ay,' I replied, 'there is sin enough.' 'And is there then less here? And the sins here are senseless sins. Have you sinned little since you have been here, and do you repent?' 'It is bitter to me,' I replied. Bitter!—and why, you do not yourself know. That is no real repentance. Real repentance is sweet. Listen to what I say, and remember: God alone is without sin, and man is sinful by origin, and saves himself by repentance. And repentance comes through sin, and sin is in the world. If you do not sin—you do not repent, and if you do not repent—you will not be saved. Have you understood?' And I, I confess, did not quite understand his words then,

I only heard that they were good words. Added to which, I had myself before then reflected, What sort of an existence is mine? All other people live like human beings, and I might just as well not be in the world; I might be a weed in the field or a tree in the taïga. I am no good to myself or others. 'That is true,' said I, 'although one cannot live in the world without sin, yet at any rate one does live and not drag out one's existence as here. Only how to live I know not, even when I am let out of prison.' 'Ah, well,' said the old man, 'that is my affair. I have prayed for you, it has been given me to save your soul from darkness. Do you promise to obey me? I will show you the way to repentance.' 'I promise,' I answered. 'And you swear?' 'I swear.' I took my oath, because at that time he had quite the upper hand of me; had he ordered me into the fire, into the fire I would have gone, and if into the water, into the water.

"I believed in that man. There was one prisoner who said to me, 'But why are you so thick with One Hand? Never mind if he seems as if he might pass to heaven alive: why, that hand of his was shot through by a gentleman who caught him stealing!' But I would not listen; the more so as he said this when drunk, and I have a horror of drunkards. I turned away from him, and he too got angry. 'Go to the devil,' he said, 'you blockhead!' And I must admit the man, though a drunkard, spoke the truth.

"Very soon One Hand obtained mitigation. He was promoted from the secret to the public cells, and mixed with his fellows. But he kept all the more to himself, as did I. The prisoners used to try to annoy him and play him tricks; but he, never a word in reply. He had only to look around, and the most desperate joker would feel awkward. His gaze was not a pleasant one.

"Well, besides, very shortly he was quite given his freedom. I was loafing about the yard during the summer. I looked—a zassedátel (a legal official) was passing through the office, and then One Hand was brought to him. Not an hour went by. One Hand came out with the official into the porch in his own clothes, set up at regaining his freedom, and cheerful. The official, too, was laughing. 'Now see,' thought I, 'they have reduced this man to such straits, and all the time there was no fault in him.' I began to feel sorry, I must admit. It was grief to me to be left alone again. But he looked round at the yard, perceived me, and beckoned with his finger. I went up, doffed my cap, bowed to the official, and One Hand said,

"'See, your honour, would it not be possible to free this fellow sooner? There is no great harm in him.'

"'And what may your name be?' inquired the official.

"'Feodor; they call me The Strong.'

"'Ah,' said he, 'I remember. It can be done. A trial is not necessary, because people are not tried for foolishness. Turn him out at the gate, and give him a good licking into the bargain, so that in future he shall not intrude where he is not wanted. That is all. And now I recollect; it seems I received the result of inquiries into his case long ago. In the course of a week I will release him without fail.'

"'Now, that is capital,' said One Hand. 'And you, my man'—he called me aside—'when you are set free, go to the Kildiéevsk farmstead, there ask for the master, Ivan Zaharov. I will talk to him about you, my lad; but remember your oath.'

"And they went off. And in the course of a week they did really set me at liberty. I left the prison, and directed my steps forthwith to that same spot. I found Ivan Zaharov. 'So forth, and so forth,' said I, 'One Hand sent me.'

"'I know,' said he. 'The old fellow told me about you. Meanwhile—anyway remain with me as a labourer, then we will see.'

"'But where, then, may One Hand be?'

"'He is absent,' said he. 'Travelling about on business. Probably he will soon be here.'

"Then I began to live at the farmstead as a labourer—not much of a labourer, it is true. I lived thus, not having any special calling. Their family was not large—the master himself, a grown-up son, and the labourer. I made the fourth. Women-folk, also, and One Hand used to come.

"The master and his family were strict people—old believers and observed the law; tobacco or vodka they would not look at; and the labourer they had, Kouzma, was half-witted, ragged, and black as a negro. Scarcely could a bell tinkle than he immediately flew off into the bushes and hid himself. And he was more frightened of One Hand than of anybody. Hardly did he catch sight of him afar than he made for the taïga at a run, and always hid himself in the same place. His master would call and call—no answer. If One Hand went up to him and spoke a word, he would follow like a lamb, and set to his work properly again.

"One Hand did not often come to the farmstead and he scarcely spoke to me at all. He would chat with the master, ay, and see how I was working; but if I went up to him he never had any time. 'Wait,' said he, 'my dear lad; when we go over to the farmstead then we will chat. I am busy now.' And it was a grief to me. The

master, I must say, did not overwork me; the food was good, and I never had a bad word. I was seldom sent out even with travellers passing through. It was mostly either the master himself, or his son and the labourer who went, particularly at night time. Well, without work I should have been in a worse plight. Thoughts began to oppress me more heavily. I could find no place for myself.

"Five weeks or so had elapsed since I had been released from prison. One evening, I was coming home from the mill. I gaze: our hut was full of people. I unharnessed the horse, and was just advancing towards the porch when the master came towards me.

"'Do not go in,' said he. 'Wait a little and I will call you. Do you hear? You are not to go in, I tell you.' 'Well, what may be the meaning of this?' thought I to myself. I turned round and went up to the hay-loft. I lay down on the hay, and could not get to sleep. I remembered that I had left my hatchet by the stream. 'I will just go,' thought I, 'when the folk disperse; someone might carry it off.' I passed by the window and by chance glanced into the hut. I behold: the hut was full of people, an official was sitting at the table; before him vodka, savoury morsels, pen and paper. In short, an inquiry was being held. And at one side, on a bench, One Hand was seated. Ah! God Almighty! I felt as if felled by the back of a hatchet. His hair was hanging over his forehead, his arms bound behind him, and his eyes glowing like live coals. And tell you how awful he appeared to me then, I cannot. I tottered away from the window; I stepped aside. This took place in the autumn. The night was starry but dark. It seems as if I never could forget that night. The stream plashed, the taïga rustled, and I seemed to be in a dream. I subsided on a bank, on the grass, all trembling. My God!

"Had I been sitting there a long or a short time?—Anyway, I listened. Someone was coming out of the taïga, past the footway, in a white jacket, with a cap on his head; he was brandishing a stick. A clerk lived about four versts off: he it was crossed the little bridge and went right up to the hut. Here I was somehow drawn towards the window. What was about to happen?

"The clerk entered by the door, took off his hat, and gazed around. Obviously he did not himself know why he was summoned. Then he went up to the table, past One Hand, and said to him: 'How do you do, Ivan Alexéitch!' One Hand seemed to scorch him with his eyes; but the master tugged him by the sleeve, and whispered something. Evidently the clerk was puzzled. He went up to the official and he, having already drunk a good deal, gazed at

him with troubled eyes, as if half asleep. They exchanged greetings. Then the official inquired: 'Do you know this man?' himself indicating One Hand with his finger.

"The clerk gazed, exchanged glances with the master.

"'No,' said he, as if he had never seen him. 'And what may be the meaning of this denial?' thought I. You see, the clerk knew him well. Then the official began again:

"Is not this Ivan Alexéitch of this place, surnamed One Hand?'

"'No,' said the clerk, 'it is not he.'

"The official took a pen, set to writing something on paper, and began to read it aloud. I was listening outside the window and was just amazed. According to the document it appeared that that very old man, Ivan Alexéitch, was not Ivan Alexéitch; that his neighbours, and the clerk besides, did not recognise him as such, and that he called himself Ivan Ivanov, showing his passport. But see what an extraordinary business! As many as were there, all affixed their signature or mark, and not one recognised him. It is true that these people were chosen for the occasion. All the witnesses were Ivan Zaharov's debtors, and almost cowed, like slaves.

"They wound up the business, let the initiated depart. The official had previously ordered One Hand to be unbound. Ivan Zaharov brought out money and gave it to the official; he reckoned it up and put it in his pocket. 'Now, old man,' said he, 'you must clear out of this without fail for three months. And if you do not quit—well—do not blame me. Now let me have horses!'

"And I left the window, and passed through to the hay-loft, thinking: 'Someone will be coming out for horses directly.' I did not want to be seen under the window. I lay in the hay, I did not sleep, and I saw everything as in a dream; I could not disentangle my thoughts. I listened—they were conducting the official. The bells jingled a little, he drove off. Everyone in the house went to bed; the lights were extinguished. I must have begun to doze, when suddenly I again heard tinkle, tinkle, tinkle! A bell was jingling. And the night was so still, so very still, that it could be heard afar. And still it came nearer and nearer, as if they were advancing toward us from the river. In a very short time those within also heard it, and lighted up. A troïka drew up at the door. A driver we were acquainted with brought travellers to oblige—we used to drive people for him, and he the same for us.

"'Now, thought I to myself, they will stay the night.' Besides, they seldom sent me out at night; the master generally went himself, or his son, or the labourer. I had begun to doze again, when suddenly

I hear One Hand talking in a low voice to the master, under the eaves.

"'Well, what are we to do?' said the old fellow, 'and where is Kouzma too?'

"'That is just it,' answered the master. 'Ivan went off with the official, and Kouzma, as soon as he saw the people, cleared out at once, and cannot be found, even in the bushes. That fellow is a fool. He seems to have quite taken leave of his wits.'

"'Well, and Feodor?' inquired the old man again; this was about me.

"'Feodor came from the mill this evening; wanted to enter the hut, but I would not allow him.'

"'That is well; he has probably flung himself down for a sleep. He saw nothing?'

"'I imagine, nothing. He went straight off to the hay-loft.

"'Ah, well and good. We will initiate him into the business to-day.'

"'Will it be wise?' said Zaharov.

"'Certainly it will. That man is guileless, his strength is marvellous, and he obeys me. I can turn him round my finger. Besides which, you see I am now going off for six months, and the fellow must get initiated into the work.'

"'All the same I feel doubtful about him,' said Zaharov. 'He is not to my liking; he does not play the fool for nothing.'

"'Ah, well,' answered the old man, 'I know him. A simple fellow. We require such. And we must somehow get rid of Kouzma, I fear he may give trouble.'

"They began calling me: 'Feodor! Hi, Feodor!' And I had no heart to reply. I was silent. The old man climbed into the loft, and groped about for me. 'Get up, Feodor my boy!' said he, so kindly. 'You were sleeping, were you not?' he inquired.

"'I was sleeping,' I replied.

"'Well,' said he, 'get up, my lad; put the horses to. You are going to drive the travellers who are passing through. Do you remember your oath?'

"'I remember,' I replied. And my very teeth chattered, a cold shiver passing through my body.

"'Maybe,' said the old man, 'your time has come. Obey my orders. And meanwhile—put the horses to as quickly as possible. The travellers are in a hurry.'

I dragged out the teléga from under the eaves, put on the centre horse's collar, and began putting to; but my heart beat like a sledge-

hammer. And all the time I was thinking, 'Is not all this happening in sleep—in a dream?'

"One Hand I perceived to be likewise saddling his horse, and his good horse was as obedient as a pet dog. He saddled him with one hand. Then he mounted, gently spoke a word to him, and the horse stepped out of the yard. I gaze: One Hand was already entering the taïga at a trot. Although the moon had not risen, still one could see a little. He vanished into the taïga, and my heart seemed lighter.

"I brought up the horses. The travellers called me into the hut: a lady, young, and with three children, one small, one smaller, and one quite small. The eldest boy was four years old, the youngest girl about two, not more. 'And how,' thought I to myself, 'you poor thing, are you to travel from such a spot, and alone too, without your husband?' The lady was quiet and prepossessing. She sat me down at a table, and poured me out tea—inquired what sort of country was before us; was there no danger? 'I have not heard of any,' said I; but to myself I thought: 'Ah, poor soul! you are evidently frightened.' And how should she be otherwise than frightened? She was carrying much gear along with her, travelling expensively, and with children into the bargain. A mother's heart is prophetic. Also, obviously, necessity forced her.

"Well, they got in and we drove off. There were still two hours till daylight. We drove out on to the road for about a verst. I look: my side horse shies. What, I thought to myself, is the meaning of this? I pulled up the horses, looked around: Kouzma crept out of the bushes on to the road. He stood by the roadside, shaking his dishevelled locks, laughing to himself. Avaunt! evil spirit! It seemed to me as if cats were clawing at my heart; and I look, my lady is more dead than alive. The children were asleep; she did not sleep, but was restless. She had tears in her eyes. She was crying. 'I am frightened,' said she; 'I am afraid of you all.'

"'How now,' said I, 'Christ be with you, my dear. Am I then a cut-throat? Why then did you not stay the night?'

"'There,' said she, 'I should fare even worse. My former driver said: "We shall be at the village by night," and he led me astray in the thick taïga to the farmstead. And that old man,' said the lady, 'he had eyes worse than everything.'

"'Ah, my goodness, thought I, what am I to do with her now? The poor thing is making herself ill.'

"'Well,' I said, 'now what shall it be—shall we turn back or go forward?' I paced round her; I did not know how to comfort her,

for it was pitiful. And then, too, that gorge was not far off; from the cross-road we had to drive out into it, past 'The Stone.' Well, she saw that I was myself abashed before her, and began to smile.

" 'Now seat yourself,' said she, 'and drive on. I will not turn back; it is terrible there. Better drive on with you, because you have a kind face.' And now, good sir, people are frightened of me. I am called 'The Murderer,' whereas then I was just like a child; this stamp of Cain was not upon me.

" And I too cheered up with her. I got on to my box.

" 'Now,' said the lady, 'let us have a chat.' She asked about me, and told about herself. She was going to her husband. He was an exile, one of the rich ones. 'And you,' said she, 'have lived long with that master? You are in service, are you not?'

" 'I took service not long ago,' I said.

" 'And what sort of people are they?'

" 'The people,' I said, 'seem well enough; but one never can tell. They are strict; they neither drink nor smoke.'

" 'That,' said she, 'is a trifle, that does not count for much.'

" 'And how,' said I, 'ought one to live?' I perceived that, though a woman, she was wise; might she not tell me something sensible?

" 'Are you,' she inquired, 'educated?'

" 'I have learnt but little.'

" 'Which,' she said, 'is the chief command in the Gospel?'

" 'Well, the chief commandment is—love!'

" 'Now, that is true. And it is said besides that there is no love greater than to lay down one's life for one's friend! See, this is the whole law. Well, and,' said she, 'one must have sense besides—I mean, be able to discriminate what is advantageous and what is not. But all these crossings and abstaining from tobacco are only external.'

" 'Why, right you are,' I replied. 'Yet all the same a little strictness does no harm, in order that a man should remember at all times.'

" Well, chatting thus we drove on, without hurrying. We came up to the taïga, to the stream. Here was the ferry. The stream was narrow from small volume of water; one just shoved the ferry-boat and was on the other side. There was no occasion for a ferryman. The little children woke up, opened their eyes, looked! Black night. The wood rustled; stars stood in the heavens; the moon only rises before daylight. The children liked it. No wonder—they are ignorant!

"Well, good sir, we had just entered the wood, when cold seemed to grip me at the heart. I gazed: in front, in the path, it seemed just as if somebody was galloping. It was of course not clear; but it seemed to be One Hand's grey horse, and the clank of his hoofs was audible. My heart sank. What is going to happen? For what purpose has the old man ridden hither? Ay, and I remembered my former oath. It was not for good. I began to reflect. Terror of the old man surrounded me. Previously I had loved him; but since this evening I began to fear him horribly; when I remembered what his eyes looked like, a shiver ran through me, traversing my whole body. I became silent; I could think of nothing, nor listen to anything. My lady spoke a few words, then others; and still I kept silence. Then she, too, sat silent—the poor soul.

"We came to a narrow place, a dark spot. The worst part of the taïga—quite black. And it was dark in my soul, too, to tell the truth; blacker than night. I sat as if not myself. The horses knew the way, and were trotting towards that stone—I did not guide them. We came up to it—right up! A grey horse stands in the way, the old man seated on him—you may believe it or not—his eyes were glowing like red-hot coals. And I let the reins drop from my hands. My nags went close up to the grey, and stood still of themselves. 'Feodor!' said the old man, 'come down on to the road!' I climbed from my box and obeyed him; he dismounted too. He placed his horse, his grey, across the road, in front of the troïka. My nags stood still, not one stirred. I stood too, as if bewitched. He came up to me, took me by the hand, and led me to the carriage. I look, and in my hand was a hatchet!

"I followed him, and I had no words to gainsay him, the Murderer, and I had no strength to resist him! 'Commit a sin,' said he, 'and afterwards you can repent.' I remember no more. We went close up to the carriage. He stood aside. 'To work,' said he, 'the woman first, on the forehead!' Here I glanced into the carriage. God Almighty! My lady was sitting there like a wounded pigeon, she was protecting the children with her hands, gazing at me with great eyes. My heart turned over. The children, too, awoke, gazed just like fledglings, whether they understood or not.

"And I really seemed to awaken from sleep with that gaze. I averted my eyes, uplifted the hatchet. And my very heart seemed to boil. I gazed at One Hand—he was trembling. And in my heart I felt wrath alone. And I knew that in another moment

I should accomplish a fearful deed; yet pity I felt none. I looked again at the old man, his eyes were green, and seemed to dance. He was afraid, he writhed before me like a serpent. I uplifted my hand, I swung round my hatchet. The old man did not even groan, he fell at my feet—and I, good sir, spurned his dead body—with my feet. I had become a wild beast myself—may God Almighty forgive me!"

The speaker breathed heavily.

"Well, and then afterwards?" I inquired, seeing that he was silent and thoughtful.

"Then," he replied, "then—afterwards. Well, I trampled upon him, and mocked the dead. Suddenly I look—Ivan Zaharov was coming galloping towards us, holding a gun in his hand. He came close up, I advanced towards him. I would have felled him alongside One Hand—that is the real truth—but I am thankful to say he guessed as much. When he had glanced at me, he turned his horse, he even used the butt end of his gun to urge him forward. And then his horse began to howl as with a human voice, and rose under him iike a bird.

"I came to myself. I cast no look at anyone. I seated myself on my box; I whipped my horses—they would not stir. I gazed, and the grey was still standing across the road. I had forgotten him. You see how that demoniac brute was trained! I crossed myself. Evidently, thought I, I shall have to fell the fiendish brute. I went up to the horse; he stood, merely pricking his ears. I tugged at the rein, he resisted.

"'Now,' said I, 'get out, lady, in case the horses might take fright and run away,' because the grey stood close by them. The lady got out as obediently as a child. The children climbed out, and pressed up against their mother. They were terrified too—for it was a lonely, dark spot, added to which I was wrestling with that devil of a beast.

"I backed my troïka, took the hatchet once more in my hands, and went up to the grey. 'Either,' said I, 'you move from the road, or I fell you.' He merely moved one ear. 'You won't, then?' 'Ah, you——' My eyes grew dark, my hair seemed to rise on end under my cap. I swung round with all my might, and caught him in the forehead. He gave a slight scream and dropped, extending his legs. I seized him by the legs and dragged him alongside his master, to the side of the road. Lie there!

"'Get in,' I said to the lady. She put in the youngest children, but the eldest she could not lift.

"'Assist me,' said she.

"I went up; the child held out its arms to me. Hardly had I attempted to seize it, than I remembered. 'Keep the child further off,' said I, 'I am all covered with blood; I had better not touch him.'

"They got in as best they could. I took the reins. My horses snorted and would not move. What was to be done? 'Just put the child on the box,' said I again. She put the child on the box and held him with her hands. I shook the reins, they flew like the wind. Behold, as they did just now—you saw it yourself. They flee from blood.

"In the morning I landed the lady at the Justice's in the village. I confessed my guilt. 'Arrest me—I have murdered a man.' The lady related how everything happened. 'He saved me,' said she. They bound me. And she cried, the poor soul. 'What are you binding him for?' said she. 'He performed a good deed; he protected my children from a villain.' What a plucky one! She saw that no one paid any heed to her words; she threw herself upon me as if to free me herself. But here I stopped her. 'Give it up,' said I, 'it is not your doing.'

"'There is the human view of this business and there is the Almighty's. Whether I was right or whether I was wrong, God will judge, and also righteous people.' 'Well, but what can your fault be?' said she. 'Pride,' I replied. 'I fell voluntarily into the hands of that villain, through pride. I separated myself from the world; I would not listen to others; I acted according to my own opinions. And behold, my opinions have brought me to murder.'

"Well, she left off; she obeyed me. As she was going away she came up to me to say good-bye. She embraced me. 'You poor fellow!' She wanted the children to kiss me. 'What are you doing?' said I. 'Do not defile the children. See, I am a murderer.' I was afraid, I must confess, that the children themselves would be frightened of my sin. But no—she lifted up the youngest herself, the eldest came of his own accord. As the little thing clasped its little arms round my neck, I could hold out no longer—I wept aloud. Tears poured down me. Well, perhaps, for the sake of her goodness, the Lord will not reckon my sin.'

"'If,' said she, 'there is any justice in the world, we will obtain it for you. My life long I will not forget you!' And really she did not forget me. You yourself know what our law courts are—an endless affair. They would have kept me in prison until now, but she and her husband got me out by writing."

"And they kept you in prison all the same?"

"At first they did, and for a considerable time too. The chief reason was—on account of money. The lady sent me half a thousand roubles, and both she and her husband wrote to me. As soon as I received this money, my case seemed to move forward. The official arrived; I was summoned to the office. 'Now,' said he, 'your case is in my hands. Will you give me a large sum, and I will right you entirely?'

"'Ah,' thought I, 'is that it, your honour! Why demand money? Judge me as strictly as you like, only let me see justice, and I will prostrate myself at your feet.' But not he!—he wanted money.

"'I shall not give you anything,' I replied. 'Judge me by the law, under which I now stand.'

"He laughed. 'I perceive you are a fool,' said he. 'By law your affair may be classed under two heads. The law lies on the shelf—and meanwhile the power is mine. I shall put you where I like.'

"'But how will that turn out?'

"'Thus,' he replied. 'You are a blockhead! Now listen, this time you protected the lady and her children.'

"'Well, and what then?'

"'Why, you protected them. Can this be recorded among your good deeds? Certainly, is the reply, because it was a good action. This is one reading of the case.'

"'And the other, what may that be?'

"'The other? It is this: consider yourself what a huge fellow you are. As compared with you, just think, the old man was just an infant. He incited you, and you ought to have tied his arms gently and brought him to justice. But you, without a word—whack! and felled him. This one must call taking the law into one's own hands, for it is not permitted to act thus. Do you understand?'

"'I understand,' said I. 'There is no justice in you! You shall have nothing from me. This is fine justice!—well considered!'

"He got angry. 'Well and good then, until the case is on, you shall rot in prison.'

"'All right,' I replied, 'do not threaten.'

"And he was as good as his word, but you see the lady did not desist; she applied to the authorities. Such a document arrived from somewhere that my official felt giddy. I was summoned to

the office; he raved and raved, and at last took me, ay, and that same day let me out. See, I went out without trial. I don't myself know how. People say that our trials are to become fair trials—behold, I just wait. May God grant me to appear and to hear judgment!"

"And how about Ivan Zaharov?"

"Ivan Zaharov vanished without trace. It seems their compact with One Hand was this: Zaharov was to ride after me, at no great distance. If, it was arranged, I would not agree to the murder, then Zaharov was to shoot me with his gun. But, you see, God ordained otherwise. Zaharov galloped up to us when I had done the deed. And he was frightened. They said afterwards, that he then galloped up to the farmstead, and forthwith set to digging up his money. He dug it up, and saying nothing to anyone, made for the taïga. And at day-break the farm caught fire. People say he somehow set fire to it himself, and others say Kouzma set fire to it—it is all a mystery. By the evening only cinders remained. The whole nest of blackguards was in ashes. The womenfolk went their way, and the son to hard labour. He could nohow buy himself off.

"Gee-up, my beauties! Well, thank God, we have arrived! And see, the Almighty's beautiful sun is just rising."

WINTER IN A DEER-FOREST.

MANY are familiar with life in a Highland deer-forest during "the season"—the few weeks when the tenant of the forest and his friends occupy the lodge, and gillies and ponies abound. But the sunny, showery weeks of August and September, lived among hills purple with heather in bloom, soon pass, and by the beginning of October most of the shooters have gone southwards. Even the few who do return to the Highlands for hind-shooting usually leave before the wild wintry weather has fairly set in. The present writer gives his impressions as one who has spent an entire winter in a deer-forest.

A Highland deer-forest is not, of course, a vast, densely-wooded park. As a Highlander said to an Englishman who wondered that trees were wanting there, "Who ever heard of a forest with trees?" There may happen to be trees in the forest; natural birch woods may cling to the sides of a glen, or the lower slopes of the hills around the lodge may be clothed with modern plantations of fir and larch. But these are merely ornamental fringes of the forest. The forest itself is a great waste of mountainous moorland, treeless, brown with heather, or grey with coarse grass—a wilderness sacred to the red deer, from which human dwellings are banished. The many hundreds of square miles of bleak, high-lying moors now devoted to deer-forests never could have maintained a large population. There have been farms and crofts in the green patches in the glens, and in the old times the cattle were driven in the summer to the sheilings high up among the hills. Now the only people who live in the forest throughout the year are the forester and his family at the lodge, with perhaps an under-keeper there, and one or two other keepers at the opposite side of the forest, some dozen miles away.

The forest best known to this writer is one in the central High lands. It consists of two mountain masses, separated by some miles of lower ground, and bounded on one side by a great loch. The winter sets in early and lasts long in this forest, for it is far inland, and even its low ground is mostly 1,400 feet above the sea. Snow

falls in October and lies for a few days even down at the loch side, but that is only the advance guard of the cold weather. Winter really begins with the first spell of hard frost. One effect of the first severe frost of the season is rather curious. The long loch seems turned into a gigantic caldron of hot water, from which columns of dense steam rise into the calm, frosty air. This appearance continues day after day, until the loch, in many places some hundreds of feet deep, has cooled down to its winter temperature. Soon the snow comes down heavily, and never goes far away again all the winter through. It does sometimes disappear from the comparatively low-lying ground for a few days; but the hills are always white.

There is a line of perpetual winter snow in the Scottish Highlands at a height of 1,500 feet above the sea. Above this the snow remains throughout the winter. Only late in the spring does it slowly fade away. In cool summers great patches lie on the northern slopes even in August. It is said that a fall of only two degrees in the average annual temperature of Scotland would again send glaciers creeping down the glens among the high mountains.

Life in the snow-covered forest has a charm of its own. A smart walk among the hills on a bright, frosty day is most enjoyable. The wide moors sweep away in unbroken whiteness up to the rugged mountains, where dark cliffs, too steep for snow to rest on, pierce the white mantle here and there. The keen, exhilarating air makes walking a delight, though the footing is not of the best. Pony-paths traverse the forest, but even these do not form an ideal promenade in the winter time. Where the snow has not drifted you can recognise the path by the surface of the snow above it being unbroken, while on either side of it the dry flower-heads of tall grasses rise through the snow. Where drifts have hidden all signs of a path you must try to descry some trace of it twenty or thirty yards ahead, and make a straight furrow through the drift to that. When the path has been carved out of a steep hill-side it is often entirely blotted out by the snow filling up the trench and restoring the original roof-like slope of the hill. In such places one is tempted to make a track for himself instead of trying to detect the buried path, but the improvised track is apt to plunge the rash explorer up to the neck in the powdery snow which masks a gully. A wiser plan is to keep a sharp look-out for fox footprints, since Master Reynard is fond of using pony-paths to bring him to and from his hunting-grounds, and his instinct in avoiding deep drifts may be relied on.

Let us picture a walk through the forest. Soon after setting

out from the lodge we come to a point overlooking the great loch far below us, fringed with birch wood, girdled with mountains. Round the edge of the loch a sheet of ice has formed, but the central deeps are never frozen, even in the hardest winters. Some wild swans, driven from shallow lochs by the frost, are floating gracefully on the still water.

Then the path passes away from the loch over an open stretch of moorland. A mountain hare, clad in his white winter coat, scuds across the track, and in the distance we see a herd of deer feeding. We now near another and much smaller loch. Without climbing any high hill we have crossed the watershed between the East and West of Scotland somewhere in the last mile. The waters of this loch drain into the Atlantic, while those of the big loch ultimately pour into the German Ocean.

If we perseveringly trudge a few miles farther through the snow, we find the path enter a narrow glen between two mountains. One side of the glen slopes steeply down, while the other side is formed by a range of precipices draped with giant icicles. In the summer a burn brattles down the bottom of the glen, but, if yet running, ice and snow have buried it out of sight and hearing. Utter silence, awful rather than restful, reigns within the white gorge, broken only at long intervals by the sharp bark of a fox that has its den somewhere up among the rocks above the precipices. The path ascends to the head of the glen, and from the lofty col a splendid view opens up of snow-clad mountains and glens glittering in the sunshine, and away in the distance the lower straths appear, still green, and looking as if they belonged to another world than our wintry one.

If this ramble is taken early in the winter, before a great depth of snow has accumulated in the high passes, we may continue our walk round the shoulders of the great ben of the forest, and return by a loch far up in the heart of the hills, above which frown the cliffs of a magnificent corrie. The loch itself is only recognisable by its level surface, for ice a foot thick cases its waters, and snow conceals the ice. Some stags, disgusted at being disturbed even in this remote retreat, scramble up a steep, shingly hill-face with a speed and agility almost incredible in such bulky animals. From this loch the way leads downwards and homewards, though we are yet far from the lodge.

What grand bird is that that goes sailing upwards in wide spirals, hangs poised in mid-air for an instant, and then swoops down like a thunderbolt on a luckless hare? A falcon? No, it is the great golden eagle! It is still a rare bird, even in the Highlands, though

not so rare as it was twenty years ago, for it is now strictly protected in the deer-forests.

As we pass through the low ground on our homeward route, a herd of hinds is seen on a hill-side only three or four hundred yards away, near enough for us to make out the variety of colours in their hides, from dull brown to golden yellow. Presently one hind catches sight of the intruders, then another and another, until the whole herd stands at gaze. Then, as if at a given signal, they turn sharply round, brown heads being replaced by white tails, and trot quickly away, disappearing over the sky-line. If they have been thoroughly startled, they may not halt again till they have reached the "sanctuary." The "sanctuary," it may be explained, is a part of the forest where the deer are never molested by sportsman or forester. The deer soon come to understand its privileges, and take refuge there from danger. The reason why most large forests have sanctuaries is to induce the deer to stay in the forest. There are usually no fences between adjoining deer-forests, and if the deer found that they were being continually stalked in all parts of one forest, while in the neighbouring forest there was a tract of ground where they could be in safety, no man making them afraid, they would forsake the inhospitable forest for the one that offered a sanctuary.

The regular winter inhabitants of the forest, the forester and his assistants, have something else to do than to enjoy pleasant rambles through the forest on sunny days. A part of the winter is devoted to hind-shooting. Sometimes sportsmen take part in this, but as it yields no trophies like the stag's antlers, and as the winter's snows add greatly to the toils of stalking, the work is usually left to the foresters. It is work that needs to be done, for since only stags are shot in the "season," if the ranks of the hinds were never thinned, the forest would be overrun by them.

The hind, though despised by sportsmen out after the stag, is no easy prey, for she is more wary than the antlered lord of the forest. The stalkers set out while the winter morning is yet dark, in order to arrive by dawn at the passes by which the hinds are expected to leave the low ground where they have been grazing during the night. If wind and weather favour them, they may dispatch several hinds before sunrise. At other times they may have to spend half a day in toilsome stalking without any result. What the stalkers like is not, as the uninitiated might think, mild, fresh weather, but frost and deep snow. Mild weather allows the deer to keep to the hills, where they can only be reached after tramping many weary miles through slush and wet snow; whereas when the snow lies deep, and the

frost is intense so that no living creature save the ptarmigan can exist long on the open hill, the deer are to be found down at the loch side, or sheltering in low-lying corries.

Sometimes a roe-deer hunt is organised when these dainty little beasts have been doing damage in the plantations. It is of the nature of a deer-drive, with the guns posted at some break in the wood towards which the roes are driven by beaters. The moment when the roe-deer break cover and come under fire is very exciting; but often they prefer to turn back and burst through the line of beaters. This is the easier to do, because in young plantations on hillsides the wood is usually so dense and the ground so rough that the beaters have difficulty in knowing where their comrades are, and in preserving anything like a straight line.

Foxes, too, have to be hunted down. Some time ago a question was asked in the House of Commons about the increase of foxes in the deer-forests, the terms of which suggested that the questioner supposed that foxes were preserved in the Highland forests in order to be hunted by horsemen and hounds, as in England or the Lowlands of Scotland. The horse has yet to be discovered that could keep up with the hill-fox going up the mountain side, or that would not break his own or his rider's neck descending the rocky screes where the "red dog" usually has his home. In the deer-forest the fox is no beast of chase held in high honour, but is mere vermin to be shot on sight; and if he prove so shy that he has to be sought for in his lurking-places, he is driven out of his earth by shaggy terriers, and unceremoniously shot as he emerges.

Throughout the foresters' winter work, peril of storm is lying in wait. A snowstorm that has given warning of its approach has discounted most of its terrors. It may, indeed, cut off the dwellers in the forest from all communication with the outer world for some weeks; but that is nearly the worst it can do to them. Well housed and provisioned for the winter, they can easily stand a snow blockade. The wind may roar down the glens, and the snow drift into monstrous wreaths; but they are secure against the fury of the storm.

But if the storm comes on unexpectedly, when the men are away in a remote part of the forest, then is the terrible time of struggle on the hillside, of anxiety in the home. The gale sweeps before it the falling and the already fallen snow in a whirling, blinding cloud. The dry, powdery particles fill the eyes, choke the nostrils, making sight and breathing alike difficult. The freezing wind chills to the bone. Even the mountaineers' skill and powers of endurance are tried to the utmost when overtaken by such a blizzard many miles

away from any sheltering roof, with no fences to guide, and with all landmarks blotted out by the swirling snow-dust. It is a battle, long and stern, against the might of the storm. Hour after hour they fight on against the blinding, baffling drift, plunging through the deep wreaths, struggling against the numbing blast, until darkness falls on the short winter day. Deep is their thankfulness when at last they see, glimmering faintly through the driving snow, the lights of home.

HECTOR FRASER.

THE FRENCH AND SIERRA LEONE.

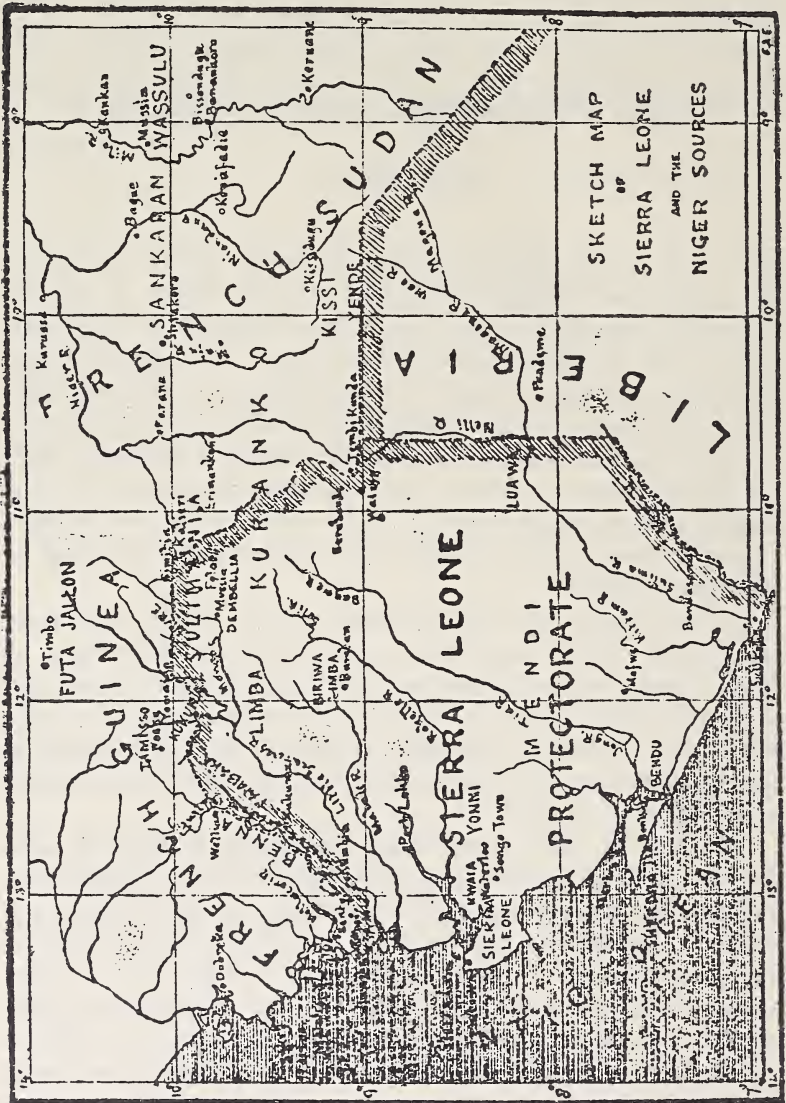
IN view of the aggressive action of France in the rear of our possessions on the Gold Coast and the Niger, it may be interesting to recall how the French have hemmed in our possessions in the neighbourhood of Sierra Leone. The events in that region throw considerable light on what is going on in the great bend of the Niger, and show the steady territorial advance which threatens to engulf our more limited possessions. Whilst, in consonance with the recommendations of the Parliamentary Committee of 1865, English policy has been opposed to the extension of our responsibilities in these regions, country after country has been added to the French empire.

At the time of the Franco-German war the whole region from the Gambia to the Cameroons could have been appropriated by Great Britain without opposition from any European power; and when the rapid recovery of France from the disasters of 1871 was followed by a policy of imperial extension in the neighbourhood of Senegal, it was not for long realised that this might call for a more active policy on our part.

On June 28, 1882, a convention was signed at Paris by Lord Lyons and M. de Freycinet, providing that the line of demarcation between the territories occupied or claimed by Great Britain and France respectively to the north of Sierra Leone should be drawn between the basins of the rivers Scarcies and Mellicourie (or Mellacoree), in such a manner as to ensure to Great Britain the complete control of the Scarcies rivers and to France the complete control of the Mellicourie river.[1] This agreement only affected the regions in the vicinity of the coast; but on August 10, 1889, another arrangement was signed at Paris,[2] carrying the line of demarcation along the tenth parallel of latitude to 10° 40′ east of Greenwich. This gave to

[1] Hertslet's *The Map of Africa by Treaty*, ii., 554–57, 585.
[2] Hertslet, pp. 559, 586.

France the mountainous region of Futa Jallon, with which Sierra Leone had long had commercial relations, our merchants having so long ago as 1794 made their first attempt to open up trade with the



interior by sending a mission to Timbo, the capital of the Fulah kingdom. Over this country France had declared a protectorate in 1881, and though no attempt was made to render this effectual, it was recognised by our Government, a further concession being at the

same time made by withdrawing the frontier to the Great Scarcies river, and thus giving up to France the whole of the country of Benna

The relations between the French and the English in this region are inextricably mixed up with the history of Samodu or Samory, the Mahdi of the West, as he has sometimes been described, who has not only been a scourge to the native tribes of the interior, but has cost France much in blood and treasure, and has come into conflict with our own troops in the back countries of Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast. This Samodu is a remarkable man, and is regarded as a prophet by a large number of his African followers. For years he has wielded immense power. He would appear to have been a Soninke or Malinke by birth, and was born about 1830 at Sonankoro, in Konia, near the sources of the Niger. As a young man he was taken prisoner in one of the country wars, and became the slave of a powerful marabout named Fodé Mussa. He was very intelligent, and exhibited much intrepidity and audacity, and he was also a powerfully built man. Added to all this he showed great religious fervour, and acquired such influence in the house of Mussa his master, and over the chief men of the village, that Mussa became jealous of him and placed him in irons. He determined on revenge when he regained his liberty, which he did later on. His influence increased, and, gathering about him many followers, he rebelled and proclaimed a divine mission. Enthusiasts rallied round him, and he seized upon the powerful Mussa and placed him in irons. From this time his power grew; he was invariably successful in his expeditions, and town after town came under his power and leadership. He conquered the large district of Wassulu. He gained recruits from every quarter; small chiefs that were afraid of him voluntarily surrendered, and in self-defence placed themselves under his banner. He became a terror to all, and his influence extended far and wide to countries bordering on Futa Jallon. There was one particularly rich town he desired to possess, named Keniera, eastward of the Niger, occupied by a chief named Bagoba. Bagoba resisted, and sought assistance from the French.

The French had just about this time pushed forward the outposts of their colony of Senegal to the Niger. A native officer in the French colonial forces was sent to treat with the Almamy of Bissandugu, as Samodu was officially called; but Samodu received him in such a manner, even menacing him with death, that Colonel Borgnis Desbordes at once took the field against him, and defeated him in a battle at Keniera, on February 27, 1882, followed by another victory at Weyako on April 5 in the following year. But even this

did not prove decisive. On June 13, 1885, Samodu was again defeated at Kokoro by Colonel Combes; his army was chased off the field, and pursued with such vigour that his retreat became a veritable rout, and the Malinke chief was barely able to continue the strife. However, it was only after the campaign of 1885–86, in which Lieut.-Colonel Frey crushed the troops of Malinkamory, one of his lieutenants, at Fatako Djingo, that the Almami of Wassulu requested peace. He now received the French envoys in a very different fashion, and signed a treaty by which he relinquished all territory on the left bank of the great river.

Farther to the south and west of the points where he had proved the inferiority of his arms against the French weapons of precision, Samodu carried fire and sword into the country of Sulimania, at the back of the colony of Sierra Leone. Twice he destroyed the town of Falaba, in 1884[1] or 1885,[2] and again, after it had been partly rebuilt, in 1889. On the first occasion the chief blew himself and his family up rather than fall into the hands of the Sofas. Samodu carried his devastating raids almost up to the frontier of Sierra Leone, depopulating large districts and carrying off immense numbers of slaves. He threatened the Timani country until, through the friendly overtures of Sir Samuel Rowe, in 1885 he sent messengers to Freetown, who promised that for his sake Samodu would not touch any of the places in which the British Government was directly interested, and further expressed his wish that all of the countries which he had conquered from the interior down to Falaba should be placed under the protection of the Queen, for one of whose medals and a treaty he repeatedly asked.[3] Sir Samuel Rowe received the Sofa officers at a grand reception at Government House, and promised to send an officer to visit Samory. When Major Festing visited the Sofas at Bumbah-Limbah in 1887,[4] he found the ground strewed with human remains, and the country completely devastated.

In 1890 Mr. G. H. G. Garrett made a more extended journey into the interior on behalf of the Sierra Leone Government, and visited Samodu at his capital, Bissandugu. He gives sad accounts of the devastation caused by the raids of the Sofas.[5] At Bumban, the chief, Suluku, not unnaturally suspected Mr. Garrett's Mahom-

[1] *Parliamentary Papers* (1887), Sierra Leone (No. 332), p. 52.

[2] G. H. Garrett: *Proceedings Royal Geographical Society* (1892), 446.

[3] *Colonial Office Papers* (1887), No. 332, p. 52.

[4] *Parliamentary Papers* (1892). *Proceedings Royal Geographical Society* (1892), 455.

[5] *Proceedings Royal Geographical Society* (1892), 441–53.

medan interpreters of being Sofa spies, who were going up to bring the Sofas down to destroy the country. The chief of Mussia told him that the Sofas had utterly destroyed, not only every town in Sulimania except Kaliere, but the northern part of Kuranko, the whole of the Sangara country, and the countries to the north and south. Proceeding farther, Mr. Garrett found the country between Mussia in Dembellia, and Mussia in Trong, in the Wassulu country, a distance of about 190 miles, entirely depopulated, only one town, Kaliere, in all this long distance having been left standing. The chief of Kaliere had saved himself and his people from the general destruction by receiving the Sofas and supplying all their demands upon him. At Falaba, which, as before mentioned, was twice destroyed, the thatch remained on five houses only, which Garrett's party occupied; bleached skeletons lay scattered all over the place. Some bodies at one end of the town, smelling offensively, proved that they had been recently killed. At Farana, on the Niger, Garrett saw over one hundred bodies lying at the side of the road, in various stages of decomposition; all had their arms tied behind them, and the heads quite or nearly severed, showing that they had been killed in cold blood. Mr. G. F. Scott Elliot, M.A., F.L.S., who visited the country a year or two later with the boundary commission, writes that, judging from the size of the many destroyed villages between Falaba and Farana, he calculated that this tract must have supported a population of 100,000 people.[1] Sininkoro, the capital of Sangara, east of the Niger, where Major Festing died on his way back after visiting the Almami Samodu, a large town, was utterly destroyed, and Garrett saw bleached skeletons scattered about.

At Kaliere Garrett had met, on April 28, Kemo Billali, one of the lieutenants of Samodu, with about 200 horse and 1,800 foot soldiers. He openly acknowledged that the Almami had sent him to eat up the Limba and Timani countries, and thus open a road to Port Lokko. After a long argument he consented to await further instructions from the Almami, whom Garrett was on his way to see, and provided him with an escort, saying that the whole country was destroyed. Crossing the Milo river, Bissandugu was reached about the middle of May, and Garrett was received in considerable state by the Almami.

"In the centre of the town," he writes, "was a large open space; this was densely surrounded by between 7,000 and 8,000 people. At one extremity was the mosque, to which I was first directed, and then invited to go to the Almami, who was facing us

[1] *Parliamentary Papers* (1893), Sierra Leone (No. 3), p. 7.

across the open space. I went over, and giving him a military salute, advanced and shook hands with him; he was seated in a leather-covered arm-chair of European make, and did not rise. His dress was a gorgeous silver-lace gown and a turban of white lawn, brought across his face and concealing all but his eyes; these were darkened with collyrium. He was surrounded by his chiefs, his sons, and wives. After the usual complimentary speeches, he paraded his mounted troops, and then directed some of his people to take me to the huts at the south-west end of the town. The following day I called upon him at his palace; this was fenced in, the gates guarded by armed men. Crossing a courtyard, I passed through a couple of huts joined together, and into an inner one, spacious and very clean, well lighted by doors opening on an inner yard. Here he was seated; an iron kettle full of water was at his feet, out of the spout of which he frequently filled his mouth, and, washing it, squirted the contents out into a big tin bowl at his feet. Before the meeting was over he had a small tin teapot brought him, out of the spout of which he drank, and he rubbed his hands and feet all over with fresh butter.

"He wore a blue Mahommedan gown, with white trousers and slippers, a red fez cap, over which was a gorgeous circlet of imitation precious stones, diamonds, sapphires, &c.—in fact, a gaudy tinsel crown. Facing him sat his councillors, among them Tassile Manko, who went to Paris with his son. He spoke in Arabic, expressing great pleasure at seeing me, according me a hearty welcome, and later he referred with much regret to the death of Major Festing. I mentioned the scenes of bloodshed I had seen on the way. This he said the Sangara people had brought upon themselves by their treachery. I urged him to recall the war I had met on the way up, which he promised to consider.

"On May 23 he paraded all his family and chiefs, with their followers, in honour of my visit. I was conducted to one side of the mosque in the same open space in which I had been previously received. Some 8,000 to 9,000 people were present in a large circle, many deep; two bands, one on either (*each*) side, were discoursing weird music on ballangees and a native hautboy. The chiefs were mounted and dressed in varied coloured robes of different material, from silk-velvet and silks to plain white shirting and blue baft; their horses were richly caparisoned, the saddles, mostly of leather, ornamented with patterns of leather, worsted, flannels, &c. After they had ridden round for some time, they formed up, and the Almami rode on to the ground on a splendid chestnut-coloured

horse, with a rich saddle and cloth, a crescent and star embroidered in gold in the corners, and gold lace and fringe. The pistol holsters appeared to be gold, and the stirrups gilt. He was dressed in a rich rose-coloured silk gown, light trousers, boots, and yellow leather leggings embroidered in colours. His silver spurs were fastened round the ankles with silver bands. He was followed by about twenty of his sons, all mounted, young boys of from nine to seventeen, good riders, all handsomely dressed; his favourite son on a fine dark horse, which he made kneel down before me. He was dressed in a rich plum-coloured silk velvet robe, turban covered with silver gris-gris, and a rich-looking necklet, probably gilt, with imitation precious stones. The Almami was followed by a bodyguard of thirty-six men. In riding round the Almami three times stopped before me, and publicly welcomed me. There were about 200 mounted men, the scene being very effective, and I was told it was a great honour paid me, as he rarely appears on horseback, and all his chiefs and family only appear together on very rare occasions.

"I left shortly before sundown, shaking hands with and thanking him. On the 25th May I went to bid the Almami good-bye; he expressed regret at my departure, and, accompanied by his principal chiefs and a large following, escorted me to the first village, dismounting at the side of a stream, and shaking me cordially by the hand. He promised to stop his war from overrunning the Limba countries, and, sending a friendly message to the Governor of Sierra Leone, he wished me a safe return to my home and family, commending me to God's care."

The Almami kept his word, and orders were given to Kemo Billali to withdraw his war, which was done.

Kemo Billali, or Kemoko Bilali as he is also called, prevented from extending his depredations in the British sphere, took a somewhat more northerly course towards Futa Jallon, and the presence of his force to the east of the Mongo river, a tributary of the Little Scarcies, in 1888-89 prevented the French Captain Brosselard-Faidherbe, coming from French Guinea, from crossing that river.[1] A year or two later another French explorer found him encamped in the country of Huré,[2] the king of which, wretched and in rags, was now reduced to begging in the streets of his former capital. The Sofas had just devastated the kingdom of Kukunia. At Kumba, the principal market of this country, the meeting-point of several caravan roads, the Frenchman found only a melancholy desert. All that

[1] *Bulletin du Comité de l'Afrique Française* (1896), 376.
[2] *The Times* (1894, Jan. 8), 10.

the Sofas had not been able to take away they had destroyed and burnt. Some heaps of cinders, in the middle of which a few charred posts stood black and sinister, marked the locality of the cabins of the town. The ground was strewn with broken pottery and calabashes, and large jars of earthenware and wicker lay empty, trodden under foot, beside the rice and other grain which they had contained. So at Sambaia, the capital, not a living creature was to be seen. The horses moved onward knee deep in ashes. For miles and miles the Frenchmen found themselves in the presence of the sinister work of the Sofas. The country was very rich and had been very prosperous; and from hour to hour they traversed extensive ruined villages, which indicated that a very dense population had existed there.

In 1890 or 1891 another travelling commissioner from Sierra Leone, Mr. T. J. Alldridge, found Sofas established at Pandeme, the capital of Bunde, farther to the southward.[1] He did not meet with the friendly reception accorded to Mr. Garrett by the Almami. To enter the town of Pandeme it was necessary to pass through a narrow lane of war-fences, about sixty yards in length, but divided into ten distinct sections, any one of which might be closed and those within entrapped.

"When I ultimately got into Pandeme," he writes, "it was several hours before the chief could make up his mind to approach me, although he sent repeated messages to say that he was coming. When at last he put in an appearance, surrounded by many of his head people and war-boys, in the quadrangle of the town, I could not prevail upon him to sit by me or upon anything I provided;[2] but one of his people, who carried a quaintly-shaped stool, placed it opposite to me at a respectful distance, and on this the chief sat. After a short talk he presented me with a white country cloth, to show his heart was 'clean' towards me, together with a black fowl and some kola nuts, all emblems of friendship."

It was with these scourges that the French were in conflict for so many years. Treaty-making with such a fanatical devastator as Samodu was a useless fiction. Yet the treaty of 1886 was followed up by others in 1887 and 1889, which placed his territories under the protection of France. This last agreement isolated his territories from those of Futa Jallon and Sierra Leone, enabling the French to open up a route from the upper Niger to French Guinea and the coast. When the Almami realised how the concession he had made to the French would prevent his easily buying cattle from the

[1] *The Geographical Journal*, iv. (1894), 131–33.

[2] Probably a result of superstitious fear.

Futankas and obtaining powder from Sierra Leone, he sent back the treaty he had signed. Steps were at once taken to induce him to reconsider his decision, and he was given to understand that war would be the result of such an insult to France. Nothing, however, came of these attempts. War was again declared, and Kankan, an important market of the empire of the Almami, on the banks of the Milo, was occupied by the French troops, after being burnt and abandoned by Samodu. Bissandugu, Samodu's capital, was found in a similar ruined state when the French arrived there in April 1891. The French continued their march to the south, constantly harassed by a guerilla warfare kept up by the retreating Sofas, and during the next cool season Colonel Humbert pushed forward the French positions up the valley of the Milo, and on January 26, 1892, occupied Sanankoro and Keruane, both of which had been previously burnt and abandoned by the Sofas. Close to Keruane, Samodu had a stronghold on the mountain of Tutu-Kuru, which also Colonel Humbert captured after a vigorous assault, finding there an enormous quantity of ammunition and provisions, and amongst other things the Sèvres vases and bust of President Grévy, which had been presented to the Almami.[1]

Here for a time the want of provisions in the devastated country and the approach of the rainy season prevented further advance. But Samodu was not crushed. Throughout he has manifested considerable ability as a military commander, and must have had wonderful power over his followers to rally them again and again before the deadly Lebel rifles of the French. Commandant Peroz pays tribute (p. 271) to his unique genius. "Each year he has fresh means. His resources are exhausted, the number of his subjects diminishes, and yet at the moment when he is thought to be overcome he recommences the struggle with an armament, organisation, and tactics such that he can dispute with the French foot by foot the fragments of his empire. No discouragement, no feebleness is shown by him or his. After the most cruel losses or defeats he never abandons himself. If he now has the superiority of number, in the first combats, which were the most murderous and hotly contested, his effective closely approached that of the French."

The extension of French territory on the upper Niger rendered it necessary to separate the French Sudan from the colony of Senegal, and Colonel Combes, who now took the military command, at once turned his attention to cutting off the communications of Samodu

[1] Peroz, Commandant: *Au Niger*, Paris, 1894. *Proceedings of the Royal Artillery Institution* (1894), 51-52.

with Sierra Leone, whence he obtained arms and ammunition, as well as from Futa Jallon, where he was able to exchange slaves for oxen and provisions. This question of the supply of arms to African races against whom a European country is at war is an old grievance. We heard it in the Italian war with Abyssinia, when the French supplied the Abyssinians with arms from their port of Jibutil. Now it was their turn to cry out against the merchants of Sierra Leone, some of whom, no doubt, smuggled firearms into the interior, to be used eventually against the French.[1]

Dividing his force into three columns, Colonel Combes himself (February 1893), in a brilliant campaign, pursued the main forces of the Sofas into the Nafana country, to the east of the Milo, thus driving them into the countries behind the French Ivory Coast and the English possessions on the Gold Coast,[2] to give further trouble there, whilst Captain Dargelos operated in the Kuranko and Kissi valleys to the south-west of Keruane, and Captain Briquelot pursued Billali still further to the westward. Leaving Babila, on the Milo, on January 29, Dargelos stormed Sidana, threw back the Sofas in disorder on the Milo, established a French post at Kissidugu, thus securing the possession of the Kissi country,[3] and returned to Keruane on March 6.

Meanwhile Captain Briquelot pushed westward with his flying column in search of the bands of Billali—the old Billali, as he was called to distinguish him from his sons, also chiefs of the Sofas. In concert with Tenesso Koba, another subordinate chief, under the direct orders of the Almami, Billali guarded the provinces of Kuranko, Sankaran, and Kissi, and acted as the delegate of Samodu in his trade for arms and cattle with Sierra Leone and Futa Jallon. Leaving Kurussa on the Niger on January 8, Briquelot surprised and dispersed a party of Sofas at Duako, capturing arms and ammunition, and three days later took Moria, with a quantity of provisions collected by Billali. Crossing the Nandian and taking Yalinkoro (January 24), he found Billali's camp deserted. The small column pursued the flying Sofas to the south towards Kissi, again beating them on February 3 near Bambaya, at the foot of the mountains of Kissi. Billali, turned out of this place, thoroughly disabled and disheartened, would then have taken refuge in the

[1] Peroz: *Au Niger*, 40, 267, 297, 303, 361–64. *Revue Française* (1895), 343. *Proceedings of the Royal Artillery Institution* (1894), 51. *Anti-Slavery Reporter* (1894), 40, 41. *Quarterly Review* (1894, July), 273.

[2] *The Times* (1894, Jan. 10). *The Quarterly Review* (1894, July), 273–4.

[3] *Proceedings of the Royal Artillery Institution* (1894), 124–27. *Geographical Journal*, v., 383. *The Times* (1894, Jan. 10).

thick forests to the west of Kissi, but he was prevented by the inhabitants, who, rising at the approach of the French, attacked the demoralised Sofas and killed them in large numbers in their villages wherever scattered groups of them had taken shelter. Billali and his few remaining faithful followers made their way back towards the north-west, where they were completely defeated on February 5, at Nianforando, near Erimankono. Billali himself escaped falling into the hands of the French, and owed his safety to the speed of his horse. In his precipitate flight he had not time to saddle the animal, and in this pitiable state he took refuge in British territory. All his baggage and supplies and 4,000 prisoners fell into the hands of the French. On February 9 and 10, Briquelot entered Faranah and Erimankono and established posts there.

The French were now in a country which was occupied by the British, the Governor of Sierra Leone having placed posts of the frontier police at Falaba and Kaliere, and the sergeant commanding those posts immediately protested, denying the right of the French to establish themselves at Erimankono. But Briquelot, without stopping to discuss the question of frontier, again started in pursuit of Billali, who had joined the band of Bakary-Turé and again taken the field. On March 1, the French attacked them at Gerineba, and inflicted severe losses. The column next marched in a southerly direction towards Bambaya, where Bakary-Turé had taken refuge, and reached there on March 18, just after the Sofas had struck their camp. He followed, and two days later occupied the large village of Yale-Kaledu, finding a large accumulation of supplies and provisions there. After much difficulty in passing the Wassuku, a strongly entrenched *marigot* (a sort of lake or broadening of the river) which was defended by Sofas, the French continued the pursuit, though much impeded by the troops of slaves and cattle they had captured. At last, one dark and rainy night, they surprised the Sofa camp, which the Sofas at once abandoned with all their belongings, and where the French made 4,500 prisoners (probably including slaves). After a little sharp fighting, the Sofas retreated in disorder towards Buillé, pursued by the Spahis under Lieutenant Pouydebat, who utterly cut them up and dispersed them. After establishing another French post at Wossu, in Tamisso, Briquelot returned to the coast at Benty, having thus by his routes connected the French Sudan with French Guinea.[1]

[1] Captain Oliver: *Proceedings of the Royal Artillery Institution* (1894), 125-28. *The Times* (1894, Jan. 10). *The Geographical Journal*, v., 383. *Bulletin du Comité de l'Afrique Française* (1896), supplement, pp. 41-42. *Revue Française* (1895), 346.

In this pursuit of the Sofas it will be seen that the French troops had come into the *hinterland* or back country of Sierra Leone. The agreement of 1889, it will be remembered, only carried the frontier to 10° 40′ E., that is, it only defined the boundary to the north, and not to the east of the British sphere. On June 26, 1891, however, a further agreement was signed at Paris, which gave France full control over the basin of the upper Niger and its tributaries, making the frontier line follow the watershed to the west of that river from 10° 40′ E., to the most remote source of the river at Tembi-Kunda.[1] A joint commission was appointed to carry out the delimitation on the spot, but the English and French commissioners (Captain A. H. Kenny, R.E., and M. Lamadon and Lieutenant Bransoulée) were unable to agree, and they separated without having arrived at a settlement.[2]

The raiding excursions of the Sofas in the direction of Sierra Leone rendered it necessary for the colonial authorities to take action to protect the tribes which were already in peaceful trading relations with the colony, and, as already mentioned, the Governor (Sir Francis Fleming) established posts of the frontier police at Falaba and Kaliere. In addition to this, Colonel A. B. Ellis was despatched with a force of 430 men of the West India Regiment, who were afterwards joined by Captain Lendy and about forty of the frontier police, with the intention of co-operating with the French in ridding the country of the scourge. Leaving Freetown on November 27, 1893, the force landed at Bendu, about ninety miles to the south, and at Tekwiama, a town belonging to Nahe Gua, a British treaty chief, came upon a scene of horror and desolation. The town, formerly occupied by 3,000 peaceful inhabitants, had been burnt, and heaps of dead bodies with the hands tied behind were lying all around. Not a house possessed a roof, and the only living creatures were the birds hovering over their carrion.

Pushing on through an unexplored country now laid waste—the villages burnt and depopulated—the force crossed the Kora range and surprised the Sofas at Yallu, or Yelladu (December 19), the chief town of the Salla Konno people, who were in league with the Sofas. After a skirmish, in which Lieutenant Gwynne was wounded, the enemy was driven off. Turning then to the north-west, to reach Ka-yema, the stronghold of the Sofas and Konnos, Colonel Ellis

[1] Hertslet, 573-74, 587. *The Times* (1894, Jan. 8), 8. *Quarterly Review* (1894, July), 275. French *Livre Jaune*, 1895.

[2] *Proceedings of the Royal Artillery Institution* (1894), 134. *Geographical Journal*, v., 383. *Revue Française* (1894), 256.

advanced to Waima (or Weeima, or Warina, as the name has been variously spelt), beating off the spasmodic attacks of the Konnos, and halted there on December 22 to await supplies from Komendi. The country here was densely covered with a thick growth of grass twelve feet high, intersected by narrow paths, along which only single file was possible, the growth precluding any view of the surrounding country. On the following morning, shortly before daybreak, the camp was surprised by a heavy fire from the bush. After a sharp engagement of about forty minutes, the attacking force was driven off, and it was then found that it was French, consisting of thirty Senegalese sharpshooters and 120 native auxiliaries. Lieutenant Maritz, who was in command, was brought into the British camp mortally wounded, where he explained that he mistook the British force for Sofas and the European officers for Arab leaders. This regrettable blunder cost the lives also of ten of the Senegalese, and on the British side of four officers and six privates, besides some eighteen seriously wounded.

It appears that Maritz left Farana towards the end of September, to march against the Sofas in Kissi. On December 21 he reached Tembi-Kunda, at the head of the Niger, and the extreme point of French territory, and, hearing that war had broken out in Konno, which was undoubtedly in the British sphere, leaped to the conclusion that it was the Sofas of Porro-Kerri trying to escape from the British troops in order to effect a junction with the Almami Samodu. Instead of waiting to intercept this supposed force of Sofas when it should attempt to cross the French frontier, he decided to attack it, regardless of the fact that he was thereby invading British territory. It is alleged by the French that Maritz was misled into believing the British to be Sofas by the treachery of the chief of Waima, who was afterwards taken and executed, Waima and its tributary villages being burnt by Colonel Ellis.[1]

Attention has recently been again drawn to this unfortunate affair by questions in the House of Commons and correspondence in the press.[2] It certainly appears very strange that the French Government has neither offered any apology for the attack nor has it been pressed for compensation for the widows and orphans of the victims.

[1] *The Times* (1894, Jan. 8), 5, 8; (15), 5; (25), 8; (30), 10; (Feb. 2), 14; (17), 6; (19), 5; (21), 5 f. *The Morning Advertiser* (1894, Jan. 6; Feb. 20). *Quarterly Review* (1894, July), 275–76. *Proceedings of the Royal Artillery Institution* (1894), 134–36. *Revue Française* (1894), 255–57, 603. *Bulletin du Comité de l'Afrique Française* (1894, Feb.), 6–8; (March), 12–13.

[2] *The Times* (1898, March 19), 8 b.; (28), 12 f.; (29), 11 f.; (April 1), 6 c.; (6), 16 cd.; (7), 5 f.; (12), 4 b.; (13), 4 b.; (20), 8 a.; (29), 11 c.

There has, as usual, been some word-splitting between the disputants; but the main facts have been from the first clear. Lieutenant Maritz entered undoubted British territory and attacked a British force, and France is therefore unquestionably responsible for the result. It is not creditable to the present or late Government that this clear case for compensation should have been allowed to be shelved by being mixed up with the interminable negotiations about the Niger, whilst those rendered orphans by the French officer's blunder are suffering want. Yet France has not even so much as offered an apology. So Mr. Curzon assured us, though it seems almost inconceivable.

The much needed supplies having arrived, Colonel Ellis pushed on to the north-west on the 26th, and crossing the Bagbwe river, where the retreating Sofas had destroyed the native swing-bridge, and passing more burnt towns, reached Kayema on the 31st, which had been burnt and abandoned by the Sofas, who had now concentrated their forces with their Konno allies at Bagbwema. At the abandoned town a horrible scene presented itself. The road was strewn with corpses of women and children, while scores of headless trunks, mutilated bodies of women and children lay in indescribable confusion in all directions, causing an insupportable stench. The immediate neighbourhood of the gates of the five towns of which Kayema consisted was evidently the slaughter-place of the Sofas in their insatiable greed for blood, as sacks of dead bodies blocked the entrance; and, as no fighting took place here, these corpses were those of the unfortunate inhabitants of the surrounding country captured and wantonly massacred by the Sofas. The marked absence of young men and women amongst the slain showed clearly that they had been spared only to be sold into captivity as slaves.

Bagbwema was reached and stormed in the early hours of January 3, 1894, and the Sofas driven out. Over 700 slaves, women and children, found in the stockade were released. The power of the marauders was now broken, and on January 20 Colonel Ellis's force was back in Freetown.

The regrettable incident at Waima was followed shortly after by another collision between British and French in the Samu country, between the Mellacoree and Great Scarcies rivers. In this case it was the British who passed the undefined frontier. It appears that a small force of the native frontier police was acting in that district, and (January 1894) took up a position in the village of Kompan, near Benty, calling upon the inhabitants to construct roads. The French native police, having been informed, proceeded to the place, when they were attacked by the British, one French policeman being

wounded and disarmed and five British being killed.[1] And in 1895 a corporal of the frontier police was arrested by the French at Gana, in the country of Tambakka, a place claimed by the British and the French.[2]

All these affairs rendered it very necessary to lay down the frontier between the two spheres in a clear and definite way. Accordingly, on January 21, 1895, a further agreement was signed between the two Governments clearly laying down the boundary as following the western watershed of the Niger from its source at Tembi-Kunda to 10° N., and also more definitely from the coast to that parallel.[3] An Anglo-French commission was again appointed to carry out the delimitation on the spot, and this time with a completely satisfactory result. The British commissioners were Lieut.-Col. J. K. Trotter, R.A., and Lieut. Tyler, R.E., and the French, Captains Passaga and Cayrade. The story of the delimitation has been fully told by Colonel Trotter in a little book recently published,[4] and it is needless, therefore, to detail it here. Our commissioner has much of interest to tell of the difficulties encountered—the obstacles to surveying caused by the steamy haze and thick vegetation of that tropical region, the swarms of locusts which crushed down the tree branches by their weight and were eaten wholesale by the native carriers; the hard walking over the rough granite, especially after the boots were worn out; the shortness of food caused by the Sofa raids; the sickness, which caused the death of Captain M'Kee, of the frontier police, the discrepancies in maps to be reconciled, &c. All who are interested should read this in Colonel Trotter's pages.

One point in regard to the equipment may be specially noted. The English party had such a quantity of impedimenta as to necessitate taking 448 natives, compulsorily reduced later, it is true, to 270, on account of the want of provisions in the devastated country; whilst the French, who rode on mules, instead of in hammocks, required the services of ninety-two carriers only. It is evident that the French are able to travel more economically, and, may we say, therefore, to

[1] *The Times* (1894, Feb. 6), 5; (7), 5; (9), 5; (15), 3. *Revue Française* (1894), 256; (1895), 120. *Bulletin du Comité de l'Afrique Francaise* (1894, March), 14; (1894), 155; (1895), 19.

[2] *Bulletin du Comité de l'Afrique Francaise* (1895), 279.

[3] Hertslet, iii., 1,048. *Geographical Journal*, v., 383–84, with sketch map. French *Livre Jaune* (1895). *Bulletin du Comité de l'Afrique Française* (1895), supplement, 39, with map; (1896), 271–72. *Revue Française* (1895), 118, 343–48, with map. *Le Mouvement Géographique* (1896), 452.

[4] *The Niger Sources and the Borders of the New Sierra Leone Protectorate.* London: Methuen & Co., 1898.

govern these regions more economically than the English? This question of mules for transport is to be commended to our colonial governors in such countries. Those used on this occasion proved most serviceable and suffered less sickness than their riders.

Colonel Trotter's account is written with evident fairness. Not so, perhaps, that of a writer in a French geographical periodical,[1] who speaks of the great partiality shown by the natives of Kuranko for the French commissioners. They remembered with gratitude, he says, the work of the French in delivering them from the bandits of Samory, and received the French commissioners more cordially than the English, especially at Kurubundo. Here the reception of the English by Fangola, king of Nienguea, did not seem likely to be peaceful, and the chief of the English mission had to ask the intervention of the French. Colonel Trotter announced to Fangola that Nienguea would belong to the colony of Sierra Leone, and that the Queen had sent him to bring presents as a sign of friendship. He then placed before the king some very rich presents. Fangola, having obtained confirmation from Captain Passaga, said if he must he would become English, but he would not be their friend; the English armed the Sofas of Samory, who attacked their villages, burnt their crops, and carried off their women and children. Similar sentiments were manifested at other places. At Samayandu, the capital of Dendu (Samaindu in Trotter's map), the king, learning that an officer who had belonged to the Briquelot column had come, sent his *griots* to meet the mission. The natives along the tenth parallel all, this French writer adds, asked to remain French.

Colonel Trotter gives us no indication of all this, and probably some allowance must be made for the colouring of our imaginative neighbours across the water; but the Colonel's account of his experience at Kurubundo is not altogether inconsistent with it. The story may be commended to those traders of Sierra Leone—perhaps not English—who sent the arms into the interior.

The watershed which forms the boundary below the tenth parallel is not a well defined dividing line. Near the Niger source there is a ridge of mountains rising to 5,000 feet; but farther to the north the ground assumes more the character of a plateau without any ridge, so that the people of Kuranko and Sulimania extend on both sides of the new frontier, their countries being thus divided

[1] *A travers le Monde* (1897), 201–4. For this boundary commission see also *Geographical Journal*, viii., 313; x., 237–59, with map, 386–401. *The Times* (1896, Jan. 2), 4 b.; (11), 6 c.; (21), 3 f.; (22), 10 d.; (April 14), 5 d.; (June 2), 10 f. *Revue Française* (1896), 613–15.

between the English and French spheres, without any thought of their interests or consent. Still more ridiculous is the boundary along the tenth parallel, where a few yards to the northward or southward sometimes decide whether a village is to be on English territory or French, one town, Simitia, already occupied by the French with a garrison, being allotted to the British sphere, as it is just south of 10°.

Colonel Trotter confirms the accounts of the destructive raids of the Sofas. The great wave of the Sofa invasion swept the Kuranko country from end to end, he writes, sparing neither age nor sex, cattle nor dwellings. Every one whom the Sofas considered to be suitable for their purpose they carried off as a slave ; the remainder, so many at least as could be captured, were slaughtered. Hardly a town in the whole country escaped destruction. When Colonel Trotter passed through (1895 Dec.–1896 Jan.) the bones of those slaughtered could still be seen at the entries to the large destroyed towns, and many natives bore marks of the wounds they had received, some having lost limbs, others showing the traces of terrible gashes. The natives who had hidden in the bush returned when the country was cleared, and were now just rebuilding their towns. The Konnos, too, followed the Sofas in making night raids on their peaceful neighbours, carrying off their movable goods and their women. Kurubundo, a good defensive position, is said to have been the only town in the country which escaped destruction.[1]

About the same time as the Anglo-French commission, in the early months of 1896, Colonel Cardew (now Sir Francis), the Governor of Sierra Leone, and Major S. C. N. Grant, R.E., carried out the delimitation of the boundary to the south of Tembi-Kunda, where the British territory borders on the republic of Liberia.[2] The Mano or Manna river was in 1886 agreed upon as the boundary,[3] but no provision was then made as to the more distant interior. On November 11, 1887, an agreement was signed providing that from the source of the Manna the boundary should proceed in a north-easterly direction.[4] As laid down by Colonel Cardew and Major Grant, the boundary goes from Tembi-Kunda direct east to 10°40′ W., and down that meridian to the Mano.

The frontier of the Sierra Leone Protectorate, therefore, is now

[1] *The Niger Sources*, pp. 35, 40, 42, 81, 84–85, 88, 91, 190, 193.

[2] Trotter, pp. 151, 207, 213. *Geographical Journal*, x., 390. *The Times* (1896, March 5), 9 f. ; (17), 5 e.

[3] Lucas : *Historical Geography of the British Colonies*, iii., 183.

[4] *Geographical Journal*, v., 383.

defined on all sides, and it will be seen from the map that it is cut off from the interior by French territory. This means a good deal more than the difference of colour on the map, and is already making itself felt in the trade which gives Sierra Leone its chief value. Much of this trade has come from the far interior, from Futa Jallon and from countries farther to the east. Sierra Leone forms, indeed, the shortest and most convenient route to the great waterway of the upper Niger, and might well, therefore, have been made the outlet for the produce of the whole western Sudan. The actual distance from the navigable reaches of the Niger to Sierra Leone (under 300 miles) is less than a quarter of that to Senegal, where the French are making a railway to reach it. The French have been the first to grasp the importance of connecting this magnificent waterway with the west coast, and are now making determined efforts to divert the trade from its natural outlet through Sierra Leone to their own more distant and less convenient port of Konakry. Their first step has been to make a road, skirting the northern boundary of the British possession, from Konakry to Kurussa, on the Niger, and in making this the co-operation of the natives has been readily obtained. Even so long ago as 1888 the idea of a railway connecting the French post with the Niger was started, and Captain Brosselard-Faidherbe was sent out to make preliminary investigations. Within the last year or two the proposal has been taken up with more earnestness. Captain Salesse, of the Engineers, who in 1896 made a survey of the route, again left France in October 1897 for further surveys. It is said that the railway will cost 25,000,000 francs (£1,000,000 sterling) and take ten years to construct.[1] The construction of a telegraph line has been rapidly pushed forward, with a branch telephone service at Timbo—much to the astonishment of the natives. This, it is maintained, will effect a large reduction on the present tariffs of the ocean cables. The charge per word from Konakry to Senegal is reduced from 3fr. 50c. by cable to 30 centimes; to France the tariff is fixed at 1fr. 80c. (1fr. 50c. per word for the Franco-Spanish cable and 0fr. 30c. from Konakry to St. Louis). This tariff reduction will benefit also the French Ivory Coast, Dahomey and the French Kongo.[2]

"The English will be ruined from this side," said Captain Salesse to the Boulogne Geographical Society, "for we have forestalled them in the *hinterland*, and the Niger caravans will go to the stations of

[1] *Bulletin du Comité de l'Afrique Française* (1896), 272–73, 373–81; (1897), 268, 311, 432. *A travers le Monde* (1897), 143, 286–87. *Revue Française* (1897), 107–12. *Le Mouvement Géographique* (1896), 624; (1897), 586–87.

[2] *A travers le Monde* (1897), 269–70.

our railway instead of going to Sierra Leone."[1] Here we have an example of the spirit by which our neighbours are actuated. Take again what a Sierra Leone correspondent writes in the same periodical: "It is said that Konakry has checkmated Freetown. All Sierra. Leone is surrounded by a magnificent road, which from Konakry ascends to Timbo and beyond, following the frontier, bordered, not with poplars, but with custom-house officers, with their eyes open, about 200 of them. Not a caravan can pass from French territory to that of Sierra Leone, even by the smallest path, without being seen. If they wish to pass over, they have to pay on every thing they carry duties so exorbitant that three-fourths of them prefer to descend to Konakry, and the other quarter, which descends to Sierra Leone, is induced to promise never to come there again, for, in returning, it has to pay duties, as exorbitant as the former, on all goods from Sierra Leone which it wishes to bring on to French territory. Add to that that European goods, paying no duty at Konakry, are thus 10 per cent. cheaper than at Sierra Leone, and you can judge of the competition of Konakry. Yet in Sierra Leone, to struggle with this competition, they have found nothing better than to increase the old imposts and to create new ones. The duty on cloth has been raised from 7½ to 10 per cent."[2]

Lest too much allowance should be made for Gallic exuberance, look at what Bishop Hartzell, the Episcopal Methodist Bishop of West Africa, said to an interviewer a few months ago: "Sierra Leone, with its splendid harbour, is now completely hemmed in. Look at this little coast town of Konakry, to the north of Sierra Leone. It is about six years old, and is already a beautiful town with a fairly good harbour, and government buildings in course of erection. The French are putting a great deal of money into it, and are inviting traders thither by special concessions. It is to Konakry that the trade which should find its outlet through Sierra Leone is being almost entirely diverted. . . . Traders in the interior proposing to enter Sierra Leone are diverted, if necessary, by force, into French territory, and Sierra Leone and Liberia are now surrounded by a complete cordon of French garrisons."[3] Sir Francis Fleming, late Governor of Sierra Leone, says: "Opinions differ as to whether the colony can support itself independently of the trade brought down from the *hinterland*. My opinion is that Sierra Leone cannot be self-supporting for some time to come."[4]

There cannot be a doubt that all this must prejudicially affect

[1] *A travers le Monde* (1897), 287. [2] Id., 143.
[3] *The Daily Chronicle* (1897, Oct. 12), 3. [4] *The Times* (1894, Feb. 21), 5.

British trade in this quarter. The British sphere is now confined to a tract extending about 210 miles along the coast, and about 180 miles inland, with an area of 30,000 square miles,[1] and a population, after so many years of Sofa devastation, of about half a million only.[2] What we have now to do is to develop the territory left to us. Col. Trotter tells us of the oil-palms, rubber vines, coffee, timber, kola nuts, and other productions, which are capable of considerable development. The soil is fertile and water abundant. The mineral wealth is insignificant; the country consists mainly of gneissose or granitoid rock. Some ironstone has been found,[3] but the gold brought down to the coast in large quantities in former times seems to have come from the farther interior, which has now been abandoned to France. Game in parts is plentiful, and we still hear of the elephants, reported by Pedro de Cintra in 1505,[4] as well as lions, panthers, hippos, antelopes, &c. The climate has long borne a deadly name, though the Portuguese used to call Sierra Leone "the healthiest spot in all Guinea."[5] But in this respect much can be done to mitigate the disadvantages of the climate, and the authorities might well give some heed to this. "Instead of the charm, the refinement, the cleanliness, and prosperity of St. Louis," wrote Mr. F. Buxton in 1891, "I found this English settlement a filthy, forlorn, and uncared-for Darkest Africa, in the land of sunny fountains; a town of misery, crime, and wretchedness, under barbaric English misrule. The town is innocent of even the most elementary principles of sanitation, each tenement emptying its filth so that it is absorbed into the wells, or left to decompose and undergo fetid fermentation wherever it may happen to be thrown."[6] Is it any wonder that the place has become "the white man's grave"? Col. Trotter is of opinion that it can be made much more habitable; the high grounds of the interior—rising to 2,000 and 3,000 feet—are comparatively healthy; and the southern spurs of the Tamisso mountains, which just enter the British boundary, might become a veritable health resort.

There may be no reason to despair, then, of the future of the colony. Something is already being done in the development of the interior by making roads and the construction of a railway, of which some miles have already been completed.[7] This line will take an

[1] *Parliamentary Papers* (1896), No. 170, p. 6. [2] Trotter, p. 176.
[3] Alldridge: *Geographical Journal*, iv. 131. [4] *Geographical Journal*, ix. 559.
[5] Id. 560. [6] *The Nineteenth Century* (1891, Dec.).
[7] Trotter, pp. 188-89. *The Times* (1896, April 15), 5 e.; (June 13) 9 f. *The Daily Graphic* (1897, Dec. 18). *The Daily Chronicle* (1898, Feb. 3). *Revue Française* (1897), 307. *Le Mouvement Géographique* (1898), 31, with map.

easterly or south-easterly direction from Freetown, towards the Sulimah country, and will not in any way enter into competition with the projected French line, but it will open up a part of the country rich in palm oil and other products.

Some trouble has this year been experienced with the natives in the interior in connection with the hut-tax which has recently been imposed upon them. It seems preposterous to put a tax of five shillings per annum on every native hut. It is stated that in many cases the hut itself is of no greater value than the amount of the tax, and rather than pay it many of the natives knocked down their huts and were sleeping under trees. It should not be forgotten that two years have barely elapsed since the British Protectorate was declared over this region, and considering that it has never been effectively occupied, and that many of the natives have probably never seen a white man, it is not to be wondered at that the new demand is met with opposition. It has been stated that the measures adopted to enforce the tax have been in many instances unduly harsh and oppressive, and that complaints of acts of violence on the part of subordinate officials have been received from the natives. Troops have been sent into the interior and there have been some engagements, and native villages have been burnt down, but the effect of all this will be an expenditure vastly out of proportion to the tax anticipated, besides a disturbance of trade, and an unfriendly feeling on the part of the natives.[1]

There is not, it appears, at present any good map of the Protectorate. Mr. Garrett, Mr. Alldridge, and Col. Trotter have published maps mainly confined to the portions of the region they traversed, but I cannot find in the map-room of the Royal Geographical Society any such map, for instance, as the French have issued of their Guinea possessions. This is probably now the best and fullest map of the northern part of our Protectorate, though, as it was printed in 1894, before the last boundary delimitation, it is in many respects already out of date.

FREDK. A. EDWARDS.

[1] *The Times* (1898, Feb. 14), 9; (18), 9 e.; (25), 5 e.; (26), 76 b.; (March 3), 5 b.; (5). 7 b.; (7), 7 b.; (9), 5 c.; (19), 7 a.; (23), 8 f.; (24), 5 b., 10 f.; (30), 7 b.; (31), 5 f.; (April 2), 7 f.; (4), 8 c.; (5), 12 d.; (7), 4 a.; (9), 4 f., 7 e.; (13), 8 f.; (14), 4 b.; (15), 7 f.; (16), 11 f.; (19), 5 d.; (20), 7 f.; (21), 6 b.; (22), 5 f., 6 a.; (26), 12 b. *The Daily News* (1898, March 19), 5; (31), 6; (April 6), 6 a.; (13), 7. *The Daily Mail* (1898, April 6), 5. *The Daily Chronicle* (1898, Jan. 20). *A travers le Monde* (1897), 143.

THE HERALDIC ASPECT OF SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

OF the features which distinguish the poetry of Scott none, perhaps, surpass in cogency or beauty that which a heraldic view displays. Scott is pre-eminently the poet of the blazoned shield. The influence of heraldry upon his verse is evident to the least observant—throughout, passages, some of exceeding brilliancy, occur with a frequency which renders this perception keenly susceptive. Of its significance none ever enjoyed an acuter perception, or of its occult grandeur a higher comprehension. His knowledge of the theme, as his poems evidence, was indeed recondite; its entire resources—origin, mission, tradition, and laws—were at command. In recounting incidents and situations in which it is involved, whilst by its aid enhancing the grace and charm of his work, he has unfolded the "mystic sense" of the science, and set it to melody. Its unwieldy technicalities and perplexing vocabulary exchange their harshness—without deterioration of either or the tenor of the subject, but rather to its lucidity and consequent appreciation—for language and phraseology the most exquisite and happy. To aim at beautifying heraldry is to attempt the vain, but to disclose its beauties which are somewhat obscured is far otherwise. This Scott has achieved, and more; he has revealed to us the magnificent union of the minstrelsy and heraldry which affords such abundant and beautiful possibilities.

As we scan the poems we discover arms—or their elements—in distinctive instances linked to personal cognomens, thus manifesting their affinity; casually, cognizances presented alone suggesting designations and evincing their synonymity. In certain blazons, too, we find their twofold sense (*i.e.*, heraldic and figurative) explicitly articulated, but it is not merely in treating specific devices the poet's learning and perception of heraldry are displayed—throughout his verse both are tacitly expressed.

The period of the poems, and the nature of the events therein narrated, it may be urged, are amenable for those frequent and

marked armorial passages to which we have alluded. This is correct in part only. To illustrate precisely the eras, situations, and incidents treated, the introduction of heraldry as a concomitant—a piece of historic detail—was of course indispensable; that in exercising it the poet did so artistically was inevitable; but neither consideration is answerable wholly for that prominence bestowed in the poems upon heraldry and that exaltation of the science which palpably they affect. Therein we discover the personality of the man—not the poet—and his dominant characteristic revealed to us in a manner which no other trait of his work imparts so vividly. To demonstrate this is not difficult. The spirit of heraldry comprises, *inter alia*, the erection of brilliant races above the mediocre—the triumph of lineage—and a mechanism employed to perpetuate their conspicuous achievements. An immense pride of ancestry, allied with an over-ruling ambition aimed at the elevation of his race, constituted the ascendant trait in the character of Scott—the rude awakening from his dream forms a melancholy chapter in the history of letters. In a degree heraldry typified this peculiarity; moreover, it proffered a convenient vehicle for its articulation; upon his verse, therefore, its employment as a historical element being essential, it was bound to leave an impress which, regarded as a concomitant alone, it could not have effected so graphically. Hence Scott's frequent use of heraldry is in no diminutive measure—and that obvious elevation of the science indicated entirely so—based upon heredity and temperament (he being the descendant of a noble house and fanatically imbued with its pride) and that overwhelming desire to magnify his race which possessed him. Outside these considerations his knowledge and comprehension of the science were undoubtedly nurtured by his pronounced tastes, that knowledge of history, poetry, and romance for which he was renowned, and further, his particular regard for relics of the past, of which heraldry was neither the least beautiful nor the least glorious. Hailing the ruins of Crichtoun Castle he exclaims:

> Oft have I traced within thy fort,
> Of mouldering shields the mystic sense,
> Scutcheons of honour or pretence,
> Quartered in old armorial sort,
> Remains of rude magnificence.

An entire analysis of passages distinctly or remotely heraldic is not here feasible. We therefore select the more striking to illustrate the armorial mien of the poems, and demonstrate the point we have

essayed to establish. Amongst those of a national caste the fine description of the Scottish standard demands precedence.

> Highest, and midmost, was descried
> The royal banner floating wide;
> The staff . . . . bent beneath the standard's weight,
> Whene'er the western wind unrolled
> With toil the huge and cumbrous fold,
> And gave to view the dazzling field,
> Where, in proud Scotland's royal shield,
> The ruddy Lion ramped in gold.

On "Flodden's fatal field," however,

> Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,
> And broken was her shield,

the "ruddy Lion" hung its head, and in conjunction with the delineation above, the following is mournfully significant:

> Afar the Royal Standard flies,
> And round it toils and bleeds and dies
> Our Caledonian pride!

The dedication to Erskine breathes the patriotic spirit. When the poet in reverie lay "stretched at length upon the floor," and fought again "each combat o'er," he saw that

> . . . . Onward still the Scottish Lion bore,
> And still the scattered Southron fled before.

"From the donjon tower on high, the men of Carrick" could descry

> Saint Andrew's cross in blazonry
> Of silver, waving wide.

And the "gorgeous collar" of King James when he greeted Marmion was, we are told,

> Wrought with the badge of Scotland's crown,
> The thistle brave of old renown.

Whilst Marmion tarries at an inn, the host, in relating his marvellous tale, tells how

> . . . . On the north, within the ring,
> Appeared the form of England's king;
> Who then a thousand leagues afar
> In Palestine waged holy war;
> Yet arms like England's did he wield,
> Alike the leopards in the shield.

Allusions to the English ensign are numerous and, as the suc-

ceeding instances, telling. In Branksome Hall knights and squires yeomen and mail-clad men are assembled.

> Why watch these warriors, armed, by night?
> They watch, to hear the bloodhound baying;
> They watch, to hear the war-horn braying;
> To see St. George's red cross streaming. . . .

Whilst all the national armorial figures are vigorous and majestic, it is in treating personal blazonry the poet is happiest. It would be difficult, indeed, to discover a passage more beautiful than that descriptive of the device borne by Scott of Thirlestane—to whom a charter was granted entitling him to bear a border of fleurs-de-luce, identical with that enclosing the "ruddy Lion" of Scotland, with a bundle of spears for a crest—and the memorable incident whence it issued. "From fair St. Mary's silver wave" to Branksome came this valiant warrior.

> His ready lances Thirlestane brave
> Array'd beneath a banner bright.
> The treasured fleur-de-luce he claims
> To wreathe his shield, since royal James,
> Encamped by Fala's mossy wave,
> The proud distinction grateful gave,
> For faith 'mid feudal jars;
> What time, save Thirlestane alone,
> Of Scotland's stubborn barons none
> Would march to southern wars;
> And hence, in fair remembrance worn,
> Yon sheaf of spears his breast has borne;
> Hence his high motto shines revealed—
> "Ready, aye ready," for the field.

The Kerrs of Cessford bore, vert, on a chevron, betwixt three unicorns' heads erased argent, three mulletts sable, with a unicorn's head for crest; the Scotts of Buccleuch, or, on a bend azure, a star of six points betwixt two crescents of the first. When the heir of the latter "pursued his infant play,"

> . . . . The gray warriors prophesied,
> How the brave boy, in future war,
> Should tame the Unicorn's pride,
> Exalt the Crescents and the Star.

The Cranstouns, in obvious relation, bore as a crest a crane dormant, holding a stone in its foot. William of Deloraine, returning from his weird mission, meeting Lord Cranstoun,

> . . . . Marked the crane on the Baron's crest—

unfortunately, however, it followed, for William of Deloraine. The famed cognizance of the illustrious house of Douglas is often and

gracefully alluded to. From Branksome's towers "to Branksome's aid" was seen "the advancing march of martial powers."

> The Bloody Heart blazed in the van,
> Announcing Douglas, dreaded name!

Of Ellen Douglas the minstrel sings:

> Loveliest and best!
> Cause of every gallant's sigh,
> And leading star of every eye,
> And theme of every minstrel's art,
> The Lady of the Bleeding Heart.

When Douglas, in his retreat, learns that the "tyrant of the Scottish throne . . . . now hither comes," he "sorrowful, but undismayed," exclaims:

> Poor remnants of the Bleeding Heart,
> Ellen and I will seek, apart,
> The refuge of some forest cell,

when Roderick Dhu loyally rejoins:

> . . . . Blasted be yon pine,
> My father's ancient crest, and mine,
> If from its shade in danger part
> The lineage of the Bleeding Heart.

Concerning Archibald Douglas, King James to Marmion thus unjustly speaks:

> A chief unlike his sires of old.
> He wears their motto on his blade,
> Their blazon o'er his towers displayed;
> Yet loves his sovereign to oppose,
> More than to face his country's foes.

The home of the family, Tantallon Castle, now in ruins, is vividly described. We quote from the delineation:

> Above the rest, a turret square
> Did o'er its Gothic entrance bear,
> Of sculpture rude, a stony shield;
> The Bloody Heart was in the field,
> And in the chief three mullets stood,
> The cognizance of Douglas blood.

To "Branksome's aid," too, that renowned freebooter, Scott of Harden,

> With many a moss-trooper, came on:
> And azure in a golden field,
> The stars and crescent graced his shield,
> Without the bend of Murdieston.

Sir Brian Tunstall, ycleped "the Undefiled," wore white armour, and sustained a shield of the same. Fighting on the English side he fell on Flodden. Whether the epithet was suggested by the colour of his armour, or originated from his loyal and knightly character, is unknown; but, judging from the passages in relation to him, which are clearly figurative, we infer the latter incentive was entertained:

> Amid the scene of tumult, high
> They saw . . . .
> . . . . stainless Tunstall's banner white,

but

> . . . . Fortune, on the right,
> With fickle smile, cheer'd Scotland's fight.
> Then fell that spotless banner white.

Finally

> Tunstall lies dead upon the field;
> His life's blood stains the spotless shield.

Nothing could be more intensely poetic than the second line of the last quotation. The accomplished Sir Giles de Argentine, who was contemporaneous with Bruce, bore a cross of gules.

> Alone De Argentine,
> Yet bears on high his red-cross shield.

He received his death-blow;

> The squadrons round free passage gave,
> The wounded knight drew near;
> He raised his red-cross shield no more.

To the question of Norman, heir of Armandave, Malise makes answer:

> "At Doune, o'er many a spear and glaive,
> Two barons proud their banners wave.
> I saw the Moray's silver star,
> And marked the sable pale of Mar."

King James, apostrophising the loyalty of the people of Stirling and their love for the Douglas, is checked by the appearance of a harbinger, and exclaims:

> But soft! what messenger of speed
> Spurs hitherward his panting steed?
> I guess his cognizance afar—
> What from our cousin, John of Mar?

To Rhoderick Dhu in durance comes the minstrel with tidings of the fight. He bids him tune and sing. Acquiescing he chants:

> . . . . I see the dagger crest of Mar,
> I see the Moray's silver star,
> Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war
> That up the lake comes winding far!

The device of the Howards, as is well known, is a lion argent. At Branksome

> Each chief around leaned on his spear,
> To see the pursuivant appear
> All in Lord Howard's livery dressed,
> The lion argent decked his breast.

At the proposition of Lord Howard the fierce Dacre is wroth.

> "Yet hear," quoth Howard, "calmly hear,
> Nor deem my words the words of fear:
> For, who in field or foray slack,
> Saw the blanche lion e'er fall back?"

On Flodden was seen

> . . . . Edmund Howard's lion bright,

and with Tunstall's "spotless banner white"

> The Howard's lion fell.

The heraldic element in the relation it bears to Marmion in the poem of that name is not only full of charm and elegance but particularly striking. His career—the splendour of his reputation, the cause of its decline, and his fitting end—is typified throughout by the course of the falcon crest to a degree that, from an armorial analysis alone, we can almost comprehend it. Distinct from its heraldic significance, from history or fiction no finer illustration of knight-errantry, with its attendant conditions or contemporary picture, than the delineation of Marmion and his career affords could be adduced. The fact that the leading figure of the poem is purely an imaginary one by no means reduces its heraldic value. At Norham Castle Marmion arrives.

> Well was he armed from head to heel,
> In mail and plate of Milan steel;
> But his strong helm, of mighty cost,
> Was all with burnish'd gold emboss'd.
> Amid the plumage of the crest,
> A falcon hovered on her nest,
> With wings outspread, and forward breast;
> E'en such a falcon on his shield
> Soared sable in an azure field;
> The golden legend bore aright,
> "Who checks at me, to death is dight."
> Blue was the charger's broidered rein,
> Blue ribbons decked his arching mane:
> The knightly housing's ample fold
> Was velvet blue, and trapp'd with gold.

Of Marmion's men-at-arms attendant,

> The last, and trustiest of the four,
> On high his forky pennon bore
> Like swallow's tail, in shape and hue,
> Flutter'd the streamer glossy blue,
> Where, blazoned sable as before,
> The towering falcon seemed to soar.

and

> Last, twenty yeomen, two and two,
> In hosen black, and jerkins blue
> With falcons broider'd on each breast,
> Attended on their lord's behest.

Marmion is accorded a royal welcome. Two pursuivants "with herald pomp and state"

> . . . . Hailed him Lord of Fontenaye,
> Of Luterward and Scrivelbaye,
> Of Tamworth tower and town;
> And he, their courtesy to requite,
> Gave them a chain of twelve marks weight,
> All as he lighted down.
> "Now largesse, largesse, Lord Marmion,
> Knight of the crest of gold!
> A blazon'd shield, in battle won,
> Ne'er guarded heart so bold."

Escorting him to the castle hall,

> . . . . The heralds loudly cried,
> "Room, lordlings, room for Lord Marmion,
> With the crest and helm of gold!
> Full well we know the trophies won
> In the lists at Cottiswold. . . .
> We saw the victor win the crest
> He wears with worthy pride;
> And on the gibbet-tree, reversed,
> His foeman's scutcheon tied."

The scene changes to Lindisfarne, where from "Whitby's cloistered pile" comes the Abbess to hold a chapter "stern and strict" on two apostates.

> . . . . One alone deserves our care.
> Her sex a page's dress belied. . . .
> . . . . On doublet breast,
> She tried to hide the badge of blue,
> Lord Marmion's falcon-crest.

In the weird tilt with De Wilton, whom Marmion had wronged, the latter is almost vanquished. To the surprised Fitz-Eustace

> . . . . The moonlight did betray,
> The falcon-crest was soiled with clay

Amidst the disorder on Flodden

> . . . . High
> They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly.

And when Scotland's seemed the victory,

> Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
> With wavering flight.

But "the scattered van of England wheels," when

> . . . . Straight up the hill there rode
> Two horsemen drenched with gore,
> And in their arms, a helpless load,
> A wounded knight they bore. . . .
> With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
> The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
> Can that be haughty Marmion?

His casque removed, "he felt free air."

> Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare :—
> "Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
> Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
> Redeem my pennon—charge again!
> Cry—"Marmion to the rescue!"—Vain!
> Last of my race, on battle plain
> That shout shall ne'er be heard again!

Upon his tomb

> . . . All around, on scutcheon rich,
> And tablet carved, and fretted niche,
> His arms and feats were blazed.

De Wilton

> . . . . Won his rank and lands again,
> And charged his old paternal shield
> With bearings won on Flodden field.

The happy association of heraldry with architecture is occasionally denoted. Two instances have been already quoted. At Melrose

> The key-stone, that locked each ribbed aisle,
> Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quartre-feuille,

and the monument at Mortham was

> Carv'd o'er in ancient Gothic wise,
> With many a scutcheon and device.

The delineation of the champion of Branksome's lady is purely metaphoric.

> Here standeth William of Deloraine,
> Good knight and true, of noble strain,
> Who sayeth, that foul treason's stain,
> Since he bore arms, ne'er soiled his coat.

The succeeding, from "Marmion" and the "Lord of the Isles" respectively, is likewise entirely figurative:

. . . . Honour, with his spotless shield,

Rend's Honour's scutcheon from thy hearse.

The ensuing is adduced to evince the nobility heraldry presumably confers. Of King James in disguise it is said:

His stately mien as well implied
A high-born heart, a martial pride,
As if a baron's crest he wore.

As befitting the subject we conclude this view of Scott and his verse with that regal description of the entry of the Lion King-at-Arms contained in "Marmion":

First came the trumpets, at whose clang
So late the forest echoes rang;
On prancing steeds they forward pressed,
With scarlet mantle, azure vest;
Each at his trump a banner wore
Which Scotland's royal scutcheon bore,
Heralds and pursuivants, by name
Bute, Islay, Marchmount, Rothsay, came,
In painted tabards, proudly showing
Gules, Argent, Or, and Azure glowing,
Attendant on a King-at-Arms,
Whose hand the armorial truncheon held. . . .
On milk-white palfrey forth he paced;
His cap of maintenance was graced
With the proud heron-plume.
From his steed's shoulder, loin, and breast
Silk housings swept the ground,
With Scotland's arms, device, and crest,
Embroidered round and round.
The double tressure might you see,
First by Achaius borne,
The thistle, and the fleur-de-lis,
And gallant unicorn.
So bright the king's armorial coat,
That scarce the dazzled eye could note,
In living colours, blazoned brave,
The Lion, which his title gave.

Should the incentives upon which we rest the responsibility for that influence we have essayed to depict fail to win our unqualified sympathy, the force and grandeur of its effect challenges our entire admiration, and establishes the conviction that heraldry, not weighed merely as a historical detail, but as an element of poetry, sheds upon it a lustre peculiarly its own.

J. GALE PEDRICK.

THE LOW PEAK.

WE were awakened by the early sun shining through the casements of the "Charles Cotton," reproaching us with the smiling lightsomeness of its greeting. From the next room the nasal strains of the Man from Town jarred mournfully through the corridors, eloquently demonstrating the efficacy of yesterday's fresh air and exercise. On our own part we were loth to quit bed, but the deep melody of the sluggard's voice was too intolerable, so we presently bestirred ourselves, dressed, rescued the Man from the clutches of Morpheus, and after a substantial breakfast of home-cured ham and the freshest of eggs we got out of doors into the cool of the morning.

Yesternight's chatter over the pipes and ale[1] had provided us with plenty of subjects for investigation. The Man, of course, had duly rejected (as was his custom) a good deal of supposition and improbability, but there still remained the topography of the Poet-Angler's country, together with other realities of which he had taken careful note. Consequently it transpired that the church and the village were not the only things worth seeing before we bade adieu to Hartington.

A path from the road through the meadows intercepts and crosses the Dove at one of its many curves, leading directly to what is the only well-preserved relic of the Poet-Angler—the Fishing House.

> And my poor Fishing House, my seat's chief grace,
> Still stands of old in its accustomed place.

So Cotton wrote to Walton, and so it remains. This classic retreat is a small kiosk, four square, occupying a most advantageous position upon the verge of a peninsula formed by an abrupt double of the stream. Many of the fine trees which fringe the opposite shore he must have planted himself, for he was a practical forester as well as a writer upon arboriculture. The thick foliage effectually

[1] *See* "Dovedale," *Gentleman's Magazine*, September 1898.

protects the current from the south sun, along a course where the backwater makes a favourite feeding ground. The selection of such a site is worthy of the judgment of the author of "How to Catch a Grayling in a clear stream." Here it was that year by year the precise, respectable "Father Walton" was accustomed to wile away the time of his annual visits. He and Cotton were a queerly assorted Damon and Pythias, and in spite of their common pastime, it is really marvellous how they contrived to maintain the balance of friendship.

The boy carried pipes and ale of Derbyshire brew from Beresford Hall to the Fishing House, where he laid them for Venator and Viator. The progress of time has carried before it all these things, from the pipes to the Hall. All have vanished save the Fishing House with its monogram and its dedicatory "*piscatoribus sacrum*," and even it has been restored from the decay into which it had fallen at the beginning of the present century. The Dove, like Tennyson's Brook, continues to flow on clear and sprightly as ever, regardless of changes; and if her finny favours are not more numerous than in Cotton's day, they are at any rate more eagerly sought after.

The Fishing House stands at the entrance of Beresford Dale. The broad sweep of the Dove Valley abruptly narrows into a gorge, through which for a little over half a mile the river traverses a course of singular beauty. Both sides of the dell are richly clad with timber, a trellised tangle of shrub growth with patches of delicate blues and pinks and yellows warming and brightening the shades of green. Derbyshire dales are famous for their kaleidoscopic effects, but here, for the brief length of Beresford Dale, it is as though the two shires of Derby and Stafford ran side by side to make the way of little Dove the most chaste and lovely of them all. Cliffs and trees, deeps and shallows, lights and shades, all are modulated into a perfect whole, orderly and beautiful as Longfellow's conception, where

> Reflected in the tide the grey rocks stand,
> And trembling shadows throw,
> And the fair trees lean over side by side,
> And see themselves below.

We abandon the attempt to realise our impressions and follow a climbing footpath with the Man as guide. This leads to the bold eminence upon which are the ruins of Prospect Tower, where Mistress Cotton used to light a beacon for the guidance of her erratic husband At the foot of this hill are some fragments of

masonry, all that remains of Beresford Hall. Beresford, or more correctly *Bearsford*, is a commemorative word. Tradition is that the last wild bruin of England met his fate here. Wolfscote Bridge, a short distance away, is likewise an indicative place-name, significant of bygone days and our extinct fauna.

Presently we clamber down from Prospect Tower to the site of Beresford. The Man, usually oblivious to the finer perceptions, recollects that something was remarked at the Fishing House about the pipes and ale which Cotton had laid for the Essex wayfarer. He illustrates the pensive thought by taking us over the cellars of the Hall where Cotton's "nappy" ale was stored, and where the barrel marks upon the sandstone walls are still to be seen. Alas for sentiment! Cotton founded no family, and so the Beresford domains passed to strangers, through whom, "by divers mesne assignments and acts in the law," they became vested in the late Right Hon. A. J. Beresford Hope. At one time, somewhat recently, it was anticipated that the Hall was going to be rebuilt, but the idea of restoration now appears to have lapsed.

After Beresford Dale the slopes of the valley rise higher, their sides becoming more and more rugged. The delicate colouring of the plants and the sweet propriety of Nature's arrangement gradually give place to a more lofty grandeur. The narrow pathway rises and falls precipitously; the cliffs lift higher and higher; the weather-beaten crags writhe upwards and outwards in every fashion of monstrous shape; some are studded with gnarled trees and half clothed with frowsy herbage, others rear up in bleak nakedness. Sometimes too it is a lengthened bulwark of carboniferous limestone unbroken by crack or crevice, save where some cavern mouth opens out like a Gothic arch; mighty barriers and mighty gateways dwarfing into insignificance even the rampart walls one reads of in Eastern fables.

Adam Bede exclaimed enthusiastically, when he talked of Dovedale: "Elegant poetry and eloquent prose have long since done for Dovedale all that words are capable of doing in the way of description." But, where every step opens up a fresh vista and presents a varied impression to the mind, it is useless to expect the poor detail of plodding words to keep pace. Generations of artists have tried the subtler language of form and colour. Foremost among these is Chantrey, who, like the patriotic Derbyshire man that he was, laid aside his chisel to employ for a time his pencil for the interpretation of this rare beauty. Still, all these vicarious methods, which writers and painters essay, are ineffective, and Dovedale, like

many another place, must be seen to be appreciated. And they do come—which, by the way, is a most hopeful and pleasing sign of the times. If one reads Cotton's part of the "Compleat Angler" one sees how lightly the seventeenth century folks regarded the beautiful in nature. "These hills," remarks Cotton apologetically, "though high, bleak, and craggy, breed and feed good beef and mutton above ground, and afford good store of lead within." "They had need of all these commodities," replies Viator contemptuously, "to make amends for the ill landscape." Sampson Erdeswick, in his "Survey of Staffordshire," a generation earlier, remarks that "Dove having past by the side of Alstonefield [a village abutting on the dale] for three or four miles, *without any matter worth the noting*," &c., &c. To-day, and every day during summer time, in spite of its remoteness, visitors may be seen traversing the course of the Dove, excursionists from Lancashire and the Midlands at holiday times, and on quieter days parties of picnicking visitors who are making this part of Peak-land their temporary retreat in the wilderness. It is a happy sign in our social evolution that we no longer shun the hill because it is steep, or the climbing path because it is not smooth; that we feel a pleasant interest in the rustic, just because he is a grinning chaw-bacon, and not a mere biped of the conventional kind. If the poet said true when he asserted that

> He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small,

we must surely, notwithstanding warring creeds, be progressing in our spiritual development.

Dovedale proper, from the termination of Beresford Dale to the village of Thorpe, rakes north and south some four miles. At the latter place the river bends abruptly to the west, flanked on either side by two huge moels, Thorpe Cloud and Bunster. These twin smooth-pated sentinels mark the boundary of the rocks. Henceforward the Dove, escaping from the wild ferocity of its late environment, sinks once more into quiet placidity; the precarious gangway over all sorts of irregularities becomes a path through the meadows; rich woods lie upon the slopes. We traverse a few gentle undulations, and then, buried in the very bottom of a clough, out of the world in a quiet paradise of its own, we come to Ilam-on-Dove.

The distance from Thorpe Cloud (three-quarters of a mile), short as it is, marks the difference between storm and repose. Nature has done much for Ilam by outlining the lofty terraces that shut it in; but the hand of man has also largely contributed to the perfection of

its beauty, by planting and so forth. Such a striking situation not only pleases one in prospect, but, in our case, inspires a listening ear. The Man from Town, who rarely misses any printed information worth knowing, produces a booklet entitled "Three Ancient Cross Shafts, the Font, and St. Bertram's Shrine at Ilam," by Dr. Browne, Bishop of Stepney, very helpful to the close student of archæology. There appears to be considerable doubt as to who St. Bertram really was, and the Man confesses that he has not referred to Mr. Baring-Gould's "Lives." We understand, however, that he is supposed to have come from Stafford and settled down here. Ilam has not, however, remained exclusively a refuge of the saints. Its old ecclesiastical fabric and venerable crosses show that the churchman was, as usual, easily first in this fair spot; but others ultimately followed. In the seventeenth century, while Cotton was grumbling over the wild savagery of the Peak and sighing for a genteel neighbourhood, fashionable Congreve was glad to rusticate on his patrimonial estate at Ilam, where it was possible to make better pace with his literary work than amid the dissipation of town life. It was in a grotto near the Hall that he wrote the "Old Bachelor" and part of the "Mourning Bride." Furthermore, the happy retirement of this Arcadia was specially distinguished by the appreciation of that most uncertain critic of landscape scenery—Dr. Johnson. The Doctor, as everybody knows, was very "viewy" in regard to such-like matters. What was currently pronounced to be beautiful did not always please him. Circumstances frequently brought him into this locality, partly, no doubt, owing to the fact that his birthplace was in the county, and that his old grandfather, famous locally as a pugilist, had lived at Cubley, on the Derbyshire side. During these visits he used to be the guest of Dr. Taylor, who taught Ashbourne School. In connection with one of these visits we have recorded a delightful bit of Boswelliana. "Dr. Johnson obligingly proposed to carry me to see Ilam, a romantic scene . . . Johnson described it, distinctly and vividly, at which I could not but express to him my wonder; because, though my eyes, as he observed, were better than his, I could not by any means equal him in representing visible objects. I said the difference between us in this respect was as between a man who has a bad instrument but plays well on it, and a man who has a good instrument on which he can play very imperfectly." It is easy to adapt one's mind to circumstances. Try, dear reader, to picture the great lexicographer, with all his pedantry and ponderosity, hectoring away upon the what is and what is not of natural beauty; the rapt biographer standing by in silent admiration, while old Dr. Taylor

reiterates, in suppressed undertones, his own opinion that Johnson "was a man of clear head, great power of words, a very gay imagination; but that it is no use disputing with him. He will not hear you, and, having a louder voice than you, must roar you down"!

Anyhow, the Doctor's taste must have been correct this time, and it seems obvious that, so far as he was capable of a predilection for anything outside of Fleet Street, this part of the Vale of Dove was his particular "vanity." Unfortunately, Boswell only records this one visit, and Dr. Birkbeck Hill, the most eminent Johnsonian annotator of our day, is unable to add much to our information. But local tradition, which seldom or never gets "out of print," has kept alive the interesting story that Ilam is none other than the Happy Valley of "Rasselas." This is very probably the case, and that notwithstanding the fact that the "spacious valley in the kingdom of Amhara, surrounded on every side by mountains," has few points of detail in accord with the place of St. Bertram's shrine. We must remember that word pictures in those days were intentionally stiff and rigid. Such was Macaulay's amusing description of the Garden of Eden; an exact square, with a convenient bridge over each of the four rivers, the tree of knowledge in the centre, the man on the right hand, the woman on the left, and the beasts drawn up in an exact circle round them.

The Man, swift to perceive a reality, stoutly argues in support of the tradition. The rivulets which descended from the mountains, he points out, formed a lake in the Happy Valley, and (quoting from "Rasselas") "this lake discharged its superfluities by a stream which entered a dark cleft of the mountain on the northern side, and fell with dreadful noise from precipice to precipice till it was heard no more." Of course there is no lake at Ilam, but here, in the Hall grounds, is the outlet of the underground watercourse of Abyssinia. The Hamps and Manyfold, two streams which water the adjacent Staffordshire valley, disappear about six miles to the north of Ilam, and after a totally subterraneous course, reappear close by Congreve's grotto.

With respect to the Hall, little need be said except that it is a very beautiful modern building, and belongs to the Right Hon. R. W. Hanbury, M.P. As the Hall practically stands for Ilam it is in accordance with the fitness of things that the church sheltering St. Bertram's shrine should have merged into a purlieu of the great house. The well kept grounds of the Hall and the shaven turf of God's acre lie contiguous, without any fence to mark the division between sacred and unconsecrate. Inside the church the foremost object of interest is the Chantrey

masterpiece, representing the death-bed of Mr. Pike Watts, a former owner of the Hall—a marvellously striking piece of sculpture. This, with the Saxon crosses and many another "storied urn and animated bust" which we have not time to particularise, carry the history of St. Bertram's refuge well backward into its earliest days.

Bright sunshine and the present realities of our journey are just now more congenial subjects of attraction, so we bid adieu to Ilam and pursue our course beside the river to Ashbourne, three miles distant. The rugged elevations and tangled, moppy shrub growth, so characteristic of hoydenish "Stonyshire," have given place to a more elegant regularity of arrangement. The sides of the valley bend away to the right and left with easy grace; the current of the Dove moves along with decorum. Having nearly reached the confines of Peakland, broad licence must terminate; romping and rattling streams, fit companions of irresponsible, untilled acres, must become jog-trot waterways. Pastures become richer and meadow grass deeper, until at length the last undulation has been skirted, and Ashbourne, the southern outpost of the Peak Country, lies in view.

Ashbourne (or "Esseburn," as Doomsday has it) is more than a village or country town. It is an ancient royal borough, a place which had to put on spectacles to see its beginnings, even as far back as the reign of Edward I. It is both plentifully dowered with the memories of association and favoured in situation and surroundings. The rolling fields swell away into Staffordshire ("Loamshire," George Eliot aptly calls it), and the deep leafy lanes, bordered with wild flowers and tendrils, and topped with hedgerows, make a striking contrast to the lacing and interlacing limestone fences of the Derbyshire uplands. It would not be difficult to imagine this a Norman landscape and not a bit of the north of England. So indeed the authoress of "Adam Bede" must have pictured it when she wrote that fine passage:

> What a glad world this looks like. I have often thought so when, in foreign countries, where the fields and woods have looked to me like our English Loamshire—the rich land tilled with just as much care, the woods rolling down the gentle slopes to the green meadows—I have come on something by the roadside which has reminded me I am not in Loamshire; an image of a great agony—the agony of the Cross. It has stood perhaps by the clustering apple blossoms, or in the broad sunshine by the cornfield, or at a turning by the wood where a clear brook was gushing below; and surely if there came a traveller to this world who knew nothing of the story of man's life upon it, this image of agony would seem to him strangely out of place in the midst of this joyous nature. He would not know that, hidden behind the apple blossoms, or among the golden corn, or under the shadowy boughs of the wood, there might be a human heart beating heavily with anguish.

It was this bonnie land of plenty which lent itself for a background to "Adam Bede." It provided the characters too—real Derbyshire men and women—though that is a matter outside the present. It tempted Wordsworth from his lakeside haunts, and it helped the muse of Tom Moore, and formed his temporary home when he gave up the artificialities of London drawing rooms to write "Lalla Rookh." From his cottage at Mayfield he could hear the bells of Ashbourne Church, and their music inspired him to supplement his great poem with a very little one. Who has not read "Those Evening Bells."

> Those evening bells, those evening bells!
> How many a tale their music tells
> Of youth and home and that sweet time
> When last I heard their soothing chime.
>
> . . . . .
>
> And so 'twill be when I am gone—
> That tuneful peal will still ring on,
> While other bards shall walk these dells
> And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!

Carlyle instanced Dr. Johnson as a Great One in his now too seldom read "Heroes and Hero Worship." It is a singular coincidence that Johnson's fellow-hero, Rousseau, was also at one time temporarily resident here. The Sage disapproved of Jean Jacques in detail; called him "a sadly contracted hero," and so forth—but still a hero, because he was in earnest. "The world got itself supplied with anecdotes for light laughter from these perversions and contortions of poor Jean Jacques." And somebody else has declared that the world made him such a constant diner-out that he nearly starved through lack of time to do his music-copying. The fact is, Rousseau's friends were by no means so careless of his welfare as such remarks suggest. His morbid sensibility having caused him to fancy that personal danger awaited him all over the Continent, it was chiefly through the influence of Hume, the historian, that a home was provided for him at Wootton Hall, near Ashbourne (which is, by the way, the "Donnithorne Hall" of "Adam Bede.") "Here," he writes in April 1766, "I have arrived at last at an agreeable and sequestered asylum, where I hope to breathe freely and at peace." Just twelve months afterwards, having broken with those who had proved friends in need, he returned to the Continent, full of resentment and reproach. Many people know that story about the man of rank who called upon Rousseau. "I know why you come here," cried the poet; "you come to see what

a poor life I lead; how little is in my poor pot that is boiling there. Well, look into the pot! There is half a pound of meat, one carrot, and three onions; go and tell the whole world that, if you like, Monsieur." His sojourn at Ashbourne was marked by the same volcanic whimsicality. For instance, somebody sent to Wootton Hall a present of wine. This gift he construed into an affront. Dr. Johnson once held the same views respecting a pair of boots that were left for him, and he pitched them into the quadrangle. Rousseau declined to touch the wine, and it remained in the cellar for the next comer. At this time Dr. Darwin, author of the "Botanic Garden," and an ancestor of the great biologist, lived in neighbourly proximity to Wootton Hall. For some reason, or for no reason at all, Jean Jacques had made up his mind not to know Darwin. The latter becoming aware of the fact, contrived an opportunity to place himself where the poet had to pass, and occupied himself in pretending to examine a plant. "Rousseau," he said, "are you a botanist?" The abruptness of the salutation saved the situation for the time being, and the two chatted together very cosily; but upon consideration the possibility that Darwin had schemed for the interview suggested itself to poor, mad Rousseau, and he vetoed any further intimacy.

The Man from Town remembers that Wootton Hall was held by Sir Richard Fleetwood for the King in 1643, and if he receives any encouragement he will spin a long yarn about the Derbyshire Cavaliers and Roundheads. We will reserve that treat until after supper. In the meantime we will just look inside the beautiful parish church of St. Oswald. Its rare architecture, as well as its long tale of mural adornments, justify the designation of "Pride of the Peak." That piece of sculpture by Banks in memory of the child Penelope Boothby is famous for its design and execution. Still more beautiful in its simplicity is the inscription underneath, "The unfortunate parents ventured their all on this frail bark, and the wreck was total." Close by the church is the Grammar School, and on the opposite side of the road Dr. Taylor's house. On the east side of the town is Ashbourne Hall. It was here that Prince Charlie made his headquarters in 1745, when he marched his men to Derby and marched them back again. The Boothbys had to leave their house to make room for his royal person; the royal retinue, like the Psalmist's enemies, appropriated the rooms and called them after their own names. The Boothbys quickly got back again, however, and converted, as far as possible, the necessity of their flight into an act of distinction. They preserved the chalked names on the chamber doors, and one of these, carefully varnished over, still remains.

It may be mentioned that the route of the Young Pretender lay pretty much beside the Dove, only it was upon the high road on the Derbyshire side. An old friend of ours, recently deceased, was as a lad acquainted with an ancient goodman who had witnessed this march through Peakland. The inhabitants themselves were, as recently as the beginning of the present century, pronounced "a horde of savages," but like doesn't always take to like, and the advent of the breekless warriors of Charles Edward is said to have worried them exceedingly. This did not arise so much from personal fear as for the safety of their goods and chattels. It was the confident hope of the Peaklanders that the rebels would continue their march right onward to London, and there get hanged or otherwise exterminated, thereby saving the necessity of a return journey. Their very worst fears were justified when the Highlanders were back upon them again in a few days ! Here is one story of the march which lingers locally :—

An old cottager espied a band of foragers in the distance. They were making towards his homestead, and, of course, he had a shrewd guess what their errand would be. Farm stock he had none to reive. His wife was too hard fared to run any risk of being "kissed an' carried awa'." But on the wall of the houseplace there hung an obvious piece of loot, namely, a flitch of bacon. The old fellow, however, determined to have a good try and keep this winter provision of his out of the wambles of the Highland gentry, so in the few minutes at his disposal he made his arrangements. When the soldiers entered the cottage they found a man lying on the settle in the last throes of dissolution, and a woman wringing her hands over him in indescribable agony. The clansmen, bare-legged though they were, yielded a certain amount of pity, and prosecuted the search after what they wanted with civility and without interfering with the dying man. After rummaging about and finding nothing of value they took their departure. Immediately they had got clear away the wild man of the Peak jumped off the settle, removed the chaff bed, and, drawing forth the bacon, proceeded to hang it once more in its accustomed place !

But here is the antique sign of the " Green Man " bestriding the highway in mediæval fashion. We shall surrender to the obstacle and terminate our journey here. The place is not only ancient but of peculiar construction, for there is neither front nor side to it. The entrance is an archway garnished with objects of good cheer in the shape of real joints and game—speaking an earnest of that welcome which Shenstone declared was always warmest at an inn.

The archway leads into a quadrangle, with sides that contain ample accommodation for man and beast, both of which are at liberty to foregather in the open square. This is a veritable caravansary of the most comfortable kind ; and the present landlady, we may add, is a worthy successor of the good dame who gave to Boswell a picture of the "Green Man" as a keepsake, and whose excellent qualities moved so thoroughly the admiration of the great biographer.

JOHN HYDE.

THE WAY CHINA IS GOVERNED.

[This article was in type before the recent *coup d'état* took place, but a historical account of the last two Imperial successions is added at the end.—ED. *Gentleman's Magazine.*]

THERE is a great deal of cheery human nature about the Emperors of China, and the Manchu Emperors especially have been very good fellows, taken all round. The first was a mere youth when his uncle, Torkun, took Peking, and left no particular impress of character upon the times. On one point, however, he put his foot down firmly: his Empress offended him, and, despite the entreaties of his Confucianist mentors, he quickly got rid of her. The second Emperor reigned over sixty years, and lived a blameless, busy life, embittered only by the undutiful conduct of two of his sons, one at least of whom was either a Christian himself or had intrigued with the Christians. The third Emperor was a thoroughly conscientious prince, but easily humbugged by sanctimonious quacks and charlatans. The fourth was one of the most brilliant monarchs that ever sat upon any throne; he started off by bundling out all the alchemists, priests, and philosophers whom his father used to patronise; reigned for sixty years almost without a single day's illness; took his pleasure; wrote poems; made the "fur fly" amongst his viceroys and generals, and generally raised the prestige of China to its very highest point. With the fifth Emperor degeneration set in. The sixth was a well-meaning but obstinate man, under whom Europeans first got in the thin end of the wedge. The seventh was a contemptible debauchee, whose summer palace "the Allies" burnt about his head, whilst he himself slunk off to Tartary. The last two Emperors have been mere youths, and even if they had or have any character to develop, they have been obliged to take quite a back seat during the life of the Dowager-Empress. Moreover, the present Emperor's position on the throne is decidedly shaky from a "proper" point of view; he is the cousin of the last, and the first of the Manchu monarchs who has not been a son of his predecessor. By some adoption jugglery (which the Board of Rites only can explain), not only is he made the son of his cousin's father; but his son, if he ever has any, is to count as his predecessor's son. Hence one at least of the last two Emperors must be left "orbate," and the ghost

will literally "play the devil" with his corpse. This *razon de la sin-razon* so puzzled the Quixotic mind of a crack-brained censor in 1878, that he actually foretold therefrom the collapse of the dynasty, and then committed suicide. It is the vigorous old Dowager who is partly responsible for all this confusion; for her sister married the real father of the present Emperor, and naturally she wishes to be the "mother" of as many Emperors as possible, and to keep all the good things in the tribe of Nara. Moreover, special care has always been taken by the Dowager that the present Emperor should have no such opportunity as his predecessor took to marry "morganatically" before his formal matrimony to a girl of the Nara tribe. The result, so far, has been that the widow of the last Emperor died conveniently soon after her husband's decease, and the present Emperor has not yet had any children at all—at any rate, no sons. Although the Dowager-Empress is nominally in the background, and is supposed to live in otiose retirement at "The Park," the Emperor has to show her very great deference, and every now and then a decree appears in *her* name, which proves that she is still "all there"; for instance, when the veteran antiforeign statesman, Li Hung-tsao, died the other day, she had her own say on the subject of his merits, in addition to what the Emperor said. She herself has a pedigree which is far from being of the bluest. When the seventh Emperor came to the throne, his *confarreatio* wife was already dead, and, in accordance with "doctrine," she received the posthumous rank of Empress (in heaven); but the following year a wife of subordinate rank, belonging to the Niukuru tribe, was made Empress (in the flesh); and after waiting for it to be seen which of the *coemptio* wives won the race for a son, the present Dowager, a lady of the palace who had given birth to the future eighth Emperor, was in 1856 promoted from the category of "handmaids" (*pin*), and patented with the rank of "queen-consort." In 1858 an ingenious arrangement was invented which appears to have no precedent whatever in "doctrine." The queen-consort was raised to the rank of "Empress of the West," in contradistinction to her senior colleague of the East, who ranked with, but before, her. For many years these two Dowagers acted together as Regents, but it was always understood that the Western Empress really pulled the strings. In 1881 the Eastern Empress died, and the Western shone by her own unreflected light. On the coming of age (in his sixteenth year) of the present Emperor, the Dowager made a great show of abandoning power, and it was generally understood that this was a mere prelude to her continuing it; over and over again it was pointed out to her where lay

her duty and the interests of the Empire, and very possibly she would have, coyly, "whilst vowing she would not consent, consented," had not the "other side" stopped pressing her just at the last and right psychological moment. Notwithstanding this, the Dowager's influence remains very great; for, besides having a "party" of her own, she has the right by law to interfere in all matters connected with the Emperor's wives, which practically makes the forthcoming of sons dependent upon her goodwill. Besides, she takes precedence of the Emperor on all solemn occasions, and he is obliged to make periodical visits to inquire about her "warmth and cold." In a word, admitting that the Emperor is an able man and well disposed, nothing can be done so long as he and his "mother" fail to pull together. The fourth Emperor—a long-headed man—understanding all this, used to carry his mother about with him all over Tartary and China, even on his hunting expeditions; he did this systematically up to her death at the age of eighty-six. But the present Manchus are not of the fibre and kidney of the early stock, and, instead of shooting tigers in Manchuria for a pastime, they dally with their women in the harems of Peking. No one but his "mother" and his women really knows much of the present ruler of China, except that he is stated to be sensitive, highly educated, hot-tempered, apparently anxious to learn, and evidently chafing under the watchful supervision of his mother's party. So far, his decrees give no evidence whatever of a commanding will; but within the last few days he would seem, from the telegrams received, to have asserted himself.

The Manchus, as a body, really do not care two straws about Confucius, though it is part of their policy to make a great fuss; just as Napoleon found it paid best to humour the Popes. Of course, I am speaking of the genuine typical Manchus, who are fast dying out and becoming petticoated prigs of Chinamen, but without a Chinaman's suppleness and brains. The true Manchu has an honest contempt for "writing fellows"; he has long since forgotten his own language, and now speaks a rough, energetic, bastard Chinese, called Pekingese, with a good, honest, country burr. It bears much the same relation to "literary Chinese" that Hindustani does to Sanskrit; or, better still, that the Viennese dialect does to German. The Emperor of China on formal occasions, descanting on funerals, Confucius, filial piety, and so on, is like Mr. E. J. Dillon's French President descanting on "right, civilisation, and justice." The real human Manchu Emperor making broad jokes in the coarse Peking brogue, cracking melon-seeds and puffing at his water-pipe withal, may be compared with his Majesty the Emperor Franz-Joseph, with a feather in his billycock,

and a pot of Pilsener beer before him; smoking a long, coarse Italian *Avana da quindici* with a straw run through it, and exchanging repartees with his private cronies in piquant Viennese. The Manchus like sport, good living, and fresh air; they neither care nor profess to care one little bit about the Chinese Empire, except in so far as it is a big elastic sponge out of which can be squeezed, at suitable intervals, a rich nutriment. The one exception is, or was, the Emperor, who during the first four reigns took a keen pleasure, as well as a pride, in running the vast machine as economically and as uprightly as possible: and even now there is a considerable quantity of good, manly leaven in Manchu mankind, just as there is in any other mankind; and it is this minority of good men which keeps things going, not to speak of the leaven of good in the Chinese or Confucian element, which combines with the excellence on the Manchu side, even as in the United States the understratum of solid worth in party life keeps things sufficiently afloat in the Serbonian bogs of Populism and Tammany Hall.

During the summer of 1897 the Dowager-Empress gave one or two garden-parties. Her brother-in-law, the late Prince Kung (the Emperor's uncle), stood by her side as her henchman, and several farces were acted before the company. Besides the ordinary paper lanterns, the electric light was introduced for the first time; the chief of the *tatan* (certain male officials in attendance on harem duty in Eastern countries) introduced the chief statesmen in turn to the Empress, who was graciously pleased to "accord rice." After this banquet they were conducted "in fish line" (Indian file) round to the theatre, the Empress herself being carried in an eight-bearer open chair, wearing her "easy costume." Only forty-six persons were allowed to sit, and only two of these on stools. As to the other forty-four, it is presumed they sat on what the Shah of Persia once told a British Minister to sit, when his Excellency, looking round, inquired: "On what am I to sit, your Majesty?"

The Dowager-Empress makes things pretty lively for the *tatan* if they do not behave themselves, and in fact for the dukes and princes too. Just before the above-described garden-party, the Archduke Tsai-shu received eighty blows of the heavy bamboo. A *tatan*, perhaps in connection with the same scandal, was deliberately flogged to death at her express command, nominally for receiving private guests within palace precincts.

The Emperor himself has a very hard time of it. He has to be in his council-chamber at 3 A.M. every morning to receive reports and despatches. Those he agrees to are marked with a peculiar scratch

by an ivory paper-knife, or he writes a rescript with red ink. These early hours are very trying to the more aged of the statesmen, who have always to be at the Front Gate of Peking shortly after midnight. Each public office has its fixed days in rotation for audience and introductions. Only viceroys, governors, generals, and a few other provincial officials of high rank receive their appointments direct from the Emperor; and of course there is considerable competition for these, and many unkind things are said of the way in which they are obtained. First of all the Board has to be squared; then the *tatan* department; the princes; and those who have the *entrée*. But all this is mere hearsay; and in any case, if bribery or corruption affects important appointments—as it undoubtedly does occasionally, at least—the Chinese (and Manchus) are much too sharp to let the man in the street know exactly how the oracle is worked. I prefer to judge by what the decrees of former strong Emperors specifically tell me. Even then there were cabals at court; statesmen, even honest ones, were occasionally caught asking favours of the *tatan*, and *tatan* were detected running their friends in for provincial posts under the wing of statesmen. The fourth Emperor, during epidemics of corruption, took the heads off at least 25 per cent. of his most prominent provincial officials, either for bribery, peculation, false charges, treason, or other heinous offence. Under the present comparatively degenerate rulers it is reasonable to suppose, from the rareness of punishment in high circles, that corruption is more universal, and is seldomer denounced. Yet, in spite of that, the viceroys and governors of *most* provinces are good men, and, moreover, men whom "all the world" expects to see promoted. Some provinces have governors and no viceroys, others viceroys and no governors; others, again, viceroys *and* governors, variously distributed. A certain proportion of these posts are manifestly given to Manchus of whom no one out of Peking ever heard, simply because they are Manchus, and usually relatives or favourites of the Empress or some powerful prince; but, owing to the way in which Manchus juggle with their borrowed Chinese names, it is never possible for an outsider to say whose son a given Manchu is. No Manchu prince ever visits the provinces now; the visit to Tientsin and Chefoo of the Emperor's father in 1886 was quite an exception, as is also the coming visit to Tientsin of the Emperor and his mother. But very few high posts are given to Manchus compared with what used to be the case under the strong Emperors of last century, who pulled all provincial strings for themselves. Whether it be that Manchu brain capacity is now rarer, or that degenerate Manchus cannot be trusted away from

Peking by a weak Emperor; or that Confucianism is reasserting the right of Chinese to a full share of the high offices, the fact remains that such important posts as Canton, Nanking, Tientsin, Kashgaria, Hankow, &c., are almost always in the hands of strong representative Chinamen, corrupt or otherwise. There is one Manchu viceroy at present in Yün Nan, but he (apart from any family influence) seems to be an able man who has worked his way up. The one Manchu governor (Kiang Si province) is, I believe, a connection of the Empress-Dowager, as was also his brother and predecessor, who was at last dismissed for corruption. I knew the latter when he was treasurer at Hangchow. Within the past few weeks the exceedingly able Manchu general Junglu has been appointed to Tientsin in place of the feeble and corrupt Wang Wen-shao.

In addition to the viceroys and governors, there are at Canton, Foochow, Hangchow, and at other places less known to Europeans, high officials called Tartar-Generals, who rank above even the Viceroy, and are in command of degenerate Manchu garrisons, or "faithful Chinese" garrisons assimilated to Manchus. These high officers, together with their assistant-generals, are of course Manchus —occasionally Chinese "bannermen"—and form a sort of check on the Viceroy. When I was at Canton in 1874, the Chinese Governor joined the Manchu General in impeaching the Manchu Viceroy, who had made a mess of things directly he arrived. The highest provincial post is undoubtedly the viceroyalty of Nanking, which has under it three governorships; not only the ablest, but also the most honest Chinamen are almost invariably appointed to this post. For instance, within my own time, first there was the Mussulman viceroy, Ma Sin-i, who was assassinated; then the Marquis Tsêng's father, the highest type of Chinese statesmanship in modern times; then Shên Pao-chêng, a relative of the notorious Commissioner Yeh, and the proud destroyer of the first railway; then Tso Tsung-t'ang, the conqueror of Kashgaria; then the Marquis Tsêng's uncle; and, finally, the energetic Chang Chih-tung, and the present cautious Liu K'un-yi. But though this is the highest post of honour, it is by no means the highest "squeeze post"; nor, in fact, are any of the great viceroyalties (except perhaps that of Sz Ch'wan, with its population of 60,000,000 or 70,000,000) given with a deliberate view to favour and peculation, although a corrupt officer may rapidly accumulate a fortune in any one of them. The highest post which is admittedly corrupt is that of "Hoppo," or Customs collector, at Canton. Like his colleague of New York, this officer is specially meant to "make his pile." He is invariably a Manchu of the "bondsman" class, and makes no pre-

fession of consulting the people's welfare. Another "pocket berth" is that of the Tartar-generalship of Foochow, curiously enough entrusted with the collection of native Customs. I do not propose to weary the reader with an enumeration of strange names; suffice it to say that there are about ten viceroyalties, twenty governorships, six Tartar-generalships, twenty chief treasurers, twenty chief judges, twenty Chinese generals, a dozen Tartar assistant-generals, three Imperial purveyors, and a number of Manchu Customs collectors. These, together with the high department billets at Peking, form the "plums" of officialdom. Not a single one draws any salary from Peking: all are paid from the provincial treasuries; and the Peking Government takes no cognisance of these except in a general way, so that it may "appropriate" sums to the public service from the admitted totals.

China is a curious mixture of excessive centralisation and excessive decentralisation. Things are so arranged that all the capillaries send their venal contributions through ever-enlarging channels to the heart at Peking, where a depurative process takes place, and whence arterial demands for more are disseminated over the provinces. Fatty degeneration of the heart and obstinate aneurisms or cloggings all along the line of circulation have, however, of recent years sadly interfered with the smooth working of this admirable theoretical system.

To begin at the very bottom of the tree. There are about 30,000,000 registered cultivators in the Empire, and (at present low silver rates) the nominal taxes do not much exceed 30,000,000 half-crowns, or, say, four millions sterling in all. It must not be imagined that thirty million registered cultivators means only thirty million owners. It will suffice for present purposes to explain that, when the land-tax was made immutable 180 years ago, all transfers of property were in future to be so arranged in a "fish-scale register" that every increment or change should fit into one of the then existing "scales." Now, as silver is too valuable a commodity, even at its present price, to be handled by a community which dines for a halfpenny and counts in tenths of a farthing, it has always been the custom to rate the silver in brass coins; and the result has gradually come to be that in the mildest cases twice the real sum due is officially paid, whilst in harder instances four, five, and even ten times the nominal land-tax is extorted. Then there is the 10 per cent. or 15 per cent. extra for waste, a fee for the collector's receipt, and many another "local" charge, charity, compensation, or other squeeze superadded. Roughly speaking, it may be said that the district-magistrate (a functionary

corresponding to the French prefect of department, who keeps the registers) collects three times the tax due, and is besides, as a matter of policy, always slightly in arrear officially. Thus he has at least twice the amount of the real land-tax to keep for himself. Of course the value of each such prefect's berth is well-known to the official body, and the average amount which he may keep for himself varies from £500 to £5,000 a year, according to its situation and pedigree. The rest of the money extorted goes partly into the pockets of the prefect's police mob, partly in birthday presents and bribes to his superiors, and partly in the legitimate expenditure upon official state. Salaries are paid out of the recognised official portion. Each of the twenty provinces contains from fifty to a hundred of these prefects, and each prefecture-general has from five to ten prefectures (or, as Europeans usually call them, districts, under it); thus every province has about ten prefectures-general with city residences of the first class. All orders from and to the prefects have to be conveyed through the prefect-general, who is a mere channel of communication, and has no original jurisdiction; at the same time a prefect-general may occasionally have some other lucrative office as a plurality. In addition to this, each province has two or three circuit-intendants, each with several prefects under him. This circuit-intendant, unlike the prefects-general and prefects, each of whom has a walled capital of his own, is a comparatively modern excrescence, and may have his residence in any city or port, according to what special extra duty he has to perform. Next above the intendants come the provincial judge and the provincial treasurer. All matters appertaining to law come from the prefects (through the prefect-generals and intendants) for rehearing to the former, and all financial matters to the latter. Promotion business is handled by the two jointly, and practically it may be said that these two are the under-managers or business-managers of each province. At one time, indeed, the treasurer was the highest official; but about four centuries ago it was the custom to send eunuchs "on tour," and these "tourists"—as they are still called—gradually developed into permanent governors. Later on, in order to check the power of the new governors, viceroys, or, more correctly, governors-general, were appointed to act with, but over, the governors.

Now, as stated, some provinces have a governor and no viceroy; others a viceroy but no governor; others, again, both. Gradually a custom has grown up under which, where both exist, part of the work is initiated by the viceroy and part by the governor, and each may address the throne singly in his own sphere. Thus at Canton the

viceroy specially deals with foreign affairs, naval and military matters; at Nanking with the Salt Gabelle, arsenal, army, and navy. In all provinces the governor's speciality is to deal with local administration. Most matters require joint action on the part of viceroy and governor, and in these the two are usually supposed to act (except in special spheres) "on the proposition" of the treasurer and judge.

Now we have a clear course before us, and can form some sort of an idea how the race for wealth is conducted. We have already explained how the viceroy and governor are appointed by the Emperor, more or less under the influence of the State Departments at Peking, according to the character of each monarch. Even if the provincial ruler's character is not perfectly well known, a good deal is found out during his progress from Peking to the provinces: his "appetite" is gauged; his temper tested. According to rule, he is obliged to furnish his own palace; but in practice the district magistrate does this at his own expense. Here comes the first local opportunity of conciliating the great man and his crowd of followers. The first important question, then, is, who is going to be master, the viceroy or the governor? The celebrated Ts'ên Yü-ying (the supposed "murderer" of Margary) was, even when treasurer, always master of both viceroy and governor; when governor, he invariably bullied the viceroy. Of masterful viceroys we have at present Chang Chih-tung at Hankow, before whom everyone must give way. More passively master is the wary Liu K'un-yi at Nanking. But not only must viceroys and governors either work loyally together or fight out the "cock of the walk" question; the governor or viceroy is often himself a mere tool in the hands of his family or designing secretaries. The position of the treasurer and judge is too strong (receiving as they do their opportunities from the Emperor) for them to care much for either viceroy or governor so long as they themselves act according to law; and as they both have the right to address the Emperor direct if the viceroy or the governor acts improperly, they may be practically said to be on equal terms with their superiors. Hence, as these latter are supposed to act "on the proposition" of their next subordinates, it requires *du nez fin* to discover in any given case whether the viceroy and governor (or each singly) are to be masters of the treasurer and judge, or *vice versâ*. The intendant is "in the running" to be a judge; and yet, in a way, he is only a sort of superior prefect-general, but without the territorial authority; hence, as he has no power to recommend the removal of a prefect, the prefect does not fear him much, and the prefect-general not at all. Both of them, however, have to report all matters of import-

ance to viceroy-governor, treasurer-judge, and intendant; but the intendant *reports* only to viceroy-governor, and *consults* on equal terms with treasurer-judge. He is what the Chinese call a "guest" official—a sort of outsider with supervisory powers only, just as a major in the army has a kind of floating position without any specific body under his own command.

Practically, therefore, it comes to this, other things being equal, and there being no overbearing talent on either side: Prefects (having, of course, in the first instance, squared Peking, when necessary) must pay immediate court to the treasurer and judge they wish these officers to keep their bare "rights" before the governor; and they must take care not to offend the governor if they wish him to recognise their bare rights. For favour beyond bare service rights there must be influence, great services, or cash. Ancient traditions have made Chinese high officials very loyal to each other, and consequently a prefect who offends a viceroy *or* governor, practically offends both. The prefect (or district magistrate) is, however, the *ultima ratio* of Government at its bottom end. His city is the same as our "county town." His court is that of the first instance for all matters whatsoever. His very name, *hièn-kwan*, or "district-ruler," is used metonymically, exactly as in India we use the term *sirkar*, or "the Government." He represents the Emperor, and is every way an Imperial officer. The prefect-general's capital is often also his capital; for there is no such thing as a prefect-general's city apart from the prefect's city or the prefects' cities, which form the units of the larger jurisdiction, one or more of which must be at headquarters. All cities, even Peking, are in the last degree *hien*, and occasionally the same walls (as capital of a prefecture-general) contain two or even three *hien* capitals. Thus, at the provincial capital of Canton, the viceroy of two provinces, the governor, treasurer, and judge of one province, salt intendant for two provinces, prefect-general and two prefects, all have their "palaces," or *pretoria*, within a few yards of each other, not to mention the Tartar and Chinese military authorities, the Tartar Customs, and so on; and the city of Canton is made up of the two prefectures or magistracies of Namhoi and Púnyü, each with its jurisdiction.

The ill-gotten gains from the land-tax, which may be put down at £8,000,000 a year, in addition to the £4,000,000 officially collected (half of which last is often short), divided between, say, 1,500 prefects, or officials assimilated to such, would leave from £4,000 to £6,000 for each prefect, wherewith to grease the machine above him. If all his superiors are honest (a very remote contingency), he soon makes

a fortune for himself. If he blunders, some of his gains must go to bribing Peking, or to the local capital, or, in short, to whoever can get him off cheap. If his superiors are corrupt, he must find out *which* are corrupt, and get at them in the recognised way: either by inserting bank-notes in a book, or by squaring the gatekeepers, secretaries, sons, or whoever it is who "runs shop." The prefect-general cannot injure him so long as he acts prudently; nor can the intendant: his policy with these two is negative and defensive.

It must be explained that he himself has to keep a large staff of secretaries, police, clerks, &c., and he has under him a number of sub-prefects and assistant sub-prefects in smaller towns or in large markets and unwalled cities; each of these sub-magistrates has a "palace" (a sort of superior stable) and a small staff, but very little power or squeezing opportunity. They do not fear him, nor need they bribe him, as he has nothing to do with their promotion. Below the four or five sub and assistant officers come the village headmen, who may be described as the finest of the capillaries, giving out but minute doses of arterial government and absorbing only small drops of venous or venal matter. To avoid responsibility the people usually elect a penniless wretch as "headman"—a sort of whipping-boy. The first great conduit is the *hien*, or prefect, who is the true backbone and vitalising essence of the whole system; and though his superiors all live on him, they are all afraid of him if he is an able man; for a bold, unscrupulous *hien* can get up a popular riot, force the town to "close shops," and call down Imperial vengeance on even viceroys if they fail to maintain order, or show too scandalously the cloven foot of greed. This specimen opening sentence of a proclamation, or despatch, will give an idea of how Government works practically in China: "The prefect has received the following from the prefect-general, through the intendant, addressed jointly by the treasurer and judge, who have been honoured with the directions of their Excellencies the Viceroy and Governor, recipients of a despatch from the Foreign Board, setting forth a Council Order, embodying the Emperor's decree."

The Emperor perhaps mentions a missionary now brought to the notice of the Foreign Board by a European Minister acting on the representation of a consul, who complains of the prefect's conduct. Each of these authorities in turn directs the lower one what to do, and nothing ever is done until it reaches the *hien*. He then makes up his story and sends "identical notes" to the prefect-general and all the others above him. The prefect-general endorses the "petition" in stereotyped or vigorous terms, according to his character,

and winds up by saying, "You will at the same time await the instructions of the treasurer-judge-intendant." In due course he gets these too (each officer acting after or without consultation with superiors or equals), winding up, in turn, "but you will at the same time await the commands of their Excellencies." Here is where the "master-hand" shows: whichever excellency is "cock of the walk" comes out squarely with definite instructions; but, as an act of courtesy, adds, "Yet you will also await the commands of his Excellency the Viceroy" (or Governor). If the "cock" is a good, capable man, which he often is, the business is settled at once, and in due course the whole *dossier* goes up to Peking, and thence comes down to the consul from his own superiors and "across" from the intendant, who quotes every thing in full. It is quite unnecessary to read nine-tenths of a Chinese "despatch in reply." One sentence nestling in the middle, between the "sends" and the "receives," contains the whole kernel, which is, "The chapel will be rebuilt," or oftener, "The whole story is a Christian lie."

The Chinese archives are kept with wonderful scrupulosity. Though in most cases nothing is done, everything is in perfect order, and can be referred to at any moment for defensive purposes. The moment an honest man, be he low or be he high, attempts to disturb the even flow of "business"—*i.e.*, the feathering of nests all round—he gets involved in a sea of correspondence and reports. Everybody instructs everyone else to "inquire," and at the same time to "await the orders of" another man. Meanwhile (unofficially) the knowing ones arrange what shall be done, and the "cock" must be found: everything depends upon the crow of this important biped. After all, it is no worse than the lobbying and bossing of Tammany.

Once I had a "big case" on at the obscure prefecture-generalship of Wênchow. The prefect (district magistrate) was an able, courageous man, who really "ran" the whole town. I knew this before; but it became painfully evident when I got the prefect, prefect-general, intendant, admiral, general, &c., all into my room, and found that they were a lot of old frumps whom the prefect deferentially manipulated as he chose. I was duly informed that "their Excellencies the Viceroy and Governor would have to consult with the treasurer and the judge, &c., &c." Foreseeing months of weary correspondence and personal irritation, I took the prefect aside, and said: "Look here! Bother the Viceroy and the Governor! Let us arrange the whole business ourselves. You settle the Viceroy, the Governor, the admiral, general, treasurer-judge, intendant-prefect-general, &c., and I will undertake to square all the European 'Powers concerned." Everyone

who had an interest in the question at issue was delighted; the intendant, admiral, &c., fixed their seals readily to our protocol; we arranged the whole business over cigars and cool drinks in a few hours, and after six or seven months quite a number of supreme Governments in due course "approved" the proceedings when we had almost forgotten the fact of their existence. This is the kind of *hien* who soon rises to be a viceroy.

In the above sketch I have said nothing of the salt revenue, which only concerns a limited number of officials; nor of the native Customs, grain tax, *likin*, sale of titles, gambling monopolies, army squeezes, and many other sources of revenue which go to swell the number of official prizes and qualify the above-described duties of this or that official. My intention has simply been to bring out as clearly as possible the main fact that in China the unit of Government is the *hien*, or prefecture, each of which is as large as a French department. The *fu*, or prefecture-general, is generally a hundred English miles square, so that the 50,000 or 60,000 square miles taken up by half a dozen *fu* quite make up the area of a European kingdom as an average for each province. Eliminating the excrescences and counter-checks which have grown or been fathered from time to time upon the true system, China is a huge body, the heart of which is at the Emperor's seat—now Peking. His pulsations, carried through a score of main arteries or provinces (each consisting of a composite organ, governor-treasurer-judge), are redistributed in lesser doses by this provincial entity to from fifty to a hundred city jurisdictions, each of which again absorbs its nutriment (mere air) through minor channels, carries it through various intermediary organs to the province, whence it goes, after undergoing changes *en route*, back to the heart in the shape of cash. Some might reverse the metaphor, however, and say that the vivifying arterial blood goes in this instance to the heart, where it is corrupted and sent back for more sweetness and light.

The above was written some months before the recent "revolution" in the palace took place, concerning which it may be well to give some historical explanation. The debauched Emperor, whose reign-title was Hien-fêng, died in the year 1861, leaving only one son, the first official year of whose reign (T'ung-chï) was 1862. At the time of Hien-fêng's death there were four of his younger brothers living, his three elder brothers having died before him. The fifth brother, Yitsung, left the family in 1845, when he was given in adoption to a childless relative called the Prince of Tun (second-class); he himself was made a first-

class prince in 1860, and died some twenty years ago. The sixth brother was Yihin, Prince of Kung (first-class), who died this year. The seventh was Yihwan, Prince of Ch'un (second-class), who was subsequently promoted to first-class rank. The eighth and ninth brothers, Prince Chung and Prince Fu, have not made much history.

The present Empress-Dowager was a *kwsi-jân* or concubine of the fifth rank belonging to the Nara or Nâla clan until 1854, when she was raised to "named" rank and style "Concubine I." (*I-pin*). On the birth of Tsaichun (afterwards the Emperor T'ung-chï) in 1856, she was promoted to the rank of *I-fei*, or "Queen I."; and on the following new-year's day once more to that of *I-kwei-fei*, or "Queen-Consort I.," and this was her rank when the Emperor, her husband, died in the autumn of 1861. During the nominal reign of her son, she and her fellow but senior Queen-Consort acted as regents, with the title of Empress-Dowager, until the sudden death of T'ung-chï in 1874, without children. T'ung-chï's Empress was *enceinte* at the time, but it was arranged, after a good deal of family intrigue, that the above-mentioned Prince Ch'un's son Tsait'ien should be given in adoption to the deceased Emperor Hien-fêng, and thus succeed his cousin as a sort of younger brother by adoption.

Of course the question arose, "If the same generation is to succeed, why not take a son of the next eldest brother, the Prince of Kung?" There were two answers to this. First of all, Prince Kung's sons were too old; and, secondly, Prince Ch'un had married the sister of T'ung-chï's mother. The Censor, Wu K'o-tuh, pointed out the irregularity of these arrangements, foretold the fall of the dynasty therefrom, and committed suicide. This was, I think, in 1878, and a translation of the Censor's memorial appears in the Hongkong *Daily Press* for that year. Tsait'ien took the reign style of Kwang-sü, and the senior Empress-Dowager died in 1881. All the stories about palace murders, assassinations, eunuchs, &c., are largely guess-work or empty rumour; if there is any truth in them, it is kept a strict family secret.

Hwaitapu, whose name recently appeared in the *Times*, is the eldest son of Jweilin, viceroy of Canton, who died in 1874. K'ang Yu-wei is a *chu-shï*, or senior clerk, at one of the Peking Boards. Liang K'i-ch'ao, one of the "reformers" executed, is a *kü-jên* or graduate, who, with Sun Kia-nai and others, took a prominent part in recent changes. The true motives of the recent "revolution" are foreshadowed in a letter which appeared in the *Times* of September 6 last and Li Hung-chang's supposed share has been misunderstood.

E. H. PARKER.

A MASTER OF TRINITY.

THOUGH William Lort Mansel, Public Orator, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Bishop of Bristol, has now been dead nearly eighty years, his epigrams and witty sayings are not entirely forgotten, and, as time goes on, some of them have been credited to men of later days. On the death of Dr. Jowett, Master of Balliol in Oxford, one of Dr. Mansel's epigrams was revived, and attributed to the late H. Longueville Mansel. This was, however, set right by the late Lord Forester in the *Times* newspaper.

It is mentioned in the "Table Talk" of Samuel Rogers, the poet, that he greatly admired Mansel's epigrams, and wished that some one would take the trouble to collect them, and it is to carry out this wish that the present collection of them has been made. It may not be out of place, however, before relating the epigrams, to give some information as to Dr. Mansel's origin. He was born at Pembroke in the year 1753; his father belonged to one of the first families in South Wales, his mother was the daughter of Major Roger Lort, killed at the battle of Fontenoy in 1745. His mother's brother, Michael Lort, was a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge—a great collector of books and prints. The collection which he made was so enormous, that when it was dispersed by Leigh and Sotheby in 1791, the lots amounted to 6,665, and the sale occupied fifteen days.

Dr. Mansel was admitted at Trinity College in 1770. The journey from Pembroke must have been a serious undertaking, as there were no coaches, and even some thirty-four years later, when Donovan, the author of "British Zoology," was at Pembroke, he said there was neither horse nor carriage to be hired in Pembroke. Probably the most difficult part of the journey was accomplished by a coasting vessel to Bristol. He had not long been in residence at Trinity before his humour displayed itself. On going into the rooms of one of his friends, who was absent, he saw on the table the opening lines of a poem, in the following lofty style:

> The sun's perpendicular heat
> Illumined the depths of the sea;

and taking up a pen, he completed the stanza in the following witty way:

> The fishes beginning to sweat,
> Cried, Hang it, how hot we shall be!

Dr. Watson, Regius Professor of Divinity, had at one time been tutor of Trinity, and when he was made Bishop of Llandaff, an honest publican in Cambridge, who kept an inn called the "Bishop Blaise," out of respect to Dr. Watson, changed his sign, and replaced the head of Bishop Blaise by that of Bishop Watson. This transfer drew from Mansel, who probably had some grudge against the late tutor, the following epigram:

> Two of a trade can ne'er agree,
> No proverb ere was juster;
> They've ta'en down Blaise, you see,
> And put up Bishop Bluster.

Dr. Hinchliffe, Bishop of Peterborough and Master of Trinity, once filled up a vacancy in the college choir, by appointing a man of no musical talent, and with very little voice; the main qualification in the master's mind being that he possessed a vote for Northamptonshire. This was an occasion which Mansel could not let slip, and the following epigram was the result:

> A singing man, and yet not sing!
> Come, justify your patron's bounty;
> Give us a song.—Excuse me, sir,
> My voice is in another county.

In the year 1795 Dr. Douglas was made Master of Corpus Christi College, and then married Miss Mainwaring, a daughter of the Lady Margaret Professor of Theology. As both were very thin, Mansel wrote as follows:

> St. Paul has declared that persons, though twain,
> In marriage united one flesh shall remain;
> But had he been by when, like Pharaoh's kine pairing,
> Dr. Douglas of Benet[1] espoused Miss Mainwaring,
> The Apostle, no doubt, would have altered his tone,
> And cried, These two splinters shall make but one bone.

Sir Isaac Pennington, M.D., the Regius Professor of Physic, was not only most particular in his dress, but, when he prescribed for a lady, was most careful to write as elegantly as possible, which led to Mansel writing the following epigram:

> When Pennington for female ills indites,
> Studying alone, not what, but how he writes,

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[1] Benet, an old name for Corpus Christi College.

The ladies, as his graceful form they scan,
Cry, with ill-omened rapture, "Killing man!"

The epigram to which Lord Forester drew attention in the *Times*, arose from the following circumstances:—There was a bare space on the south side of the entrance to Trinity Hall (the college of that name) which had long been a receptacle for street sweepings and other rubbish. To prevent these unsightly accumulations, Dr. Jowett, one of the fellows, had the angle fenced off with palings, and planted with flowers; but finding this little garden caused some ridicule, he did away with the flowers, and laid the space down with gravel, which drew from Mansel the following epigram:

A little garden little Jowett made,
And fenced it with a little palisade;
Because this garden caused a little talk,
He changed it to a little gravel walk.
And now, if more you'd know of little Jowett,
This little garden won't a little show it.

On one occasion, when Dr. Mansel had been making humorous verses on several of the colleges, the Rev. Christopher Hunter, a fellow of Sidney Sussex College, was present, and felt hurt that his own college had not been noticed, and took Mansel to task for his neglect. "I will soon put that right," he said, and at once produced the following verse:

There's little Sidney Sussex, too,
And why should I affront her?
For she has had her two great men,
Noll Cromwell and Kit Hunter.

—Oliver Cromwell, the Protector, having been educated at that college.

One day Dr. Mansel met two undergraduates of his college, who passed him without paying the respect due to their master by raising their caps. He stopped them, and inquired if they knew him: they flippantly replied that they really did not. "How long have you been in college, then?" he said. "Only eight days" they answered. "That accounts for your blindness," the master replied; "puppies never see till they are nine days old."

During the time that Dr. Mansel was Master of Trinity there was a well-known character at Cambridge called "Jemmy Gordon." He was respectably born, and well educated, and brought up as a solicitor, and might have done very well; but after a time he became so degraded by drink and debauchery that he was a regular outcast, and lived by pestering anyone whom he knew to give him a trifle. Passing through Trinity College one day, he saw Dr. Mansel walking

backwards and forwards in front of his lodge. Gordon accosted him, ' My Lord, give me a shilling," to which his Lordship replied, " If you can find a greater scoundrel than yourself, I will give you half-a-crown." Jemmy made his bow, and shortly after meeting Beverley, one of the Esquire Bedells, said, " His Lordship wishes to see you on particular business." Beverley hastened to Trinity, Jemmy following at no great distance. " I understand you wish to see me, my Lord." " You have been misinformed," said the Bishop. At that moment Jemmy joined them, and taking off his hat, said, " I think, my Lord, I am entitled to the half-a-crown." Beverley's character did not stand very high, as he sometimes diverted to his own use the fees that he received in virtue of his office, instead of handing them over to the proper authorities.

Lord Byron, the poet, was at Trinity, taking his degree in 1808. In "Thoughts suggested by a College Examination," he alludes to Dr. Mansel in the following terms :

> High in the midst, surrounded by his peers,
> Magnus his ample front sublime uprears ;
> Placed on his chair of state, he seems a god,
> Whilst sophs and freshmen tremble at his nod.
> As all around sit wrapped in speechless gloom,
> His voice in thunder shakes the sounding dome,
> Denouncing dire reproach to luckless fools,
> Unskilled to plod in mathematic rules.

Lord Byron says, in a note on this passage, "No reflection is here intended against the person mentioned under the name of Magnus. Indeed, such an attempt could only recoil upon myself, as the gentleman is now as much distinguished by his eloquence, and the dignified propriety with which he fills his situation, as he was in former days for wit and conviviality."

It would be unjust to Dr. Mansel's memory to look upon him merely as a wit. His scholarship is proved by his elevation to the office of Public Orator of the University of Cambridge (once held by Erasmus) ; and the reality of his religion by his friendship with Mrs. Hannah More, the Rev. Charles Simeon, Robert Hall, the great Baptist minister, and others of similar views, in a day when religion was of a formal character, and with little vitality.

EDWARD PEACOCK.

THE PROGRESS OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

PEOPLE have by this time quite forgotten the tremendous sensation created by the announcement of the Franco-Russian Alliance. Yet if we look back we may see at a glance how far-reaching have been its results—beneficial in every way to both nations. Prior to the alliance Russia was unable to force herself into the arena of Western European politics. The English press never regarded her as more than an Eastern power. The average education of an Englishman generally includes, even to-day, the careful instilling of exaggerated accounts of Siberian prison horrors. He is taught to believe that the ordinary Russian is in daily dread of being suddenly taken from his home and marched off to some Siberian mine, where he must work for years if not for life, where he must bear patiently every insult and cruelty imposed on him by his task-masters, and where he can obtain no redress or hope of regaining freedom except through the caprice of these task-masters. Unfortunately the popular writers of stories dealing with Russia have taken up this easy vein, and worked it for all it was worth, whilst the quiet, gradual development of the nation has remained hidden from us. From ignorance of her internal development the natural thing was to drift on to the false conclusion that she was on the down-grade. Coupled with this was our fancy that the frequent discovery of plots against the Government presaged the breaking-up of the Empire in the near future. The expression of such views had for its natural sequence the feeling of contempt and animosity which until quite recently has animated the press of our own country. I say "until quite recently," because a very noticeable change has come to be marked. Our animosity may still be as bitter, but the effect of Russian diplomacy has been such that, rather than adding contempt, it has caused us no inconsiderable trepidation as to what would be their next coup. They have not held by the accepted canons of good faith, but they have shown more than Eastern skill and shrewdness in their foreign policy, which is terribly progressive.

The Russian is undoubtedly the greatest linguist of the day. It is no uncommon thing for him to speak four or five languages, and he shows his pride of the fact in curious ways. He will nudge you as he passes you in the corridor of a train, then apologise in French or perhaps, if you are English, in English. Then he will attempt a conversation, and if you express surprise at his fluency in a foreign tongue, he will gracefully bow and bring his feet together with a click. The writer once, passing through a Tartar village in the Crimea, met at the house of a wealthy Russian some five or six naval and military officers. He was surprised to find four of them spoke English, and everyone spoke French. French is spoken universally by the upper classes, and the *élite* speak English perfectly. Many of the nobility in Russia and subordinates in Government posts are of German origin, and naturally there is a wide acquaintance with the German language, but it is rarely spoken, and is by no means popular. The causes of this widespread familiarity with foreign languages are, first, the difficulty foreigners find in learning Russian; and secondly, that until within the last year or two their language was thought common and vulgar. It was the language of the moujik, and the nobleman objected to hold conversation in it. Indeed, some went even so far as to boast of their ignorance of their mother-tongue. Although this unnatural state of things is rapidly passing away, and the proper study of the Russian language is becoming popular, they are too shrewd to overlook the immense advantages which have already accrued from their extensive acquaintance with other tongues. The Russophobe sums up his dislike with the pat quotation: "Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar." In some instances it is possible to trace Tartar blood, but the pure Russian is a white man, a European, and possibly of the same Aryan stock as we ourselves. The extensive study of modern language is a feature of Western civilisation, and in it the Russian certainly takes a lead.

Within the last few years cotton-mills and factories have sprung up in all parts of the Empire. Where at one time they were content with Manchester goods, the German gradually crept in with the cheaper article, better adapted to Russian tastes and requirements. Presently their ambition rose above this, and they asked why they should not themselves become producers. Factories were started, English machinery imported, and English foremen and engineers placed in control. Then the English engineer was supplanted by the German, the machinery perhaps got out of order, and the introduction of German machinery, accompanied by American, naturally followed. By this time Russia had started schools for the training of

a special class as engineers. These are known in Russia as "techniks." They are men carefully trained in all the theories of mechanics, and can pass through the most rigid tests "on paper," but in the opinion of foreigners do not make practical engineers. Be this as it may, they are supplanting American, German, and English in their own country, and are beginning to turn out machinery of their own design. It is interesting to note that as the country gradually develops in manufactures, it at the same time is slowly turning to invention.

No safer criterion of her rapid advance can be obtained than by a study of her improvements in means of communication. When touching on this subject, it is important to note that roads, railways, the river and canal boat-services, and the tramways are under the control of a high official whose post is that of Minister of Communications. All railways of course are Government railways, no construction is carried on except under authority from military officials, and every line is completed with a careful eye to military strategy. No small credit for Russia's increase in railway enterprise is due to Prince Hilkoff, the present Minister of Communications. One may frequently hear it said that there is no member of the nobility more popular amongst English and American residents in Russia. This is no doubt largely due to his having lived in both England and America; speaking English fluently and entering into our national sentiments. He is never tired of admitting that he worked as an engineer on American railways for some three or four years, thus fitting him for his post by gaining a practical insight which theoretical training could never instil. It is under Prince Hilkoff that railways have made such strides, and there is even now communication between Petersburg and the Caucasus, a journey taking considerably over four days. It is proposed to extend the line over the Caucasus, through Tiflis, to the Persian frontier. The line from Tiflis to the frontier has already been commenced. When the Trans-Siberian railway and this line are completed we shall perhaps awake to our position in the East as opposed to Russia's. She will then have three separate trunk lines with which she could swarm the frontiers of Persia, Afghanistan, and China with three armies in three weeks. The time is sufficient, and she has both the men and means. Travelling by rail is far cheaper in Russia than in most European countries. Long-distance travelling is also more comfortable, excepting where the Government lease the right to run sleeping cars to a foreign company, when the usual cramping of passengers is met with. On many of the trains there are dining-cars. Where

there are no dining-cars the trains stop long enough at all principal stations for meals, where the food and the waiting are as good as, if not better than, at most places in England or the Continent. There is in these buffets a Government tariff for everything. In all the large towns on railway routes there are good hotels where the cuisine is equal to that of first-class hotels all over the Continent, and where English is frequently spoken. The steamers on the rivers are three-deckers of the American type. They have good accommodation for all classes of passengers and maintain a fair speed, being used in the absence of railways for the carrying of mails. A gigantic scheme is on foot for the construction of a canal between two of their largest rivers, by which through water communication will be established between the Black Sea and the Baltic.

Road communication, except in isolated instances, is very primitive. There are practically no made roads in Russia. The only roads in the south are: one in the Southern Crimea for 250 miles, the military road over the Caucasus for 150 miles, and the post-road from Tiflis to Erivan, about 200 miles. The road in the Southern Crimea runs along the hilly sea-coast through charming vine-slopes, with scenery as magnificent as that of Southern France, and rightly called the Russian Riviera. Yalta, the principal town on the coast, is a glorious bathing-place. It is the favourite summer resort of the nobility, being within easy driving distance of Livadia, where the late Emperor died. It is known as the Brighton of Southern Russia. The military road over the Caucasus rises to a height of 8,000 feet, the last 3,000 feet of which is ascended within the twenty miles, and yet the gradient is so well adjusted that it is possible for a cyclist to ride the entire distance.

The Erivan road has fallen into decay for seventy miles since the railway was opened between Tiflis and Akstafa, the present terminus of the railway which will eventually pass through Erivan. An enterprising Armenian has started a motor-car for carrying passengers and mails between Akstafa and Diligan, a small military station on the Erivan road. The distance is forty miles between the two towns, and the car covers it in three and five hours respectively. The ordinary method of travelling on these roads is by tarantass, a heavy vehicle drawn by four horses running abreast. With the exception of these three roads mentioned, communication between towns is over well-worn tracks across the steppes. Occasionally some half-dozen of these tracks converge at a point where no solitary tree, house, or hillock rises above the monotonous plains. There are no sign-posts at meetings of the ways, and it is pure

chance if one takes the right track. The post-houses in the villages on these tracks have not the comforts or the cleanliness of inns at home, but one can rely on generally getting wine or beer, eggs and chickens, Russian tea and excellent home-made bread.

The amusements of Russians are simple, few, and unrefined. The national dances are perhaps as pretty and quaint as any in Europe, but they are being forgotten. Heavy eating, heavier drinking, and endless smoking of cigarettes, with countless glasses of tea, occupy their spare time. The low-class music-hall is becoming popular in large towns. There are in Petersburg, Moscow, Odessa, and Warsaw, &c., theatres and opera-houses where during the season one can always see the best plays and hear the best music. Fabulous prices are paid to attract celebrated actors and musicians from abroad, and the charges are high in consequence. Russia herself can boast of some of the greatest leaders of the present day in literature, music, and the fine arts.

The number of English travellers who visit Russia is increasing, and is certainly not less than 500 per annum. The number is small, but few of these leave Russia without having their eyes opened. When they meet him they are surprised to find the Russian educated and a gentleman, and are pleased to have made his acquaintance. The friendly intercourse of individuals of the two nations is a small matter. What we have to remember is that Russia and England are gradually coming closer and closer together in Asia, and ultimately may be face to face along the entire continent. Ought Great Britain to delay the final meeting as long as she can procrastinate? Ought she to allow Russia to oust her from paramount influence at Teheran, Pekin, and Cabul? Ought she to allow Russia to close the old trade routes into Northern Persia, to the detriment of British trade? If she does not approve of Russia's actions, why does she permit these menaces to our empire in the East? If she approves them, surely the sooner we hand over the government of India to Russia the better. The Siberian Railway when finished will not only compete with our carrying trade in the Far East, but it will bring Russian manufacturers into keen competition with British goods in the interior of China.

Schemes have been mooted for connecting the Indian Empire with the Mediterranean seaboard by a railway to run along the coasts of Beloochistan and Persia, across the Euphrates valley to the north of Arabia and Suez. At the present time our influence would be strong enough to overcome all obstacles to a purely British line. It is said that the railway would never pay. Surely it would pay us

to have the most rapid possible communication with our Indian Empire, and through it to China. But cold water has been thrown on the scheme. Perhaps on the completion of the Siberian line we shall realise the incalculable advantages of such a line. But who knows that by that time Russia may not have the influence in the south which we now regret having given her in Northern Persia?

The interests of every Englishman are bound up with the future welfare of our immense and scattered Empire, and it behoves everyone with a love of his country to solve for himself its problems, of which the increasing power of Russia is one of the greatest.

EDWARD LUNN.

BY THE RIVER.

HERE is the restless river still and deep,
And here the white-limbed Naiads haply sleep
Unseen at noon of night.
Around those tangled roots, below the brim,
Great wary trout in circles slowly swim
When the June skies are bright.

Across the stream wild shadowy woodlands stand,
A haunted forest in a lonely land,
Where vistas stretch away—
Vistas where orchises and foxgloves grow,
Where helleborine and June's sweet roses blow,
And timorous squirrels play.

Here may those dainty nymphs be lulled to rest
By love-lorn cushats moaning from their nest
Beneath the evening star.
Here, too, the gorgeous yaffil's [1] sudden scream
May often wake them from some fairy dream
Of twilit glades afar.

The wearied spirit here forgets its stress,
And floats away into forgetfulness
On slumber's shadowy wings.
Thus was my being to oblivion borne
In this lone spot beneath a milk-white thorn
That on the marge upsprings.

I pass into the Dreamers' Land, and there
I see the very scene, but yet more fair,
Whilst Naiads passing sweet
About me hover, slim and golden tressed,
Some bending o'er me, whilst their sisters rest,
All blushes, at my feet.

[1] The green woodpecker.

The splendid yaffils now are blithe and bold,
They cease to tap the tall gaunt trees and old,
    And at the bevy stare;
The wary trout that 'neath the tangle hide
Approach the flowery margin eager eyed,
    And wonder at the fair.

I seem to wanton with their tresses long,
In the soft light I listen to their song,
    They lay their lips to mine.
Then, as the charmers closer to me press,
From one fair head I slyly shred a tress
    Of loveliness divine.

Soon seem they into nothingness to fade;
I see their forms far floating down the glade,
    And waken in the cold
Mysterious moonlight washing mead and stream—
But then, to prove it was not all a dream,
    I clasp that tress of gold!

. . . .

Only to dreamers here what time the moon
Sails through the midnight skies of leafy June
    These nymphs appear, they say:
Only with slumber-shadowed eyes may we
These fair white ladies of the wild wood see,
    So beautiful are they!

F. B. DOVETON

TABLE TALK.

Jonson's "May Lord."

SOME controversy has arisen lately on a literary question connected with the "Sad Shepherd." In his conversation with Drummond of Hawthornden, during his memorable visit to Scotland, Jonson, after mentioning that not half his comedies were in print, states that "He hath a pastoral entitled 'The May Lord'"[1] in which the character of Alken was intended for himself, while others present Lady Pembroke, the Countess of Rutland, &c. The question arises, Is this the "Sad Shepherd" in which there is a character called Alken? Mr. Fleay, no mean authority, supports the affirmative, and is followed in so doing by Mr. John Addington Symonds. Professor Dowden, on the other hand, the latest and the best authority, leans to a contrary opinion. The question, which cannot with our present knowledge be definitely settled, is not of supreme interest. It is, however, curious that two sons of the Earl and Countess of Rutland, the Earl the Keeper of Sherwood Forest, where the action is laid, died about the presumable date of the composition of the play under conditions which brought upon Joan Flower, a servant, and her two daughters, suspicion of witchcraft, for which two of them were executed. This curious incident occurred while Jonson was in Scotland. Professor Dowden suggests that Jonson, in leaving unfinished his "Sad Shepherd," was influenced by the fear of reviving in the minds of the Earl and Countess memories of the sad story.

The Opening-out of Africa.

SLOWLY, but effectually and permanently, the mystery of the great African continent is being dispelled. The present year has witnessed the definite opening-out of those Soudanese wastes where barbarism and bloodthirstiness are making their last armed

[1] Cunningham's *Ben Jonson*, iii. 486.

stand against civilisation, and those great deserts, where, in modern days as in earlier ages,

> Armies whole have sunk,

are yielding up their secret. The desert rings to the blast "on our bugles blown," and the last haunts of the Bedouin will ere long echo the snort of the railway engine. Not altogether pleasant is it to read of the slaughter of stubborn, hardy, and in a sense conscientious tribes; but the aim of freeing the world from slavery is important enough to justify some sacrifice of life, and an institution such as slavery, which a century ago was all but universal, is now, so far as recognised forms are concerned, on the point of expiring. The last fight has been made by the Mohammedan tribes of Africa, the hardiest, the best armed, with the exception of the Abyssinians, the most warlike and the most turbulent of African races. The borders of dominant Mohammedanism are being narrowed, and its influence in Africa as a ruling power is now circumscribed. The expectation that Mohammedanism will in time yield to Christianity is confined to the amiable believers in the efficacy of missions. A division of the Black Continent between Christianity and Mohammedanism is, however, in progress, and the doom of Paganism, though its extirpation may be a matter of time and difficulty, is sealed.

Pagan Africa.

It is in Western Africa, and to a great extent in territory claimed by Englishmen, that the great fight against Paganism is being carried on. The victories at Kumassi and Benin are among the latest of British feats, and though the influence of these has been sensible, there is no doubt that the departure of British forces would be followed by an immediate resumption of cannibalistic orgies. We are not, however, so far as can be seen, on the point of departure, and the extirpation of human sacrifice from Darkest Africa is within conceivable reach. Superstitions die hard, and it is probable that rites, murderous or obscene, will for many years be practised in secret. Who shall say that such are even now wholly unknown within the borders of our four seas? Now and then, in remote districts of Britain, facts come to light showing the survival of barbarous practices and faiths. From countries still avowedly Pagan such will not for some generations to come be entirely banished. The influence in India of Thuggee is still remembered, though I cannot recall any recent instance of the practice. In the hinterland of Sierra Leone societies closely resembling the Thugs still exist.

They are secret, as a matter of course, the members being bound by the most solemn oaths to kill a certain number of human beings. Children and young girls are offered as sacrifices to sharks, and slaves are slaughtered at the new moon and at other religious festivals. These proceedings recall the worship of Moloch, though, so far as I learn, fire is not now employed. Familiar enough to the students of primitive culture are propitiatory sacrifices of the kind. Not wholly religious are, however, these proceedings; and a league of Ashantis and Fantis exists, the name of which—the Anti-European League—discloses sufficiently well what are its purposes and aims.

Human Sacrifices.

MOST of the particulars I now supply are taken from "Imperial Africa," by Major A. F. Mockler-Ferryman,[1] a work the first volume of which has just seen the light. To those ignorant of the extent and nature of our West African possessions the volume in question may be commended as supplying in a collected form information in search of which the reader would have to go far afield. To ethnologists and anthropologists meanwhile it is even more valuable. The murderous practices it describes are not in all cases the outcome of mere cruelty and bloodthirstiness. They take their rise in superstitions familiar in most forms of primitive religion. Human sacrifice has always been held the highest form of propitiation or thankoffering, and the acknowledgment of favours or the appeasing of wrath on the part of offended deities has generally, among uncivilised tribes, involved the slaughter of slaves. To the African the massacres, so revolting to a European, constitute the solemn discharge of a religious duty, and the only method by which they can be stamped out is by the sternest measures of repression, accompanied by the inculcation of more enlightened ideas. Withdraw English, French, or German rule, and the worst forms of sacrifice would become universal. West African Pagans believe in the existence of a "Kra," a species of soul or guardian spirit, which enters into the body at the moment of birth and leaves it at that of death. This ghost or Kra will be like in all respects to the man in whom it has dwelt, and will in its future existence have the same needs. In the case of a chief, accordingly, the wives and slaves necessary to his enjoyment or state are slain at his burial, in order that their ghosts may be ready to wait upon the master. With a view to provide for his needs, as many as a hundred victims at a time have been slaughtered at a funeral *fête* at Bonny.

[1] London: The Imperial Press.

African Cannibalism.

CANNIBALISM is naturally associated with human sacrifices, and is still widely prevalent immediately outside, if not within, British rule; the chief reason for it, in Africa as elsewhere, being the idea that the strength and bravery of the victim will pass into the warrior who eats his flesh. It then arrives that the braves, of subjugated foes are those most certain to be devoured. This notion is fostered by the priest, a part of whose functions it is to work up the conquerors into a state of demoniacal frenzy. A special feature in African cannibalism is that the participants in the orgie have been known to envelop themselves in the skins of leopards with iron claws, and thus dressed spring upon and rend the victim after the fashion of the animal. This practice, recalling a favourite diversion of Tippoo Sahib, is naturally an outcome of totemism. I will not weary or sicken my readers with the descriptions preserved by Major Mockler-Ferryman of the horrors which English travellers or agents have witnessed. Such sights are now seldom seen by Englishmen, but may occasionally be witnessed in the hinterland of English possessions. Within a few miles of our advanced posts the worst orgies are reported to prevail. The chance of a European being present, except as a meal rather than a guest, is, however, of the smallest. With the abolition of slavery the end of such practices may be expected. "Imperial Africa" is chock-full of matter of deep interest to the student of human nature. A strong stomach is, however, necessary to the contemplation, and I am not sure that an apology is not due to my readers for conducting them down such disgusting paths.

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THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

A WOODLANDER'S ADVENTURE.

BY GEORGE MORLEY.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD FORESTER.

AS the shades of evening were slowly and almost imperceptibly descending upon those small tracts of woodland in the north of Warwickshire which are the sered and wasting remnants of the ancient Forest of Arden, a foot passenger was seen wending his way as slowly as the gloaming was coming down along a narrow lane, or "chewer," as it is locally called, from the direction of Ribbonbridge—a city so named from its long association with the old-world industry of ribbon weaving.

Passing along by Millison Wood, a plantation of considerable extent, looking beautiful with the varied tints painted by the early fingers of an exceptionally mild October, the form of the wayfarer looked less like that of a man than of a headless tree trunk gifted with animation.

He moved almost at a snail's pace, having, for this occasion and contrary to his wont, no eye for the natural beauties of the scene through which he was passing—the dense undergrowths, the intervening green glades, and the noble trees in a state of almost primæval wildness, towering in grand solitude.

As he neared the corner of Millison Wood and halted there to wipe his nose as carefully as if it had been a precious piece of bric-à-brac, he bore a certain resemblance to the riven pollard oak, or, as he would have called it, "a dorrel tree"—a quaint-looking object of sombre aspect that grew in the wood and overhung the pathway.

Leaving the shadow of the wood and coming more into the light, the form of the wayfarer was seen to slightly better advantage.

His tall thin figure and face, crowned with a low soft felt hat, capable of being worn in almost any shape, at once detained the eye. The figure was not only spare and thin, but absolutely lean, as the figure of a person given up closely to the study of those branches of learning which are said by medical advisers to make great ravages upon the flesh.

But though he was lean and lank, he was not in the least crooked, his figure being as upright as the young poplars in Millison Wood. Yet he walked with his head downward, like a man who is suffering, or in some way oppressed with the burden of material affairs.

The neighbourhood through which this man was passing was originally known as "the Miry Den." In those ancient days the whole tract of country thereabouts was part of the possessions of the saintly Godiva, whose fame has come down to the people of to-day as the graceful remover of a tax under which the inhabitants of Ribbonbridge are said to have groaned.

Forming part of the ancient Forest of Arden, and consisting chiefly of lowlands densely overgrown with timber and treacherous from the marshy condition, the locality was literally a "miry den," and was doubtless so named by some wit of Earl Leofric's court who had been hunting the boar there and had got fast in the mire.

At the date of the wayfarer's passage through the scene "the Miry Den" had become "Meriden;" and now it is never called by its old name, except possibly at the annual wardmote of the Foresters of Arden, held in the Forest Hall, at a retired glade within the boundary of the wood; where the members in their post-prandial speeches, literally reeking with antiquarianisms, deliver themselves in the old manner and the old tongue.

This Forest Hall was an object of semi-martial interest to many besides those given up to a worship of the past. It was an object of interest to the wayfarer, because for many years he had himself been a member of the wardmote. To the uninitiated in the sports of ancient chivalry and forestry there was quite an attractive glamour about it. The roll of members painted on the panelled sides comprised a long list of noble and gentle names for some hundreds of

years ; and the walls also bore a goodly array of archery trophies, with oaken cases for the preservation of the members' equipments. There was also a leathern horn, popularly known as "Robin Hood's horn," from the belief that it once belonged to that famous bowman, who occasionally visited the Forest of Arden.

After the banqueting was over the dance began, and continued with unflagging spirit till the crow of chanticleer announced to the dim woodland the birth of a new day. Then the festivities broke up, and the Forest Hall was left alone in its solitary grandeur in the leafy shades until the arrival of the next wardmote.

The season of the wardmote, however, had now passed, and there was no forester to be seen in the Miry Den, but the elderly gentleman of lean figure and clothes as sombre as the night, who crept along the road to the divergence of the lane where a wayside inn reared up its pleasant face, with lights twinkling in two windows, like welcome eyes inviting the traveller in.

"'Tis Master Tretton for sure, or I be as blind as a dandy bat!" cried a lusty voice from the door of the tavern.

When a cloud of blue smoke had cleared away from the entrance to the inn, and taken a flight to the tops of the forest trees over the way, it was seen that the voice proceeded from the mouth of the innkeeper, who, with smoking pipe in hand, was watching the twilight fall from the snug porch of his own house.

There was sufficient light to see that the figure of the host of the "Boar's Head" was of that ample size which fictional and pictorial history has for so long associated with innkeepers. This particular figure was in direct contrast to that of the approaching man. It absolutely filled up the doorway. It was fairly tall, too, and, though excellently clothed with flesh, gave the observer an impression of being well-knit and strong, as though the possessor had been a woodman, and drew his bulk and strength from the forest scene in which he was set.

"'*Tis* thee, Master Tretton, inna it? Hey, I thought 'twere thy figure," he continued. "When I seed thee come from the dumble yon, I sezs to mysel', stannin' here, 'If that inna Master Tretton comin' home from Walsh Hall, I donna know a night-jar when I sees 'en.' An' behold you, so it is."

Master Tretton had by this time reached the innkeeper, though he had not in the least degree quickened his pace, and now stood before him leaning upon a hazel stick as straight and well-seasoned as himself.

"Your eyes have not deceived you, Richard Underwood," said

Master Tretton mildly, again wiping his nose and eyes with infinite care. "It is 'Master Tretton,' and I have just come from Walsh Hall."

"Come thee in then, Master Tretton, sir, an' hev a glass o' summat warm. The dag's fallin', an' these 'oods be mortal cold to anybody like thee as is boxed up in school-house all day. Ye looks chilled, sir; ye do so."

"I am rather chilled, Richard, my good fellow; my business at Walsh Hall, you know, has chilled me more than the atmosphere of the woods. But I won't come in, thank you. I'll get home, for I want to see Joseph Wand. He will have to guard the vault to-night. I am responsible for everything, you see, and it would be woeful for anyone to get and steal the lead."

"'T'ood so, Master Tretton. 'Twill be a cold night for Joey, though, I doubt," said the host with a perceptible shiver. "But how did you find 'em at the Hall, sir?"

"Very sadly, Richard—very," replied Master Tretton in a tone of voice as sad as the sighing of the woods around him. "And no wonder. Such a beautiful girl as Miss Florina rarely comes into this world of sin."

"Hey! her were amost like Mary on church winder of anybody I've ever seed," interposed the innkeeper through another vigorous cloud of smoke, which took the shape of a map of the forest and disappeared within its shades. "Her were just lovely, Master Tretton, an' that's the trewth."

"The loveliest flowers are mown down by the reaper as well as the weeds, Richard," said Master Tretton. "It is the suddenness which has chilled me. In my capacities of parish clerk, schoolmaster, registrar of births, marriages, and deaths, and I know not what else, I have had special opportunities for noting, not only the beauties of Miss Florina, but her amiable qualities as well; and I declare to you, Underwood, that I am deeply grieved that so fair a flower was doomed to an early grave. The moral of it is—'Be ye also ready.' Good-night, Richard."

"Good-night, Master Tretton, sir," responded the innkeeper. "If Joe Wand drops in from Millison 'Ood afore you see him, I'll tell him as ye want him for guard."

"Thank you. Good-night!" came the mellowing answer from the lean old man.

The absolute silence of the scene would have been appalling to anyone but a native. When Master Tretton called out "good-night" to the innkeeper, the woodland opposite gave back the

sound so sharp and clear that someone might well have been thought to be concealed there, answering the schoolmaster's "good-night."

The light waned to a deeper hue as Master Tretton, schoolmaster, parish clerk, registrar of births, marriages, deaths, and many more parochial offices besides, and ex-member of the Wardmote of the Forest of Arden, crept onward down the almost foliage-canopied roadway of the valley of the old Miry Den.

On each side of the lane much quarrying for the new red sandstone had been carried on at some earlier period. Into these now disused openings the gloom hovered down in quaint and fantastic shapes, such as an artist of the eerie in Nature would have delighted to catch at the end of his pencil.

But they had no attraction now for the eyes of Master Tretton. He was just then too much concerned at the loss of Florina—one of the fairest flowers in the Forest of Arden; moreover, the strata of the quarries had produced no organic remains, and this in the sight of Master Tretton, an enthusiastic antiquarian, made the quarries less attractive than their peculiar formation and isolated position really deserved.

He did turn his eye, however, towards one old quarry as he passed along, not altogether with an antiquarian feeling, but owing to the interest he took in the curiosities of Nature.

A fir tree—one of a group growing upon the bank of the quarry—had, when a good size, been blown down during one of the wind storms that occasionally thin the forest there, and touching the soil below (its roots still holding fast above) had taken root again, and shooting upward had grown into a considerable tree; a curiosity in forest firs which naturally attracted the attention even of a man labouring under a regret of strong human interest.

"A thousand years hence," he said to himself, "when the world has seen a few more violent upheavals, when what is now known as Master Tretton will be like the dust upon which he is now walking that tree will perhaps be found in a state of organic preservation by the builders of a mansion for an American millionaire. Who knows, perhaps it may even grace the walls of the School House which will replace my own."

Having thus delivered himself, resting awhile upon his hazel stick, and gazing curiously upon the freak of Nature before him, Master Tretton passed on.

Immediately in front of him was a large plantation, so thick and dark with foliage that the aspects of the trees themselves were entirely obscured. Master Tretton entered, for he was a native of the forest,

and feared no wood, be it never so dark, and took the southern lane, which through high banks and many twistings led round to the Church of St. Lawrence, of which he was parish clerk and almost everything else but the parson.

At a slower pace than before he crept up the churchyard pathway, and, taking a long key from his pocket, opened the church door and went in.

CHAPTER II.

THE WOODLANDERS.

SHOUTS with a musical finish were now heard from the woods round the lonely "Boar's Head." The woodlanders were coming from their work, it being now too dark for them to see, and the moon had not yet risen.

The innkeeper was still upon the doorstep of his house, adding clouds from his briar pipe to those coming down from overhead.

That was his favourite position in the daytime; he was always there watching the waving woods, the birds, and the "small deer" that inhabited them, and which had grown so used to his presence that they boldly left the skirts of the Forest and came into the roadway for the bits of food he was accustomed to give them.

To the landlord of the "Boar's Head" the daytime was a period of passive enjoyment of wooded Nature, for his inn was so placed in the heart of the woodland that passengers were rare; and when an occasional coaching-party did intrude upon the silence of the scene with prancing horses, champing bits, jingling harness, and windings of the merry horn, it was not long ere the old solitude returned —the mellowing sound of the retreating coach-horn being the only reminiscence of the fitful inroad of town life into Nature's own region.

During the daylight, therefore, time would have hung heavy on the hands of Richard Underwood had he not been gifted with a love of Nature, and blessed with a good supply of his favourite tobacco, sufficient to meet the heavy demands he made upon it; for the "Boar's Head" was really intended more for the woodmen of Arden than for chance customers, and the woodmen seldom came home from work till the night-jar was sounding his loud note through the silent scene, or the jack-squealer was flashing to his hole in the roof of the inn.

It was after nightfall, therefore, that the "Boar's Head" became animated, and the innkeeper retreated from the glimmering hues of

the doorway into the cheerful light of the parlour, where two long candles in metal candlesticks, as bright as the pewter pots upon the table, gave their kindly glow to the rough faces of the woodlanders.

"Hal-loo, hal-loo-oo-oo," came the shouts to the ears of the listener on the doorstep, with a peculiar swell upon the "oo-oo," which in the stilly air had an extremely musical sound.

"Hal-loo, hal-loo-oo-oo," echoed the reply from a more distant part of the wood in fainter accents.

"That be Joey Wand, I'll go bail," said the innkeeper.

Then a sound of crackling dry twigs and branches was heard, and birds fluttered up here and there with startled screams, disturbed in the arbours they had chosen for the night.

"They be gettin' together," continued the host of the "Boar's Head."

The sounds of the approaching foresters drew nearer and nearer. Some were talking, some were whistling, and some were singing snatches of woodland songs; all were moving with a heavy tread through the bushwood, indicating that they were men of weight and energy, well fitted to swing the bright axe and fell the giant oak.

One by one dusky figures, to the number of seven, shambled out at the end of Millison Wood into the roadway with that wearied sort of gait and a dragging of the knees characteristic of physical jadedness.

It was no child's play to ply the calling of woodman in those shaggy remnants of the Forest of Arden during those hours of day-light; and that the labourers left the woods with shuffling feet and weary legs was no sort of reflection upon the general sturdiness of their frames; for weariness comes to all, the robust and the delicate, and the woodman's work was hard and especially trying.

But though jaded in body from the day's barking of timber which they had undergone, their spirits were not in a like condition.

"Dick's like the dorrel yon," said one, in a merry voice. "E'll tek root in his own porch just now, an' cover tha roof wi' his branches."

"We shan hev to cut 'en down then, Joe lad, eh?" rejoined another. "Us mun get in the 'Boar,' ye know, for some on that Ribbonbridge ale o' hisen."

"I be dyin' for a pot on it now," answered the man addressed as Joe.

The atmosphere was so still that the words of the woodman distinctly reached the ears of the innkeeper in the porch.

"An' there's one waiting for thee, Joey lad," he cried in a lusty

voice, which bounded round the woodland and came back again to his own door. "That is, though, if ye'll hev time to swaller it. Master Tretton hev bin for ye. He wants ye to guard the vault to-night for poor Florina."

"That be somehow ill-convenient, Joe, eh, lad?" said one of the men in the rear, "bein' as us was goin' to hev a long night wi' Dick at puff-an'-dart."

"Well," replied the man answering to the name of Joseph Wand, a name, however, far from applicable to the sturdiness of his figure, "in this world, Yethard, I donna look to hev all as I want, d'ye know. Do you mind, butties, the lot o' time I spent wi' that favourite cow o' ourn! All night was I wi' her, an' devil a bit 'ood she bring forth till breakfast time, an' then her presented us wi' a bull calf! An' me an' Kezzie wanted a heifer calf, as the old mother was such a good milker. So ye see, butties, all things hanna just in keepin' wi' our desires."

The woodmen had now all drawn up round the porch of the "Boar's Head"; a set of dusky shadows rendered into human shape by the glimmer of the candlelight which shone through the curtainless windows on each side the doorway, and made small yellow marks upon the figures and faces here and there.

They were a set of creatures quite natural to the scene; men of fine limbs, horny hands, and generally hardy outsides; such beings as lone woodlands invariably produce; men in every sense of the word—robust in figure, dauntless in courage, and yet with hearts so soft that upon occasion their gentleness would do honour to the hearts of tender women.

They all bore a certain resemblance to one another. Joey Wand was, perhaps, a shade the tallest; but in their stalwart forms, their rough attire, their shaggy caps, formed more for comfort than appearance, and their implements of woodcraft, they looked so alike that a stranger, surveying them through a veil of twilight, would have imagined them to be brothers.

"You'll come in though, Joe lad, an' hev a cup?" suggested the inn-keeper to the buskined man before him, not so much with an eye to the increase of the copper coins in the slop-basin that stood in the corner cupboard, hung high up in the left angle of the parlour wall near the fireplace, as for the pleasure of having, even for a brief period, so agreeable a companion as Joseph Wand among his guests.

"I shall raggle to tek one cup wi' ye, Dick boy," he said, mounting the steps as the inn-keeper drew in. "But I shanna stay long, as I mun step to Master Tretton's. To think o' Miss Florina—

the winsome lass as she were! Well, butties, it seems to me as the best on us i' this world dies the fust. Florina were amost too good for here."

"Aye! aye!" said the others, filing in.

Chapter III.

THE VERGER AND THE WOODMAN.

Master Tretton was at that moment uttering the same sentiment as he proceeded very slowly up the dark and solitary aisles of the church to the vestry in the north wall.

The chancel was the oldest portion of the church of St. Lawrence, and contained traces of Norman and Early English architecture in some closed lights on the north side. The tower was mostly of the Decorated and Perpendicular styles. The aisles were newly built in 1827, when the church was reseated and galleries erected.

As Master Tretton passed from the west end, the small finger organ there stared out at him with an audacious glance, as though demanding of him what he meant there at that hour and without a light.

This finger organ, small as it was, was a sign of civilisation. It was a symbol of the moving times even in that out-of-the-way nook. Before that finger organ received its place of honour in that ancient church in the woodland a "grinder" of four stops and one barrel occupied its place; and for twenty-five years the choice of tunes was limited to ten.

Those days were now past; a new instrument had turned the old one out of doors into the school-room; but the parish clerk was in tune with the old times, the old manners and the old organs; and often in the long winter evenings after school hours, when no one in the world but the late Miss Florina was left to cheer the loneliness of his bachelor life, might he be heard by the passing woodlander playing some quaint tune of his youth upon the church-rejected, school-accepted "grinder."

And so, as he passed the finger organ, Master Tretton slightly turned his serious head. It was the merest reminiscence of old times, but it was enough to touch the soft heart of the antiquated church officer. All former things were passing from his sight. Two vicars had come and gone, the barrel organ had been removed, and now Florina, the sweetest flower in the Forest of Arden, was no more. He alone was left in the old place, in the old scene—the vestige only of his former self.

The old man fumbled his way eastward up the aisle, entered the vestry, lit one of the candles on the narrow mantel-shelf, sat down in one of the chairs that were there, and, leaning his aged body forward, buried his face in his hands upon the table—on the top of the parish register which lay open before him.

Somewhat later a knock upon the church door echoed up the hollow nave and struck the door of the vestry, making Master Tretton move in his chair and raise his face, upon the cheeks of which, by the aid of the candlelight, were to be seen two streaks of moisture—the course of two tears escaping from his eyelids.

He rose from his seat suddenly, poked his face forward and peered into a small wooden-framed looking-glass that stood between the candlesticks.

"That's Joseph Wand," he said, wiping his face with his handkerchief and putting on the semblance of a smile as he took off the streaks of the tears. "A good fellow as these woodmen go, but he cannot understand my feelings."

Slowly moving down the dark church, candle in hand, with all the strange shadows of a strange and ancient ecclesiastical building looming around him, Master Tretton had the appearance of a restless spirit haunting its loved spot in a pre-nocturnal hour. He unlocked the heavy iron-bound door with a somewhat trembling hand, the turning of the key sending a dismal grating sound through the edifice.

"Come in, Joseph Wand," said Master Tretton, holding the door ajar and without looking into the face of his visitor. "For I suppose it's you."

"Mysen and none else, Master Tretton," replied the stalwart woodman, stepping in with a heavy, military tread and holding a stout ash plant in his hand, which he had cut from the plantation on his way from the "Boar's Head." "Comin' from Millison Wood, sir, we stayed a jiffy at Dick Underwood's, an' he telled me as you wanted me, Master Tretton. I went to your housen yon an' fund you werdn't there, so I comes to the church. 'Master Tretton's boun' to be at church,' I sed; an' behold, here you be."

"Yes, Joseph, come into the vestry," said Master Tretton quietly.

He closed and fastened the ponderous church door and shambled up the dark aisle, candle in hand, like some old clerical patriarch of ages ago. Joseph Wand followed behind with half his face in shadow and the other half illuminated by the candlelight, which came in feeble gleams over Master Tretton's shoulder.

There was a suspicion of merriment in the gait of Joseph Wand; a sort of roll, as of a jaunty spirit; a suggestion that more than the promised cup of Ribbonbridge ale had found its way down his throat in the snug parlour of the "Boar's Head." On the whole, however, he was fairly decorous, removing his cap and endeavouring to soften the sound of his heavy tread with that sort of superstitious reverence peculiar to dwellers in isolated regions when in church.

When they had both entered the vestry and taken possession of the two chairs that occupied it, Master Tretton turned to Wand with a curious half smile upon his withered countenance and said in a hesitating manner:

"Er—er—Joseph Wand, I hope you haven't been—er—drinking?"

"A sup, Master Tretton, sir—only a sup at Dicky's," replied Joseph Wand. "'Tis trewth, sir, wot I'm tellin'. Two cups o' Ribbonbridge ale an' no more, Master Tretton. An' ye wouldna' begrudge me that, would ye, arter a 'ard day's barkin' in Millison Wood?"

"By no means, Joseph," replied Master Tretton, "for, after all, it is the universal custom of English folk to drink in times of sadness. A foolish custom I think it myself, and only redeemed in the fact that it dates so many centuries back, and is therefore time-honoured. But, Joseph, the cup of ale in the 'Boar's Head,' comfortable as I know it is, seems to me just now so out of tune with the cup of life quaffed by the angelic Florina now lying-out in the cold vault yonder. Does it not strike you so, Joseph, my good friend?"

Master Tretton's voice sounded so kindly and yet so reproachfully in the quietude of that ancient stone edifice that, to the simple mind of the honest woodman, it was as though he had committed a great crime in having had two cups of ale instead of one in the incomparable comfort of the "Boar's Head"—so convictive are truthful utterances simply and quietly expressed.

"'Twere speakin' o' the boggart as med me hev two cups, Master Tretton," he said simply. "'Twere that an' nout else, sir."

"The boggart, Joseph?"

"Yes, Master Tretton; 'twere that as done it. Dick Underwood telled me, laughin' like, to mind as the Millison Wood boggart dinna come an' carry me away when I was gardin' vault; so I tooken second cup, sir, to keep me courage up. That were it."

Master Tretton's face was worn and withered, there was a cloud of world-weary sadness all over it; yet it broke into a smile at the

speech of Joseph Wand. As he looked at the great long legs of the woodman, at his wide shoulders and sinewy arms, the idea of anyone, and especially a sweet lady-boggart, carrying *him* off provoked him to laughter.

"What weight are you, Joseph?" he said, his face looking five years younger with the pleasant smile that was lighting it up.

"Fourteen stun ten I be, Master Tretton, by the weighin' cheer at last Whitsun Wake. Chap wanted to charge me extra cos he said I were unaccountably near brekin' down his gimcrack by the way as I sot in it—heavisome-like. Bless me soul, the hand danced round faster than the footers in the dancin' tent when I sot down. I were a bit merry-like, you see, Master Tretton."

"And what height are you, Joseph?"

"Nigh on six foot four, sir, at last measurement at Ribbonbridge pleasure fair, when a soldier chap cotched me in the Diva an' wanted to 'list me."

"You are a fine fellow, Joseph Wand."

"Yes, sir; my wife, her telled me so when I've gone home latish from the 'Boar'."

"And—and—I think you are quite safe as far as the boggart's concerned. I am surprised at Richard Underwood filling you up with fears upon such an occasion as this. A fine fellow like you, Wand, ought to be a match for any boggart in the Forest of Arden, come in whatever shape or size it will. Why, I've seen you overthrow the best men in the neighbourhood at sprunting on the green, and you look quite able to do it now."

Joseph eyed Master Tretton rather curiously, and wiped his rough hand across his mouth with an air of satisfaction at the fame of his physical prowess.

"I could floor a man, Master Tretton," he said slowly. "But—but—a——"

The superstitious fear of the woodlander was deeply rooted in the mind of Joseph Wand. A physical giant in build and strength, he would not have blenched at a bout with any one man, or even with two persons; but when it came to a question of standing up against the boggart of Arden—a thing, in the popular imagination, composed of neither flesh, blood, nor bones—even a physical giant had qualms and misgivings, and so had Joseph Wand.

But Master Tretton was not disposed to encourage any foolish fears that had arisen in the mind of his stalwart helper. He was anxious, indeed, to turn the thoughts of the woodman away from the idea of the boggart, if possible.

"Of course you can floor a man, Joseph Wand," he said with a cheerful and even patronising air. "A man, did I say? Six men rather. I've seen you do it, Joseph Wand, and I remember it to your great credit, to the strength of your will and the iron force of your biceps. I am not likely to soon forget how you lifted the great fat carcase of Diggory Rarbone at the last Martinmas fair and threw him before you as if he had been an enlarged football."

The strong woodman smiled; the remembrance of that sprunting match on the green of the village brought with it such a thrill of pleasure.

"But you will not be called upon to repeat that performance to-night, Joseph," continued Master Tretton, his face once more resuming its sad and worn aspect. "So universal a favourite of Arden as Florina was, would surely fail to draw upon her those sacrilegious hands which were wont, in times past, to profane the last resting-places of our loved ones. But as the masons could not be had to close the vault to-night, I have thought it especially incumbent upon me, Joseph, being responsible, as I am, for everything in church and graveyard, to ask you to keep guard to-night, so as to make assurance doubly sure. You have kept guard before, Joseph, and will not mind?"

"Mind, Master Tretton?" said the woodlander earnestly, a soft calm spreading over his rugged features. "You've no call to ask me that, sir. Why, I loved Florina—such a angel as her were; an' I'd like to see the man, or the men either, Master Tretton, as dares to tackle me in gardin' of her. I'm a peaceable man, ye know, sir, as a rule; but when I'm riled, them as does it 'ull hev to look out, I promise 'em."

Joseph Wand's large face broke into a smile, and so did the face of Master Tretton. The latter, though the village schoolmaster and constantly in touch with the somewhat lawless lads of the Forest, was essentially a man of peace; and though he was glad to observe the returning courage of his hitherto reliable guard, he at the same time hoped that the heavy hand of Joseph Wand would not have to be pugnaciously raised.

"Yes, Joseph," he said, "I feel sure, should occasion require it, you will give a good account of yourself. But I hope and believe that the strength of your arms will not have to be called into play. The lead robber does not haunt the Forest of Arden so much now as in the days of the Stuarts; the times are not so lawless, and there are not so many persons buried in lead as formerly. Still, there are ruffians at all periods ready to commit outrages upon any person or

anything. You remember the case of Astley Church and the leaden coffin of the first Marquis of Dorset, Joseph?"

"Ney, Master Tretton," replied Wand with a peculiar attempt at smiling, "I donna remember it; 'tis a bit too old for that, sir. But I mind you tellin' of it to me—I do that, Master Tretton."

"Of course. That is what I mean—how sharp you are, Joseph!" said Master Tretton with a slight frown reminiscent of the pedagogue, which frown, however, was immediately relieved by the calm facial agreeability of the antiquarian. "Well, you know, or at least you have heard me say—for I see that I must speak by the card, as our own Shakespeare remarks; you know when the soldiers of Cromwell profaned that wonderful little church—'the Lantern of Arden' it was called, the steeple being covered with bright-looking lead—by turning it into a garrison, a Mr. Burton, the then vicar of Fillongly here, while acting as chaplain to the troops, chanced to be killed in trying to prevent the escape of some Royalist prisoners."

"Hey! wot times to hev lived in," ejaculated Joseph. "I should hev liked to hev 'ad my ash-plant round a few o' they're top-knots for turning a church into a barrack-room; I should that, Master Tretton."

"You would, Joseph, I am well convinced," calmly proceeded Master Tretton, who liked not to be interrupted in the midst of a narration which greatly fascinated him, and which he was now recounting for about the thousandth time. "But rest assured they had their reward."

He paused for a moment reflectively, and then went on:

"Well, the unfortunate vicar being dead, his companions dug a grave for him in the chancel, and there they came upon the noble remains of Thomas, First Marquis of Dorset, wrapped in lead. And then, Joseph, they committed what I call a crime, and to prevent a repetition of which I have summoned you here to-night. Those rascally Roundheads, sir, stole the lead in which the dead Marquis was encased, and turned out the noble bones and dust open into the graveyard! Moreover, being in need of ammunition, they converted the lead into bullets for the Royalist soldiers!"

"Stirrin' times them were, Master Tretton," said Wand in reply.

"Stirring and desperately wicked, Joseph," rejoined Master Tretton sadly. "Now you won't have to encounter a company of swashbuckling Roundheads foraging for materials for bullets. But *do* keep a careful watch, Joseph. Don't leave the place for a moment. If you think there is any probability of your becoming drowsy and falling to sleep, I'll watch with you. Sweet Florina! I would not mind a night out for her sake, old as I am, and well-nigh useless."

"You be easy, Master Tretton, sir," said Joseph comfortably. "I shall be as right as a trivet. Hanna I bin out in Millison Wood an' Slipperyslide dumble, aye, an' in Horn Wood Marsh many a darksome night wi' the owls screechin' overhead like a pack o' boggart demons? I hev that, sir. You've no call to be fearsome as I shanna keep good guard, Master Tretton, cos I shall, sir—for Miss Florina's sake, as well as for yourn an' mine."

"I feel sure you will, Joseph Wand," said Master Tretton, rising from his chair and pushing his seat under the vestry table. "'Tis not that I doubt your courage. Oh! no, don't think that, but because I thought that being tired you might—— But there, let us go now, Joseph. I must leave you to your guard, and get home, for I have one or two things to see to in connection with this painful affair."

The woodlander rose from his chair, looking like a great tree with a forked trunk as he stood by the attenuated frame of Master Tretton. The latter extinguished the light on the mantel-shelf, plunging the vestry, which was formerly the chantry chapel of the original edifice, into almost complete darkness; a streak of grey light, slanting through the small dormer window, being the only luminant in the shadow.

The body of the church was a trifle less dim than the vestry owing to the greater number of lights in the clerestory; but that was necessarily dark, and the figures of the verger and the woodlander passing slowly down the southern aisle to the western entrance door, without a word being exchanged between them, had the appearance of the spirits of the old monks revisiting the scene of their former abode.

Two high tombs, one at the east end of the south aisle and one at the east end of the north, loomed up largely in the indistinct light of the edifice almost like shapeless blocks. Figures of recumbent warriors clad in mail lay upon each of them. That in the south aisle represented the founder of the original chantry chapel there in 1404. Angels supported the head and a lion the feet—symbolical of the piety and courage of the one who slept beneath.

The other tomb in the north aisle was of a similar character, dating from the end of the fourteenth century. There was just enough grey light in the sanctuary to enable the observer to discern upon it the prostrate figure of the well-remembered ancestor of the beautiful Florina- now lying-out in the vault in the graveyard, in the company of other departed members of the family.

Neither verger nor woodman just then had any thought for those

high tombs and the mailed warriors in alabaster lying in everlasting quiet upon the top; their thoughts were centred outside rather than inside the church. Like dumb-moving shadows they groped on, Master Tretton in front and Joseph Wand behind; until, reaching the door, the former produced his long key, turned it in the lock, and throwing open the door they were soon outside with the sacred edifice at their back.

Master Tretton moved a few steps forward and then halted.

"Perhaps—perhaps I need not come with you, Joseph?" he said in a piping voice. "I'm very tired. You'll be careful, won't you?"

"As careful as steeplejack puttin' cock on, Master Tretton."

"And you're sure you won't want for anything?"

"Quite sure, sir, thankee," replied Joseph in a tone which would have conveyed much to a more suspicious man than the good verger.

"Well, then—good-night."

"Good-night, Master Tretton, sir."

Chapter IV.

THE BOGGART OF ARDEN.

As the last sound of the footfall of Master Tretton, crunching the gravel under the weight of his lean and elongated frame, struck the ear of Joseph Wand and quickly died into silence, the scene in which he was the only human figure had a weird and exceptionally lonely appearance.

The sound of Master Tretton's "Good-night" seemed to be echoed by every tree waving before the woodman.

"Night—night—night—night," said they all, one after the other bowing their heads forward, until the cry was taken up by the night-jar with a hoarse "whirr—whirr—whirr," and completed by the startling "oo—oo—oo" of the wood owl, perching upon one of the griffin-shaped gargoyles which looked grotesquely down from the four angles of the church tower.

In front of the watcher lay the long drawn-out valley of the old "Miry Den," in the daylight of a summer's day one of the most beautiful tracts of woodland that ever rejoiced the human eye.

Less wooded than formerly, it seemed almost as if, even at this date, a squirrel might leap from tree to tree for many miles, so thickly the graceful trees threw up their branching arms into the sky-space. At the hour when Joseph Wand wedged his form into the

blocked doorway in the west front of St. Lawrence's tower, and commenced his guard over the vault a few steps before him, that scene was a shapeless mass of undefined gloom, looking alive as the wind played through it.

The moving tops of the trees, now shedding their leaves, seemed to be crawling along, now further westward and, anon, eastward, until the tips of the western trees melted away beyond the sight, and the eastward ranks made an obeisance to the guard over the walls of the graveyard.

Wedged in the blocked stone doorway of the church tower as tightly as if it had been his coffin, Joseph Wand surveyed the scene calmly from behind the smoke and fiery glow of a pipe of tobacco, which he had kindled "for company" upon the departure of Master Tretton.

Somehow the stalwart woodlander was not quite "the thing." The big yew tree near him seemed to have the principles of life within the close clusters of its shades. The sundial, the basement of which was the fragment of the old churchyard cross, appeared, as he looked at it sideways, to be moving on towards him.

"Oo-oo-oo," screamed the owl from the gargoyle above him.

"Whirr-whirr-whirr," cried the night-jar from the apex of the dark yew.

"Ow-ow-ow," shrieked the lonely peacock from the red-tiled roof of the adjacent Jacobean mansion.

If Joseph Wand had been placed far in Millison Wood, with not a single star in the welkin, and with no companions but those he had with him now—his pipe and his ashplant—he would have felt comfortable indeed compared with the feeling which now seemed to be stealing upon him. Not that he was less stout-hearted than his wont, or would, upon emergency, have acquitted himself with fainter honour than at the sprunting on the village green.

Probably if at this moment he had had a set-to with any plundering ruffian who had dared to approach him, he would have been more desperate than at any other time of his life. But the environments of his present position, following upon the indiscreet talk of the boggart at the "Boar's Head," had tended to awaken within the mind of the sturdy woodman that superstitious fear which is a characteristic of dwellers in the wildernesses of Nature.

While, therefore, Joseph Wand had no intention of quitting his post or of shirking the duty imposed upon him by the extremely kind and dutiful Master Tretton, there was, under his outward calm, a terribly timorous feeling taking possession of him, rendering his task anything but pleasant.

"Hey, I wishen I'd axed Teddy Lickorish to come round for a hour or so," he said. "'Twill be mortal long, I doubt, waitin' here till tomorrer marnin'."

The sound of his own voice, spoken with no effort at self-restraint, but rather with a view to giving him courage in his lonely station, floated out of the blocked doorway, and climbing up the stone face of the tower struck the ear of the owl sitting upon the quaint gargoyle.

"Oo-oo-oo-oo," screamed the owl, apparently as much startled at the voice of Wand as Wand was at the scream of the owl.

"Ye noisy varmint," said Joseph under his breath, maddened by the hooting and thinking mayhap that the owl was the Boggart of Arden in disguise. "I mun try and mak' ye shift thy billet. I canna hev thee theer makin' that row all night through; I canna that."

He moved out of the stone doorway, and with some slight misgiving approached the ancient yew-tree growing in the triangular-shaped piece of ground between the south side of the tower and the southern porch.

The tree was a high one. The tips of its branches reached well-nigh up to the gargoyle upon which the owl was perching, and the stems of the tree were so thick and brown that as many as six of the sturdy woodland urchins at one time had been caught by Master Tretton comfortably sitting astride them, having a feast of the berries with which in the season it was loaded.

Joseph Wand, stick in hand, thrust his hardy form under the overhanging boughs, and soon, planting his great feet upon the tough stems, was pushing his head and bust, together with his right hand, in which he tightly grasped the ashplant, through the waving feather branches at the top—within a foot of the owl.

But the owl, keen of hearing and sight, observed the intruder upon its nocturnal delights, and before Joseph could strike it with his ashplant it darted off with a hoot, and, to the utter consternation of its would-be assailant, flew down into the graveyard and perched upon the high image of the Virgin on the top of the vault in which Florina was lying quietly inurned.

"Oo-oo-oo," it cried with a mournful ring, as if something human lived under its feathers; as if it was really the baker's daughter and knew of the fate which had befallen the fair Florina.

The behaviour of the bird and its mournful cry almost unmanned the great heart of Joseph Wand. He descended the yew tree quicker than he had mounted it, and, moving towards the vault, was amazed

still more to behold the owl disappear down the opening leading to the interior, without even the echo of a hoot.

"For sure 'tis the boggart," he murmured to himself, groping along in the darkness. "Dick Underwood sed as sometimes it tooken the shape on a owl. I be amost afeared to goo down below."

Just at that moment the moon, which had for some little time been giving the graveyard a foretaste of its glory by throwing the reflection of its radiance over the church tower, now rose high above it and came into full view, casting its cold silver light in a plenteous flood on all the expanse beneath; making the marble tombstones look as white as if clothed with snow, and bringing down in fine relief the stately remnant of the Forest of Arden which lay out in the west.

Joseph came to the mouth of the vault and looked down.

A streak of white moonlight had slanted through the opening and was lighting up that portion of the interior which lay beneath it as brightly as if it had been daytime. Lying tier upon tier round the stone chamber the watcher could discern the coffins of Florina's departed ancestors; and in the middle of the vault, on a slab built upon short granite pedestals, in the full focus of the glorious moonbeams, lay the casket containing the fair body of the luckless Florina.

A glass face panel was let in the top, as had been for years the usage of the Walsh family, and through this, surrounded with a halo of moonlight, Joseph Wand distinctly saw the face of the dead girl.

Its beauty held him as in a spell.

He could not move from his position, and forgot even the owl for which he was in quest—the hunting of which had brought him to the mouth of the vault. He had known Florina ever since she was a child and came with her nurse primrosing in Millison Wood. In his sight she looked even more beautiful now than in the full flush of her life's young beauty.

"Her looks like a angel," he murmured to himself in a voice no better than a whisper. "Just like a angel."

Joseph could not better have described the appearance of Florina at that moment.

The extraordinary brilliancy of the moon—hanging high in air above the tops of the highest pines and firs of the forest, and scattering away the specks of white clouds by which it was surrounded, until it lay in the midst of a wide ring of space as blue as the hue of the Oriental amethyst—fell upon the face of Florina with such

splendour as to reveal to the eyes of the guard every touch of beauty by which it was graced.

Her clustering auburn curls, so much admired during her lifetime, peeped out sweetly and prettily from beneath the snow-white kerchief which tied up her face. The suggestion of life and even health was plainly visible to Joseph Wand in the faint flush upon each cheek, which even the death vault had not been able to pale. Nothing but the blemish of the purple rings beneath the closed eyelids told of the change which had fallen upon Florina.

While he stood gazing in rapt attention upon the sweet vision-face behind the glass panel a sudden and violent tremor shook his sturdy frame from head to heel. His great feet slipped about on the gravel as though he were taken with faintness and could scarcely stand. But that trembling was a spasm which quickly passed through him like an electric shock and left him standing there firmer than ever and strengthened for the ordeal which now presented itself to the ready wit, iron nerve, and strong arm of the woodlander.

He bent his form down over the entrance to the vault as if listening.

"Master Tretton begged me to keep good guard," he whispered in excited gasps, "an' the blessed Lord 'elpin me, I will."

A low, long drawn-out "Oh-o-o-o-o," as it were a deep sigh issuing from the mouth of a sleeper perturbed with painful dreams, floated up to his ears from the vault below.

At first Joseph Wand thought it was the sighing of the forest trees, which in that season, with a light wind blowing, are particularly vocal; he had been in Millison Wood at night when every bough upon every tree seemed to have a tongue and gave forth a variety of tones—sweet and melodious in the darkness and solitude. The monotony of this moan, however, speedily convinced him that it was not the sighing of the trees.

He then thought it might be the subdued cry of the owl, which had flown in the vault apparently to elude his grasp. But upon peering cautiously down he could see nothing of the feathered hooter: at least not within the focus of the moon's rays.

"Oh—o—o—o—o!" came the murmur again to the ear of the loyal guard, breaking, as it were, from the prison in which it was confined.

"God! it *is* she," gasped the woodlander in a hoarse whisper, as the unspeakable loneliness of his position, of the hour, and his isolation from living men, flashed across his awakening mind. "She's openin' her eyes—Oh! Florina."

He dropped his pipe and stick hurriedly to the floor with a bang, and let himself down through the mouth of the vault without waiting for the tedious operation of descending by the stone steps. The owl flew past him as he entered, uttering a note with the sound of joy in it, and appearing to the eyes of Joseph like a white bird and not the brown owl that he had seen. Afterwards he recalled this to mind, and came to the firm conviction that the owl was the Boggart of Arden.

Chapter V.

THE FLOWER OF THE FOREST.

With a sharp, clear, ringing sound the first stroke of the midnight hour sprang with melodious palpitations upon the silent, hesitating air.

At precisely that moment Master Tretton, with his weary face looking little less grave than when at the church a few hours earlier, was sitting in a chintz-covered armchair with large square elbow rests, in the cosy little front room of the school-house. He had a large book open upon his knees, and in the grate before him burnt a brightly flaming fire of oak logwood.

No better or more satisfying picture of the good old-fashioned content with the lot in which a life is cast, a content more observed in the early days of this century than in the present later days, could have been imagined than that of the lean, old-world pedagogue toasting his ancient frame before a wood fire, far away in a humble school-house in the Forest of Arden, with such comfort as an indigent position afforded.

Master Tretton, indeed, with a pair of bright-rimmed spectacles upon his attenuated nose, and the remnant of his hair brushed back high over his forehead, sitting on his chintz-covered chair, enjoying an ancient book and a roaring log fire, might well have served as the original of the best picture of Content that has ever been painted.

As the sound of the first stroke of twelve swung upon the silent air outside and penetrated to the apartment in which he was sitting, and to his withered ear, Master Tretton carefully removed his spectacles, laid them across the pages of his book, and gazed into the fire.

"Twelve," he murmured, in that sort of sighing voice usual with aged people when speaking after a long period of quietness. "I wonder how Joseph is getting along. I don't think he would leave

his post, he is too conscientious for that. But I am afraid he might perhaps drop off to sleep from the effects of the second cup of Ribbonbridge ale, in which case he would be as insensible to the affairs of the world as the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus. Besides, I have a shrewd suspicion that Joseph had a bottle of something stronger than ale concealed in the pocket of his great-coat. I'll just go and see how the honest fellow is."

Master Tretton moved away from his comfortable chair and from the warm logwood fire. Walking in his slow and sedate manner across the room to the window, he pulled the blind aside, and, putting his face to the glass, looked out. The cold and brilliant glitter of the moon lay over the scene outside like a silver white sheet.

"Lovely!" murmured the old gentleman. "What light can ingenious man produce to equal that? Ah! what a glory there must be up yonder where dear Florina is!"

He let the blind fall back in its usual position, and from a chair in a corner of the room took up his soft, clerical hat, and a huge Inverness. These he put on with as much care as if he had been going to make a call at Walsh House or the Vicarage. Then, having looked to see that the fire was safe, he blew out the candle, and, feeling for his hazel stick near the mantel-piece, turned into the passage, opened the door of the house, and locking it after him passed into the lane.

The house was but a short distance from the graveyard. It was entirely overgrown with ivy and Virginia creeper, and as Master Tretton glanced back upon it, and espied the fire-flame glimmering through the buff blinds, he blessed God that he had so sweet a natural rest in which to lay his weary and well-worn body.

Carefully and almost noiselessly unlatching the churchyard gate he entered the God's Acre with that slow and dignified stride so well known to all the dwellers in that woodland scene. Then he stopped abruptly. A sound as of the clipping of glass caught his ear, then a slow musical murmuring, and finally the hoarse moaning of a man an an agony of agitation.

"Oh God, Oh God—'Elp me, blessed God."

For a second or two Master Tretton was powerless to move. He quivered in every limb—not from the cold, for he was burning hot, but from an almost explained horror which leapt into his mind at the utterance of those words.

"Thank the Lord, Florina lass—Florina," came the voice again.

Then Master Tretton's blood tingled. As quickly as his old

limbs would allow he hobbled past the yew tree, and stood over the mouth of the vault.

What he saw there he never forgot through the short years of his after-life.

The ancient vault was aglow with the combined lights of a candle and the moonbeams. The candle was burning in a metal stick upon a projecting ledge of stone, and the power of the concerted illuminations was such that every nook and corner of the vault and all its furnishings, even to the bright steel nails that had been dropped here and there by the carpenters, lay plainly visible to the enlarged eyes of Master Tretton. Under the bright glow, so cheering was the effect, the ancestors of Florina looked even comfortable in their repose—each face, decades old, lying calm and peaceful beneath the glass windows of their coffins.

All this Master Tretton saw and took in at a glance; but what held him spell-bound was the slab in the middle of the chamber.

There he saw the casket in which his beloved Florina lay, and bending over it, some way towards his feet, was the athletic form of Joseph Wand, wrenching off the glass panel with fingers trembling with excitement. Except in the middle of each cheek, where burned a scarlet flush, the face of the woodman was deadly pale, and told of the fearful agitation possessing his mind.

"Shut thy eyes, Missie; for God's love shut thy eyes just a minute," Master Tretton heard him gasp out.

He had a wood chisel in his hand, which he had picked up from the floor of the vault, and with this, with all the speed which frenzy gives, he tore off the wooden beading and wrenched up the glass—giving to the imprisoned girl the life that was in even the close and earthy vault-air of that death chamber.

A soft, gasping sound, like a sigh, immediately rose from the parting lips of Florina.

"Thank Thee, God. Good God, I thank Thee," cried the uncultured woodman, dropping on his knees for a second, breathing heavily, throwing his cap to the ground, and raising his hands and his eyes upward. In a second more he was upon his feet prising the lid of the coffin open with a large screw-driver.

Master Tretton, recovering from the consternation into which the sight of this scene had plunged him, now awoke to activity. Pushing the sleeves of his cloak backward over his arms so as to give them freedom, he descended on tip-toe with the action of a person afraid of waking a sleeper, and, walking across the vault to Joseph, touched him softly upon the arm and whispered rather than spoke.

"Has the Lord pitied our sorrow, Joseph?" he said.

"Aye, Master Tretton, that He hev. Look, sir."

Joseph was in the act of lifting off the wooden lid of the coffin with such haste as though he had not a minute to live; and Master Tretton, glancing round the sturdy figure of the woodman, saw the face of the supposed dead Florina looking at him out of a pair of bright eyes as blue as the blue sky overhead.

"Oh! Florina, Florina," burst in almost a woman's soft-hearted cry from the pent-up breast and quivering lips of the good old man. "And oh! my loyal guard," he added, turning to Joseph Wand, who was wrenching away the obstacles to Florina's removal from her uncouth position, as if the girl's life even now depended upon the quickness and dexterity of his action, "how blessed of God you are to have been the instrument chosen to save the life of this flower!"

"I be, Master Tretton, sir," responded the woodman, the damp sweat standing in large beads upon his brow. "But her inna out on the wood yet. Come, dear Missie, I'll raggle to bear thee as gently as thy own mother ever did, to Master Tretton's cot, and then I'll hev that good soul and thy feyther around thee in no time."

And he did.

Wrapped in blankets and rugs, brought by the willing hands of the Arden housewives, who had been aroused from their slumbers by Master Tretton, and were superintending with all their little, loving, comforting arts, the return to life of the sweet Florina, he bore her tenderly in his great strong arms out of the ancestral vault to the cosy parlour and warm wood fire of the school-house; and then with renewed life in his sturdy legs set off through the wooded lanes—with no fear of the boggart now—to Walsh House, there to bring to the sorrowing household the tidings of comfort and joy.

When daylight, appearing above the tops of the forest trees, scattered the darkness, and the sun rose like a great ball of fire burning in the bushwood, the valley of the old "Miry Den" presented an unusual sight to the peaceful woodlanders of Arden.

It was as though a fair had been organised in the stretch of forest scenery which covered the distance between Walsh House and the graveyard of St. Lawrence.

The news of the resuscitation of Florina had, even at that hour, travelled far and wide by such messengers as drovers, waggoners, and woodmen, moving from place to place in pursuit of their calling; and from Ribbonbridge, Berkswell, Ansley, Hockley, Hollyberry End, Hearsall Common, and other outlying districts, streams of excited people came pouring along, eager as a mob at a public

hanging, to gain every scrap of information about the extraordinary trance of Florina and the narrow escape she had of being buried alive.

In the evening of the day there was a painful sense of restrained excitement in the comfortable bar parlour of the "Boar's Head." All the woodmen from the dumbles near and far were waiting, open-mouthed, to hear the talk of Joseph Wand—the brave, loyal guard.

Joseph, however, seemed in no consuming hurry to tell the story. He appeared, indeed, to have scarcely recovered from the perturbation which would naturally follow, even upon a constitution so physically robust as his, the adventure of the preceding night. He sat and smoked his pipe in a sort of brown-bread study, watching the tongues of flame creeping up the logwood in the grate, till the patience of his woodland companions was fairly exhausted.

They looked inquiringly into each other's faces, then into the immobile face of Joseph Wand, and finally one by one took their pipes from their mouths.

Inquisitive human nature could stand it no longer.

"Let's hear it, Joe lad," said one.

"Hey, do tell us all abouten it," cried another.

"Raggle to give us a bit on thy action," chimed in a third.

The host of the "Boar's Head" also thought that he, too, must put a spoke in.

"Hey, butties," he said, "the boy 'ull tell ye all abouten it when he's wetted his whistle, wunna ye, Joey lad?"

"Theer inna nout to tell, lads, as I can see," said Joseph in reply. "Ye all on ye knows as Miss Florina's come back to life agen, and right glad you be, I doubt, to know it. *I* hanna done much to speak on. The dear lass were only asleep, ye see, an' just 'appened to wake up when I were lookin' down on she i' the vault."

Immediate and prolonged silence followed these words. Nothing but the ticking of the grandfather's clock and the puffing of the woodmen's pipes could be heard in the lonely "Boar's Head." By that quick intuition existent even in uncultured minds all the men present there could tell that Joseph was disinclined to reveal to them the adventures of the night, and so they prompted him no further.

But a chance word from Richard Underwood loosened the tongue of Joseph Wand.

"Well, Joe lad," said the rubicund host, taking a long pull from a quart pot of ale before him, "'tis the bravest boy ye are in the Forest of Arden. I, ye know, hanna a fearsome chap meself; but

'ang me if I should hev cared to be guard. 'Tis said as the boggart haunts graveyard yon be-nights, and I should hev bin afeared of seein' 'en."

"I did see 'en," said Joseph, calmly.

"The boggart?" cried they all in suppressed voices.

"Aye, I did that," answered the sturdy woodman, with the bated breath usual with rural dwellers when superstition excites the mind. "'Twere the boggart as did it. If it hadna bin for she, that dear lass, Florina, would be i' vault now. Her—the boggart, ye know—come in shape of a owl an' flew down inter the vault; an' I, gooin' to look arter it, an' to send it out, seed Missie wi' her eyes open an' lookin' at me."

Master Tretton says it was the Lord's doings; but the woodlander persists in ascribing Florina's delivery from death to the Boggart of Arden, and that is the opinion entertained by all the woodmen of the Forest.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE FAUST LEGEND.

THE nations of Europe during the last hundred years have been exchanging benefits with one another by a closer and more friendly intercourse. The fruits of intellectual genius have become the property of the world. Their influence spreads, and the wider the seed is sown the greater and the more varied its produce. That which fails in one soil, succeeds in another. That which is small and insignificant in one climate, towers into lofty magnificence in one that is more genial. Such works as Shakespeare's required more than mere general culture and civilisation to be thoroughly understood and appreciated. The French mind during the eighteenth century was acute enough, polished beyond any mind in Europe, but it failed to grasp the meaning of the great dramatist. Voltaire, with all his cleverness, could see little but barbaric extravagance and disorder in one who stood so much by himself and neglected the traditions of the literary schools. And in our own country poetical taste was formed on such models as Pope and Gray, or at best Dryden and Cowper. It was a very mild enthusiasm which Shakespeare kindled. Much allowance had to be made for that which was reducible to no standard of dramatic propriety. Many regarded the plays as only plays, and they were dependent for appreciation on great actors and successful representation. But all that was changed by the rise of what is called the Romantic School. There was a new departure in literary criticism. The revolutionary excitement which stirred the mind of Europe into abnormal activity at the end of the eighteenth century broke the spell of the old classicism. The poetry which was called for at such a time was fired with a warmer imagination and drawn from a deeper source in human nature. As the poets were men of genius, so the critics judged the works of the past with more enthusiasm. In Germany the school of Lessing, and subsequently that of Weimar, with its greatest representative—Goethe—prepared the way for a much more

profound and genial study of our great poet, as indeed of all national poetry, and the development of a higher philosophy marvellously quickened and guided the development of criticism. German thought soon found its way into England. Coleridge and Carlyle interpreted for us the views of such men as Schelling, the Schlegels, Herder and Schiller and Goethe; and now they have become incorporated, to a great extent, with our own culture. Thus the nations help one another. The solidarity of the world is the guarantee of its unfolding perfection.

But Shakespeare wrote for Englishmen; no German can take the highest place as a critic of English plays unless English critics are wanting. There is an aroma about the national wit which the foreigner must miss. He may perfectly understand the meaning of the words, but he cannot attach to them the homely associations which to the native ear make more than half their force; nor can he feel the wonderful spell of the vocal sounds which genius alone knows how to use. But while the German can never supply the place of the English critic, it must be admitted that, with his wonderful industry and his philosophical acumen, he may help us to look further into the poet's mind. It is absurd to think that we know all that such a man as Shakespeare grasped in those comprehensive views of human nature which he evidently took. He was little versed, doubtless, in systems of thought. He never troubled himself about the controversies of the schools. He seldom uses language which implies much acquaintance with the generalisations of philosophers, though he had his eye upon the line of human progress. But a great mind like his can think without formulas; objectively, and with a symbolism which is almost as deep and large as Nature itself. Indeed, it is that marvellous power of sympathy with the universal spirit of Nature which enables a great poetic genius to throw out ideas which are dressed in the simplest and most familiar forms, and yet are ideas of the deepest philosophy. There is nothing out of analogy with the course of human progress in this. Among the ancients there were often great truths embodied in forms which those who used them were far from understanding at the time. Greek mythology handed on much to after-ages which Greeks themselves perhaps failed to appreciate. Moses surveys the Promised Land; Joshua takes possession of it. Shakespeare himself could not foresee all that his words would mean to us. He was a free, unconventional, large-hearted, loving man, who read the secrets of the world better than others, because he had not closed up the eye of his mind with prejudice or system. He loved his kind;

he believed in the reality and universality of Providence; he looked out on the facts of everyday life as all of them worthy of study because he believed in the divine plan of the world; boldly, and yet with a profound insight into the meaning of human life, he mingles together tragedy and comedy. His humour is no mere frivolity, his irony is no cynicism. His satire is free from all malignity. His philosophy is neither stoicism nor epicureanisn, neither idealism nor materialism; yet what a reach of thought there is in those sayings of reflection which abound in all his plays and poems, and especially in those which were published latest! This man must be able to teach us, for he evidently thinks, himself, not along any fixed lines, not at the feet, or in the train, of any master, but with his heart beating true to all mankind, with his eye open to the beautiful everywhere, and with an ear sensitive to every tone in the great harp of human feeling. It must strike every attentive reader of Shakespeare's later and more serious plays that he is himself grappling some of the mightiest problems of the world. And more than that, some at least of these wonderful productions—and the "Tempest" among the foremost—will convince us, when we look closely into them, that the bias of the poet's mind was towards an optimistic interpretation of the mysteries of existence. Benevolence beams through the chambers of Imagination, and lights them up as with the smile of God. There were times, no doubt, when Shakespeare, like his own Prospero, felt perplexed before the dreamlike character of everything in human history. It looked like "an unsubstantial pageant," which, when it was faded, "left not a rack behind." "My old brain is troubled," said the magician; and who is there that cannot sympathise with his complaint? who is there but has sometimes to "still his beating mind" in such a world? Yet the play, which begins with storm and "Tempest," ends with "peace and rest." The poet saw beyond his own ignorance, and, with the inspiration of a soaring intellect and a genial heart, anticipated the day-dawn of hope—the "little life" of dreams opening out into the larger world of unchanging reality and endless progress.

Passing from these general considerations to examine the particular play—the "Tempest"—which forms the subject of this paper, there are three characteristics of the play which it is desirable to point out for the purpose which we have in view. The first is that the leading person described in it is a magician, one who has given himself up, by seclusion from all public life, to the study of what he himself styles "the liberal arts," and who has obtained by such study a control of supernatural agencies and of the elements.

Next, we observe that under all the events and incidents of the play there runs the one idea of "divine Providence," and that the supernatural power of Prospero is not independent of the great cosmical order, but subservient to it; yea, unites and mingles with it. And then, lastly, the magician renounces all his magical powers at the end. They are only temporary, and when their purpose is fulfilled they are cheerfully laid down. "This rough magic," says Prospero in the fifth act,

> I here abjure; and, when I have required
> Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
> To work mine end upon their senses that
> This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
> Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
> And deeper than did ever plummet sound
> I'll drown my book.
>
> Act v. Sc. 1.

It has been thought by some critics that these lines refer to Shakespeare's intended retirement from his work of writing plays, but it is not consistent with the evidence of his other writings to suppose him introducing *personal* references into the characters of his plays. Rather we may suppose that such words are intimately connected with the fundamental conception of the "Tempest" itself, and are like the dismissal of Ariel, the "little airy spirit," to the elements, and the farewell which Prospero takes of him :—

> Then to the elements
> Be free, and fare thee well.

The idea which is intended to be conveyed is that of the "supernatural merging in the natural"—the "rough magic" of mere wonder-working being lifted up into the higher spell of love and moral order. The substance of the play, therefore, is the character of Prospero, who is possessed of supernatural power for a time, as the result of his devotion to study; but who lays down all that power under the influence of a great moral victory over his enemies, and who recognises, in the strange events of his own history, that "the just and benevolent rule of an all-wise Providence is more than all arts of magic and all intercourse with spirits."

Is not the key, then, to the whole problem of the "Tempest" that Shakespeare was under the influence of the Faust legend, which had not long before been pressed upon his attention by the appearance of Marlowe's "Tragical History of Doctor Faustus," the earliest edition of which was published in 1604? At that time the subject

of the Middle Age legend must have become quite familiar to all literary men. As Shakespeare was about the same age as Marlowe, and his personal friend and fellow-labourer in the drama, it is impossible to doubt that he read "Faustus"; and as the "Tempest" was probably published about 1611, there is a possibility at least that it was suggested by the earlier play. It was only the suggestion which was taken. The materials are very differently treated. The idea of Marlowe's production is exceedingly commonplace; it is, in fact, nothing more or better than the old legendary idea wrought up with some considerable force of language. "The Faust legend," says Miss Swanwick, in her able introduction to the translation of Goethe's "Faust," "was a continuation of the Magus legend, which arose in ancient times from the deification of the powers of Nature. In accordance with this conception, philosophers, who penetrated more deeply than ordinary mortals into the mysteries of Nature, were believed to be endowed with supernatural powers, and were regarded with veneration as wonder-workers, or magi. With the advent of Christianity the divinities of the ancient world were transformed into demons, and became associated in the popular imagination with Satan, hence under its influence magic became invested with a diabolical character, and was reprobated as a league with the powers of evil; at the same time the Church, being more potent than hell, could, it was supposed, offer an infallible antidote to its machinations. This power was forfeited at the Reformation, when the Pope, in accordance with the Protestantism of the age, was regarded as Antichrist; the Church, divested of its sacred character, could no longer offer a refuge to the votary of magic, and hence the bond-slave of Satan at the expiration of the appointed term inevitably became his prey; thus in the sixteenth century a profoundly tragical character was impressed upon the mediæval legend, which was also modified by the Renaissance." Marlowe's was not the mind to deal with such materials in anything like a new spirit. But he made familiar to English readers the idea of traffic with supernatural agents. He seized also the general moral aim of the legend. He connected power with intellect. He taught the danger of profound study without reverence, under the influence of pride and ambition. The magician, Dr. Faustus, renounces divinity with every other wholesome pursuit, worships the Devil for what the Devil can give him, and becomes the victim of his own arts. The following lines from Marlowe will illustrate the scope of the whole play.

Faustus, soliloquising, says:—

Divinity, adieu !
These metaphysics of magicians
And necromantic books are heavenly ;
Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters ;
Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.
O what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, of omnipotence,
Is promised to the studious artizan !
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command : emperors and kings
Are but obeyed in their several provinces,
Nor can they raise the wind or read the clouds
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man ;
A sound magician is a mighty god :
Here, Faustus, tire thy brains to gain a Deity.
Act i. Sc. 1.

Shakespeare's Prospero is a different conception altogether from Marlowe's Faustus. The names are similar, for the meaning seems the same—prosperous, successful. But in the "Tempest" nothing is borrowed from the old Faust legend except the simple suggestion of study giving supernatural power, through the medium of astrology and magic. But Shakespeare lifts up this familiar mediæval conception into a higher moral sphere. Prospero is no mere selfish wonder-worker. He is not a presumptuous, lawless trafficker with evil spirits. He is a large and liberal minded man, of lofty intellect and noble moral aims, taken advantage of, at first, by the corrupt world around him, maltreated by schemers and plotters, to whom his studious ways and gentle manners afforded opportunities for mischief ; but, like every really good man, vindicated and rewarded at last by divine Providence. The great lesson of Shakespeare's play is "Providence supreme." His own skill and power over supernatural agents by themselves would never have saved Prospero, delivering his enemies into his hands and restoring him to power as a duke. The magic of his intellect is blended with the loftier magic of an overruling destiny, which guides the course of the vessel on the waves and which brings to a peaceful and happy issue the "tempest" of human affairs.

At the same time, while Shakespeare discards the rough materials of the old legend, he borrows help from it in the machinery of his drama. Prospero makes a league with the "little airy spirit" to serve him for a time for the reward of his emancipation. He is himself an astrologer, wears a "magic garment," and calls his power the power of his "art," a "prescience" by which he is able to read his

fortune "in the stars." "I find," he says, in the second scene of the first act, "my zenith doth depend upon a most auspicious star,

> whose influence
> If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
> Will ever after droop.

Miranda is put to sleep by magical influence, and Prospero, like Faust, calls his familiar spirit to his aid :—

> Come away, servant, come ! I am ready now.
> Approach, my Ariel : come !
> (*Enter* ARIEL.)
> ARIEL. All hail, great master ! Grave sir, hail ! I come
> To answer thy best pleasure ; be't to fly,
> To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
> On the curled clouds, to thy strong bidding task
> Ariel and all his quality.
> Act i. Sc. 2.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" was written some years before the "Tempest," at a time when the Faust legend had not been introduced to the English public by Marlowe. There is nothing of the conception which runs through the "Tempest" in the mere playful dreamland of the earlier production. In "Macbeth," however, there is distinct allusion to witchcraft and traffic with supernatural agencies, but "Macbeth" may have been written subsequently to the "Tempest." The story of Prospero gathers about the one centre, his character as a magician. He is not a mere Dr. Faustus : he represents pure, intellectual aims, united with an unselfish nature and benevolent disposition. His wife was a "piece of virtue." The princess, his daughter, is the loveliest embodiment of innocence and purity in the whole of dramatic literature. Can we doubt that Shakespeare intended to set Prospero over against Dr. Faustus, using some of the same elements to portray a totally different character, the student of Nature and her secrets winning power to himself, and yet using that power to punish injustice and to establish peace? Thus learning and science would be surrounded with an ægis of reverence, and the minds of men would be led away from foolish superstitions and cowardly fears of human progress to a healthy trust in an overruling Providence and the supremacy of the moral world. A charming sweetness and serenity reigns through the whole drama, a recognition of Heaven and of that blessing which "alone causeth to prosper," and of the superior enchantments of natural beauty and innocence. Marlowe's production is inflated and artificial, full of fire and brimstone, and of the earth earthy; Shakespeare's "Tempest" is ethereal and ideal. The characters in the "Tempest" are original,

and some of them, such as Prospero himself, the Prince Ferdinand, and Miranda, the magician's daughter, suggest at once by their beauty and elevation that the intention of the piece is not so much to represent realities of the world as ideas and aims. The end is brought about by supernatural means, but it is peace, forgiveness, and universal happiness. Little Ariel will henceforth "fly after summer merrily":—

> Merrily, merrily shall I live now
> Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
> Act v. Sc. 1.

Prospero returns to Milan a victor, but "every third thought shall be his grave." The Epilogue seems to cast a hue of diviner purpose over the whole; Prospero speaks it, and talks of Prayer and Forgiveness and Mercy, as though he would draw aside the curtain and invite us to look away from the earthly stage to scenes beyond

It can scarcely be doubted, then, that optimism of the highest kind is the leading idea of the "Tempest." The villainy and corruption of the world, the sufferings of the innocent, the successes of the wicked, are in the foreground. But "Providence divine" rules all these things. The air is cleared at last. Heaven smiles above us. We go back from the enchanted island to the common world, with its kings and queens, its evil counsellors and good counsellors, its drunken butlers and rebellious barbarisms, full of the thought that, after all, the greater power on earth is that which Prospero wielded—the power of unblemished Innocence and forgiving Magnanimity: "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

These suggestions as to the meaning of the "Tempest" will be best confirmed, however, by giving a closer attention to the language of Shakespeare himself. The character of Prospero, we have observed, is a main point. How is that character brought out? We are, at first, somewhat prejudiced against the magician by the shipwreck, which is evidently wrought through his magical arts. Miranda's tender pity for the sufferers suggests the hardheartedness of her father who has caused them:—

> O, the cry did knock
> Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perished.
> Had I been any god of power, I would
> Have sunk the sea within the earth or e'er
> It should the good ship so have swallowed and
> The fraughting souls within her.
> Act i. Sc. 2.

But it must be remembered that women, with their gentle nature and with their readiness to feel acutely and passionately, are but

inadequate critics of great actions and events. They are prone to look at everything only through personalities. Prospero soon assures us that we must not always "judge by the appearance, but judge righteous judgment":—

> Tell your piteous heart
> There's no harm done.

Not only are we relieved by the evident safety of the shipwrecked people, but Prospero himself at once appeals to our sympathy; we see what kind of a man he is in the intense affection for his beautiful daughter which he expresses:—

> I have done nothing but in care of thee,
> Of thee, my dear one! Thee, my daughter!

This is evidently no mere selfish magician who is aiming at wealth and worldly power. He is a tender-hearted man, full of noble qualities. He is every inch a duke, though "master" only "of a full poor cell," and his nature is seen through all his speech. He must have often been tempted, in the loneliness of the island, to tell Miranda who he was, but with the self-control of a great mind he held back the secret till the hour was come:—

> Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
> Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
> A prince of power.

He had begun to tell her time after time,

> but stopped,
> And left her to a bootless inquisition,
> Concluding, "Stay, not yet."

This Duke of Milan, when he was in full possession of his "signiory," which was "reputed the first in dignity," gave himself up to the study of "the liberal arts."

> The government I cast upon my brother
> And to my state grew stranger, being transported
> And rapt in secret studies.

The treacherous deputy,

> having both the key
> Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state
> To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
> The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
> And sucked my verdure out on't.

The studious recluse,

> neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
> To closeness and the bettering of my mind,

was an easy prey to the false brother:—

> Me, poor man, my library
> Was dukedom large enough.

But though he was guilty of a great folly in resigning his state, he was too noble and good to be forgotten by his people. The conspirators dared not to "set a bloody mask on the business." They "painted their foul ends with fair colours." What a revelation of the good man's soul is that description of the cruel desertion of the father and his child to

> A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigged,
> Nor tackle, sail, nor mast ; the very rats
> Instinctively had quit it.

The father's heart was not crushed in him by the brother's cruelty. After he has described, with a lovely tenderness, the very waves and winds, touched with pity for the forlorn creatures at their mercy, "doing them but loving wrong," Miranda, with her beautiful simplicity and love for her father, cannot help thinking of the burden she must have been to him :—

> Alack ! what trouble
> Was I then to you !

There is not a more exquisite touch of Nature in all Shakespeare than in the reply which Prospero made to his cherished child :—

> O, a cherubin
> Thou wast that did preserve me ! Thou didst smile,
> Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
> When I have decked the sea with drops full salt,
> Under my burthen groaned ; which rais'd in me
> An undergoing stomach, to bear up
> Against what should ensue.

It was by no magic arts, by no mere blind chance, that they were preserved. Miranda asks, "How came we ashore ?" and her father answers without a moment's hesitation, "By Providence divine." He recognises the hand of Providence not only in their rescue from the watery grave, but in all the appointments of their lot.

> Some food we had and some fresh water that
> A noblĕ Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
> Out of his charity, being then appointed
> Master of this design, did give us ; with
> Rich garments, linen stuffs and necessaries
> Which since have steaded much ; so, of his gentleness,
> Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me
> From my own library with volumes that
> I prize above my dukedom.

Left with his child on a desert island, Prospero is no mere idler, nor does he bury himself in mere magical studies. He is schoolmaster to his beautiful daughter, and, as he says to her,

made thee more profit
Than other princess' can that have more time
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

Another indication of the Duke's character is his method ot dealing with Caliban. He says to the

abhorred slave
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill. I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known.

There is evidently a deeply religious vein in Prospero. Not only does he do homage to the Providence which has watched over him and his fair child, but when he discovers his true intents to Ferdinand and resigns his beloved charge to the young prince's affection, he speaks with a solemn gravity which shows how lofty and noble are his thoughts :—

If I have too austerely punished you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live, whom once again
I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations
Were but trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test; here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand!
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her.

He must have "all sanctimonious ceremonies with full and holy rite ministered." And the bridal masque which is performed by Iris, Ceres, Juno, and the nymphs and reapers, represents this hallowed feeling of Prospero's own nature as he looks on the celebration of a "contract of true love." As Ferdinand describes it :—

This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly.

Heaven and earth are significantly mingled in the masque—"The highest Queen of State, Great Juno, and the temperate nymphs and sunburnt sicklemen encountering the fresh country lasses in the dance," coming from the furrow with their "rye-straw hats out on."

When the enemies are all by Ariel's aid brought into the

magician's power, there is nothing but gentleness and goodness in his nature. Ariel says :—

> Your charm so strongly works them
> That if you now beheld them, your affections
> Would become tender.
> PROS. Dost thou think so, spirit?
> ARIEL. Mine would, sir, were I human.
> PROS. And mine shall.
> Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
> Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
> One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
> Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
> Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
> Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
> Do I take part: the rarer action is
> In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
> The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
> Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel.
> My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
> And they shall be themselves.
>
> Act v. Sc. 1.

The simple majesty of the concluding scene is in harmony with all that has gone before. As Prospero stands before the whole company of forgiven enemies, in his "hat and rapier," and therefore no longer unrecognised, but as he once appeared to them long ago, and as they are wondering at all the mystery of their escape, and bewildered with the enchantments of the island, he opens his heart and his arms to them :—

> Behold, sir king,
> The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero.
> For more assurance that a living prince
> Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
> And to thee and thy company I bid
> A hearty welcome.
>
> Act v. Sc. 1.

In the midst of all the natural pride of conscious victory, gratitude to one who has helped him is the first emotion of his heart. "First, noble friend," he says to old Gonzalo, to whom he owed so much, "let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot be measur'd or confin'd." Even of the traitors upon whom he could "pluck his highness' frown," he "will tell no tales."

> For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
> Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
> Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
> My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
> Thou must restore.

Caliban is left in possession of his island and Prospero's cell,

which he is enjoined to 'trim handsomely," and feels a moment's compunction for his bad manners as he receives the gift :—

> Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter
> And seek for grace.

Barbarian as he is, he has sense enough to see, now that he is sober, that he has been made a fool of by drink and done homage to a greater fool than himself:—

> What a thrice-double ass
> Was I, to take this drunkard for a god
> And worship this dull fool!

Prospero is no sordid worldling. To him a dukedom is nothing compared to higher things. When he has reached Naples and seen the nuptials of his "dear beloved solemnized," he will retire to his

> Milan, where
> Every third thought shall be my grave.

Such is the character which forms the substance of this remarkable drama. It is ideal in the best sense. We cannot doubt that it was, as Shakespeare's conception, the conception of a man who had lived much in the world but was given to deeper thoughts. He was not playing with his own fancies. He was not calling in the supernatural, as in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," to supply him with ample scope for a poetic imagination to indulge its most airy and lovely flights. He was revolving the deepest problems of human life; he was, like his contemporaries, thinking of a new world, not an enchanted island in the western ocean, not a dreamland of fairies, but a realisation of the great purposes of what he calls "Immortal Providence," which, if it should people this earth with Prosperos and Gonzalos, and the songs of the heavenly quires should surround the union of such lovely beings as Ferdinand and Miranda, would bring back a lost Paradise. "Shakespeare," says Professor Dowden, in his excellent "Literary Primer," "is like his own Prospero. In these romances and fragments Man does not strive with circumstance and with his own passions, in darkness; the gods preside over our human lives and fortunes, they communicate with us by vision, by oracles, through the elemental powers of Nature. Shakespeare's faith seems to have been that there is something without and around our human lives of which we know little, yet which we know to be beneficent and divine. Having ascended out of the turmoil and trouble of action, out of the darkness and tragic mystery, the places haunted by terror and crime, and by love contending with them, to a pure and serene elevation, it will be felt that the name 'On the heights' is neither inappropriate nor fanciful as applied to the last period of his work."

Passing from the character of Prospero himself, there is the same significance in the peculiar kind of supernatural agency which Shakespeare employs in this play. It is a *supernatural* which at the same time is *natural.* We have glimpses in the story of Caliban of another kind of beings who are only mentioned to be banished into the darkness. Ariel is a beautiful conception—a kind of earth-spirit mingling with the elements. Prospero's celebrated farewell to the whole company of beings with whom he has been for a time holding communion—"weak masters," as he calls them—breathes such a fresh feeling of rural simplicity that we feel almost tempted to wish that such a power were not laid down.

> Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,
> And ye that on the sands with printless foot
> Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
> When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
> By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
> Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pastime
> Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
> To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,
> Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimmed
> The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
> And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
> Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
> Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
> With his own bolt; the strong-bas'd promontory
> Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up
> The pine and cedar: graves at my command
> Have waked their sleepers, op'd, and let them forth
> By my so potent art.
>
> Act v. Sc. 1.

Strange that one who had such powers should not have delivered himself and his daughter from the desert isle! But these supernatural gifts are all subordinate to the great moral aim which keeps the good man waiting for the hour when justice can be done and Love shall be declared supreme. It is impossible to doubt that the incidents and characters of the play are ideal. The shipwreck itself, although it is so vividly brought before us, is scarcely a real shipwreck. The art of the magician has controlled the violence of natural forces. As Prospero assures his daughter—

> The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touched
> The very virtue of compassion in thee,
> I have with such provision in mine art
> So safely ordered that there is no soul—
> No, not so much perdition as an hair
> Betid to any creature in the vessel
> Which thou heardst cry, which thou saw'st sink.
>
> Act i. Sc. 2.

A supernatural shipwreck indeed, which should at the same time present such an appearance of ruin and yet be in reality so harmless!

When Ariel describes his part in the catastrophe, we are in the world of dreams. As Prospero says :—

> Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
> Would not infect his reason?

The "Tempest," in fact, is Ariel's tempest, a fairy tempest.

> PROS. Hast thou, spirit,
> Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee?
> ARIEL. To every article.
> I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
> Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
> I flam'd amazement. Sometimes I'd divide
> And burn in many places; on the topmast,
> The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
> Then meet and join; Jove's lightnings, the precursors
> O' the dreadful thunderclaps, more momentary
> And sight-outrunning were not. The fire and cracks
> Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
> Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,
> Yea, his dread trident shake. Not a soul
> But felt a fever of the mad and play'd
> Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
> Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
> Then all afire with me; the king's son, Ferdinand,
> With hair up-staring—then like reeds not hair—
> Was the first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell is empty,
> And all the devils are here."

And yet in the opening scene there is nothing of all this magical element, but simply a ship going to pieces in a storm. Ariel, when he is introduced after Prospero has announced his own power as the prime mover in the whole scene, throws a new air of fancy round the events, and leads us away from the common ground of fact into the region of the ideal. We are not allowed to locate these events, for there is a delightful unreality in the whole story. We are now in a deep nook in the "still-vexed Bermoothes," and in the next sentence we are on "the Mediterranean flote, bound sadly home for Naples." The island itself seems an idealised reminiscence of the Bermudas, recently discovered. In 1610 there was a pamphlet published by Jourdan, with the title "The Discovery of the Bermudas or Devils Island," with an account in it of a memorable storm, in which Admiral Sir George Somers, who sailed for Virginia with nine ships, lost some of his fleet and was driven out of his course. "The ship had sprung a leak; the sailors, exhausted with working the

pumps, had fallen asleep, having already taken leave of one another, when Somers saw land, and the vessel was hastily jammed in between two rocks; they found the island uninhabited and the air mild, the land remarkably fruitful. These islands had hitherto been thought enchanted, and on account of the storms, which Somers also alludes to, Sir Walter Raleigh (1596) had given them a bad name." [1] We can scarcely doubt that, as Shakespeare distinctly introduces the locality of the Bermudas and places his enchanted island there, he had been influenced by Jourdan's pamphlet. But it is no more than the suggestion which he uses. The whole working-out of the scenery is ideal, and indeed is a strange mixture of heterogeneous elements, which shows that the poet is not dealing with facts, but simply clothing his thoughts with an imaginary garb for the purposes of his play as a whole. In the same island we have pines and oaks, wolves and bears, fresh springs and brine pits, toads, beetles, bats, berries and crabs and pignuts, jays' nests and marmosets and "young scamels from the rocks," urchins or hedgehogs, and adders, apes and hounds, watchdogs and chanticleers, "tooth briers, sharp furzes, pricking gorse and thorns," running streams and standing pools, a medley, indeed, which almost justifies the mockery with which Antonio and Sebastian try to put old Gonzalo out of countenance. "The air breathes upon us here most sweetly," says Adrian to the King; and Sebastian retorts, "As if it had lungs and rotten ones"; and Antonio adds, "or as if it were perfumed by a fen." "Here," says old Gonzalo, determined to comfort the shipwrecked King, "here is everything advantageous to life." "True," says Antonio, "save means to live." "Of that," continues Sebastian, "there's none or little." "How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!" exclaims Gonzalo. "The ground indeed is tawny," is the reply, "with an eye of green in it." But it is an enchanted isle, as Caliban says :—

full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

There is the same mixture of the real and the ideal in the conception of Caliban. Some have thought the name is only an anagram for Cannibal, and that Shakespeare was alluding to the treatment of

[1] See Gervinus's *Commentaries*, translation, p. 788.

savage races, which would naturally be suggested by the many discoveries made by voyagers about that time. But Caliban is not a mere savage; he is "a freckled whelp, hag-born." His mother, Sycorax, a blue-eyed hag, was banished from Argier "for mischief manifold and sorceries terrible, to enter human hearing." The god Setebos has had to do with this wandering offspring Caliban. Hence there is in him a strange mixture of the human and the supernatural. The poet Browning has taken advantage of these hints, and in his wonderful conception in "Caliban on Setebos; or, Natural Theology in the Island," the mind of the creature, half man and half demon, working alone in his wretched imprisonment under the power of Prospero upon the origin of things, he has embodied the crude searchings of the unformed intelligence of man on the mysteries of the Godhead, "letting the rank tongue blossom into speech." Shakespeare has drawn, not a merė monster, but a creature in which there is "no point of goodness" and which is "capable of all ill," and yet, when he was stroked and caressed and made much of, loved his master and showed him all the qualities of the isle; easily made a drunkard by the contact of drunkards, and yet with wit enough to see, when he was sober, that he has been made a "thrice-double ass" by drink. He is not without subtlety and craft, and there is a touch of simplicity in his delight in the productions of the island and his admiration for the beauty of Miranda, which reveal a human intelligence and soul beneath his animal coarseness and unsightly exterior. He has had his thoughts about Prospero, and has formed his own theory in his muddled brain as to his power over the spirits. When he is plotting with Stephano and Trinculo to destroy his master and get possession of the island, he utters his thoughts which had been seething in his brain under all his miseries; he is no mere savage, but a mixture of the human and the demoniacal.

> Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
> I' the afternoon to sleep: then thou mayst brain him,
> Having first seiz'd his books, or with a log
> Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
> Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
> First to possess his books; for without them
> He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
> One spirit to command: they all do hate him
> As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
> He has brave utensils—for so he calls them—
> Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
> And that most deeply to consider is
> The beauty of his daughter; he himself
> Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,

> But only Sycorax, my dam, and she;
> But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
> As great'st does least.
>
> Act iii. Sc. 2.

This extraordinary conception of Caliban seems to be by no means out of place in the enchanted island, and side by side with such an ideal character as Prospero's. Is it too much to suggest that the germ may be found in this strange mixture of the earthly and the supernatural under the complete control of the magician, of the idea of the "earth spirit," afterwards developed by Goethe in the subtle form of Mephistopheles? Whether this be so or not, we may at all events recognise the suitability of Shakespeare's conception with the use of the Faust legend. He evidently intended to represent the power of Prospero's arts as extending in two different directions, over the delicate spirits such as Ariel, and over the monstrous and savage powers which must be made to drudge in the meanest labours and kept in the lowest subjection because of their evil origin and intentions. The contrast between the two orders of beings, both under the same rule, is very striking. And yet they are in a sense both earth spirits. Caliban knows all the fresh springs of the island, and rejoices in its productions like a child of Nature; Ariel's highest idea of liberty is to live "under the blossom that hangs on the bough" and "fly merrily after summer." The one is subdued and controlled by all manner of torments and terrors; the other is a cheerful servant of his master, whom he loves and who loves him—"my delicate Ariel"—whom he sends forth to the elements to be free, as soon as his work is accomplished. Caliban, it is true, is not described as a spirit, but he is the offspring of a witch, and represents the monstrous side of earthly life. When we lose sight of him he is going to use the cell which Prospero vacates, and the companions assigned him in vicious, degraded human beings, and try "to be wise and seek for grace" by which his "disproportioned madness" may be changed and his shape grow less unsightly, while his comrades learn a new life with him, away from the temptations of the world in the island solitude. There is a Caliban side of human nature and of human society, and if we cannot bring to bear upon it a supernatural power like Prospero's, then it must be left to itself and it will die out before the advancement of the race.

There is only one other passage to which we would refer, but it has a special significance as showing that Shakespeare was not indifferent to the speculations in political philosophy which were engaging the minds of some of the greatest thinkers of his age.

Gonzalo, the old, wise, and faithful counsellor, tries to lure away the thoughts of the King from his distresses, by describing what he would do with such a clear board as an uninhabited island would give him. He reproves Sebastian for his cruelty in reminding the disconsolate father of the loss of his son and throwing all the burden of their disaster on his shoulders: "You rub the sore, when you should bring the plaster;" and then he lets loose his old tongue in a fanciful dream of a new commonwealth, reminding us of Sir Thomas More's "Utopia" and other imitations of Plato's Ideal Republic, which excited a very practical interest in days when a New World was being opened to the enterprise of a generation full of mental activity and heroic ardour.

> GON. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—
> ANT. He'd sow't with nettle seed.
> SEB. Or docks, or mallow.
> GON. And were the king on't, what would I do?
> SEB. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.
> GON. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
> Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
> Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
> Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
> And use of service, none; contract, succession,
> Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
> No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
> No occupation; all men idle, all;
> And women too, but innocent and pure;
> No sovereignty;—
> SEB. Yet he would be king on't!
> ANT. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.
> GON. All things in common nature should produce
> Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
> Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
> Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
> Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
> To feed my innocent people. . . .
> I would with such perfection govern, sir,
> To excel the golden age. And,—do you mark me, sir?
> ALON. Prithee, no more; thou dost talk nothing to me.
> Act ii. Sc. 1.

There were dreamers in those days who thought they would bring back "the golden age" by sweeping away the institutions of society and treating the world as though it were a desert island to be peopled with a new race; but Shakespeare had no sympathy with barren speculations—they were "nothing" in his view. He puts his Prospero in such a place, not because he believed in a mere abstract

idealism, but because he would show how the work of Providence mingled with the work of Man in his highest intelligence and in the exercise of his highest powers. The actual world and the ideal world are side by side in the "Tempest." Prospero's own misfortunes are the result of his mistake in keeping them separate. When he has obtained all that his deputed supernatural powers were capable of achieving for his restoration to his proper place in the world, he goes back to Milan to resume his functions as a ruler of men; his staff broken and buried in the earth, and his books drowned "deeper than did ever plummet sound;" but the great lesson of his life handed on to all future time—the real greatness and glory of Man is not in that which is added to him, but in that which is developed in him, by trust in Providence, virtues, brotherhood; "spirits to enforce, not to enchant," better than Ariels and the spirits of the enchanted island, such as will come to our relief from "despair," by "prayer," which

> Pierces so that it assaults
> Mercy itself, and frees all faults.

R. A. REDFORD.

MAN AND HIS WALKING-STICK.

PRIMEVAL man, though palæolithic, probably added to his resources in stone one of wood in the shape of a bough hacked from a tree or picked up as a windfall. He probably first pointed this as a weapon, then one day stuck the end into a stone with a hole in it, and thus had a hammer. In old age, if he were allowed to reach it, it probably occurred to him to lean on the stick. And the fashion still prevalent, we believe, among some savage tribes of making the *bouches inutiles* disappear by filling those of others with their possessors did not prevail. Perhaps it did. You can "hazard a wide solution," according to your own theories, about palæolithic man, and nobody can contradict you.

When we arrive at the age of civilisation, and thenceforward for many a century, the stick is the symbol, in various more or less elaborate forms, of authority—the *argumentum baculinum* the most potent of all and the most frequent.

However, the main object of this article is to glance at the walking-stick in its (comparatively) modern phase, at some of its curious fashions, and at a few of the walking-sticks which have become historic. Let us first look, however, from a socially philosophic point of view, at the evidence of character which a walking-stick nowadays shows. You will have ample opportunity in your next progress through any West End thoroughfare of verifying or disputing these conclusions. We say West End, because in the un fashionable and toiling quarters sticks, save with age, crabbed or otherwise, or callow but boisterous youth (which in certain streets appears to have returned to savagery), are rare. People have other things to carry, *e.g.* tools, parcels, baskets, provisions, and generally "portable property," and don't want walking-sticks.

The way in which a man carries his stick is proof of his manners, or want of them. And as the manners are the man (outwardly, at any rate), the deduction is easy. The man who has a habit of carrying his walking-stick horizontally under his arm, so that when he whisks round, which he constantly does to look behind him or

stare in shop windows, it hits anybody near him, is, equally with him who swings it round and round, an enemy of the human race. Not Piccadilly but Patagonia is *his* proper haunt, though he would soon get the nonsense knocked out of him *there.* He never apologises to anyone whom he hits, but glares and grunts, as if they were the aggressors and he the victim, if he is looked at remonstratingly. He is evidently of a selfish and brutal disposition, and his stick should be smashed, which we once saw done on a Sunday afternoon by a victim who was muscular and intrepid.

He who carries his stick hanging on his arm (the crooks at the top are ugly, but fashionable at this time) is at any rate inoffensive, if somewhat affected—probably a man of conventionalism, if not (like the recipient of a testimonial who gave it as a reason for merely saying "Thank you") "afflicted with a morbid desire for originality." The quasi-military man, who carries his stick over his shoulder as if it were a drawn sabre, is one whom it is well not to walk behind, for he has a trick of wheeling round, as if to reconnoitre his rear, and bringing his stick sharply into contact with the nearest head: "Why don't you get out of the way, then?" is his usual graceful apology. As for him who whirls his stick round and round by the handle, he is simply, in the streets of London, a dangerous nuisance, if not an idiot. But such a specimen is rare; he usually has so unpleasant an experience at an early stage of his career as suffices to tame him.

Thus much of the present. Returning to the past, we may probably be accurate in mentioning the sixteenth century as that in which the walking-stick became not merely a useful implement, but an article of fashion, dignity, and luxury. For ages before doubtless the stick used for walking was at a certain age common among all nations, but in the majority of cases only on account of the necessity implied in the riddle of the sphinx as to the animal that in the afternoon walked on three legs. With the Tudor days the stately walking-staff becomes the accompaniment of rank and of the sword. It is a symbol of authority as well. Thenceforward we find it growing in fashion. In the seventeenth century it is gold-headed and made of rare woods. It is a sign of leadership. Thus, to take one of its latest and unworthiest instances, that remarkable old patriot, Simon Lord Lovat, ere laying his crafty grey head on the block with *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori* on his plausible lips, delivers his staff, as symbol of authority over the clan, to his nearest of kin.

For a long period there was little variety among Englishmen in the material used for the majority of walking-sticks. The "oaken

towel," as it was pleasantly termed when an enemy was to be "rubbed down," shared popularity with the crabtree cudgel, which, among rural folk especially, was much valued, and classic from the conflict in *Hudibras*, when

> With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
> Hard crabtree on old iron rang.

Classic, too, is that stout oaken stick which sturdy Dr. Johnson, who, like Knox, "never feared the face of living man," provided himself with when he went to the pit of the little theatre in the Haymarket in full view of Foote, who had announced his intention of "taking him off" on the stage—an intention which, in view of the stick, he did not carry into effect. There is a classic crabtree, too, which was used by Smollett's "Uncle Bat." These sticks, oak and crabtree, were those carried by the majority, especially in the country, throughout the seventeenth and a large part of the eighteenth century. But in London and the circles of fashion the cane was, during the latter part of the seventeenth and all the eighteenth century, the only wear. Every *beau* was

> Justly vain
> Of the nice conduct of a clouded cane;

and it was, as a general rule, only used as an affectation, even as the patches were by the *belles*. In the *Tatler* there are various allusions to this phase of fashion, and the subsequent pictures of Hogarth show how accurately he hit off the characteristics of the day. Thus, in the number for October 6, 1709, it is observed that "a cane is part of the dress of a prig" (this, by the way, shows the erroneous notion prevalent that "priggishness" is a modern word), "and always worn upon a button, for fear he should be thought to have an occasion for it or be esteem'd really and not genteely a cripple." In the number for November 18 a rural squire in town is sketched who is the prototype of one of the pavement nuisances I have already described. "His arms naturally swang at an unreasonable distance from his sides, which, with the advantage of a cane that he brandished in a great variety of irregular motions, made it unsafe for anyone to walk within several yards of him." And under date of December 5 there is an amusing sketch of "a lively, fresh-coloured young man" who was among the applicants to Isaac Bickerstaff's Court of Censorship for licence to use "canes, perspective glasses, snuff-boxes, orange-flower waters, and the like ornaments of life." This young man had his cane hanging on his fifth button, and was "an Oxford scholar who was just enter'd at the Temple." He argued that he could do as he liked with his cane, provided he did not break the peace with

it. "That he never took it off his button unless it were to hold it over the head of a drawer, point out the circumstances of a story, or for other services of the like nature," which shows that the eighteenth-century stick-flourisher had some habits foreign to his modern successor. The elaborate nature of the fashionable cane is shown by the description of that of another applicant, also described as a "prig," who asserted that a great part of his behaviour depended upon it, and that he did not know how to be good company without "knocking it on his shoe, leaning one leg upon it" (this is a modern instance), "or whistling with it in his mouth." This cane was "very curiously clouded, with a transparent amber head, and a blue riband to hang it upon his wrist," and the Clerk of the Court was ordered to "lay it up and deliver out to him a plain joint headed with walnut."

As the eighteenth century went on, a remarkable development of walking-sticks marked its progress. Johnson, Goldsmith, and their compeers deemed a good stick, it has been said, as necessary as a coat. The umbrella, the modern Londoner's necessity, was very rarely seen. It took a long time to wear down the general ridicule poured on its first specimen carried by Jonas Hanway at the end of the preceding century; and the stick was indeed as great a necessity, for the footpad abounded in the ill-lighted, policeless London of the last century, when, returning from various places like Sadler's Wells, pleasure seekers had to be escorted by patrols. The mob, too, was always ready for an uproar, and a knowledge of single-stick was an advantage and a common accomplishment, while displays of it by professional artists at Hockley-in-the-Hole (the site of which an old public-house and its yard now occupy, so far as we know) were as popular amusements as are football matches now.

But there was one sort of walking-stick which became for a time immensely popular—that carried behind ladies of fashion, painted, patched, and hooped, by their footmen. It would be difficult to persuade Jeames de la Pluche to carry one now, whatever the inducement of wages and perquisites. It resembled the modern footman's carriage-cane in length, being six feet high, but in nothing else. Various woods were used—as, for instance, an elm sapling, in which the natural excrescences were taken advantage of. In parts they were painted and gilt. Huge knobs formed their tops, and these were carved into heads of grotesque kinds. Each of them was selected, if possible, with natural excrescences along the stem. These were carved into smaller heads, and glass eyes were added, the whole effect being, as far as possible, terrorising. Early in the century there were Mohocks, later on footpads, who had no idea of chivalry,

and looked on ladies as facile victims, in the one case of brutal sport, in the other of brutal robbery. Provided the footmen carrying them could and would use them, these huge sticks were weapons which might in either case be very effective.

With the Nabob era of the last century, when the returned Anglo-Indian who had shaken the pagoda tree with much effect, and came back to England with an immense fortune, a liver complaint, and a desire for a seat in Parliament, was a common character in novel and play, the bamboo cane or genuine rattan became a familiar object. Long ere that time, however, one class used long gold-headed canes as their professional adjuncts—the physicians. Popular tradition explained the elaborate gold heads as containing some potent prophylactic which the physicians kept to themselves. In the case of the running footmen who preceded the carriages of the wealthy in the seventeenth and the first half of the eighteenth century, and who performed remarkable feats of celerity, the long canes they carried did really have large hollow heads, in which were stimulants, certainly needed by themselves, these, too, on occasion (accidents being common on the majority of the roads, which were of the vilest till the end of the last century) being useful for others. With the early years of the present century—the days of the Regency—we see from contemporary caricatures various whimsical fashions with the "bucks" and "dandies" of the time in the shape of walking-sticks—mostly of a very light description, much more for show than use—but with one new fashion, that of having a quizzing glass, as it was termed, set in the handle. Then, in the ridiculous attitude which he affected, his head thrown back by his enormous neckcloth into his high-collared coat, the dandy raised the handle of his stick to his eye and looked patronisingly at the beauties and the horses in the Row or Ring.

There are many phases of the French Revolution. One of them is that of sticks. The cane of the *ancien régime* was a dainty, fairy-like wand, which matched monseigneur's exquisite snuff-box and jewelled rapier. The vulgar cudgel was unknown to *nous autres*, though the rhapsodies of Rousseau in the woods, which he paints more as if they were scenic than actual ones, must have made him sigh for the stick cut from some bough by the honest rustic. When the Terror came—with its net of suspects, its delators, its deadly lists handed each night to grim-visaged Fouquier Tinville, its triumvirate dominated by the smartly dressed, bilious-eyed, cat-like man who was a greater despot than any of the kings whom the mad multitude tore from their tombs at St. Denis—the bludgeon came

too. It was significant. The band of shaggy-spencered, red-capped, wooden-shoed ruffians, whose cockades and profanities evidenced their patriotism, and whose main object was to guard the popular idol, Maximilien Robespierre, from being immolated by some whim of his devotees, were armed with big sticks which would fell like a bullock any citizen who ventured to think a *régime* of blood better fitted for Central Africa—then, indeed, an unknown and terrible region—than for civilised Paris, the (self-styled) " hub of the universe." Handling these bludgeons, the bodyguard of "the sea-green incorruptible" stood outside the door of his modest lodgings. They certainly would not use them as walking-sticks—the citizen of the Terror would have deemed anything of that sort a concession to aristocratic prejudices. But the point is this. The Ninth Thermidor comes. To the immense joy of the many millions the arch-fiend who was the idol of the fierce thousands who dominated by sheer terrorism on the one side, sheer lethargy on the other, the millions, is sent with his colleagues to that axe which the up-to-date Londoner may gaze on to-day at a famous exhibition, and which had sheared off hundreds of heads at his bidding, sometimes whole families, from the oldest to the youngest. Then comes the reaction, and the riot of the *jeunesse dorée* and the *incroyables.* These reproduce the bludgeon of the discomfited and savage Jacobins, but in shape of walking-stick. For you may use a walking-stick now; the signs of luxury and ancient associations are seen reappearing on every side. The walking-stick of the *merveilleux* or *incroyable* was a most remarkable thing. It was knotted and twisted, naturally or artificially, its thickness above suggesting the *sansculotte's* bludgeon, but tapering off at the lower end. Gaily decorated with coloured ribbons at the handle, this sort of walking-stick required "living up to," as *Punch's* æsthete said years ago of the blue china teapot. It matched the costume, the bright-coloured long swallow-tailed coat, the voluminous white neckcloth, the breeches with ribbons, the top boots, the frill and ruffles, and the enormous cocked hat. But the stick, despite its rococo appearance, suggested a combination between the savagery of the immediate past and the foppery of the immediate present, and was typical of the transitional state of Paris until the iron hand of the First Consul, already imperious, reticent, haughty, demeaning himself as master in every word and action, lifted France, as he truly said, from "the gutter," and made her feel that no despotism should be tolerated but his own.

The early years of this century in our own land were more distinguished, so far as contemporary prints, caricatures, and the like show, by the general popularity of the walking-stick than by that—

which marks the later portion—of the umbrella. The walking-stick of native woods, curiously carved about handle or head, rivalled bamboo and foreign canes, which soon became favourites with men of substance and mature age. Oak and hazel have always held their own. Holly was almost an equal favourite. The ground ash has constantly been used by country folk of all degrees having any association with horses or cattle. At one time it was fashionable in London *simplex munditiis*, just the plain supple elastic stick, but with gold band round the top to give it a mark of distinction. At present the hazel seems fashionable. Those who use it are not in the majority of cases, we surmise, aware of the magic lore always associated with the hazel and its nuts, as to which much might be written. Orange and lemon wood find favour with some. Curious sticks there are too, if this be not a "bull," made of huge cabbage stalks from the Channel Islands. The blackthorn has always found Ireland true to it, as the needle to the pole, while some part of Scotland likes the rowan. This is a tree of much magical legend. Twigs of it nailed on cowhouse or stable act as does the horseshoe elsewhere, and the herd boy or girl often carries a rowan stick with a bit of red thread attached, to ward off from the cattle the evil eye, warlocks, or witches.

The medical student's stick of the past generations—be it understood, those limned by Albert Smith—was of a kind peculiar to the budding members of the profession. Mr. Bob Sawyer and his compeers delighted in short pea-jackets with deep pockets, wherein reposed an equally short stick. This was by courtesy known as a walking-stick, but in reality should have been termed a wrenching-stick. Its chief use, according to tradition, was to insert in door-knockers and by a certain amount of leverage twist them off, to carry away as trophies of the wild hospital days. Also it was useful as a handy argument in a scrimmage; while carried in the pocket, the end sticking out, it gave a fast aspect to its possessor, which he prized in proportion to his youthfulness.

It will be noticed by those who study old prints of the last and seventeenth centuries that the walking-staff was nearly as high in many cases as the owner's head. This throws light on one social feature of the past which has been painted in the strongest language by, among others, Arthur Young, whose autobiography has lately been published—the infamous state of the roads. Ditches, gullies, ruts, and the like abounded, and in many cases the pedestrian had to leap across them. Then it was that the length of a tough and reliable walking-stick was of much value. It could be used as a

leaping-pole; also as a sounder of depth where water had to be forded. Of freaks in sticks many might be mentioned. We recollect seeing a most curious one made of iron and greatly prized by its possessor, the head consisting of miniatures of sovereigns past and present, accurately cast.

F. G. WALTERS.

CRIME, CRIMINALS, AND PRISONS.

LOOK back to the time of John Howard, who was born in 1726, and view the prisons of England as he saw them. Darkness as of night ruled there, a blackness not only physical, but psychical as well. The accommodation was bad, overcrowding everywhere, and the keepers of these pest-houses were ignorant men, frequently of a vicious nature, who made profit out of their unfortunate charges. The sole end and aim of a gaoler was to keep the prisoners in custody. It mattered little else what happened to them. The fever raged in the dungeons, and the corpses were daily thrown out into the passages. Men and women drank to desperation, cursed and swore, savagely assaulted each other even to death. But the keeper cared for none of these things, so long as he had their bodies living or dead. In life they belonged to him, and in death he would claim them, and make money out of the sale of the remains perhaps. A different view indeed unfolds itself to the inquirer of the present day, a prospect of comparative clearness and brilliancy. Prison serves its two-fold object, to detain and to reform, and this is the light of modern penology. The detention of a prisoner in practice involves certain definite rules which experience has taught. There must be a daily routine, an unwavering discipline which respects no individual, and a faithfulness in the carrying out of the same by the officials, unknown in most walks of life with the exception of military service, and this latter serves as a model upon which to build up penal rules. Hence we find in our English prisons, and in convict prisons in particular, a series of long-established codes, and to these latter the prisoner must bend or break. Everything must go like clock-work, or the complicated machinery will get out of gear ; and if it ever should do so, then the re-establishment of discipline is no easy task, as experience proves. Give the average prisoner one inch and he will almost certainly take an ell, which is but natural, after all, under the circumstances. Hence the existing prison rules are not the work of one year, but the outcome of many years' experience and study, of failures and successes, experiments and certainty. For

instance, it is undesirable to leave an unoccupied cell open and unlocked. Why? If no one is in it, why trouble to lock it? Experience teaches that an apparently empty cell, without any card on the door or other indications of occupation, may conceal some prisoner or prisoners desirous of mutual conversation, and such has happened in most large convict establishments in past years. The key and the locks in prisons are meant to be used, and to the mind of an inexperienced observer these precautions may seem unnecessary, whereas they are urgently demanded. Again, in convict prisons the men are searched rigorously every time they are paraded for labour, involving some four precautions daily. Caps and handkerchiefs are held out and the whole body is felt from shoulders to feet, the hands of the warders being pressed carefully against the person. If any concealed articles exist, a certain inequality would be perceptible and detection imminent. To trust a prisoner would be considered madness by any prison official of experience, hence observation does not cease when they are confined in the cells, and can be continued there by means of a spy-hole in the door. Surprise search visits are sometimes made, a tier of cells being taken and the contents thereof turned over, including its occupants. Many persons would consider that the top landings of a prison would naturally prove to be the safest, by reason of the height to be descended in case of attempted escape. Experience has proved the reverse to be the case, the topmost portions being far away from earshot and the observation of night watchmen. On the ground floor the prisoners are accessible and easily heard, whereas long-sentence men up aloft would necessitate a warder on every landing above the ground, a very expensive proceeding for night duty, and entailing an augmented staff. An escape did actually take place in a certain convict prison some years ago from a great height, thus proving the value of experience and the lessons to be learned therefrom. So much, then, for the acquisition of prison tactics, the result of some forty years' empiricism, and the certainty of safe detention under the modern system. Reformation in prison is quite another matter, and not so readily perfected. Every modern penologist must sooner or later come to the conclusion that in all penal institutions exist two great classes of men and women—a large class of which no permanent reformation can reasonably be expected, and a subsidiary division admitting of hopeful results. To the former class belong the professional criminals, to the latter the better sort of offenders, who, having been once under sentence, need no more punishment. Let us consider the "professional," who delights in crime. To explain

the persistency of criminal tendencies, various causes must be brought forward, and we now tabulate them as follows :—

(1) Heredity bears an important place. The children of criminal parents are frequently trained in criminal practices, and have a strong predisposition for crime, in the same degree that many children follow the profession of their parents when grown up and exhibit a strong *penchant* for the parental business or calling. The compulsory education of children may ameliorate this, but it often happens that the tendency towards crime is but elevated into more astute channels, rather than eradicated, the burglar's son becoming an expert coiner, forger, maker of false notes, and favouring technical branches of crime.

(2) Laziness and a hatred of honest work, the love of deception and studied deceit, make many hopeless criminals. Such do not err from lack of knowing a trade. A convict of the lazy type who has served a five years' sentence will emerge from prison the master of some trade, such as tailoring or boot-making, even printing and other useful handicrafts. Instead of working at a trade, and one to which he is well used, he lapses into robbery almost immediately, although regular wages may have been offered him through the agency of Mr. Wheatley's Mission. No, the man cannot work, and back he goes to prison, with some months of his ticket-of-leave to serve and a fresh sentence in addition. Such men make excellent prisoners in every respect, and as they make very bad citizens we cannot but come to the conclusion that the gaol is a very excellent home for them.

(3) A weak mind of the animal type is frequently met with amongst habitual criminals. The question is, How far are these men responsible for their actions? The answer is, that to a certain extent they are not responsible, but in ordinary matters of daily life they are. For example, a man will spend his whole life in fraud, generally of a specific nature, such as fraudulent advertisements, false agencies, and so on. The profit made is not so much the highest aim with such, as the intense love of deception and cheating the public. In some cases no money is made at all, the prisoner having private means, yet he defrauds right and left, with one apparent object, *i.e.* to deceive his fellow-creatures. The life of this man is like a pendulum, vibrating backwards and forwards between liberty and prison.

(4) The alcoholic craving accounts for many a confirmed criminal. Doubtless the tendency exists in a minor degree as belonging to all habituals, who make it a secondary part of their life, teetotalers

being rarely met with in criminal walks. But there is a large number of hopeless prisoners whose only idea of life is drunkenness at any cost. In such the craving makes the criminal, and as the drink cannot be obtained without money other means are resorted to, such as breaking into public-houses, robbing bar tills, stealing jugs and bottles from children sent out on such errands, dressing up as blind men, mutilated beggars crawling along the pavement, and other pleasantries so well known to the expert. Chewing a piece of soap and thus forming a lather to the simulation of epilepsy is a common fraud, and the profits all go to the publican. The alcoholic aspect is, however, very difficult of concealment, and the experienced observer well knows the pseudo-epileptic, the armless, legless cripple, and the unfortunate widow who with five children (all hired) parades the street in lamentation of woes.

(5) The professional burglars belong to a special class, stereotyped and exclusive, forming a community of their own. These men take a peculiar pride in their "profession," and a certain amount of union exists between its members. If a burglar is in trouble, his friends will pay for the defence, though they are not above betraying each other occasionally if circumstances require it. The receiver of stolen goods works hand in hand with these men, and without them the profits of the robberies would be small. It is difficult to state as to how far the love of excitement and adventure instigates the burglar to crime ; but that it plays an important part, of this there can be no doubt. To creep along house-tops in the dark, to mount ladders and lay wire traps for the upsetting of inmates should they run out to give an alarm, to screw up the doors of dressing-rooms and tamper with domestics, all these pursuits doubtless have their fascination to the criminal mind.

(6) A repudiation of all laws and rules fixed for the welfare of society largely adds to the criminal classes, who despise order and love anarchy, and in this way many men lapse into crime, Socialistic teaching assisting in this consummation to a certain extent. These, then, are the main causes resulting in the production of many criminals. Depreciation in wages and closure of works may add to the number, but these to a small extent. Vagrants are not included in our list as specifically felons, the class being too varied for discussion here. Now, the natural home of these men and women is the prison, and it is here that the greater part of life is spent.

Let us glance at an ordinary gaol, and see what goes on inside. Four walls and an outside gate, usually of iron, meet the visitor as he passes through this gate by means of a smaller door fitted into

the same. This is the porter's lodge on the other side of the great iron gates, and facing the latter are a second pair, thus cutting off the lodge from the prison very securely. The structural systems vary much, but most prisons possess a yard separating the interior prison or prison proper from the lodge. Then, walking through this yard, a pair of doors face the visitor, and passing through these the prison offices are seen on either side of a passage, and again a pair of doors have to be traversed before the interior prison or halls are reached, and it is here that the prisoners live. Escape seems impossible and impracticable, and the inmates are aware of this, and but rarely risk the loss of various privileges in diet and other matters. The whole building seems very quiet, very far removed from outside life, and silence prevails. With the exception of the new prison of Wormwood Scrubbs, the halls mostly join one another and are continuous, so that the whole interior is visible at one glance; but at the former establishment there are four separate sets of halls, vast in size and very light. It is but correct to state that in county gaols uniformity of structure does not universally exist, and that much variation is met with, especially in the case of the more ancient buildings. However this may be, a strict uniformity of discipline now holds, managed by the central authority at the Home Office, and to this every prisoner has to submit. Regular hours for all things (the exact minute being of great consequence here), regular methods of giving orders, regular allowances of food (weighed out and measured to a nicety), all this rankles in the breast of the novice, whilst to the habitual it offers no friction, perfect through practice. Turning to the convict prisons, we find the discipline still more severe and of a military order amounting to despotism. Here, it is not the individual but the mass, not the unit but the whole, which is under treatment. To an inexperienced observer the system may seem very harsh and merciless, but after many years of observation and practical hints obtained in the visiting of various prisons we do not think that the methods are more drastic than urgency requires. It is impossible for the public to realise adequately the savage characters which are congregated in every large convict establishment, and to remember or even know of the terrible deeds done by many such men before incarceration. It would horrify the average citizen to comprehend the code of morals practised by many criminals, to appreciate their value of human life, or their ideas of justice. It would shock (if not unnerve) many a respectable person to visit the homes of these men and see the way in which they live, especially in the common lodging-houses of the East End. Many

would hastily leave their investigations for others to pursue, and retire with the horrors of a nightmare upon them. And to what does this all lead, but to the inevitable existence of a small army of habitual criminals in the midst of our great city? It is said that the number diminishes yearly, and that crime is on the decrease. This may be partially true, but it is not even probably so, if certain facts are allowed for. It is to the increased efficiency of the detective department rather than to the casting away of evil that crime appears to be diminishing. The weaker type of criminals fear detection and dread conviction much more at the present time than formerly, and in this way *deterrence* acts, and it is to fear of punishment and years of martial discipline that we must look for any amelioration in the criminal records, rather than to moral improvement of a widespread nature. Much has been said, and much has been written on this point, but the main facts still remain as true as ever, that, in the majority of cases crime and criminal ways are practically incurable, from the causes mentioned on a previous page. The pertinacity of the criminal instincts, and a *materies morbi* which breeds crime, leads the observer to this conclusion, just as much as the tendency in many families towards consumption leads to premature decay and death. Sooner or later the question must be faced as to how far the legislature is justified in allowing many habitual criminals to pursue a course of felony, broken only by repeated convictions. Our lunatics are not released very easily, and the man or woman who undergoes many sentences should in like manner be permanently dealt with by unconditional detention. Take a common illustration of criminal persistency. *A*, born of criminal parents, finds himself at the age of forty-five undergoing his twentieth sentence for robbery of various kinds. There are five sentences of penal servitude recorded against him, viz. five years, seven years, five years, eight years and three years, besides shorter terms of hard labour, the first commencing when he was a boy of fifteen. In prison his conduct is good, outside of the gates he is a dangerous nuisance. This is no exceptional instance, but of common occurrence in the Scotland Yard practice, and these men appear again and again for their tickets of leave, having earned good marks in prison, thus entitling them to considerable remission of sentence in point of months. Our query is this, Why let out such men at all? Without bringing into force the maximum penalties, which are in many cases of felony life sentences, a special prison might be set apart for the prolonged detention of these hopeless cases, which are frequently the result of alcoholic craving and a weak mind. A new tariff of discipline might

be drawn up of a somewhat less severe nature than applicable to ordinary convicts, yet sufficiently rigorous to ensure definite labour, not stereotyped, but flexibly adapted to individual cases, the separate system being strictly enforced at all times, even in chapel, when conversation is carried on during singing and also at the time of general prayers.

The basis upon which we build our conclusions is this. Difficulty exists in accurately determining the relative degrees of insanity presented by various cases, and the question as to how far a man or woman is sane or otherwise constantly crops up in the world outside of prison gates. Given, therefore, a habitual criminal, the determination of sanity and responsibility is a vexed subject, and one to which just as much care should be given as to the ordinary citizen of honest habits who is upon the borderland of insanity. The frequent cases of insanity met with after conviction, and the removal of such to Broadmoor Criminal Asylum, goes far to prove this. At any rate, the man or woman who seems unable to live an honest life requires special attention, and not the rough-and-ready treatment met with in our assize courts. As to deterrence, the mere knowledge that a life detention would inevitably follow up a series of convictions cannot be lightly dismissed, and it would certainly tend to the elimination of criminals who pursue robbery and violence from a bestial love of the same rather than from a weakened intellect. Great attention is now given to the scientific methods of criminal identification, of Parisian origin for the most part. Why should not the same skill be brought to bear upon the diagnosis of crime, its origin, and probable causes? Pleas of insanity are commonly brought forward in capital charges, and with some reason. Why not also in cases of habitual crime, such as persistent and unprofitable thefts, unmeaning arsons, and alcoholic peculations? Thieves will often take infinite trouble to secure a trifling article, which may be of no value to them when acquired. Men in comfortable circumstances persist in cheating greatly to their own detriment. How far are such delinquents responsible?

A few words as to the Prison Bill recently before Parliament. This appears to be a reflection of some points specially insisted upon in the report issued by the last Prison Commission under the late Government. The Parliamentary discussions have touched upon such matters as prison dietary, classification of prisoners, education, and remission of detention by earning of marks in local prisons.

The Star Class system continues to give increasing satisfaction. Out of 2,183 male convicts there has been but 1 per cent. of re-

convictions, and on the female side re-convictions have been *nil*. The question of dietary scales is still debated. One point must not be lost sight of, however. A large number of "local" prisoners enter prison in a half-starved condition, and it would be most unwise to give a better diet inside prison than without, *i.e.* any marked luxuries which would teach the professional tramp, for instance, to prefer a local prison to the workhouse. A large number of tramps certainly avoid the casual wards, especially in the winter, and apparently prefer the prison, for it is warmer, and there is no exposure (in the casual yard) to the cold as when employed in breaking stones under the labour master of the workhouse.

The present drift of prison management is in the direction of moral persuasion, where possible, rather than mere detention and enforced labour. Time alone will show the success or otherwise of the Anglo-American school of penologists, but we trust that any advances made in this quarter towards rendering prison life more tolerable will be in the direction of evaluating the personal equation of each prisoner by a careful consideration of his previous social position, and adjusting the routine of discipline to meet each case, for that which is a terrible disgrace to one man may mean to another merely a little less food and an abstention from tobacco and alcohol.

G. RAYLEIGH VICARS.

MABEL'S LOVER.

"SHE" was not very "beautiful," nor even very young, but "he fell in love" so directly and completely that their latter-day justification of that simple and sufficient motive in the old-fashioned romances is perhaps worth the telling.

"He" was English by birth, but when quite a child he had been taken to India, and had there lived laborious days till he was not far off forty. He had inherited the right to a small partnership in a large business, and, had he possessed more capital, he would by this time have been admitted to a bigger share in the profits. As things were, his small inheritance and his small partnership together made up a fair income, enough to justify his fulfilling the wish of his life—to go to England and there to find a wife who would be willing to share his fortunes and to return with him to India for a few years before finally settling in their native land. Brought up in a counting-house atmosphere from his youth upwards, there was very little of the ideal about Max Merritt—nothing, perhaps, save the one desire to marry an English girl; and, seeing that his business needed capital, there was just this touch of practicality about his romance, that his search for the not impossible "she" was, as a matter of course, to be among his wealthy English connection. And one bright morning, accordingly, he took his berth on a P. & O., with plenty of letters of introduction as well as of credit in his pocket-book.

And the "she" who, unknown to both, was awaiting him was the only daughter of a distant cousin of the rich relatives. Her father had not been fortunate in business. His want of luck, as he liked to call it, was due, in truth, to no special fault of moral fibre, but he was one of those Micawber-like characters who "never are, but always to be blest," men who hope in the future and live in the present. He was happily, or perhaps one should say unhappily, rich in ideas, with the germ of success in some of them, but for the most part utterly impracticable, and all wanting time and money to develop. Grudging the one and lacking the other indispensable, he was yet ever cheerily confident and communicative to his many

friends on the good fortune that was coming, but which somehow never arrived. Living among people much better off than himself, too proud to accept help, and always fearing the hand of charity when it was often only the hand of friendship which was outstretched, Alan Baxter lost many an opportunity which more reasonable men would have utilised of improving his position, and to him and to his very charming wife, to whom he was devoted, it had been for many years a hard struggle to keep up appearances. The effort to educate and put out in life their two sons had been, if a difficult, a successful one, but Netta, the pretty, only daughter, to the secret disappointment of her mother, and to the open amazement of her father, remained unwooed and unmarried; and, what in these days is more remarkable, was still, at twenty-eight years old, in a struggling household, in the ranks of the unemployed.

Many a time during the last eight years an aunt or a cousin had suggested that "Netta might really earn something for herself." "Why!" Aunt Maria would remark in her convincing way, "the girl would really have more chance of attracting a husband if she dressed better; she might just as well earn a trifle by teaching her young cousins for a couple of hours a day, or by giving music lessons to that nice little girl of Lady Wilcox's. She heard her play at our house" (Aunt Maria's pronouns were not always as clear as her opinions), "and told me that she would be only too glad to engage her." But to all such offers Mr. Baxter turned a deaf and indeed an indignant ear, for he belonged to that antiquated and almost extinct type of men who hold that women of the gentle class should be maintained by men's labour, and that it is unbecoming for their daughters and sisters to enter the lists in competition for a living wage. And in this, as in most other matters, Mrs. Baxter agreed with her husband, nor can it be said that Netta herself was at all eager to second the kind intentions of her aunts. She openly shared her father's sentiments as to the unfitness of women for work and for wages; she had a great admiration for the Spartan-like spirit in which father and mother both buttoned up their coats over the poverty which knawed, but in her own case was content to let the Spartan spirit show itself in an amiable acceptance of such gifts as came in her way. Her allowance was undoubtedly scanty, and she might, as Aunt Maria said, have "dressed better"; but still her costumes were varied enough, and pretty enough to be a constant source of wonder and admiration to her unsuspecting father. "No one is so clever as my Netta," he would say when the girl would appear after the early supper, which took the place of dinner in Mrs. Baxter's economy, in

a turned silk, which looked new, radiantly ready for the ball or reception, from which she was seldom left out. Her mother was in the secret of the turned silks and the adapted blouses, and the retrimmed hats which the aunts provided; but she, kind soul, was too eager that her girl should share in some of the rightful enjoyments of youth to resent such gifts or to betray such secrets, and indeed lent glad help towards making them available.

Netta had plenty of attractive qualities, and indeed was not wanting in some sterling ones, though ultra-sensitive folks would insist that she was heartless. Trouble certainly sat lightly upon her, especially the troubles of others. To this extent she was decidedly altruistic. Her father's frequent financial difficulties, her mother's constant strain to make ends, seemingly most distant, meet, failed to cloud the almost monotonous sunshine of her disposition. Equally charming, and perhaps equally indifferent to old people and to young, she was a welcome guest in many houses, and no one could say that the pinched economy of her home or domestic cares of any sort interfered in the least with her serene enjoyment of perfect health. Really useful in brightening up a party or excursion, she was not only popular among girls, but a pleasant means to their mothers of "doing a little kindness to those poor Baxters." And seeing that Netta was wholly unendowed, and that the Baxters lived at Kilburn, there was no serious thought of any dangerous rivalry in her pretty face. Perhaps, even, as one after the other of the young circle was married, twenty-eight had come a little pathetically to be looked on as "getting old" by the twenties themselves.

Chief among Netta's girl friends was Mabel, one of the five well-portioned daughters of Aunt Maria. Mabel, a little younger, much less pretty, much more serious, was the *l'un qui baise* to Netta's somewhat wholesale fulfilment of the other half of the proverb. Mabel was of the new order of useful girls; at home, at school, in district work, in a dozen different ways, always scheming some kindness for some one; and Netta, as we have seen, had a graceful facility for accepting kindnesses. Where one delights to give and another enjoys to take, there is the basis for an enduring friendship, and things in such cases are perhaps more even than they seem. Mabel and Netta were at any rate inseparable, and in many ways supplemented and set off each other's attractions.

Now Aunt Maria's great ambition was to see Mabel settled. 'You see," she remarked one day to Mrs. Baxter, when the girls were as usual together, "she's not as pretty as your Netta, nor indeed

as either of my other girls; but she is so good. Your Netta is so bright and merry, she will never be like an old maid; but my Mabel is different. Some girls are just as happy unmarried as married, but my Mabel needs a husband." And even as she spoke Aunt Maria was thinking of a way of supplying the "need"—a need thus specialised, with which it may be hoped Mrs. Baxter had sufficient humour, if not sufficient unselfishness, to sympathise.

A correspondent of the family firm had written of the approaching return of Max Merritt from India, and the news had raised a flutter of hope strong enough to formulate into distinct intention in the maternal heart of Aunt Maria.

It was nearly at the end of the season when our traveller reached London. The blinds were drawn in all the correct drawing-rooms in Bayswater, indicating that the fashionable inhabitants had flitted to the coast or further; but Aunt Maria's blinds in Westbourne Terrace were still boldly open, and her cook busy below; for a friendly dinner had been arranged and preparations for a river picnic were being made in honour of the "Indian Prince," as the girls at once had dubbed him. In the sub-conscious way in which these things are realised, Mabel was somehow aware of her mother's hopes, and her interest and curiosity were awakened, and the outward signs of this interest, the little extra colour and movement about the usually sedate little maiden, were not at all unbecoming.

There seemed a thrill in the sultry August air as Netta and Mabel sat on the verandah the night after his arrival, and talked over the dinner, to which Netta had not been invited, and discussed the looks and the ways of the "Indian Prince." Netta's interest was honestly impersonal. She saw in him the occasion for some small extra festivities, and that was all, and she was scarcely excited when not very long before she left he had come out on the balcony and been introduced. That first night at dinner he had sat next to Mabel, and had been engrossed with her. The talk had naturally been on India, and when he spoke of the plague and the lack of nurses, and the schools and the lack of teachers, Mabel had thrilled with the longing to go out and help everybody. And good listeners, as we know, making good talkers, the Othello had grown eloquent and delighted with the Desdemona, whose flattering appreciation he did not guess was due at least as much to his topic as to his eloquence. Mabel confided to Netta how delightful she thought him, and next day there were added details of the beautiful curios and embroideries which he was distributing among his friends; but, except for those few minutes on the balcony, Netta did not meet the "Indian Prince" till the third

day after his arrival, the Wednesday, for which a boating party and picnic on the river were arranged.

"Netta dear," Mabel had written on that eventful morning, for which the weather forecasts had been most eagerly scanned,—"Netta dear, mind you wear your new white frock, and mother sends you that hat which really does not suit Clara; and you mustn't mind taking it, for I want you to look particularly nice. Max—Mr. Merritt, I mean—has hardly seen you, and he *must* like you of course! So you will look as nice as ever you can, won't you, there's a dear!" And Netta, nothing loth, put on the desired frock, and her mother fastened on Cousin Clara's smart little hat with her own pearl pins.

There was some confusion at Paddington, as there usually is on such occasions—a difficulty in finding all the members of the picnic party, and then of sorting them and the hampers into the proper compartments. Someone always arrives late and keeps the rest waiting, and this time the guard was already waving his flag when the last man came rushing up the platform, and those who had been looking for him scrambled hurriedly into the train. Mabel had, of course, decorously taken her seat in due time, but Netta and some men stood on the look-out, straining their eyes till the last moment. Somehow, as the train steamed away from the platform, she was hurried into the compartment next to Mabel's, and the "Indian Prince" scrambled in after her.

I have since heard that Mabel found the picnic a little tiring. The day certainly was sultry, and when lunch-time came certain essentials were found to be missing from the hamper, and to Mabel it seemed as if she were expected to be apologetic for the salt and the salad. She was so used to looking after everyone's comfort, and so seldom ever wanted a headache on her own account, that it could hardly have been the heat or the small fault in the commissariat department that changed the hope of that much-anticipated day into a rather uncomfortable memory. To the "Prince," on the contrary, it was entirely delightful. If some of the younger men considered him over their pipes a trifle sententious and stuck up, all the girls over their tea-cups pronounced him charming; and his manners and his complexion equally were distinguished by that comprehensive, if hardly distinctive, epithet. Fair cheeks flushed at his tolerably general attentions; but it was Netta who, when he hurt his hand—rather awkwardly, it must be confessed, in drawing a cork—did a little ready "first aid" in a very efficient way by help of a neat ambulance packet which she had wisely brought in her smart little reticule. The small deft fingers showed very white on the big dark hand, and the slight touch

somehow made a deep impression, for, oddly enough, with all his experiences, Max Merritt thrilled to a strangely new sensation.

He went home to his hotel to sleep and to dream of the sunny English river and the boatful of merry English girls; and Netta's bright face seemed to detach itself from them all, and to pervade his dreams and to fill all his wakeful thoughts in the queerest, completest way, and to utterly blot out all his previous prudent plans and intentions. In the evening he dined again at Aunt Maria's, and yesterday's picnic and the various guests were discussed in detail.

"And what did you think of Miss Baxter?" Aunt Maria asked, as she pared him a peach.

Mr. Merritt hesitated. "I don't think I quite know whom you mean," he said at last.

"Oh yes, you do," said Mabel, "you travelled down with her."

"Oh yes—Miss Netta; I did not catch her surname. You all called her Netta, I think. I thought her very bright and charming."

"Yes, poor girl!" said Aunt Maria. Did she notice that her guest had reddened under his dark skin? "Yes, she is charming. Isn't it a pity that her father has been so unfortunate—else she might have married years ago?"

"She's not so old now, mother," interrupted loyal Mabel, "and why should it matter that she hasn't any money? Anyone might want to marry Netta; there is no one so sweet as she is."

"But, my dear, they live, as you know, in quite a poor way. We do all we can, but that is a great drawback to any girl."

"Where do they live?" was all that astute gentleman inquired, and more in a tone of interest in Aunt Maria's conversational efforts than in the subject of them.

"In Balsom Road, Kilburn," answered Mabel, giving the number; to which her mother added—

"A part of London, my dear Mr. Merritt, you are not likely to visit."

Yet on the following morning a hansom cab might have been seen to drive up to the door of 19 Balsom Road, and the cab to remain there for over an hour. And at the end of that time a dark-complexioned man might have been seen to come out of that door, looking extremely dull and downcast, who after sitting motionless in that cab for some minutes might have been heard responding to the man's 'Where to go?' with an impatient 'Oh, drive on! Home.'

And inside the house? Netta had distinctly refused Mr. Merritt's distinct and indeed ardent offer, declining altogether to say whether she loved or ever could love him. She had heard, she told him, that

he was looking for a rich wife; she, Netta, had not a penny. The frock she was wearing was Mabel's gift, and Mabel she knew liked him, and Mabel's lover she understood him to be. And so, quite gently, but quite firmly, she dismissed him. There was something that approached to their first grown-up disagreement that day between Netta and her mother. But Netta was not to be moved. Later, in the afternoon, Aunt Maria was consulted, and, utterly amazed as she was, she rose to the occasion, rose almost to Enoch Arden heights, and became heroic in her rendering, and according to her lights, of his famous 'Not to tell her, never to let her know.'

Aunt Maria would give no advice; she had known Mr. Merritt but a very short time; she, personally, did not like foreigners, and Mr. Merritt was scarcely a European. He was, of course, well accredited by the firm, and she had received him hospitably, the other members being out of town, but she was only too thankful he had not taken a fancy to Mabel.

And some part of this was repeated to Mabel, and the rest she guessed and put together, and then the little maiden had first of all a good cry, for she had liked Max in her orderly way, and had hoped to love him.

The next morning, whilst Mr. Merritt was still at breakfast, and looking very limp and dejected, a letter was brought by hand. It was in a lady's writing, very neat, legible little writing, almost like round hand. He opened and read it listlessly. It was from Mabel, dated from Westbourne Terrace, and merely asking him to kindly call and see her at twelve that day. About the same time, and in the same neat writing, Netta received a little missive, asking her to come by eleven, and to stop to lunch.

The exact particulars of these two interviews I have never heard; but I know that when Mr. Merritt called at twelve in Westbourne Terrace he was shown into the girls' morning-room, where he saw Netta alone, and that they both stayed to lunch.

And this also I know—that Mr. Merritt won the wife he wanted, and that Netta did not lose her friend.

THE POST OFFICE AND THE PUBLIC IN 1837.

A PRETTY legend exists to the effect that the costliness of postage under the old system was first brought home to the late Sir (then Mr.) Rowland Hill in connection with his love-letters. Be this as it may, the subject was a very sore one with nearly everybody. So little was the Post Office used, that three or four letters a year was all that each individual wrote, on the average. This means, of course, that great numbers never used the institution at all. Making every allowance for the limited amount of education amongst the poorer classes, the smaller population, and the much smaller amount of business compared with the present day, it shows that something was wrong. Whilst it was known that population and trade had much increased, the Post Office revenue had remained stationary since the old days of the French war.

The principal cause (for there were several others) of this state of things was the high rate of postage. It had not always prevailed; on the contrary, when Mr. John Palmer established the mail-coach system in 1784 the charges on letters were decidedly reasonable. But the frightful cost of the long war led to the rates being screwed up over and over again, till the object was defeated, and people began to do without the Post Office as best they could.

The following was the scale of inland postage for "single" letters in 1837:—

Up to 15 miles	4*d.*	Over 80 up to 120 miles	9*d.*
Over 15 up to 20 miles	5*d.*	,, 120 ,, 170 ,,	10*d.*
,, 20 ,, 30 ,,	6*d.*	,, 170 ,, 230 ,,	11*d.*
,, 30 ,, 50 ,,	7*d.*	,, 230 ,, 300 ,,	1*s.* 0*d.*
,, 50 ,, 80 ,,	8*d.*	,, 300 ,, 400 ,,	1*s.* 1*d.*

For every 100 miles beyond 400 an extra penny was charged. By a ridiculous rule letters conveyed across the Scottish border in a four-wheeled vehicle paid a halfpenny extra, but not if carried

in any other way. Letters between England and Ireland, *viâ* Holyhead, not only paid a "packet postage" of 2*d.* each in addition to the above rates (and more if they went by any other route), but 1*d.* extra as well, by way of toll, for crossing Telford's suspension bridge, over the Menai Straits. Thus the cost of sending an ordinary "single" letter of ¼ oz. weight from London to Dublin, about 325 miles, was 1*s.* 4*d.*, or 2*s.* 8*d.* if the least over the ¼ oz. The rate was no cheaper in proportion for heavier letters, ¼ oz. remaining the postal unit for any weight. Between Dover and Calais a "packet postage" of 3*d.* per letter was charged, besides which the English and French Post Office inland rates to or from those ports had also to be paid. For foreign countries the postage had to be prepaid as a rule, but in the case of France it was optional. Letters to British ports abroad, or sent from one port of the United Kingdom to another by sea, paid 8*d.*, of which the captain of the vessel had 2*d.* There was also a sea postage upon newspapers of 1*d.* each, everything, however, being subject to the inland rate to or from the shipping port in addition. For most countries, except France and the northern or central parts of Europe, this port was Falmouth, where quite a fleet of sailing brigs was maintained. These ranked as king's ships, and were armed to a certain, not very formidable, extent. The American mail, now perhaps the most important of all foreign mails, and the most often despatched, sailed only once a month to Halifax, Nova Scotia. From there a separate vessel took the U.S. mail on to Boston. The mails for Gibraltar and Malta seem to have been the only ones sent by steamers in 1837 from Falmouth; they also only went once a month. Letter postage to Canada or the West Indies from London was 2*s.* 2*d.* per ¼ oz.; Portugal, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Gibraltar, 2*s.* 10*d.*; Norway, Sweden, Germany, Russia, &c., 1*s.* 8*d.*, the inland rate, if any, being included in these figures.

The term "single letter," now entirely obsolete, meant one consisting of but one piece of paper, without any enclosure, and not weighing more than ¼ oz. Envelopes were little used, as they weighed more than the small portion of one side of the sheet reserved for the address. Any enclosure, even if the weight was still under ¼ oz., subjected the letter to double postage, the object being to prevent letters being sent on from the destination of the one which enclosed them, at less postage than if they had gone separately throughout. To settle this vexed question of whether letters were double or single, they were held against a candle or

lamp, a system which naturally caused great delay in making up the letter-bags. Incoming letters were also examined, to see that they were correctly charged. Envelopes were additionally unsatisfactory here, as they hindered the examination, and there was nothing to prevent a perverse or ignorant postmaster from reckoning the envelope as a single letter and its contents as another; no joke if they had come 300 or 400 miles.

Perhaps the most stupid part of the whole stupid Post Office system of sixty years ago was the practice of allowing letters to be paid for on delivery, if the sender chose not to pay. With those who wrote and received a good many letters the matter was as broad as it was long: in fact, it was not considered good form to prepay letters to persons of one's own position in life. With the poor it was often a hardship, whilst the delay to the postmen in extracting the cash from unwilling or needy hands, the temptation to the men themselves from having to deal with considerable sums, and the danger of their being robbed, were most serious drawbacks. An extra staff of clerks had to be maintained in every large town, merely to make out the sums receivable by each letter-carrier, and to debit him accordingly. A postman often had to collect £20 or more upon his round. Much loss also resulted from people refusing to take in unpaid letters, having observed slight pre-arranged peculiarities in the address, which told them all they wanted to know. On being opened at the Post Office the letter would be found blank, with no clue to the sender's identity.

In addition to loss this way, the Post Office was much defrauded by letters being conveyed privately in the luggage of travellers or sent as goods. This particular class of fraud was greatly on the increase, owing to the spread of intercommunication by railways, steamers, and coaches. Although it was illegal to do so, local carriers took letters largely, at great profit and small risk. It paid well to take a letter from Maidenhead to London for 2*d.*, and put it in the twopenny post for 2*d.* more. The sender saved one-third, and the Post Office lost two-thirds of the postal rate of 6*d.* per letter, the charge from Maidenhead to London direct. Carriers in the Birmingham district especially did a roaring trade at 1*d.* a letter. One of them was arrested with 1,100 letters in his possession, and it was notorious that they did more business locally than the Post Office.

The favourite method of swindling, however, was by means of "franks." The privilege of franking, though shorn of some of its

worst abuses, still belonged to Peers and Members of Parliament. They could frank ten letters a day of 1 oz. weight, and receive fifteen, free of postage. Thus, if all the 1,100 members of the two Houses chose to avail themselves of their rights, they could despatch over four millions of letters yearly (equal to sixteen millions at the ordinary ¼ oz. rate), and receive more than six millions, for nothing. Most of the high officers of State could frank letters to any extent, whether on private or official business, and various public bodies, such as Greenwich and Chelsea Hospitals, the Poor-Law Commissioners, the East India Company, &c., could frank officially as much as they liked. Hardly anyone was above the meanness of asking a Peer or M.P. to write "Free. Tomnoddy," or "Free. J. Smith," on a few sheets of letter paper. Franks were often forged, in spite of the penalty of seven years' transportation, and an officer abusing the privilege might be fined £100 for the first offence and dismissed for the second. The broad result of the franking system was that about seven and a half millions of free letters passed through the post in 1837, equal to one in twelve of the total number posted.

Newspapers were conveyed free within the United Kingdom, as well they might be, seeing that they paid a duty according to size, whilst both the paper used and the advertisements were subject to special taxes. It is pleasant to find that soldiers and sailors could send or receive letters at one penny each, if the name of their regiment or ship was on letters addressed to them, or if their commanding officer placed his signature upon those they sent out.

Penny postage was by no means first introduced by Sir Rowland Hill, except on the large scale as the basis of the postal system of this country. A penny post had existed in London in the seventeenth century, whilst sixty years ago there were some two hundred local penny posts, chiefly confined to certain towns. In London, Edinburgh, and Dublin there was a special twopenny post, the operations of which were, in the metropolis, confined to an area of about three miles round the General Post Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand. About two hundred receiving-houses, mostly shops, despatched twopenny post letters to headquarters at eight, ten, and twelve in the forenoon, and at two, five, and eight in the evening. Two hours later they were sent out for delivery, except the last collection, which was despatched next morning at eight. At the head office the letters could be posted an hour later than at the local ones. No heavier letter than four ounces might be sent through the twopenny post, the staff of which was a distinct branch of the Post Office. There was

also a threepenny post, worked in connection with the last-named, and including places within about twelve miles from the General Post Office. Deliveries within this radius were not quite so frequent as in the other case, and the same limit of weight applied. The service was performed partly by riding and partly by driving postmen, under contract. Eight miles an hour was the stipulated speed, the sum of 7¼*d.* per "double mile" (*i.e.* going and returning) being paid for the horse post and 7½*d.* for the cart service, the contractor paying the men's wages. About 250,000 letters passed through the London twopenny post weekly, of which only one in five or so was prepaid. Including all the local penny posts, and these special twopenny and threepenny ones, the average postage per letter in 1837 was 6¼*d.*

Postal facilities at that time were very scanty, of course, compared to those of the present day. In Ireland and Scotland districts larger than Middlesex contained not a single post office. Letters which had to cross London arrived by the mails between five and seven in the morning and lay there till eight in the evening, for there was no day mail. They were finally sorted, with those posted during the day, into twenty-four divisions, for so many principal lines of road. At eight o'clock at night (seven on Sundays) the mail coaches set forth from St. Martin's-le-Grand, a sight which was considered one of the shows of London. The mails were carried by contract, the Post Office, of course, arranging the times and speeds, and paying from 4*d.* to 6*d.* per mile for the service. A few passengers might be carried if there was room, but the Government work had to be considered first. In its best days the English mail service on the great roads was an exceedingly fine one, in fact it was considered a wonder all over Europe. Punctuality was ensured by heavy fines for lateness, and there was the possibility of non-renewal of the contract. People used to set their watches by the mail coaches, but the timeing was cut down so fine latterly, and left so little margin for contingencies, that it is doubtful if the mail contracts left their holders more than a very moderate profit. Horses had to be fed so well to stand the speed, even for a couple of hours a day, with a long rest perhaps between, that they contracted diseases, whilst many a gallant steed broke his wind, if not his heart, in frantic efforts to do what was required of him. In 1837 there were fifty-four four-horse and forty-nine pair-horse mails in England only ; that is to say, there were those numbers of mail services performed by coaches of that kind. Amongst the fastest mails were those to Bristol, which ran 122 miles in eleven and three-quarter hours with thirteen changes, and the

celebrated Quicksilver, carrying the Exeter and Devonport mail, and taking only twenty-one hours fourteen minutes over 216 miles, with twenty-three changes of horses. These and several other mails went at about ten and a quarter miles per hour, reckoning the time from start to finish; but if the stoppages are deducted, the speed equals about eleven miles per hour, and it must have been more sometimes down hill. This is very fine work when it is considered that much of it was run, fair weather or foul, in the darkness of the night, over roads carrying much more miscellaneous traffic than they do now. Yet the mail service was safer than the ordinary stage-coach working, horses, drivers, and vehicles being the best of their kind, whilst no dangerous overloading with luggage was allowed. Turnpike tolls were not taken from the mail coaches, the gate-keepers having to leave a free passage for them at whatever time they might be due. Only the guard was a Post Office servant, the driver being employed by the contractor. The former wore a red coat and a gold-braided hat, and was armed with a long post-horn, and a bell-mouthed, brass-barrelled, flint-lock gun. Both these instruments were capable of making much noise, but the latter was not much more formidable than the former. Taking it all round, our grandfathers do not seem to have been so dissatisfied with their postal service as might be supposed; in fact, in some ways they were distinctly proud of it. They expected little compared to our requirements, and, save for the standing grievance of the high charges, would apparently have been very well contented with what they enjoyed.

W. B. PALEY.

CENTRAL AND SOUTHERN UTAH: THE SALT LAKE BASIN.

ADMIRABLY situated on the Pacific seaboard west of the great plains, the capital of Utah enjoys a distinction *sui generis*, and to the visitor presents a novel and pleasing aspect. The business centre, traversed by straight wide avenues, is distinguished by numerous handsome buildings, conspicuous among which are the State offices and public institutions, some of which possess claims to considerable architectural merit. A distinctive feature observable in laying out the city has been the construction of spacious sidewalks, the borders of which are channelled with running streams of fresh water. Extending eastward of the city, and almost embowered in orchards and bright foliage, is the residential quarter, the terrace "drives" of which are planted with locust and other shade trees whose white blossoms perfume the atmosphere during the summer months. Whether viewed from the "Bench" or from the vantage-ground of Ensign Peak which overshadows it, a panorama of varied and striking beauty, rich in its local colouring, lies unfolded to the observer. Stretching away north and south on either side are the mountain ranges of the "Wasatch" and "Oquirrh," which form the enclosing walls of the valley rising high above the snow-line, generally abrupt and precipitous, and cleft by numerous ravines clothed in places with a vegetation of balsam and cottonwood, the rugged face of the Wasatch here and there relieved by bright lichens and patches of verdure which, as the rays of the western sun fall athwart them, glow a golden brown or display a sheen of the greenest velvet. To the east, beyond the military post of Camp Douglas and the crest-line of the Wasatch, the northern spur of the Uinta blue range is visible, its summit flecked with snow and partially covered with firs. Spreading southward lies the Jordan valley, at the upper end of which, and extending along the foothills, are cultivated areas yellow with golden grain, or meadow-like pastures dotted with kine, while gleaming through the "divide," or opening, into the plain beyond,

can be seen the sweet waters of the Utah lake. Further south, at a distance of eighty miles, the hoary summit of Mount Nebo rises in clear outline. Winding down the centre of the valley, and fed by numerous affluents, is the river "Jordan," the outlet of the sweet-water lake, which skirts the city and empties into Salt Lake.[1] The great lake, reflecting the glory of a cloudless and sunlit sky, stretches away to the west as far as the eye can reach, while conspicuously rising from its centre is the grand rugged mass of "Antelope Island," its summit half enshrouded in a thin halo of blue mist. Immediately to the west of Ensign Peak, and at the base of the mountain, are the "Warm Springs." The water from these springs, which issue from limestone rocks and is highly sulphuretted, is conveyed into a commodious and well-frequented bath house which has been erected within an easy distance of the city.

The baths are esteemed by all who have used them, and are held in high repute by the inhabitants of the valley. About two miles further north are the "Hot Springs," which bubble up from beds of magnesian limestone at the foot of the range, in the midst of which a volume of water leaps forth, forming a stream four or five feet in width and six inches in depth, from which ascends a dense column of steam. The water is boiling hot, and meat is readily cooked in it. It flows into a beautiful lake called "Hot Spring Lake," which, although it is fed from springs of such a high temperature, abounds in fish, among them being fine large trout.

Springs of the most diverse characteristics are often met with in this region, and hot, warm, and cold springs frequently issue from the ground but a short distance apart. The lake deposits and

[1] Great Salt Lake lies to the north-west of the city, and is about eighty miles in length. A portion of the lake, between Antelope and Stansbury, the two principal islands, is over fifty feet deep, but the average depth of the lake may be taken at 20 feet. A few years back these islands, the largest of which is thirty miles in length, were easily accessible from the shore, the water surrounding them being but a few feet in depth. When the Pacific Railroad was constructed a belief was generally entertained that the lake had an outlet near to Promontory. It has been since ascertained that there is no outlet to the great inland sea which, during the past twenty years, has assumed its present dimensions. The water is of a beautiful aquamarine and transparent. It contains about eighteen per cent. of chloride of sodium, and a small percentage of lime and magnesia.

This vast inland water is not the *mare mortuum* it was popularly supposed to be. It possesses a fauna and flora both varied and abundant, which to the naturalist is full of interest. The *artemia fertilis* and other minute organisms are to be found in myriads, while the lake abounds in algæ of a similar nature to the plants and weeds of existing seas. Lake Point is a favourite resort of bathers and excursionists during the summer, when the lake is covered with gaily decked craft of all kinds.

thermal springs of Utah are among its most interesting features, and in the valleys that intervene between the parallel ranges of hills are numerous evidences of a former basaltic overflow.

The group of soda springs situate at the bend of Bear River is the centre of a district in which the eruptive forces formerly extended in nearly every direction, the ruins of which, bearing traces of former beauty, remain at the present day. Ten miles north of Soda Springs is a very distinct crater about 150 yards in diameter and nearly circular, the rocks of which are extremely porous, and present the appearance of comparatively recent action. The springs, of which a few only seem to be in active operation, and which are mere remnants of former greatness, occupy an area of about six square miles; mounds of decadent springs, varying from a few feet to 20 or 30 feet high, are scattered about in numbers. Some of the active springs are found to be lukewarm, but the temperature of a great portion of them is not much above that of ordinary spring water. One spring, with a basin 10 feet in diameter, has a temperature of 61½ degrees; another bubbling spring, 65 degrees. Nearly all of the springs are in a constant state of agitation, arising from the bubbles of carbonic acid gas escaping.

Within a few yards of Bear River there is a beautiful spring with a chimney about 2 feet in diameter, lined with a smooth and bright yellow coating of oxide of iron, in which the water is thrown up by a constant succession of impulses; and at a point on the margin of the river there are two steam vents, from which the gas is constantly escaping with a noise like that of a low-pressure engine.

Situate at the foot of the hills, at an elevation of about 10 feet, is a soda spring, with a large rim 30 feet by 100 feet, and of a temperature of 53½ degrees; near this spring are a number of larger springs issuing from beneath the hills of limestone, without the deposit or the taste of acidulous ones; so that, apparently coming from the same rock, with about the same temperature, are acidulous and non-acidulous springs.

Perhaps the most interesting exhibition of Soda Springs is about four miles above the junction of Soda Creek with Bear River. An area of half a mile square is covered over with semi-circular reservoirs with scalloped rims similar to those in the Yellowstone Park. The process of building up these reservoirs is still going on, but the centre of operations is constantly changing. The partitions of the reservoirs are sometimes several feet in thickness, and are usually hollow, forming extensive caverns. The inner sides are beautifully lined with a calcareous beadwork like coral, but white as snow, and

depending from above are rows of small stalactites which add to the ornamentation. The vegetation grows around these springs with a rankness that is especially noticeable. As the waters holding lime in solution flow slowly over this vegetation, the leaves and stems become incrusted with the deposit, forming beautiful specimens, masses of which may be gathered exhibiting perfectly the form of the various branches and leaves.

Situate about eight miles south-east of Soda Springs is a small and beautiful lake of fresh water, about eighty yards in length by fifty yards in width. It is known as Swan or "Crater" Lake, and is fed by numerous springs which take their rise a short distance above the lake. This lake—the water of which is perfectly transparent—presents similar features to those first described, the small cones and leaves, and the vegetation surrounding its outlet, being covered with a shell-like incrustation, hard and pearly in appearance.

Among the greatest natural curiosities are the Hot Wells in the Wasatch Mountains, the most interesting series being those at the head of Big Cottonwood cañon—10,000 feet above sea-level. Ascending the cañon from the valley, a few miles from the mouth or entrance are the "Stairs," a number of gigantic rocks rising one above another for a considerable distance, over which flow the waters of the cañon, forming near the base a pretty miniature cascade or waterfall. At the head of the stairs is a well-grassed valley or basin shut in by massive walls of granite, above which towers Young's Peak; and ten miles further, nestling among rocks that pierce the clouds, is the *first lake*. Still higher, on what appears when it is reached to be the summit, is a plateau of about 400 acres, in the centre of which is a beautiful little lake, fringed with shrubs and tall reedy plants, in which are a number of chub and electric eels! From the highest peaks ten or eleven other lakelets can be seen, gleaming like gems set in these mountain fastnesses.

The "Wasatch Hot Wells" are situate in a romantic valley about three miles west of Heber. The valley is about ten miles wide, and the mountain ranges on either side present a somewhat remarkable and pleasing contrast to each other. Those to the west rise high and are massive and precipitous, their summits capped with snow, while those toward the east slope down to the valley, and are covered with the greenest verdure. The scenery when viewed from these high elevations is bold, and in some parts strikingly picturesque, the rugged character of the mountains being relieved by the rich variety and hue of the vegetation in the valley and lower terraces.

Distributed along the foothills and over the surface of the valley,

down the centre of which runs the Timpanogas River, are the hot "wells," the walls or rims of which have been formed by the deposits of lime held in solution by the water, which has risen in the wells and flowed over. These wells are from 20 to 70 feet in height and are bowl-shaped, the upper portions being inclined inwards. Several of the wells are dry, and in one of the largest, measuring *sixty feet in diameter*, a limekiln has been built, the deposits or lime incrustations affording a plentiful supply of material. The other wells vary from 5 to 30 feet in width. The whole of the wells—upwards of fifty in number—present a remarkable and interesting sight, the water in many of them displaying the most varied and beautiful tints of colour as it rises and falls. Not the least interesting of the suburban attractions of the metropolis, and one that especially appeals to the youthful disciple of old Izaak, who

> On piscatorial prize intent,
> With line and pin already bent
> Patiently whips the stream,

is the "City Cañon," through which flows a stream of the coldest water, which takes its rise in the Wasatch Range, and becomes, after the melting of the snows in the summer months, a swift and turbulent torrent. After the ascent of a few miles the cañon broadens out into terrace-like areas, carpeted with the greenest verdure and enamelled with flowers, the slopes here and there broken by shallow depressions down which trickle tiny rills, which burst from the foot-hills above. The walls of the cañon—the lower ranges of which are clothed with a dense scrub of oak and artemisia—rise perpendicularly several hundred feet, beyond which are rugged mountains riven as if by some mighty convulsion of Nature, the upper portions here and there weathered into peaks, turrets, and castellated structures. Hugh chasms frequently occur through which the water has worn itself a passage and courses down the mountain side, the dark red buttes and upper terraces of which are scarred and seamed by the wash of the ancient lake. The creek, margined by a rank and luxuriant growth of maple, cherry, and wild roses, which extends for miles along the bed of the ravine, loading the air with perfume, presents the most irregular and picturesque windings; now it may be seen rounding some projecting moss-covered bank, or gliding beneath an overhanging screen of tangled vegetation; here its impetuous course is obstructed by huge masses of rock dislodged from the mountain side, over which it dashes and falls in fanciful cascades below, the stream widening to 30 or 40 feet in places, until, gathering force in its descent, it plunges down the worn channel

many feet below the bed of the cañon, and finally distributes itself through the city, emptying into the Jordan River.

With the exception of the Yosemité Valley and the Yellowstone region, there is hardly any portion of the inland West where the traveller will so delight to linger and to enjoy the novelty and beauty of the scenery as in Central Utah.

To appreciate thoroughly its varied attractions and the climatic advantages of the territory, the visitor should "alpenstock," or take up his residence, for a time, in one of the mountain camps, where, added to the novelty of the situation, he will find abundant opportunity to study character, and at the same time meet with fairly good sport for both rod and gun among the ranges.

Not the least of the many inducements held out to the tourist to abide for a while in the pleasant retreat under the shadow of the Wasatch is its hostelries. Probably nowhere west of the Rockies is there better hotel accommodation to be had than in Salt Lake City. One might almost indulge the amiable conceit that the proprietors of these luxurious "houses," when they reconstructed were prompted by the spirit which animated the great lexicographer concerning inns and their associations. Certain it is that with the selection of his caravanserai the visitor may surrender himself to the rational enjoyment of the thousand good things prepared for his delectation. He will hardly expect to meet with such quiet gentlemanly old inns as exist in out-of-the-way localities in London with which he may be familiar; which have the outward seeming of a private residence, where a dinner is served in precise English style in a retired and quiet apartment; where the waiters know their business, and don't skip about like other waiters. Nor does he, in a trip across the Continent, reasonably look for a counterpart of those pretty little Devonshire inns, with thatched roof and quaint ivy-covered porch, the windows almost hidden behind the profusion of honeysuckle and jessamine; the neat parlour with its sand-sprinkled floor, and walls decorated with queer impossible prints of the patriarchs—those rustic inns where you sleep in sheets scented with lavender and sweetbriar, and where you have trout fresh caught, new-laid eggs, home-made bread, cream, and strawberries fit for a Cleopatra for your breakfast. He may, perchance, have visited one of those quaint old-world-looking places in the pleasant Rhine land—hostelries with latticed windows and grape-vines creeping up to the very gables of the house, where there is a Fraulein Gretchen with flaxen hair and blue eyes, who can cook a supper and quote Schiller with equal excellence; where there is no unseemly roystering, but all

dissipation is conducted with a commendable gravity, and customers get drunk and fall asleep without saying one word more than, mayhap, "Ach Gott"; where the landlord is a jolly fellow with a merry eye and a red nose, who has some wondrous wine in long-necked bottles packed in the recesses of the cellar; where a man may pass a dreamy, pleasant month flirting with Gretchen, drinking Rhenish, and establishing the basis of dyspepsia for the remainder of his life. Whatever enjoyments he may have experienced in home or Continental resorts, the visitor will hardly be disposed to cloud with vagrant reminiscences his judgment of American hotels, which for comfort and convenience leave little to be desired.

Southern Utah may be said to commence with the Utah Lake basin, and includes the broad stretch of country lying between it and the Colorado River. The elevated portions of the Wasatch mountain, which here rise wall-like, enclosing the valley on its eastern side, are marvellously distinct in form and feature. These mountains, upon a broad base of nearly fifty miles in width, and with a crest-line several thousand feet high, have a system of long, deep, well-watered cañons, often exceedingly rocky, and sometimes cleft like a gateway to the valley levels, usually opening out at some part of their course into meadow-like basins or "parks."

The culmination of the crest-line is the Twin Peaks, which lift their hoary heads nearly 10,000 ft. above the sea. These rocky sentinels are always wreathed in snow, their rugged yet picturesque outlines towering above the gaunt purple-stained battlements which surround their base. And when the various walls, spurs, and pinnacles of the massive heights are each in turn tipped with the golden glories of the western sky, and the configuration of this central range is illumined by the splendour of a declining sun, the spectacle is one of surpassing beauty. The southern road after leaving the Mormon capital traverses the Jordan valley, which extends for a distance of nearly thirty miles. The Jordan River, which after leaving the northern outlet of the Utah Lake is reinforced by numerous streams that flow into it from the eastern range, winds down the centre of the valley, and the spreading acres of productive land on either side are thickly tenanted with homesteads, gardens, and moderately-sized farms.

This area affords a good illustration of great local disadvantages having been overcome by well-directed enterprise, the measure of success which it enjoys having been won from the most unpromising elements. Eastward of the lake, and claiming the attention of the traveller *en route*, lies American Fork Cañon, a region celebrated for its rich silver ores. American Fork embraces some of the most

striking scenery of the Wasatch range, and has been appropriately described as the "Yosemité of Utah." Undoubtedly its succession of wild gorges and shady vales, presenting a wealth of floral vegetation, make it the most picturesque and interesting of any of the cañons of the Wasatch.

The whole length of the ravine—about twenty miles—is shut in by massive rocks of granite and towering ranges of limestone and quartzite, which rise nearly perpendicularly to a height of several thousand feet. "Towers, battlements, shattered castles, and the images of mighty sentinels" exhibit their outlines against the sky.

Rocks, twisted, gnarled, and distorted, are grouped around; here a mass like the skeleton of some colossal tree which lightning had wrenched and burnt; there another giant mass of fantastic outline apparently without support, overhanging and threatening to fall, while the powerful erosive action of glaciers can be distinctly traced; the whole region, as viewed from the upper terraces, presenting a striking camera of the tremendous forces of Nature.

The cañon is traversed by the American Fork Creek, a stream of ordinary dimensions and gentle flow during the fall and winter months, but which, when fed by the dissolving snows from the mountains in the spring, is converted into a turbulent torrent which sweeps with irresistible force all obstacles in its course. Huge boulders are displaced by the rushing river, and large trees, prostrated and torn away by the roots, are hurled down with a momentum scarcely conceivable. Portions of the waggon road, apparently of hard granite, crumble and fall as the foundations are washed from under them, rendering the passage of the cañon at this period one of great danger. Pedestrians sometimes scramble over an improvised pack trail elevated in places 50 feet above the water, the insecurity of which has occasioned more than one fatality in crossing.

Continuing westward, and about a dozen miles from American Fork,[1] is the City of Provo, on the Timpanogas River, the seat of the first judicial district court and a great industrial centre.

[1] It is worth mentioning that among the hardy pioneers of American Fork was Edward Robinson, whose death at a great age was chronicled a short time back. He was one of the first conductors appointed on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. Mr. Robinson was engaged by Charles Lawrence, the chairman of the Company, three weeks before the line was opened (1829), and was on the track when the fatal accident to Mr. Huskisson occurred. Possessing a well-stored mind, full of memorable notabilia relating to the first English railway, Mr. Robinson was fond of recounting his experiences, and would sometimes exhibit to visitors the watch presented to him upon his leaving the company's employ when he emigrated to America.

Among the houses of entertainment which Provo boasts, one of the most agreeable is the "Lion House," kept by a Mr. D. Carter. This gentleman is a patriarchal member of the Church, whose life seems to have been an eventful one, but whose persecutions in the cause have in nowise diminished his *bonhomie*. Not the least interesting of the many-hued recitals of this Moronite is a relation of his marital experiences. He has enjoyed the society of eight wives, of whom three are living, and is also the acknowledged parent of forty-five children. That Mr. Carter has exhausted the philosophy of marriage may, I think, be taken for granted, but neither his mental nor his physical attributes appear to have succumbed to the situation. He enjoys a vigorous hale appearance, is still a man of considerable "heft," and extends to his visitors a hearty welcome.

Here is *Pahvantes*, the celebrated Indian valley, noted for its extent and the beauty of its scenery. It is studded with numerous mounds of different sizes, its forests of cedar extend into the plain, and its vegetation is of the most varied character. It is traversed by running streams well stocked with fish, and the hills and plains are covered with a sweet bunch grass. A short *détour* and we are on the Corn Creek Reservation, where there are between 200 and 300 "Ute" Indians. This small and well-organised settlement presents a good example of the beneficial results attending a humane and honest administration. A northern migration of the Mormon community have successfully established an industrial centre in the midst of a purely Indian population. Their object in selecting this region was to raise cotton, and grow cereals and fruit such as can be produced only in warm latitudes. Prior to their advent the Indians had been instructed in horticulture at their settlement on the Santa Clara River, where a considerable quantity of grain and vegetables was grown.

The result of this unofficial control and superintendence has been in every respect satisfactory. Within an area of less than forty square miles the Indians have been taught agriculture, weaving, and the cultivation of fruit; they possess several ranches and numerous *wick-e-ups*, and are among the most peaceable of citizens. Recently another settlement has been formed up the Rio Virgen, twenty-five miles from Washington, and called Virgen City. This is the smallest in extent, and is by far the most remarkable and interesting portion of Utah. The entire district presents evidence of great volcanic action. Upthrusts of deep red plutonic rock intersect the valley, flanked by huge masses of basalt and broken ridges of lava, bare of vegetation. In many places the lava beds may be traced to the

sources—the craters from whence they have spread. A few miles to the north of St. George (the capital), in a narrow valley, are two extinct craters within a short distance of each other, rising in perfect cones some 250 feet high. The mouth of each crater or basin is about 100 feet in diameter, with an even rim or circle of nearly uniform height and shape, the interior sides of which are ornamented with coral-like forms of various shades, the whole being surrounded by cinders, ashes, broken scoriæ, and spongy-looking lava.

From this elevation there is an excellent view of the broad lava beds which lie heaped around in confusion, and which here and there assume the wildest and most fantastic shapes. The molten rock in its descent has met with obstruction in places, and remains piled up in huge blocks bristling with sharp points and jagged angles; yawning chasms and gulfs are to be seen, whose hard metallic walls disappear in unknown depths. Nor is the igneous outburst confined to the plain which in part it overshadows.

Through the gorges of the mountains both southward and westward the molten stream has passed to the head valley of the Santa Clara, where for several miles in length and a mile in width the dark trail of the volcano may be plainly seen, its course also disturbed in places by the occurrence of igneous rocks piled up in huge masses. The whole region is one of strange and thrilling interest. Mountains in cones, buttressed or supported by columns; battlements and spires, some perpendicular, others overhanging; mimic fortresses, *natural arches*—a most noticeable one being 50 feet in height, spanning a chasm 100 feet across and connecting two cliffs—wells, caves, and under-passages where the expulsion and suction of air alternates with regularity day and night, are among the curiosities of the district.

A few miles to the north-west of St. George is "Johnson's Cañon," a gorge shut in by mountains of black lava which rise almost perpendicularly several hundred feet, from one side of which a cool spring of sparkling water gushes, its downward track marked by a growth of wild mint and flowers. The cañon is a favourite resort of picnic parties, and is approached by a narrow sloping ravine, the sides of which are covered with vines and a semi-tropical vegetation, and shaded by groves of trees. Within the cañon are natural cavities which, when penetrated, resound with subterranean noises. During the rainy season the sides of the gorge present the appearance of a series of grand cascades, the water dashing over the top and falling on boss-like projections, or rebounding off the narrow ledges which terrace the rocky sides until it finally accumulates in natural basins or pools at the bottom of the ravine.

The climate of that portion of Southern Utah which is familiarly known as "Dixie," partakes of the characteristics of both the Torrid and the Temperate zone. St. George is the warmest locality, where from May 1 to the end of October the mean temperature is 80 deg. Within a day's ride of the southern capital one may refrigerate under the glassy icicle, and experience any range of temperature between the two extremes. The city, like the greater part of the Mormon settlements, has been well laid out and presents a clean appearance. It is principally built of adobe and red sandstone, of which there is an abundant supply in the vicinity. St. George is almost embowered in foliage, being surrounded by vineyards, fruit orchards, and gardens; some of the latter are tastefully adorned with waterfalls, fountains, and terraces. Grapes of excellent quality are produced, and pomology, in Washington County, takes a front rank; apples, pears, peaches, plums, apricots, nectarines, cherries, almonds, pomegranates, and figs growing luxuriantly. The mulberry flourishes, and the climate of St. George is admirably adapted to sericulture.

Dixie is naturally a wine-growing country, and there are thousands of acres covered with vines and fruit plants. The fauna has no wide or distinctive representation. In addition to a small species of deer, the antelope is sometimes found high up in the mountains. There are a few finches, humming and blue birds, wild canary, sage hen, sand-hill crane, several varieties of quail, snipe, and water-fowl. Of the reptilia there is a *saurian*, locally known as the "mountain alligator," which rarely attains to any important dimensions (the ordinary length of the *horridus* being about 3 feet); it is encased in a thick scaly hide, covered with white, red, and dark spots, the head of which is abnormally large; a variety of lizards, conspicuous among which is the *phrynosoma*; horned toads with their caudal appendages, scorpions, and the "rattler."[1]

Among the varied attractions of Dixie are the picturesque ravines and gorges which open into the grand cañon of the Colorado River. Not the least interesting of these is the "Valley of Babbling Waters," a well-known resort of tourists and visitors to St. George. It is traversed by a branch of the Rio Virgen, and may be taken as a typical illustration of much of the scenery of the Colorado and its tributaries.

The character of this region is unique. Instead of ascending lofty mountain peaks with snow-clad summits, the explorer descends

[1] The mineral and other deposits of Dixie comprise native silver and silver chlorides, rich copper and iron ores, cinnabar, asphaltum, plumbago, coal, sulphur, obsidian, cornelian, and agate.

into the interior of the earth, to the bottom of vast cañons from 3,000 to 4,000 feet deep!—so that the largest river flowing through them, when viewed from the cliffs above, resembles a thin blue line. The cañons are stupendous examples of the eroding power of water during long periods of time—to be computed by cycles—and the vast enclosing walls, which stand on either side, bear striking testimony to the action of the great agencies at work. These walls present a remarkable appearance. Columns of huge vertical rocks are piled section upon section, in places towering erect for thousands of feet, seemingly without break or fissure, presenting no great variety in character, but arresting attention by their massive solidity and grandeur.

The stratification of the lower walls—slates intermingled with magnesian limestone—scintillate with colour, in which shades of red, green, and orange predominate, as the sun strikes upon their polished surface, imparting to the scene a wonderful softness and beauty. A considerable portion of this region is practically inaccessible. In attempting to traverse it one would be obliged to cross gorge after gorge with nearly vertical walls, so that the large and interesting section of country, presenting for over a hundred miles scenes of Salvata-Rosa like grandeur and sublimity, must ever remain undisturbed and unpeopled. It is *unique*, *grand*, and *desolate*.

The "Great Desert" which lies immediately to the west and south-west of Salt Lake is about 120 miles in length. It is an immense level plain consisting of soft mud, with here and there pools of salt and sulphurous water, and with the exception of occasional patches of artemisia and greasewood is entirely denuded of vegetation. During the hottest months in summer nearly the whole of the surface becomes dry and hard, and travelling over it is rendered easy, but a single heavy rain is sufficient to reconvert the hardened clay into soft tenacious mud, rendering the passage of vehicles over it difficult and hazardous. The plain is but little elevated above the lake, some isolated portions probably being slightly below the present level of the water, and evidently at one time formed part of it. An elevation of but a few feet of the lake would flood the entire plain to a great distance north and south, and wash the base of the range of mountains which comprise its western boundary, converting what is now a comparatively small lake into a vast inland sea. The minute crystals of salt which cover the surface of the moist, oozy mud glisten brilliantly in the sunlight, and present the appearance of a large sheet of water, so that it is often difficult to distinguish between it and the surface of the lake itself. The desert is the

home of the *mirage*, and the illusory attractions which ever and anon arrest the vision of the traveller present some curious phenomena. When the morning mists have risen from the plain, the distant undulations swimming in an opal mirage, apparently cut off from earth, resemble so many islands and headlands in the sky. This desert-plain stretches away from the base of the mountain range and extends as far as the vision can reach. Immediately in front, seemingly at no great distance, but in reality eighteen miles away, is the "Lone Mountain," a mass of granitic rock standing alone in the desert and once no doubt an island of the lake. From this mountain an old trail may be observed running along the lowest part of the desert, where vegetation has ceased; not even a root of the ubiquitous sage brush is to be seen, and where the mud baked in the dry season glistens with its salt incrustation.

As the shore of this dried-up sea is approached, the character of the *detritus* from being fine clay becomes more and more sandy, and the sand, not like the mud of the interior baking on the surface, gets blown during the dry season into sand hills and little mounds round each clump or isolated patch of brush. It also takes the form of long ridges stretching from point to point at the mouths of bays or encircling the quondam islands, often many miles from their base, and presenting the character of sand bars, having a gradually sloping face seaward, and often a steep declivity landward, shutting off what must have been immense lagoons from all but slight connection with the outer sea. The most distinctive and interesting of the physical features of the Salt Lake basin are the series of *benches* and terraces on the slopes of the passes or cañons, and the enclosing walls of the principal valleys.

On the rugged sides of the bold picturesque cañons of Weber and Echo are to be seen a number of horizontal and parallel lines, more or less distinctly marked, which extend in a series of terraces from the foothill of the mountains to the margin of the lake. Through the clear air these horizontal lines are seen girdling for miles the mountain sides and the rocky islands in the lake. The general character and uniformity of these features seem to afford conclusive evidence that each terrace marks the position at which the land wash of a great inland sea once stood, and that the present lake, large as it is, presents but the remnant of one twenty times greater.

But it is on the borders of the great desert, where a wider range gave free scope to the ancient winds and storms to stir up the waters and scour its shores, that a remarkably well-defined beach is most

plainly visible. The whole face of the beach shows evidence that many periods of cessation took place during the subsidence of the waters. In places, sections of the materials which compose the beach are shown. Beds of fine white sand, partly cemented, lie interstratified with beds of coarse gravel. In sheltered ravines I have counted eighteen bench lines within an elevation of 200 feet.

In other and exposed places the sloping faces would be of great length, and represent 100 feet or more of elevation between the lines of change of grade, as witnessed round the points of the old promontories and in positions parallel to the general course of the plains and valleys. These wide, open benches would seem to mark the more permanent stages in the general subsidence, and the numerous lines in the better-sheltered bays to point to intermediate stages of shorter duration, which on the exposed shore became obliterated by the fluctuations of level in the lake and by the wash of waves during storms.

Perhaps the most striking indications that the surface of the lake attained at one time to a great elevation are to be seen at Bingham, on the east side of the Oquirrh Mountains. There, at a height of 300 feet above the present bed of the cañon, and 1,500 *feet from the level of the valley*, a portion of the "old bed" is preserved on the mountain side. In the clay and with the fragments of quartz veins which fill the interstices between the boulders much of the gold which gives to Bingham its celebrity in *placer* mining is found.

If the valleys of this elevated region were not filled by the action of marine denudation—and it is highly improbable that the gravel beds, lying as they do truly horizontal, can be marine—it is a reasonable theory that the process of denudation, by which the materials have been supplied, has been effected by subaerial agencies, and that the bench lines and terraces were formed by the action of a fresh-water lake.

The lake extended, in all probability, over the major part of the great interior basin, and its surface must have been at one time nearly, if not quite, 2,000 feet above the present level of Salt Lake. Near Box Elder Cañon there are two kinds of terraces observable—the usual lake terraces, of which there are two well-defined lines; and the river terraces, which are confined to the streams and do not appear to have any direct connection with the former. These river terraces are a marked feature in the landscape, and cannot well be overlooked. Considering the great width of the main valleys and the precipitous sides of the mountains, it would appear that the beds of the former were originally much below their present levels, and

that they have been filled in with detrital matter torn from the mountain sides, ground down and comminuted to a thickness of several hundreds, perhaps thousands of feet. Besides the silting-up of the valleys, other and more enduring evidences remain to show the extent of the denudation. On the mountain sides of Echo Cañon—the most picturesque region traversed by the Union Pacific —is a whole *petra* of gigantic rocks and monuments stained and weathered in the most fantastic manner, prominent among which are the Red Buttes, Castle Rock, Witches' Rock, towers, columns, buttresses, &c., all of which sufficiently attest the eroding force of the elements and physical agencies to which they have been subjected during a long course of time. Pinnacles, either isolated or formed in groups, stand out of the rounded hill-side or denuded plain, and resemble the *roches perches* or pillars of ice on the great *mer de glace* of the Alps. These pinnacles, capped and protected by hard and compact blocks of sandstone, fragments from an overlying bed, 3,000 or 4,000 feet in thickness, doubtless owe their origin to the same disintegrating power. Perhaps the most remarkable example, similar in its character to that afforded by the Red Buttes, is the "Devil's Slide." Two parallel dykes of syenite from four to eight feet thick rise abruptly to a height of 20 feet above the surface of the mountain side. The evidence seems irresistible that for countless ages this great inland sea existed, that it received the *detritus* washed from the shores of the numerous chains of islands studding its surface, and distributed it according to the size of the particles in the valleys adjacent; carrying the fine sediment to the centre of the depressions, and leaving on its shores the coarser materials to form the gravel benches which now belt the mountain ranges.

Here and there, through this gravel deposit, boulders of stone record the existence of ice at times in the days of the ancient lake. The action of ice, probably in the form of glaciers, is also recorded in the well-rounded stones found in the gravels of the most elevated valleys, which have been fractured and re-cemented together, as are stones of a similar character found in the terminal moraines of existing glaciers.

P. BERESFORD EAGLE.

THE DRIFT OF THE OCEAN.

THE ocean, in its tides, its waves, and its currents, is the mighty symbol of unrest. Ever on the move, it carries the produce of one part of the earth to supply the needs of another. Like commerce, the sea in its various movements is

> The golden girdle of the globe.

The lack of one part is supplied from the superabundance of the other, and

> This genial intercourse and mutual aid
> Cheers what were else a universal shade.

Siberian rivers wash down the timber which floods have uprooted from their banks. Carried out into the Arctic Ocean, this timber is drifted southwards along the east coast of Greenland. As it approaches Cape Farewell it is caught by a branch of the Gulf Stream flowing north-west and stranded on the west coast of that ice-bound region. It is treasure trove to the Eskimo, for it is the only wood to be found in his treeless land. Thus the Eskimo sends no fleet of steamers to fetch his timber from afar; the ocean lands it on his shores and charges him no freight. By a united system of river and ocean currents he obtains the growth of temperate lands. And the ocean does yet more for the Greenlander. The seal is to the Greenlander what the reindeer is to the Laplander or the palm tree to the inhabitant of the tropics. And it is on the *drifting* ice floes that the seal comes to his shores, and supplies him with most of the necessaries of life. So also the kindly ocean lands a rich load of drift wood on the bleak shores of Nova Zembla. In certain parts of Spitzbergen, again, the beach is covered with enormous masses of drift wood. Searching among these, one of the explorers in Nordenskïold's party found a well-preserved seed of a West Indian plant (*Entada gigalobium*). Seams of coal and impressions of leaves have also been found in the same locality. In the far future these masses of drift wood may also become coal. The geologist of that day, if educated in the traditions of the present, might infer a

temperate climate for these bleak regions in order to account for the accumulation of so much vegetable matter. To explain the occurrence of the seed of a tropical plant he would doubtless bring the tropics to the latitude of Spitzbergen. In this country *Entada scandens*, another tropical plant, is carried to our shores by the Gulf Stream. So frequently is this giant bean cast ashore in various parts that it is known as the "sea-bean." It has been raised in Kew Gardens from seeds picked up on the Azores. And in the Hebrides a seed of the tropical *Ipomea tuberosa*, probably from the West Indies, was found. Only one case is recorded, but since in Long Island they have a Gaelic name for it, meaning "Mary's Bean," it must occur there not infrequently. Many other interesting drift fruits are known. Thus "sea-apples" or "sea-cocoanuts" are continually washed ashore at Jamaica and other places. They have been identified with the Bussu palm growing in Trinidad and the adjacent parts of South America. The kernels are often fresh enough to be eaten, even after their long immersion in sea water. These sea-apples are said frequently to have been cast ashore on the islands in the North-west of Scotland. The well-known botanist Robert Brown—*facile princeps botanicorum*, as Humboldt called him—mentions the case of a plant of *Cæsalpinia bonduc*, raised from a seed stranded on the west coast of Ireland. And Linnæus, the Swedish botanist, was aware of instances of plants reared from seeds of tropical plants thrown on the bleaker shores of his own country. And then there is the Coco-de-mer, a fragment of the ocean's drift, as its name implies. Long familiar in our museums, this strange-looking double cocoanut of unknown origin was picked up from the sea. It came to us with a message of mystery from an unknown land. When the message was read, it was found that the Coco-de-mer is a native of the Seychelles. And certainly the plant which bears it is a remarkable one. Besides the strange Siamese twin-like shape of its fruit, it is remarkably restricted in its range, being found only in certain limited districts in the island of Curieuse, and in two small valleys in the north of Praslin, although isolated specimens occur on other of the Seychelles. The seeds take a year to germinate; the first leaves appear in thirty-five years, while the fruit takes seven years to ripen. The leaves are from sixteen to twenty feet high. A still more remarkable history, perhaps, is that of a smaller drift fruit gathered nearly 300 years ago by Jacob Plateau. For, although cast ashore plentifully in the West Indies and elsewhere, its parent tree remained unidentified until the year 1889. In 1884 a collection of drift fruits from Kingston, Jamaica, was sent to Kew.

They were all identified save the one under review. In 1887 another specimen was sent to Kew which had been picked up on the shore of Bigborough Bay, in the South of England. After much careful comparison and patient investigation the unknown ocean waif was provided with a parentage. It was identified with the fruit—itself only recently known—of a tree, the *Sacoglottis amazonica.* Thus, after a chequered course down the mighty Amazon, and then on the broad expanse of the Gulf Stream, these fruits are cast ashore on the West Indies, or carried still further and landed on the shores of Western Europe.

The Gulf Stream is by far the most interesting and important way in which the ocean carries the surplus of one part to supply the lack of another. This benign current carries the heat of the tropics to warm our colder shores, and far into the Arctic regions to modify the rigour of their eternal snow. In return, cold currents and the drifting iceberg bear the cold of the far north to temper the heat of the tropics. And it was the Gulf Stream which enabled Dr. Croll to work out his wonderful theory of glacial climates. Changes in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit would, he pointed out, cause the Gulf Stream to be deflected south to warm the Antarctic instead of the Arctic regions. Combined with the longer winter, this would, he thought, produce glaciation. And if one great current of the ocean enabled a great investigator to form a wonderful theory of climates, another great current led to the successful exploration of the far north, for it was a careful observation of ocean drift which led to Nansen's recent brilliant expedition. In 1881 the ill-fated *Jeannette* was crushed in the ice to the north of the New Siberian Islands. Some years afterwards articles from it were found drifted to the east coast of Greenland. They were found frozen in the ice by an Eskimo, near Julianshaab. A list of provisions signed by De Long, the commander of the *Jeannette*, a MS. list of the *Jeannette's* boats, a pair of oilskin breeches, and the peak of a cap belonging to some of the crew, showed clearly where the relics had come from. *They had apparently been carried by a current right across the North Polar basin.* Nansen further studied various drift products found on the coast of Greenland and on the ice in Denmark Strait. Making these his guides, he planned an expedition to drift in the same current right across the Pole. And though he did not actually attain this, he has obtained the distinction of having been further north than anyone before. It is said also that seaweed drifting past his ship enabled Columbus to quell a mutiny among his crew, and thus finally to reach America.

The drift-bearing currents of the Atlantic are many, and as they whirl round in their ceaseless course they produce around the Azores a region of quiet, like the centre of a whirlpool. In certain parts of the Atlantic vessels have to plough their way through dense floating masses of seaweed, &c. This great drift area is the Sargasso Sea—Sargasso being the Spanish for seaweed. In the name we have a passing tribute to the Spaniards as rulers of the sea in bygone times.

This Sargasso weed is supposed to grow floating on the surface of the ocean as the duckweed grows on the surface of the pond. But along with it there are masses of purely drift seaweed which have been caught by the different currents in various parts of their course.

A form of ocean drift of special human interest is the bottle bearing its message from the shipwrecked, or about to be shipwrecked, mariner. And of these perhaps the most remarkable is that which told of the burning of the *Kent* in mid ocean. The ship was on fire, the end was approaching, there seemed no hope of rescue. An officer on board wrote a message to this effect and committed it to the sea in a bottle. Some months afterwards the bottle was picked up near the shore by a fisherman, and the *message it contained was sent to the very man who wrote it.* He had been rescued at the last moment, and soon after received promotion in India.

But the bottle thrown overboard has also been used in the scientific study of ocean currents. Many such bottles have had remarkable voyages and greatly increased our knowledge of the movements of the ocean. Sir James Ross, in his famous Antarctic voyage, threw overboard a number of bottles in latitude 54 degrees south to learn something of the great currents which run in that little-known region in an easterly direction all round the globe. One of these bottles actually traversed the greater part of the earth's circumference, having come ashore off Cape Liptrap in South Australia.

And the Hydrographic Office at Washington, U.S., has recently given much attention to the method of studying ocean currents by the voyages of bottles. As a result they have published a chart illustrating the tracks of forty-four bottles given by them to be thrown overboard from various vessels. These bottles have been drifting about for periods varying from five days to seven years. The bottle which has obtained the record for length of voyage was thrown into the sea from the yacht *Hirondelle*, some hundred miles east of Newfoundland. It travelled about for 2,625 days, and is supposed to have covered 5,700 miles in the following course:—

First westwards towards England, then south along the coast of Spain, and as far as the easternmost part of Africa, finally landing on one of the Bahamas.

Another bottle, starting midway between Great Britain and Greenland, passed Iceland into the Greenland Sea; thence making a semicircle it landed on the north-east coast of Norway. This bottle travelled 2,100 miles in 1,356 days. Many other remarkable voyages are recorded, all throwing light on the daily drift of the ocean.

Another important item of the ocean's drift is that "terror of the Atlantic" the *derelict.* These waterlogged, abandoned vessels are a special danger to navigation, and are often numerous. Thus, after the heavy gales of October 1896 some twenty or thirty abandoned, timber-laden vessels were floating hither and thither some 200 miles from the American coast. Many a vessel whose fate is never known has probably been sunk by striking some submerged derelict. It has been suggested that a Bill should be introduced into Parliament authorising H.M. vessels to specially seek for and destroy derelicts. But to do so is often a difficult and dangerous task, as the following example shows:—

In November 1893 H.M.S. *Himalaya* met the derelict *Gafion* of Gothenburg. The sea was dashing over her in volumes, her bulwark having been washed away and other damage done. A boat was sent on board from the *Himalaya*, and it was found that though badly damaged the *Grafion* still appeared seaworthy, so the boat's crew got her ready to tow into port. At last a start was made. Some hours later, having sunk a little lower in the water, the *Grafion* suddenly stood right on end, and in a few seconds was gone. The crew of the *Himalaya* managed to cut the hawsers in time to save themselves from going below likewise.

G. W. BULMAN.

"*BOHEMIA . . . NEAR THE SEA.*"

THE sea coast of Bohemia !
What wavelets kissed, what breezes fanned—
While silvery shone the evening star—
The sea coast of Bohemia,
Hemmed in with cliff and rocky scar,
A harbour by no mortal planned !
The sea coast of Bohemia
What wavelets kissed, what breezes fanned !

The shepherd of Bohemia
As ruefully the shore he scanned,
Mid shingle rough and broken spar—
The shepherd of Bohemia—
Found pretty baby Perdita.
Rare treasure gathered from the strand
The shepherd of Bohemia
As ruefully the shore he scanned.

The darling of Bohemia—
Whose witchery no man could withstand—
Sailed out beyond the harbour bar ;
The darling of Bohemia
With her true love adventured far,
Till clasped her long-lost mother's hand
The darling of Bohemia,
Whose witchery no man could withstand.

O sea coast of Bohemia !
Where art thou fled, enchanted land
Where played our prettiest Perdita ?
O sea coast of Bohemia !
To find thee I would wander far,
Yet find not though the world I spanned !
O sea coast of Bohemia !
Where art thou fled, enchanted land ?

DORA CAVE.

TABLE TALK.

A Shakespeare Mystery Solved.

IN times when the cabinets in which are kept secrets of all kinds are being prized open, and there is little left at which to marvel except such initial mysteries as existence, it is almost with a feeling akin to injustice or wrong that I find one puzzle, with which the world has long been exercised, solved in the least satisfactory way, that is proved to be no puzzle at all. In the mist and darkness in which the life of Shakespeare is enveloped, there were two or three things, scarcely more, with regard to which we were allowed to be pretty well cock-sure. Was there not the best bed bequeathed in his will to his wife?—a thing the significance of which might be misread, but a fact none the less; and was there not the record of his presence at the festive gatherings of poets and dramatists at the "Mermaid"? and the statement, easy of credence, that in the wit combats thereat Shakespeare, like a light-heeled English cruiser, sailed round and round Ben Jonson, a heavily armed and lumbering Spanish galleon, dropping in shot after shot without waiting to receive the return broadside of his formidable adversary? With Fuller's testimony almost at first hand to the state of affairs indicated in the latter paragraph, who could doubt its truth? any more than he could doubt the testimony that Shakespeare was in his early life a bit of a poacher?—a story none disputes except the enthusiast who believes that intellectual supremacy and moral grandeur are not to be disassociated, which experience shows to be the most hopeless of all theories; or the Puritan derided by Shakespeare himself, who holds that, because he is sad, there shall be no more cakes and ale.

The Inspirer of Shakespeare's Sonnets.

AMONG the few things established, as it seemed, concerning Shakespeare, one certainly has, in scholarly estimation, been held doubly sure. This is that Shakespeare's Sonnets, long circulated in manuscript and published furtively in 1609, were inspired by a

certain Mr. W. H., to whom the publisher, Thomas Thorpe, announcing himself as "the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth," or, in other words, the interested and sanguine "promoter of the speculation," wished "all happiness and that eternity promised by our ever-living poet." For years past, as the cult of Shakespeare has progressed, speculation has been increasingly rife as to the individuality hidden behind the initials "W. H.," until as many conjectures have been wasted upon the question as upon the more disputed passages in the text. I have myself joined in the discussion, and have, it is humiliating to confess, gone as far astray as my betters. Any of my readers who elects to turn to a number so recent as that for July last (*ante*, p. 103) will find a paragraph of Table Talk headed "Mystery concerning Mr. W. H.," in which I mention, as a portion of the darkness in which the life of Shakespeare is enveloped, the personality of the individual thus indicated. The opinion most generally held has been that, as the initials are those of William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke, that nobleman must have been designated. Against this the principal objection was that William Herbert was at the time when the book was published, and had been for many years, Earl of Pembroke. It is not likely that a tradesman such as was Thomas Thorpe, to whom the publication was due, would in a servile dedication address as Mr. W. H. an earl and a Knight of the Garter. Still less probable was the theory maintained by others, that "W. H.," when reversed, were the initials of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, who is known to have been one of Shakespeare's intimates, and to whom "Venus and Adonis" and the "Rape of Lucrece" were both dedicated. Failing these two distinguished noblemen, on to whose heads the cap could scarcely be forced or fitted, conjecture was baffled. When now the explanation comes, it is not altogether unlike that concerning the immortal Mrs. Harris of subsequent days—namely, that there is "no such person."

The Real W. H.

A MR. W. H. there unquestionably was and must necessarily have been. When found, however, he seems more of an obscurity than before, and has at least nothing to do with Shakespeare. No great nobleman is he, and no friend or inspirer of Shakespeare. He is, or was, as it seems, a trade friend of Thomas Thorpe, the publisher of Shakespeare's Sonnets, an obscure stationer named William Hall, at this period occupied, like Thorpe himself, in the irresponsible and, as we should now hold, disreputable *rôle*

of a procurer of manuscripts. In the early part of the seventeenth century questions of copyright had no existence, and an author's claim to his own compositions were vague and undefined. The publisher, meanwhile, acted on the principle ascribed to Rob Roy, "That he should take who had the power." Shakespeare's "sugred sonnets" had long circulated in manuscript, and were obviously well known in literary circles. Among other properties on which Thorpe laid violent hands was the manuscript volume containing these, which, fortunately it may be, he issued in a pirated if authoritative edition. In publishing them he dedicated them to William Hall, a man of the like kidney with himself, to whom presumably he was under some obligation, and to whom he is now believed to have owed the possession of the MS.

A Lame and Impotent Conclusion.

THESE discoveries or suggestions are given by the editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography" in his latest volume, under the heading Thomas Thorpe. Mr. Lee had long been on the track, and in his Life of Shakespeare, to which I previously drew attention, and of which a second, separate, and enlarged edition is, I am happy to think, shortly to be issued, he prepared us for what is now said. He thrashes the matter out, and though he only ventures to assert that Hall is, "in all probability, the Mr. W. H. of Shakespeare's Sonnets," he puts forward a series of proofs that leaves no doubt on the mind of the reader. By what series of books or declarations he establishes his views it would take too long to tell. Suffice it to say, in brief, that Thorpe was in the habit of dedicating the works he published to his trade associates. He thus dedicated Christopher Marlowe's "First Book of Lucan" to his friend Edward Blount, to whom, apparently, he owed his possession of the manuscript. Hall, meanwhile, who in the same year in which the Shakespearian Sonnets appeared had become a master printer in a small way, described himself, and was known, as Mr. W. H. By different processes accordingly, including that of exhaustion, we arrive at the fact that Mr. W. H. is Mr. William Hall. A "lame and impotent conclusion" this may be, but it is inevitable and exact.

Shakespeare not Responsible for the Dedication.

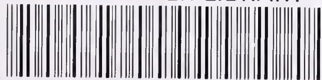
TO sum up and conclude definitely with the subject, the dedication to the volume of Sonnets may be thus interpreted: "To the only begetter of these ensuing sonnets" (that is, to the

producer of them to whom the possession of the volume containing them is due), "Mr. W[illiam] H[all], all happiness, and that eternitie promised by our ever-living poet, wisheth the well-wishing adventurer, in setting forth," and otherwise the sanguine speculator in giving them to the world—"T[homas] T[horpe]." Shakespeare, it is thus seen, had no more hand in the dedication than in the publication. When his "Venus and Adonis" and his "Rape of Lucrece" are issued with his own sanction, he puts his own name to the dedication to his patron, signing himself in each case "your honour's" or "your lordship's in all duety, William Shakespeare." The dedication is moreover in each case no less eulogistic than was the practice in the time in which it was written. In the case of the Sonnets, as is pointed out by Mr. Lee, the very title Shakespeare's Sonnets is prohibitive of the idea of the poet being in any way concerned with their production. This has, of course, been known. Where successive editors have gone astray has been in holding that Thorpe, to whom the edition is due, was so far behind the scenes as to be able to throw light upon the mystery they enshrine, and that he could if he would tell us who was the "Dark Lady," who the dreaded rival poet, and who

> . . . . that affable, familiar ghost
> Which nightly gulls him with intelligence.

That supposition is dismissed, and if we are no richer we are no poorer, and know at least where not to turn. This is one of the benefits we owe to the latest and the most helpful biographer of Shakespeare.

SYLVANUS URBAN.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